PORTRAITS OF YOUR FILM FAVORITES IN NATURAL COLOR

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

COMBINED WITH

SCREEN PLAY

10¢

JANUARY

NSC

LUISE RAINER

Natural Color Photo

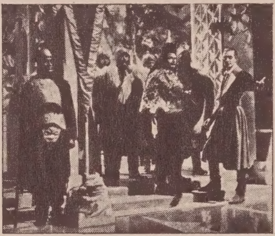
"Dangerous Loves!"—A FRANK DISCUSSION WITH BETTE DAVIS

"Come with me!"

Around the world...from romantic Venice to the mystery and wonder of old China. Do you want beautiful women? To Gamble? To Trade? Want Money? Want a Good Fight? With wealth, beauty and love...if you win?

Women, glamorous and gay, who welcomed Marco . . . sharing their love and secrets for one brief hour...then, remembering.

The proud princess...whose guarded pagoda was stormed by whispers and sighs...teaching a stranger how to *really* love.



The cunning and trickery of the East...an adventurer's blundering luck...matching wits for the world's treasures in trade.

The clash of mighty armies...a hero's sword slashing his way... and then, with his beloved safe in his arms, across the bridge that even today in Peiping is called the Marco Polo Bridge.

Samuel Goldwyn PRESENTS

GARY COOPER

THE Adventures OF Marco Polo

WITH

BASIL RATHBONE

ERNEST TRUEX • GEORGE BARBIER

ALAN HALE • BINNIE BARNES

And a Cast of Five Thousand

INTRODUCING

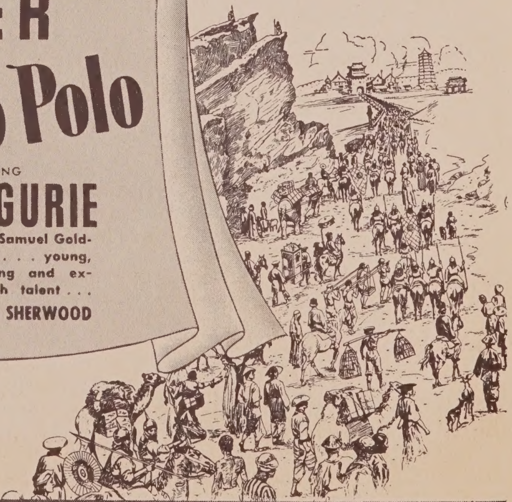
SIGRID GURIE

. . . discovered by Samuel Goldwyn in Norway . . . young, beautiful, interesting and exciting in her fresh talent . . .

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO • Screenplay by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Released thru United Artists

Samuel Goldwyn creates a mighty cavalcade of splendor and excitement in the world's most romantic adventure.



Foolish Joan... Tonight she's a picture of breath-taking loveliness—yet she hasn't had a dancing partner all evening. *(And who can blame them... when they see her pitiful, tragic smile?)*

Her small brother could show Joan how to help win a lovely smile—to have teeth that sparkle, gums firm and healthy! *(Bob is only six, but he's already learned the value of gum massage.)*

Joan's telephone would be one of the busiest in town—her date book would always be filled—if she only realized no man can resist the appeal and charm of a radiant smile! *(Ipana Tooth Paste and massage would help her—for, remember, gums need care and attention as well as teeth!)*

Ask yourself this question—

"Does my Smile really attract others?"

WONDERFUL, isn't it—the quick magic a smile can work when it reveals brilliant and sparkling teeth! Shocking, isn't it—the disappointment that follows a smile that reveals dull and dingy teeth—tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" disregarded.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may rob you of loveliness

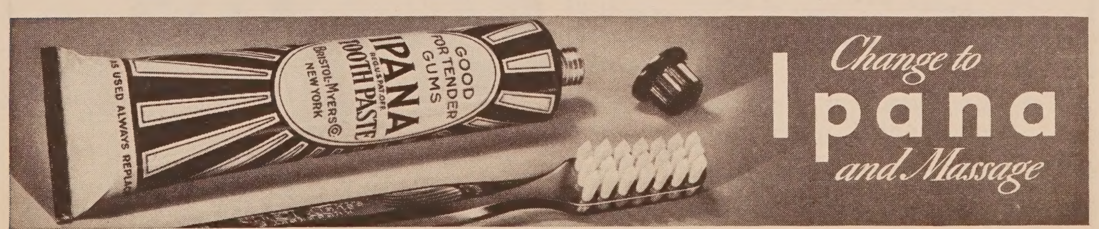
"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it, *see your dentist!* You may not be in for serious trouble—*but let your dentist decide.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and, as your dentist may advise, "gums that need the help of Ipana and massage."

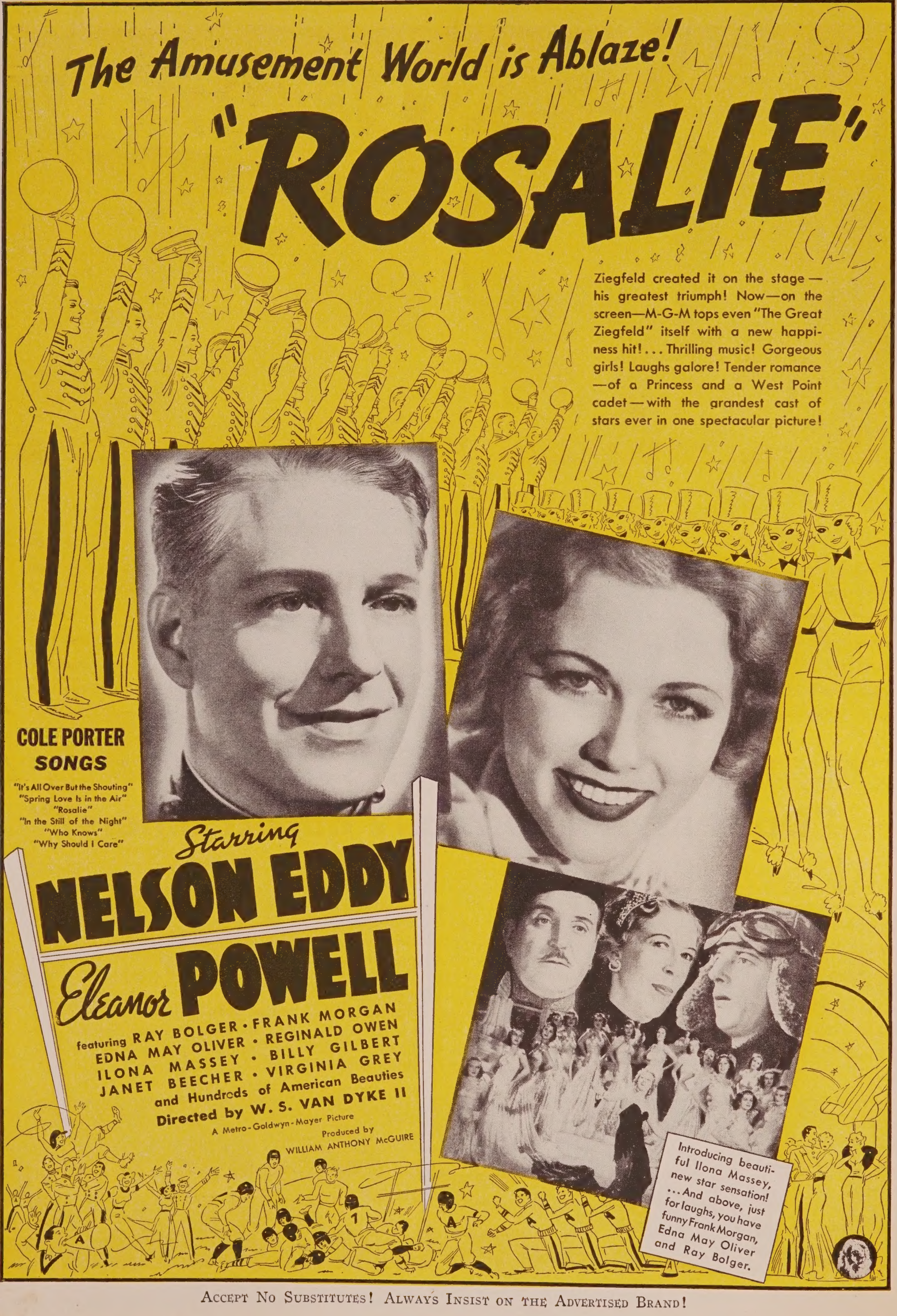
Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help promote healthy gums—as well as keep the teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—your gums become firmer, more resistant, more immune to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage, today. Help keep your gums firmer, stronger—your smile *brilliant, sparkling, attractive*—with Ipana and massage!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.





The Amusement World is Ablaze!

"ROSALIE"

Ziegfeld created it on the stage — his greatest triumph! Now—on the screen—M-G-M tops even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself with a new happiness hit! . . . Thrilling music! Gorgeous girls! Laughs galore! Tender romance —of a Princess and a West Point cadet — with the grandest cast of stars ever in one spectacular picture!

COLE PORTER SONGS

"It's All Over But the Shouting"
"Spring Love Is in the Air"
"Rosalie"
"In the Still of the Night"
"Who Knows"
"Why Should I Care"

Starring

NELSON EDDY

Eleanor POWELL

featuring RAY BOLGER • FRANK MORGAN
EDNA MAY OLIVER • REGINALD OWEN
ILONA MASSEY • BILLY GILBERT
JANET BEECHER • VIRGINIA GREY
and Hundreds of American Beauties

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Produced by
WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE

Introducing beautiful Ilona Massey, new star sensation! ... And above, just for laughs, you have funny Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and Ray Bolger.

SCREEN BOOK

VOLUME XIX No. 6 JANUARY, 1938

TOM DeVANE
EDITOR

W. H. FAWCETT
PUBLISHER

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CHARLES RHODES, Photographer .... Top photo by Welbourne: Lola Lane

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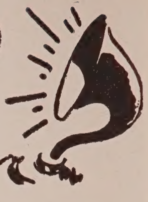
FILMLAND WHISPERS



ALL the fame and glory in the world will never change Barbara Stanwyck. When she returned to New York on her first vacation, unlike other Hollywood stars, Barbara did not head for "Twenty One," "El Morocco" and the rest of the more swanky night spots. Instead, Barbara went right back to the little side-street cabarets and night clubs where she used to go before Hollywood had waved its magic wand. In some of these places Barbara found the same people who were her friends in the poorer days. Needless to say the understanding heart of Stanwyck was touched, when she encountered the same brave spirits, still confident that their breaks were just around the corner.

ROBERT TAYLOR is at last able to breathe a bit easier in England. No less an authority than Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., reports that the English people have learned that Bob is a very plain fellow at heart and in no way responsible for the avanlanche of bad publicity that was launched for him. Doug Jr., who has never met Taylor, left England just as the English press and public were beginning to get over their first unfavorable impression.

Katharine Hepburn's sets may be barred to most visitors—but not to Ginger Rogers, Jane Loring (center) and little Juanita Quigley, who is gazing with open admiration at the dynamic Katie

—*Wide World*

Two SCREEN BOOK favorites, Francis Lederer and Margo, snapped right after their recent wedding at Las Vegas, Nevada, Good luck!

THE home that William Haines has been decorating for Mrs. Jack Warner will eventually be one of the real showplaces of Hollywood. Latest feature in the elaborate mansion is glass door shoe cabinets that display space for hundreds of pairs of shoes.

YOU'D be surprised how many Hollywood actors have purchased those new vacuum hair-growing machines. The results are supposed to be very good but the pictorial effect isn't so exciting. A pot shaped enamel dome fits over the head and automatically works up and down by vacuum pressure. The effect is very startling when the whole face is pulled up and down too. Jimmy Stewart was glimpsed in the Hollywood Westmore barber shop, trying out the new machine.

HELEN BRODERICK'S stand-in walked on the set the other day. In a very pleased manner, she showed Helen a magazine page that featured a photograph of the comedienne when she was only sixteen years of age. Helen looked at the picture intently and then dryly cracked: "Oh, I remember that one. It was taken long before I had ever met an executive."

WITH the usual Cooper nonchalance, whenever anyone asks Gary how it seems to be a father, he replies:

"I guess all right. But I don't feel a bit different."

UNLESS it's a dead give-away, some of you remember the early day gramaphones that featured the round discs and horns that were hand decorated with gay-colored morning glories. Ginger Rogers picked up just such an instrument in an old second hand store. She brought it on the set and played some of the old moth-eaten melodies for her company. Those owning any of those early day discs can pass them on to Ginger, if they want to get rid of them.

ALICE FAYE really gave everyone on the set at Universal a terrific scare. It seems that Alice has a complex and cannot stand high places. One of her dances with George Murphy takes place along the ledge of a balcony in a theatre. Trying to be a good sport, Alice started to go through with the number. Fortunately for her, George Murphy standing close by grabbed her as she headed for a nose dive.

[*Continued on page* 8]

REPUBLIC PICTURES PRESENTS

PHIL REGAN · LEO CARRILLO
ANN DVORAK
Tamara Geva · James Gleason
GENE AUTRY

"MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"

GENE AUTRY

LEO CARRILLO

CAB CALLOWAY

KAY THOMPSON

TED LEWIS

JOE DiMAGGIO

HENRY ARMETTA

LUIS ALBERNI

Featuring TED LEWIS and his ORCHESTRA
CAB CALLOWAY and his COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA
KAY THOMPSON and her RADIO CHOIR · JOE DiMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA · LUIS ALBERNI · MAX TERHUNE
SMILEY BURNETTE · LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
AND . . . Introducing That Singing Cowboy Star

GENE AUTRY

Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER · Original screen play by HARRY SAUBER · Adapted from the musical revue "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" by FRANK HUMMERT
Associate Producer HARRY SAUBER

HIT TUNES . . .
"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"

Republic PICTURES
CREATE HAPPY HOURS

SELECT
The Service of the Stars

FAY WRAY
APPEARING IN
"IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD"
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

You will thrill to the charm of this lovely silverware. And there's an additional thrill in an offer your dealer is now making... With the Quantity Saving of $4.75, you can now own a 60-piece Service for only $29.75. And you receive the $5.00 value tarnish-proof Wood Chest, and a beautiful $2.50 Pierced Pastry Server—ABSOLUTELY FREE! Ask your dealer about the PALM SPRINGS CHEST.

1881 ROGERS
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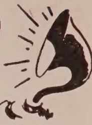
FILMLAND WHISPERS



[*Continued from page* 6]

Gordon Oliver, up-and-coming young leading man, goes a-stepping with the English tennis star, Kay Stammers

Gracious Norma Shearer, an ardent music lover, attracted all eyes at a recent Los Angeles Philharmonic concert

A YOUNG man walked up to Billie Burke the other day and asked her if she remembered him. Billie recognized him as Tom Brown, young juvenile of the screen. But she couldn't quite see why Tom took the trouble to make himself known. Tom cleared the mystery, when he informed Billie that he was the same Tom Brown who had played her son ten years ago in a New York play called *Pardon My Glove*.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone celebrated their second year of marriage with an informal dinner party. The evening was almost spoiled by Tone's pet pup "Pupchen," who suddenly began frothing at the mouth. Everyone thought he had gone mad until the vet arrived and informed the anxious owners that their dog had picked up a frog in his mouth. And frogs always make little doggies sick, it seems. To make the special event more special, Joan gave Franchot a beautiful alligator skin cigarette case that featured a watch, with a lighter to match. Franchot came right back at his wife with a two-colored gold-linked bracelet that was set off by a gold plaque the size of a dollar—with a suitable message engraved and signed in Franchot's handwriting.

JUST outside of San Francisco there is an exclusive outdoor club. It isn't exactly a nudist camp, but guests are only allowed to enter empty handed. In other words there are no razors, change of clothes or the various annoying responsibilities of the civilized world. There is no daily mail service, telephones are taboo and a newspaper is unknown. For complete rest and isolation, it is the answer to everything. One person who takes advantage of it is Irene Dunne's husband—who usually manages to keep out of the public eye anyway.

THE stunning gowns at Bullock's Wilshire in Los Angeles are designed by the famous Irene. Whenever she makes more than one copy of a gown, Irene keeps a chart on it. Movie stars on shopping tours consult these charts. If they find a dress they like, they look to see if anyone of their particular set has one just like it. Mary Livingstone, who is Mrs. Jack Benny in private life, is one who consults Irene and her charts, when she wants something particularly smart.

Exotic Tilly Losch was a studio hostess to two famed fashion experts—Lucien Lelong, of Paris (left) and M-G-M's Adrian

DURING the Santa Barbara Fiesta season, Helen Hayes and her madcap author-husband Charlie MacArthur, were guests at one of the hotels. One night they went down in the patio of the hotel where they were staying. The entire city of Santa Barbara was in festive spirit. Everywhere bright-eyed senoritas danced, guitars played and castinets clicked. After listening to an endless number of Spanish renditions, a string trio that had been playing like mad, came up to the MacArthurs and asked if there was any certain Spanish piece they wanted played.

"Yes," said the whimsical Charlie, before Helen could even bat an eye, "Play us *that* Spanish song—about *love!*"

HOLLYWOOD stars are up in arms at their studios who are asking them to donate three days salary to the Community Chest. Hollywood feels that it should not be compelled to give and the amount should not be stipulated. They also resent not being able to give to a charity that does not provide for needy actors, who naturally should be taken care of by members of their own profession. Mrs. Abe Lehr is doing wonderful work in Hollywood with her charities for movie folk only. Many of the stars give her a monthly amount and are fighting to donate to her the money expected of them for the Chest fund.

WHERE but in Hollywood could this happen? Dame May Whitty is very proud of her title. And well might she be because there are only a few in England. But the other day a publicity man approached the actress on her own lot. Completely lacking the diplomacy so necessary in handling Hollywood stars, the man blurted out:

"Say, Dame, will you pose for a picture?"

THE truth is out at last. Even the charming and dignified Herbert Marshall leads a secret life of shame. In a moment of weakness he admitted that

Is Your Skin Treatment LUCKY FOR YOU?

VOTE HERE		
SOAP AND WATER	YES	NO
ASTRINGENTS	YES	NO
VANISHING CREAMS	YES	NO
STEAMING	YES	NO
TONICS	YES	NO

IF YOUR PRESENT METHOD LEAVES YOU WITH BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, DRY SKIN, THEN IT'S TIME TO SWITCH TO A PENETRATING FACE CREAM!

Let me ask you a perfectly frank question. What results do you *expect* from your way of skin cleansing, and do you get them?

First, you expect a *clear, fresh* skin, don't you? If your skin seems to have a dingy cast, or if blackheads grow in the corners of your skin, your cleansing method has simply failed to remove dirt hidden in your pores.

Then too, you'd like to have a *soft* skin. But how does your face feel when you smile or talk? Does it seem dry; does it feel a little tight? If it does then your treatment is *not* re-supplying your skin with essential oils that help give it a soft, baby-like texture.

And of course you want a *smooth* skin. But if, when you pass your fingertips over your face, you feel tiny little bumps, then you cannot say your skin is smooth. Those little bumps often come from specks of waxy dirt which your cleansing method has failed to dislodge from your pores.

So let's be honest with ourselves. If you are not getting the results you pay your good money to get, then your skin treatment is not lucky for you.

How a Penetrating Cream Works

Women who use Lady Esther Face Cream are amazed at the improvement in their skin, even after a few applications. That's because this cream *penetrates* the dirt that clogs the pores.

Lady Esther Face Cream loosens blackheads, floats out the stubborn dirt that laughs at your surface cleanser.

At the same time, this cream re-supplies your skin with a fine oil to help keep it soft and smooth.

Try, Don't Buy

I do not want you to buy my cream to prove what I say. I want you to see what it will do for your skin, at my expense. So I simply ask that you let me send you a trial supply of my Face Cream *free and postpaid.* I want you to see and feel—at my expense—how your complexion responds to this new kind of penetrating cream.

I'll also send you all ten shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your seven-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*__________ *Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.) (38)

FILMLAND WHISPERS

he had one super-vice. "Bart" likes to draw cartoons. And some of them are just a wee bit naughty. However, he draws them for his own amusement and the amazement of his friends, who never suspected him of having such a terrific sense of humor.

PITY the poor Hollywood extra girl. None of them are prone to blush. But they are serious about their work and it doesn't help much when they work on the set with the Ritz Brothers. While the famous comedians are just as funny behind the camera, as in front of it, some of their gags are carried a bit too far. The girls get quite embarrassed, but they dare not complain for fear of not being called back for another day's work.

IN SPITE of three announcements (by studio press agents) that Margo and Francis Lederer were about to be married, those two actually had never made a plan. Francis had asked Margo repeatedly. But Margo, being a very profound little person in spite of her tender years, wanted to be sure before she gave the final word. Finally one night at seven she said yes. At twelve that same night they were on their way to Las Vegas, Nevada. Ten hours later they were pronounced man and wife by the justice of the peace. It was then that Francis told Margo that he had been carrying the ring around in his pocket for five months, just waiting to put it to work.

DIRECTOR GREGORY LA CAVA, who is responsible for *Stage Door,* is quite obvious in his admiration for Andrea Leeds, who scores such a hit in the same picture. It is to be remembered that "Greg" was the director who once discovered Dorothy Wilson, a studio stenographer who was given her big chance and then dropped by the Hollywood wayside.

IN REAL life John Beal is the original *Merton of the Movies.* Long before he ever dreamed of seeing his name on the screen, John won a national contest where it was necessary to cut out and match up the various features of movie star's faces. The other day John walked on his set and noticed that Cora Witherspoon had a new stand-in. John immediately recognized the woman's face. She was that amazed and pleased when John went up to her and said, "You're Naomi Childers, aren't you?" It was the first bit of recognition the former silent picture star had received in many a day.

TO PROVE that there is no death for really great actresses, one of the major studios is using a picture called *The Letter,* as an example of what to do in acting. The picture is shown for the ambitious newcomers who hope some day to be as great as the star in *The Letter*—who was named Jeanne Eagles.

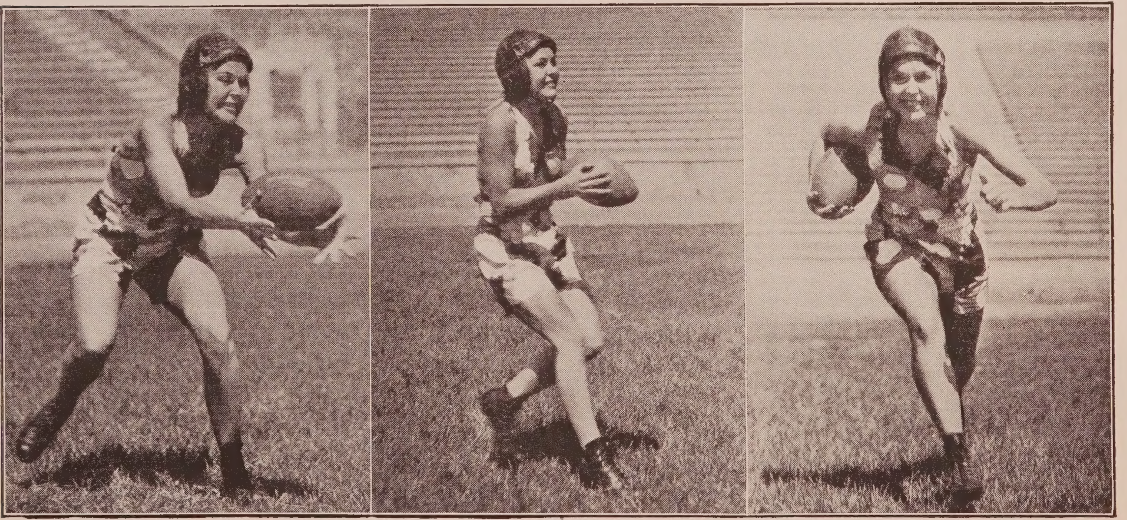
ONCE upon a time, Mack "Killer" Grey, major domo for George Raft, used to go around and plead for someone to give a chance to Lucille Ball. Time passed as time only does in Hollywood. Lucille and Mack came to the parting of the ways. Now Lucille is really going places and Mack Grey still follows her career and constantly makes inquiries, as to Lucille's progress.

QUITE in keeping with the publicity campaign that has even been distasteful to Robert Taylor, he was presented with some new stationery when he arrived in England. The studio ordered it and the Taylor name was engraved in modest little letters—one-inch high.

HOLLYWOOD is watching the Luise Rainer situation with keen interest. It is no secret that the whimsical Luise has from time to time been a bit of a problem. Her refusal to do retakes on *Big City* cost her the role of *Girl from Trieste.* Then she took off for New York, where she furnished a Greenwich Village apartment for Hubby Clifford Odets. When she slipped quietly back into Hollywood to talk over future plans with her bosses, Luise discovered Hedy La Marr and Ilona Massey, two foreign importations, were being groomed for all the big roles in forthcoming productions.

JUST exactly what happened no one seems to know. But Johnny Weissmuller attended a Hollywood party recently with a terrific gash on the side of his head. Later on in the evening he was telling everyone that Lupe is so strong that she can lift a heavy flower pot and hurl it through the air. But he *didn't* blame his battered condition on her.

Maybe Joan Woodbury's football costume isn't suitable—but the RKO Radio player shows plenty of good gridiron form



BILLIE BURKE confides that the most difficult role of her career was that of the sarcastic woman in *Bride Wore Red.* The reason it was such a strain on Billie is this. She says that Joan Crawford has been nicer to her than any other actress in Hollywood. Therefore it was next to impossible for her to give Joan dirty looks and say nasty things—even for good old art's sake. Joan is equally fond of Billie and always has her at her house for her Saturday night parties.

TWO days after their marriage, Anthony Quinn and Katherine De Mille were seen at the Gotham delicatessen, buying food from the steam table. As Katherine pointed out to the chef what she wanted, one couldn't help but noticing—her hands were scarred with burns!

RECENTLY his studio granted Clark Gable eight weeks vacation. But the best laid plans of mice and supervisors sometimes go astray. Clark's services were needed and the search was on. The studio wired all the distant spots known by them, where Clark goes to hunt big game. The actor had dropped out of sight. Finally one day he appeared on the lot to call for his mail. The studio surrounded him and demanded to know where he had disappeared. Clark quite simply explained that he had been a few miles away vacationing at Lake Arrowhead. It wasn't necessary for him to mention that Carole Lombard was up there at the same time, shooting scenes for *True Confession.*

LIFE for the poor sound man is just one off stage noise after another. But recently the sound man on Ray Milland's set almost lost his wind. Every time Ray *wasn't* in a scene, a strange buzzing sound would always spoil the lines of the other actors, but the minute Ray got before the camera, the buzzing sound would cease. It wasn't too difficult to figure out that Ray and the buzz had something in common. So the sound man followed Ray when he left the scene. In his portable dressing room Ray was discovered trying out a new electric shaver, by sacrificing a few choice hairs on his leg!

That infectuous grin of Wayne Morris may be one reason why he gets around more than any other young Hollywood actor—and Dixie Dunbar seems to be enjoying his company

NORMA SHEARER'S milk man is awfully happy since Norma engaged a young man to serve as coach and companion to her young son, Irving Thalberg, Jr. The milk man is selling just three times as much milk at the Shearer household as he used to. Which only goes to prove how much good can come out of athletics. And speaking of Norma Shearer, when she dons the costumes of Marie Antoinette, she will wear a new pale white makeup to match up with the white wigs she will wear in the picture.

WONDER how the producer feels who laughed at Ann Sothern's story suggestion. About two years ago Ann very excitedly went to said producer's office and told him of a story she had read called *The King and the Chorus Girl.* The producer listened to Ann's brief synopsis of the theme and wisely shook his head—the wrong way. Today, the picture of the same name is cleaning up at the box office. And Ann Sothern is still being cast as a fugitive bride from Gene Raymond.

THE increasing number of Hollywood air columnists has made the battle for news a hectic one. But even in a city as colorful as Hollywood, there are bound to

[*Continued on page* 13]

Joan was mascot of the Hollywood High School football team, and is more than adept at booting, catching and passing

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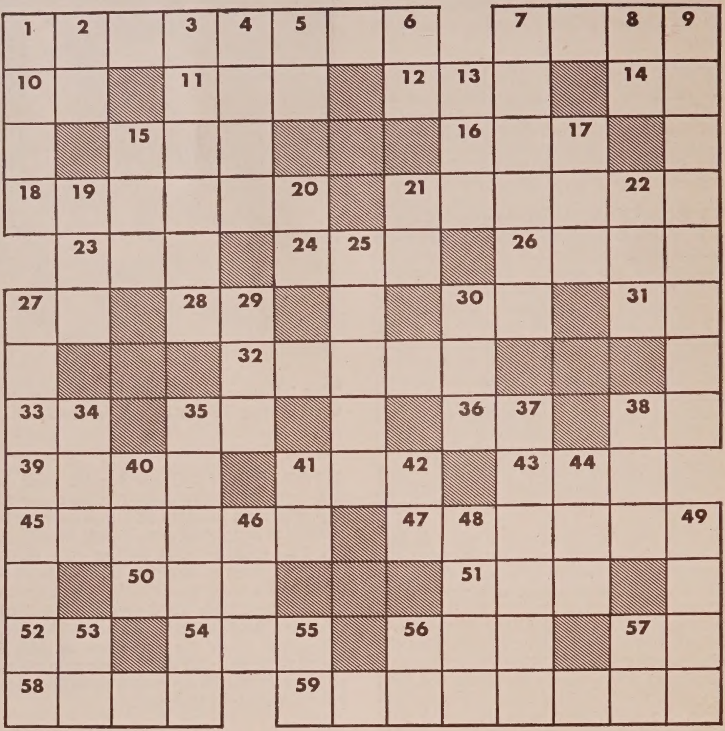


ACROSS

1. Star of THE BRIDE WORE RED.
7. He had title role in HERE'S FLASH CASEY.
10. HISTORY IS MADE ——— NIGHT.
11. THEY GAVE ——— A GUN.
12. Frances Farmer and Ray Milland supply romance for ——— TIDE.
14. TWO MINUTES ——— PLAY.
15. THE ROAD BACK is a home-coming from this.
16. THE MOON'S ——— HOME.
18. He often sings with Gene Autry.
21. Bing Crosby sings them.
23. Gladys George adds years to her ——— in makeup of MADAME X.
24. EVER SINCE ———.
26. Miss Lane, but not Lola.
27. ESCAPE ——— NIGHT.
28. Patsy Kelly's native state (abbr.).
30. SING ——— A LOVE SONG.
31. 1926 was that in which Jane Withers was born (abbr.).
32. Remember ——— Borden?
33. THE LEGION ——— MISSING MEN.
35. Initials of Miss Ulric.
36. Mr. Pendleton's initials.
38. ——— GOOD ——— MARRIED.
39. Her last name is Luxford.
41. ——— LOVE I'M AFTER.
43. ——— Chaney, Jr.
45. Bette Davis emotes in these.
47. She portrayed a gold-digging actress in BREAKFAST FOR TWO.
50. Hero of A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE.
51. SHE HAD TO ———.
52. Elder of Barrymore brothers (init.).
54. First name of Miss Merkel, comedienne.
56. Francis Lederer and Margo eloped to ——— Vegas to wed.
57. MURDER BY ——— ARISTOCRAT.
58. Comical commentator of Fox Movietone News.
59. She and Brian Donlevy had romantic leads in BORN RECKLESS.

DOWN

1. DEAN MOSS in LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE.
2. Initials of THE Mr. Taylor.
3. He had male lead in THE LADY ESCAPES.
4. LOVE UNDER ———.
5. Initials of Mr. Moore, Mary Pickford's ex.
6. Cecil B. ——— Mille.
7. NADYA in FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY.
8. ——— HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD.
9. The commissioner in THE LADY FIGHTS BACK (poss.).
13. MEET THE ——— FRIEND.
15. Harpo Marx wears a red one in films.
17. Dolores Del ———.
19. Month in which Patricia Ellis was born.
20. Pronoun in Biblical screen plays.
21. ——— Roy Prinz is a dance director.
22. STELLA DALLAS made fans do this.
25. He had lead in DARK JOURNEY.
27. Flynn's co-star in THE PERFECT SPECIMEN.
29. ——— CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING.
30. 100 ——— AND A GIRL.
34. FIT ——— A KING.
35. MOLLY in HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME.
37. THIS WAY ———.
38. WINE, WOMEN ——— HORSES.
40. Ronald Sinclair is one.
41. LOVE ——— ON THE AIR.
42. Sigrid Gurie (init.).
44. Walter Huston was born in Toronto in this Canadian province (abbr.).
46. A star of THERE GOES THE GROOM.
48. First name of Miss Ray, a singer.
49. Feminine lead in A BRIDE FOR HENRY.
53. SING AND ——— HAPPY.
55. Initials of Ann Rutherford.
56. Mr. Carrillo's initials.
57. Ruby's husband.

[See Solution on Page 65]

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 11]

be times when the little glamour kiddies behave themselves like bugs in a rug. As a result, frantic commentators have at times resorted to creating their own news—much to the annoyance of certain stars. Friends of Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor were secretly amused and annoyed at one so-called authority, who announced that Robert Taylor was now anxious to marry Barbara Stanwyck, to help him live down some of that unfair "pretty boy" publicity. Anyone who has any connection with Hollywood, pictures, Stanwyck or Taylor, knows that Bob popped the question to Barbara repeatedly, long before he ever thought of going to England or being branded by bad publicity.

TO EAT or not to eat. That is the question that is bothering Gail Patrick at the present moment. In private life Gail is Mrs. Robert Cobb. And Mr. Cobb happens to be the owner of the famous Brown Derby Restaurants. Recently the Screen Actor's Guild sent a circular letter to their members, asking them not to patronize the Derby restaurants because they were not members of the Union. Now if Gail stays away from the Derby, she isn't being a dutiful wife. And if she goes to the Derby, she isn't being a loyal movie star. So what is a poor girl to do? Personally, we never thought a girl as beautiful as Gail ever considered anything as commonplace as three square meals a day.

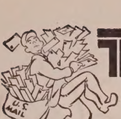
Ray Milland plays hookey from his acting chores opposite Miriam Hopkins in *Women Have a Way* to exchange banter with Ann Sothern, waiting to be called into a scene

Those beaming newlyweds, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, are always great favorites with premiere crowds

ful to Bette Davis. John, who is one of the finest actors in Hollywood, has been foolishly neglected by the producers. Recently, John did a play with Mrs. John Beal at Santa Barbara. On opening night he received a wire from Bette Davis that read: "Only doctor's orders could prevent me from seeing one of my favorite actors." Then when Bette had regained her health and reported back to work at the Warner studio (where John had once been under contract), she went to her bosses and insisted that John be tested for her picture. In all the other Warner pictures in which he appeared, John always managed to steal scenes away from the star. Bette Davis happens to be a big enough person to want an actor that good to play opposite her.

IF GEORGE and Julie Murphy don't send a bill to the management of the Trocadero Cafe, then they should be put on the private pay roll. For seven years Julie was George's dancing partner. Their success at New York's famous Park Casino carried them on to Hollywood, where George became a big movie name. Julie quite agreeably retired to being the little woman at home. But at least twice a week they can't resist the urge to get all dressed up and go Truckin' at the Troc. Visiting firemen are treated to the best show in town, when the other dancers back away and form a circle around George and Julie, who do a rumba that is worthy of an Astaire-Rogers close-up.

[*Continued on page* 18]



THE POSTMAN RINGS

U.S. MAIL
U.S. MAIL

It looks like the Mauch twins are worried because their fan mail is "dropping off" but don't you believe it for they are among the most popular stars in Hollywood and Warner Brothers are planning a new series of co-starring pictures for them

$15.00 Prize Letter

Stimulation!

DEAR EDITOR:

Nothing revives my spirits like a trip to the movies. Unfortunately, I am so situated that one show a week is all I can see. So far in life, I am a failure as far as business success or the smallest claim to wealth is concerned. And by the end of each week I am pretty well discouraged.

I am a farmer and laborer. I have more hopes of achievement developing a talent I think I have, of which I make a hobby. Hopeless as my outlook may be, going to the movies revives my determination and ambition like rain revives a drooping plant. With screen heroes attaining their goal, news shots of celebrated people and *music*, my spirits soar. I don't wish for things I see people enjoying on the screen. It all gives me a feeling of hope.

That is my one outstanding reaction to film shows, always. And I owe most of it to happy endings. My hope is for more and happier endings, continued news shots of people who have done big things, stirring music and the privilege of seeing two or more movies each week. That means continued illusion that feeds happiness—and hope, of which ambition and success is born.—*Clarence Gilstrap, Route 1, Neosho, Mo.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Why Paulette?

DEAR EDITOR:

[illegible] in my mind and no doubt [illegible]

character. Those of us who saw *Our Modern Maidens, Possessed, The Gorgeous Hussy* and so many more, will know what I mean.

So why does a film company take such a chance when they have players who have proved by hard work they can turn out characters that are stamped indelibly in our minds?—*Rose Hansen, 24 Chestnut Street, Glen Cove, N. Y.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Sausage Movies

DEAR EDITOR:

Where may I affix my signature to a protest against Class B pictures? The so-called sausage products ground out by producers to fill a double-feature program are ruining my movie diet. If I'm lucky enough to get in on time to the theatre to witness the Class A picture first, nine times out of ten I generally walk out on the Class B presentation.

Why? Because most of these inferior productions are produced for morons and for the ten year old brain. And I for one refuse to believe that audiences of today who are appreciative of such imaginative and intelligent efforts as, *Dodsworth, The Good Earth, The Plainsman, Stella Dallas,* and *Maytime,* do succumb to such inane atrocities as, *She Had To Eat, Dance, Charlie, Dance,* and *One Mile From Heaven.*

In time, I expect the public to get Class A wise and eventually refuse to patronize second-rate movies. Unfortunately, players who have long appeared as Class B kings and queens of the screen will lose their box-office value through no fault of their own.—*George A. Abbate, 630 Mary Street, Utica, New York.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Slapstick

DEAR EDITOR:

Since so many of the big feature pictures are now made in glorified slap-stick fashion, it seems to me that it is superfluous to make two-reel slap-stickers. When we can see Big Shot Edward Arnold faw down million dollar marble steps (*Easy Living*), we are not going to be impressed by the two-reeler that follows showing some obscure comedian doing the same thing on cheap pine steps. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Warner Brothers seem to be aware of this. They now reserve important historical themes like, *Servant Of The People* and *Song Of A Nation* for their short pictures. In the interest of variety in screen fare, I wish the other studios would do likewise.—*Quentin Putnam, c/o G. Redway, 3708 Gasch Street, Brentwood, Maryland.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

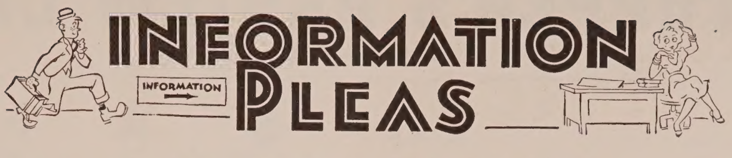
Non-Marring Marriage

Nelson Eddy could sing just as well if he were married. Robert Taylor could act just as well if he were married, and we're quite sure that being married would not affect Eleanor Powell's dancing.

Take, for instance Bing Crosby, he sings just as well and is married and has three children. Fred MacMurray is married and acts just as well, and Fred Astaire's being married does not affect his dancing, we're quite sure.

Everybody goes to see them whether they are married or not. So why all this fuss?—*M. P. and R. W. Connecticut.*

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this [illegible] of us get the fun of reading your opinio[illegible] thing goes: praise, blame, constructive cr[illegible] to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter [illegible] New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15, second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!



INFORMATION PLEAS

By ALICE STUART

Can you give me some information on the young man who plays the part of the music teacher in *The Awful Truth*?—A. A. S.

The gentleman in question is Alexander D'Arcy who was born in Cairo, Egypt, just twenty-nine years ago (on August 10, 1908, to be exact). A descendent of one of Napoleon's generals on the Egyptian campaign, Alex's father is an important cotton planter and his mother a member of the French nobility. His background is that of an internationalist. From Egypt he went to Switzerland for study at the University of Lausanne, and then to Berlin and Paris to continue his law studies. He began his picture career in the Rex Ingram production of the *Garden of Allah.* Since then he has had important roles in almost 50 pictures. You'll see him next opposite Luli Deste, another European import, in Columbia's *I Married An Artist.* Alex is still romantically unattached but is currently romancing with Frances Gifford, an RKO cine-cutie.

Did Henrietta Crosman ever appear in *Mistress Nell*, a silent picture? Where could I reach her by mail?—B. F. K.

We find no record of Miss Crosman ever having appeared in the picture you mention. You may write her in care of the Al Kingston Agency at 9122 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

How old is Jackie Cooper and how can I get a picture of him?—I. S.

Jackie is now fourteen years of age. He has been away from the screen for some time, but is returning at last in the film, *Boy of the Streets.* His studio address is: Monogram Pictures, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Kindly tell me how the checkered effect was achieved for the skating scenes in Sonja Henie's latest picture, *Thin Ice.* Did she do all the skating and skiing herself in this film?—Dixie.

The checkered effect was obtained by covering the black and white checkered floor of the sound stage with a thin coating of ice to which milk was added to accentuate the whiteness. A very definite "Yes!" is the answer to your last question.

I would like to know something about Ray Milland. If he's married, how old he is, his real name and the title of his next picture.—G. E.

Ray Milland was born Jan. 3, 1907, in Neath, Glamorgan, Wales. His real name is Mullane. He attended Kings College, left to go to sea, returned to become a member of England's Royal Guards. He entered films as an extra on the dare of a friend. Anita Loos persuaded him to come to Hollywood, where he signed with M-G-M studios, in 1930. After several trips back to England, he finally returned to Hollywood and Paramount Studios, where he is now under contract. His latest picture for Paramount is *Ebb Tide,* but he has since been loaned to RKO studio for a leading role in, *Women Have a Way.* Sorry, lady, but he *is* married, and has been since 1931.

Alexander D'Arcy, Columbia's latest importation, is a true cosmopolitan. He drives an Italian car; smokes Egyptian cigarettes; does a mean Swiss yodel; speaks perfect French; has travelled in South America—But, he likes America best of all

I would like to know how a kissing scene is done in the movies? How was it done in *Thin Ice*, the Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power picture? Was it real kissing?—Suzy.

Kissing scenes in the movies are done exactly as they are in real life—in other words—they kiss! It may be that Sonja and Tyrone had a few private rehearsals for their scenes in the picture for they are among Hollywood's most consistent "romancers."

Could you tell me the name of the man who sang the Arabic song in the picture, *Wee Willie Winkie*?—L. N.

Sorry, but we could not get this information in time to publish it in this issue. However, if you would care to write to Mr. Tobin, of 20th Century-Fox's musical research department, he would be happy to give you the information you request. The studio address is, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California.

Would you kindly tell me the following: When and where was Madeleine Carroll born? Is she happily married to her English husband? Is she often seen in public?—B. J. A.

We are planning on visiting Hollywood soon. What are the chances of going to the Trocadero or attending a Hollywood premiere?—J. W.

The chances are all in your favor for attending the Trocadero *and* a Hollywood Premiere, IF you have the necessary funds for enjoying same. Of course, Hollywood premieres are only held occasionally, but they are advertised several days in advance so you would have plenty of time to make reservations.

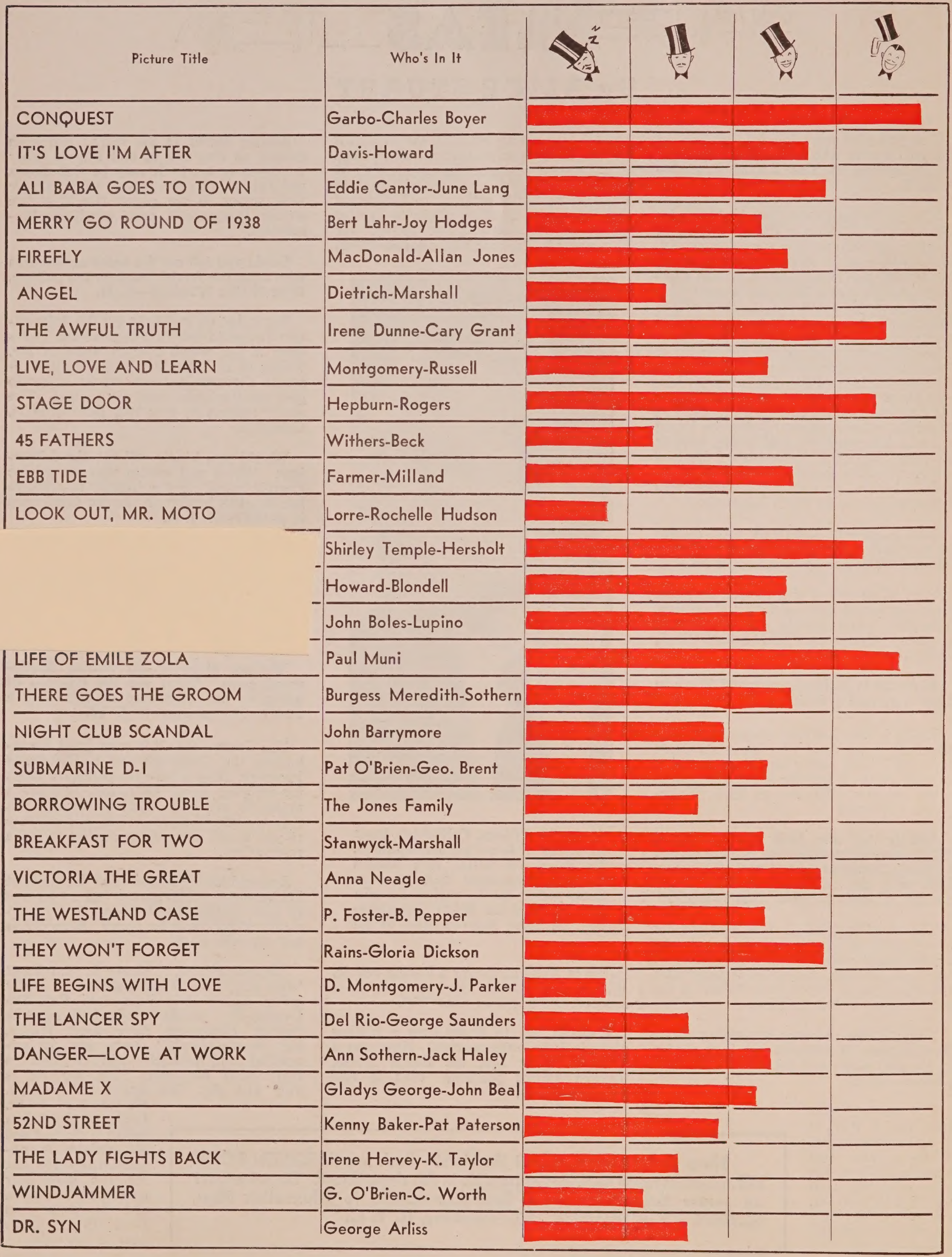
I would like to know a few facts about Dick Baldwin, who played Robert Haines in *Life Begins In College.* Is he married? Where was he born? How old is he? etc.—R. F. S.

You are picking a winner in your latest "discovery," for Dick Baldwin is really going places. His next role for 20th Century-Fox studio is the lead opposite Simone Simon in *Love and Hisses,* the Bernie-Winchell film. He is unmarried and probably will continue in that status for some time, for he is very girl shy. His age is 27 years. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri. His height is six feet and his weight is approximately 165 lbs. He has dark hair and brown eyes, and is *very* well liked by everyone who meets him.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)



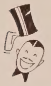
Picture Title	Who's In It
CONQUEST	Garbo-Charles Boyer
IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER	Davis-Howard
ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN	Eddie Cantor-June Lang
MERRY GO ROUND OF 1938	Bert Lahr-Joy Hodges
FIREFLY	MacDonald-Allan Jones
ANGEL	Dietrich-Marshall
THE AWFUL TRUTH	Irene Dunne-Cary Grant
LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN	Montgomery-Russell
STAGE DOOR	Hepburn-Rogers
45 FATHERS	Withers-Beck
EBB TIDE	Farmer-Milland
LOOK OUT, MR. MOTO	Lorre-Rochelle Hudson
[illegible]	Shirley Temple-Hersholt
[illegible]	Howard-Blondell
[illegible]	John Boles-Lupino
LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA	Paul Muni
THERE GOES THE GROOM	Burgess Meredith-Sothern
NIGHT CLUB SCANDAL	John Barrymore
SUBMARINE D-I	Pat O'Brien-Geo. Brent
BORROWING TROUBLE	The Jones Family
BREAKFAST FOR TWO	Stanwyck-Marshall
VICTORIA THE GREAT	Anna Neagle
THE WESTLAND CASE	P. Foster-B. Pepper
THEY WON'T FORGET	Rains-Gloria Dickson
LIFE BEGINS WITH LOVE	D. Montgomery-J. Parker
THE LANCER SPY	Del Rio-George Saunders
DANGER—LOVE AT WORK	Ann Sothern-Jack Haley
MADAME X	Gladys George-John Beal
52ND STREET	Kenny Baker-Pat Paterson
THE LADY FIGHTS BACK	Irene Hervey-K. Taylor
WINDJAMMER	G. O'Brien-C. Worth
DR. SYN	George Arliss

OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

READ THE RATINGS IN THE TOPPER'S FACE!

CONQUEST

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



With Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer as superlative co-stars, a magnificent production and an enthralling historical background, *Conquest* ranks as perhaps the most important production of the season. No fan will dream of missing it.

The picture is a thrilling mixture of fact and fiction, as the producers point out in the foreword. *Napoleon's* romance with the beguiling Polish countess, *Marie Walewska,* is one of the lesser-known incidents in the great man's career, but it is hard to imagine a more romantic story.

As *Marie Walewska,* Garbo adds another glowing portrait to her already impressive list of cinematic characterizations. It is not to her discredit, however, that audience interest will be more closely centered on the *Napoleon* of Charles Boyer. His is a superb acting achievement, and one that will not be forgotten.

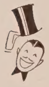
The supporting cast is so uniformly good that it is hard to single out individual members for mention. The *Tallyrand* of Reginald Owen is a gem; Maria Ouspenskaya's small role is classic.

Leif Erikson is a standout as Garbo's brother, as is Dame May Whitty as *Napoleon's* mother. And let's not forget the grand direction of Clarence Brown.

The divine Garbo is an inspired *Countess Walewska* in M-G-M's *Conquest*—and Charles Boyer is magnificent as *Napoleon*

THE AWFUL TRUTH

Columbia

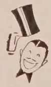


Prize comedy of the month (perhaps for many months) is this delightful adaptation of the famous stage play, with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant giving just about their best performances. Direction, dialogue, acting—in every department *The Awful Truth* spells F-U-N—and that's the truth, so help us.

Miss Dunne and Grant are a battling young couple who decide to get a divorce, although neither really wants one. Irene is awarded the custody of their dog, although Cary gets permission to visit him once a month. During the course of these visits, he manages to ruin Irene's new romance with a wealthy Oklahoma oil man (Ralph Bellamy) and she in turn breaks him up with his fiancee (Molly Lamont.) Much of the credit for *The Awful Truth* must be given to Leo McCarey. Pretty soon we'll be hearing of "McCarey touches," just as we hear the phrase used about Lubitsch and Frank Capra. The supporting cast is grand, especially Cecil Cunningham and Alexander D'Arcy.

HEIDI

20th Century-Fox



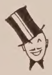
Here's a grand Christmas treat for all Shirley Temple fans—and who isn't? Shirley's studio is to be congratulated on choosing this beloved child's classic as a picture for the moppet star; emotionally it's the most exciting vehicle she's had.

Young Miss Temple is, of course, losing much of the infant charm that used to be her stock-in-trade, but her acting technique is better than ever. As *Heidi,* who is given into the care of her gruff old grandfather (Jean Hersholt) she is assured and poised, playing skillfully on the heartstrings of her audience.

Hersholt, Arthur Treacher, Mary Nash, Sidney Blackmer, Thomas Beck and Helen Westley are splendid as adult members of the cast, while Marcia Mae Jones and Delmer Watson are juvenile players of importance—even in a Shirley Temple film!

VICTORIA THE GREAT

RKO-Radio



England's never-to-be-forgotten Queen Victoria comes to the screen at last in vivid fashion, with Anna Neagle in the role of the monarch.

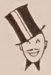
Produced in England in the actual settings of Victoria's time, *Victoria the Great* is bound to leave a lasting impression. The acting of Miss Neagle and her co-star, Anton Walbrook, leaves little to be desired.

The story begins with the passing of Victoria's Uncle Leopold, which leads to her ascension to the throne in 1837 and later to her marriage to the German Prince Albert, son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Memorable incidents in the lives of the rulers are indelibly brought to life, and the picture terminates with the epochal Diamond Jubilee (photographed in Technicolor).

The thoughtful fan will not want to miss *Victoria the Great.*

STAND IN

United Artists



The open season for slapstick continues, and Leslie Howard is the latest of our dignified actors to fall heir to a crackpot role. In *Stand In,* he plays a mathematical genius who is sent by his banking firm to Hollywood to take charge of a major movie studio. There he runs into *Lester Plum,* once a child star and now "stand in" to a temperamental glamor girl. With *Lester's* help he manages to best the crooked interests who are deliberately losing money for the studio's stockholders, but not till after a lot of goofy situations that Leslie takes in stride.

You'll like the brisk dialogue, the pithy gags and the performances of Howard and Miss Blondell. There are elegant supporting performances by Humphrey Bogart, C. Henry Gordon and the stunning Marla Shelton, as well as trained seals and prize penguins (part of the Hollywood background).

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 13]

A gay evening's entertainment finds two famous Hollywood couples as dinner companions —Fred Perry and wife, Helen Vinson, with Richard Arlen and Mrs. Arlen (Jobyna Ralston)

IT JUST so happens that Joan Crawford and Barbara Stanwyck wear the same size shoe. Recently, Barbara took a trip to New York. Joan hadn't been in over a year. While in the big city Barbara stocked up on enough pairs of shoes to last her for several years. When she got back to Hollywood Joan tried them on to see how they looked on her feet. Then Joan sent a wire and ordered the ones she liked best. As a present Barbara brought Joan back a pair of boudoir slippers that are made of a transparent material that give them the appearance of being real glass slippers.

EVER since she has been married, Myrna Loy has steadfastly refused to have a cook. But suddenly the employment agency that supplies Hollywood with its domestic help received a rush call from Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr.—Myrna Loy to you. It couldn't be burnt biscuits at this late stage of the game. Maybe Myrna decided she didn't want to put her hand in too many pies.

ANN RUTHERFORD, the dark-eyed little beauty recently signed by M-G-M, is on her way to success. She just accepted her third date with Jimmy Stewart.

THE rumor that the ethereal Julie Haydon and the romantic Phillip Holmes had told it to the minister is evidently a bit exaggerated. Julie's life is devoted to art and the New York stage. Phil divides his time between the stage and making pictures in England. Both players have been grossly neglected in Hollywood, because producers are blinded to the very special quality of their respective talents.

ROSALIND RUSSELL gave one of her best performances recently. But there wasn't any camera around to register it for posterity. When she decided to redecorate her home, Rosalind went to great trouble to locate just the kind of wall paper her bedroom needed. The paper hangers went to work with their papering. And Rosalind went to work at Metro with her acting. That night she returned home and dashed happily into her bedroom. There before her was the finished product. But the paper had been hung upside down and the pattern created a surealistic effect that effected Rosalind the same way!

IT PRACTICALLY was in the bag before Una Merkel ever went to work in the Carole Lombard picture that those two swell persons would become good friends. The day that Una finished, Carole made her a present. In the picture Una had the name of "Daisy." So Carole gave her a tiny diamond-centered gold daisy for the Merkel gadget bracelet.

IF YOU really want to be concerned, Gene Raymond refers to Jeanette MacDonald as "MacRaymond."

HOLLYWOOD merchants have their headaches, even as you or I. Recently, Mrs. Temple was so pleased with the white wig and Colonial costume Shirley wears in *Heidi* that she ordered a miniature of Shirley in the outfit. The bows on the dress were supposed to be painted orchid, the dress itself, green. Through an error the artist reversed the colors and Mrs. Temple refused to accept the miniature until it was done over.

IT TOOK Anthony Quinn to make C. B. DeMille say "Yes." When the Latin-looking star began making arrangements for his marriage to Katherine DeMille, she informed him that she wanted no lavish display of any kind. Quite in contrast to the cinema weddings staged by her famous father, Katherine was married in the chapel of a little church in Beverly Hills. Only a few close friends were present. She had not even planned on carrying flowers, until her old friend, Mitchell Leisen, sent her a corsage of white orchids. And so anxious were Tony and Katherine to get the marriage conventions behind them, they left the altar so hurriedly Tony forgot to kiss his bride!

[*Continued on page* 62]

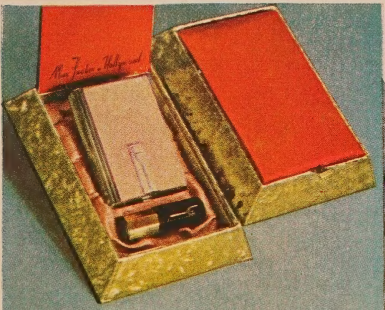
A new romance? But June Travis, when questioned about her friendship with Allen Lane, only smiles mysteriously

GIFTS FROM HOLLYWOOD

CREATED BY *Max Factor*

Max Factor's Powder in Xmas Box... Color Harmony Shades for blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead **$1.00**

Max Factor's *Autographed* Make-Up Sets... Powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony **$2.50**



Max Factor's Vanity-Lipstick Set... The new Max Factor double-vanity and Super-Indelible Lipstick **$3.00**

HOLLYWOOD'S MAKE-UP GENIUS

OFFERS

Something New!

TO GIVE individuality to Christmas gifts, Max Factor created "Personalized" make-up sets... for blonde, brunette, brownette or red-head. They contain the personal color harmony make-up for each type of beauty as created by Max Factor for Hollywood's beautiful screen stars. Now you can choose a cosmetic gift and know that it will be correct, perfect... so this year give a "Gift from Hollywood."

Max Factor

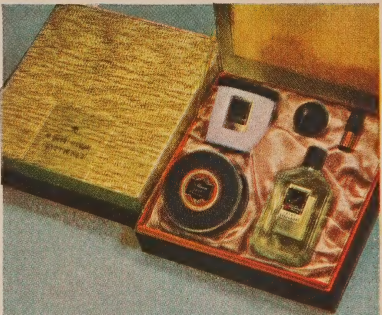
HOLLYWOOD

"COSMETICS OF THE STARS"

Featured by Leading Stores

☆ IDA LUPINO ☆

Paramount star, suggests a "Gift from Hollywood" as the perfect Christmas remembrance.



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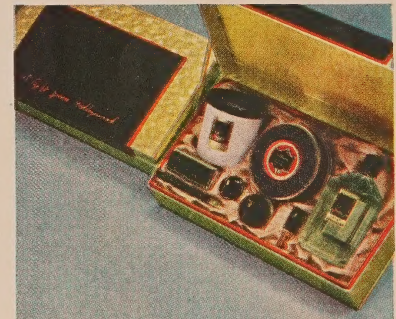

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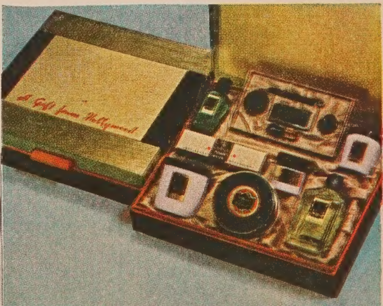

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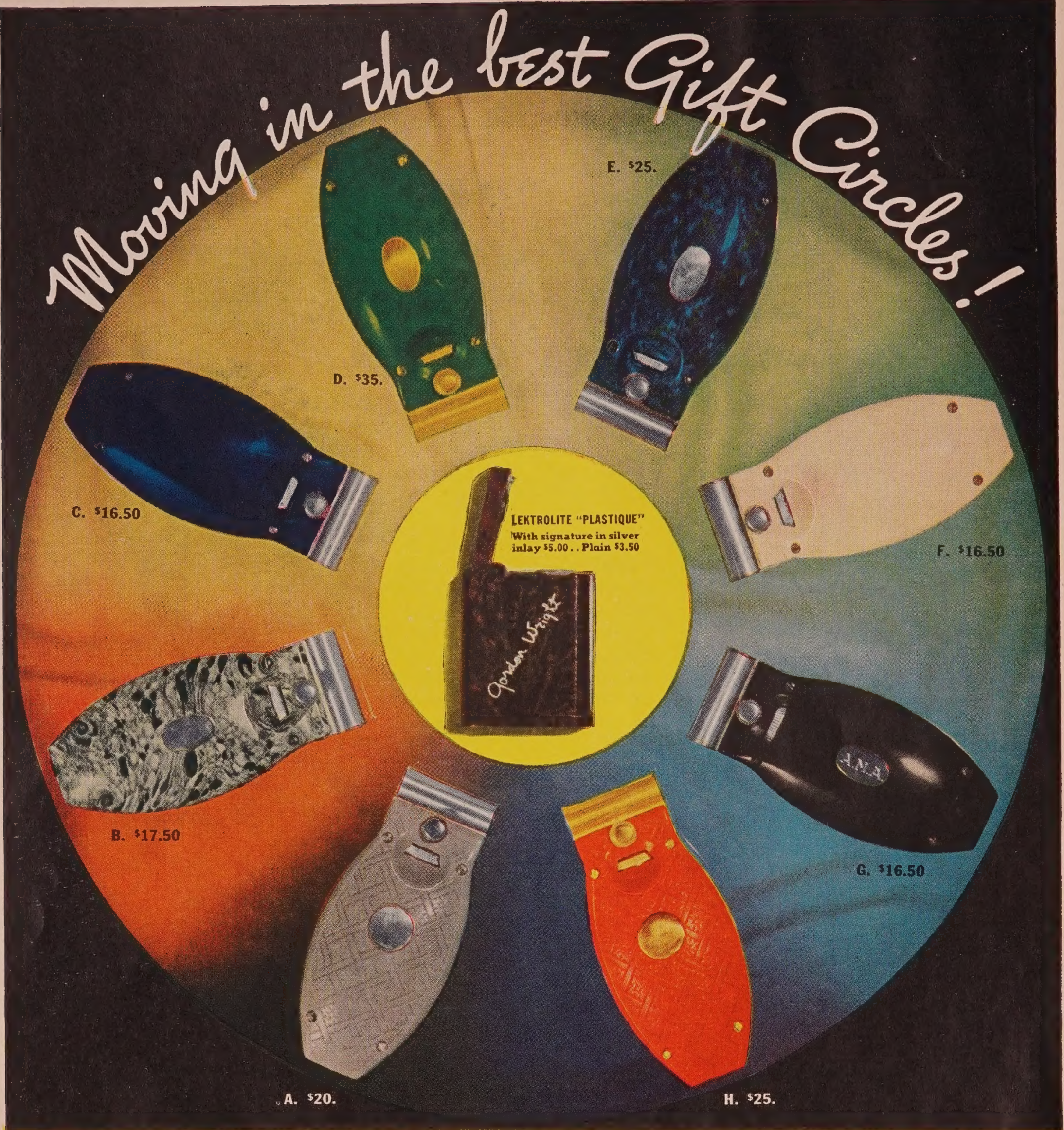

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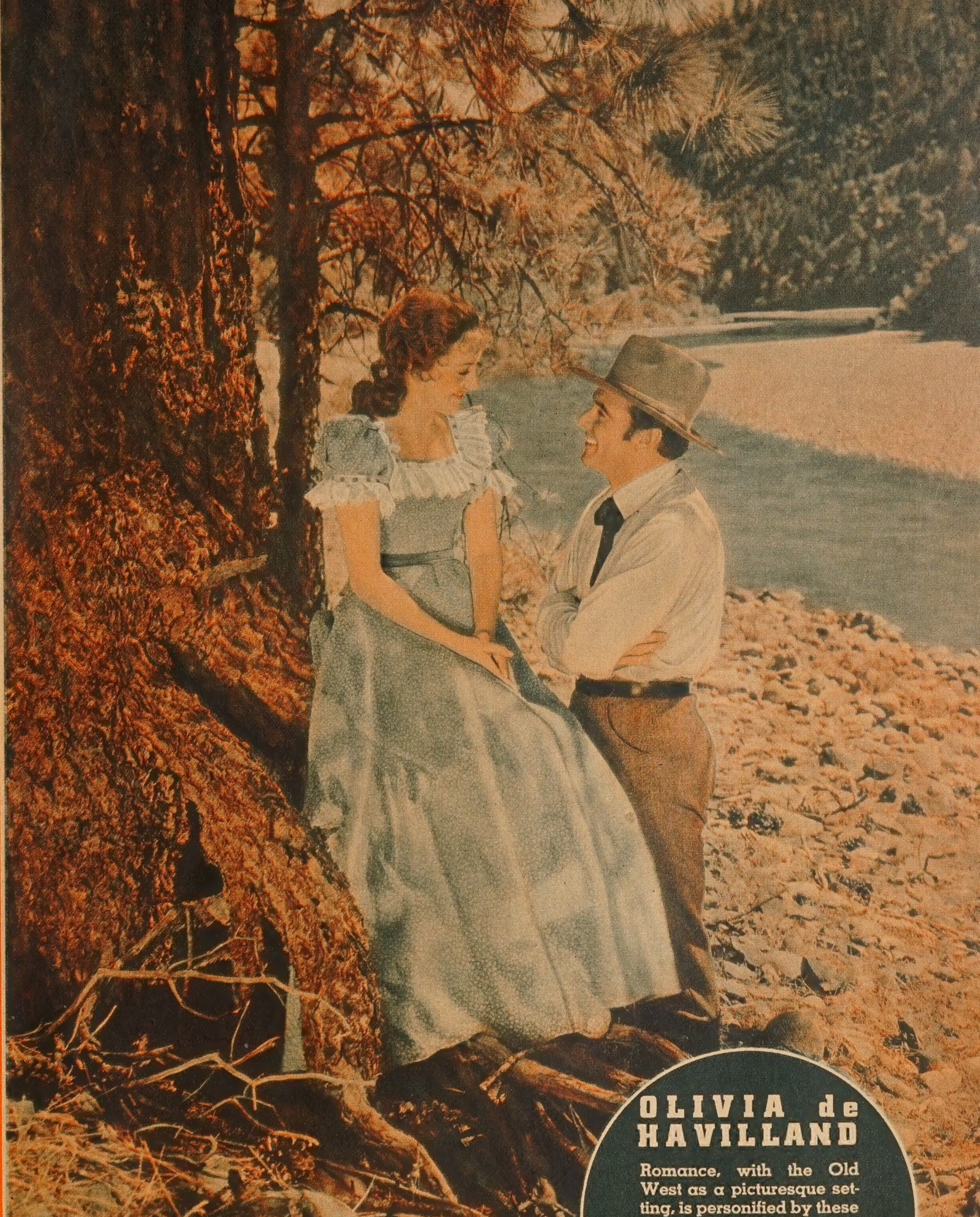

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

Romance, with the Old West as a picturesque setting, is personified by these players in the Warner Technicolor epic, "Gold Is Where You Find It"

GEORGE BRENT

☆ **WARNER BROS.' CHRISTMAS PRESENT**

A million dollars worth of fun,

Claudette

COLBERT

Charles

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THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT

TOVARICH

The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York . . . now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic . . . with a great cast of supporting stars including

BASIL RATHBONE

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MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • An ANATOLE LITVAK Production
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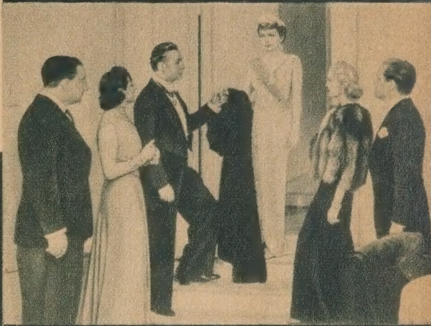
It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year! . . . A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.

TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! ☆

, glamour and romance!

"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow—who knows? . . . Tonight's our night!"



Ready for a gala night in Paris! . . . with 4 billion francs in the bank—and not a sou they could call their own!

The runaway lovers take to the roof in one of the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."

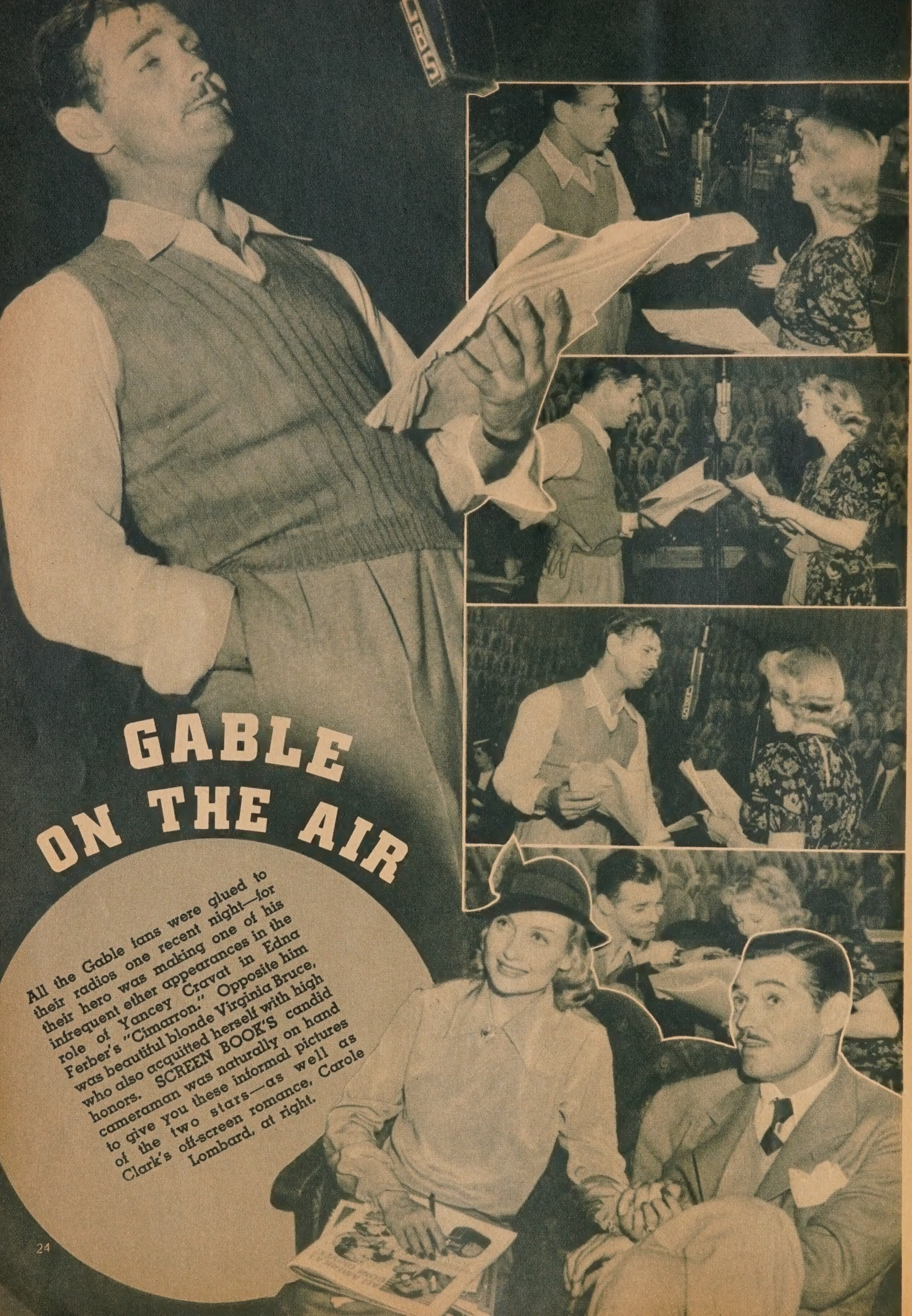
"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face with that suave villain . . . Basil Rathbone.

TAMARA GEVA

The glamorous Russian, straight from Broadway triumphs in "On Your Toes," is in Republic's "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round"

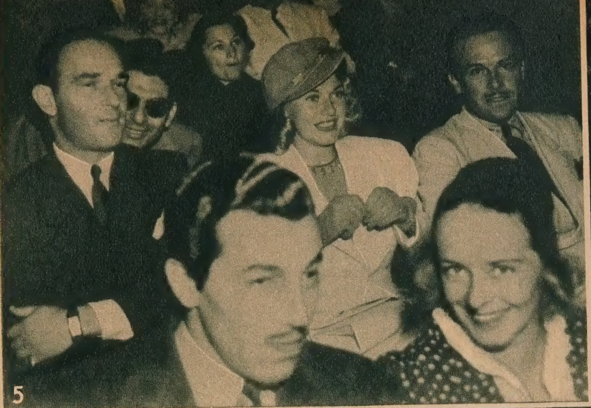
TYRONE POWER

There'll be new laurels for handsome Tyrone when "In Old Chicago" is shown. Soon he'll appear as the youthful Disraeli, we hear



GABLE ON THE AIR

All the Gable fans were glued to their radios one recent night—for their hero was making one of his infrequent ether appearances in the role of Yancey Cravat in Edna Ferber's "Cimarron." Opposite him was beautiful blonde Virginia Bruce, who also acquitted herself with high honors. SCREEN BOOK'S candid cameraman was naturally on hand to give you these informal pictures of the two stars—as well as Clark's off-screen romance, Carole Lombard, at right.



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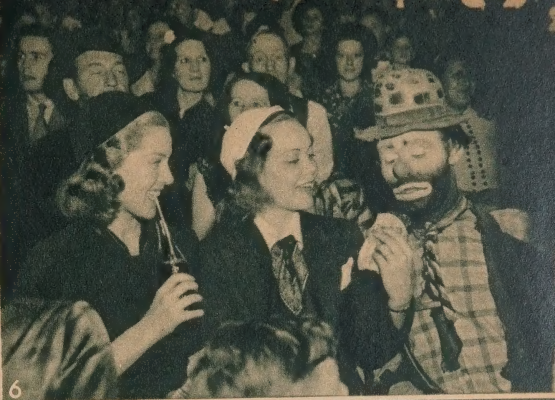

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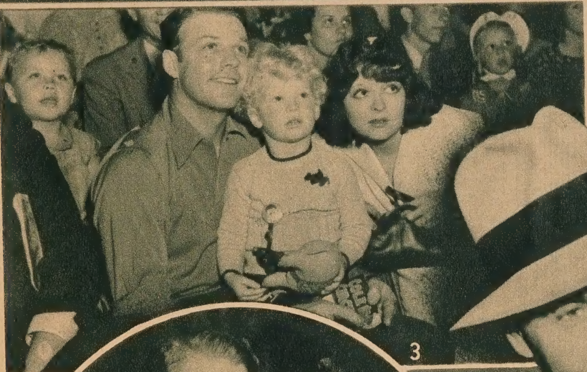
HOLLYWOOD AT THE CIRCUS



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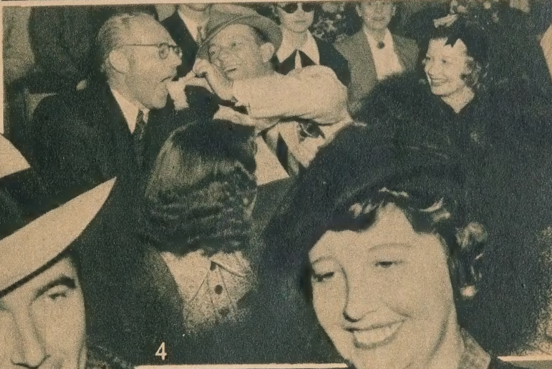

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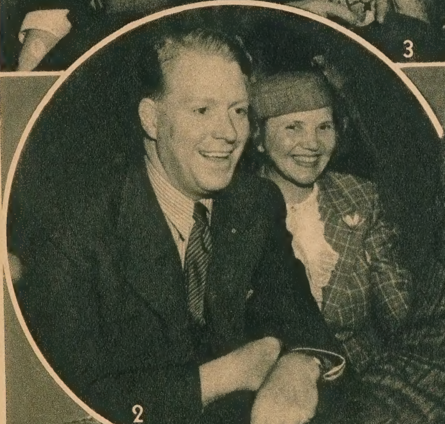

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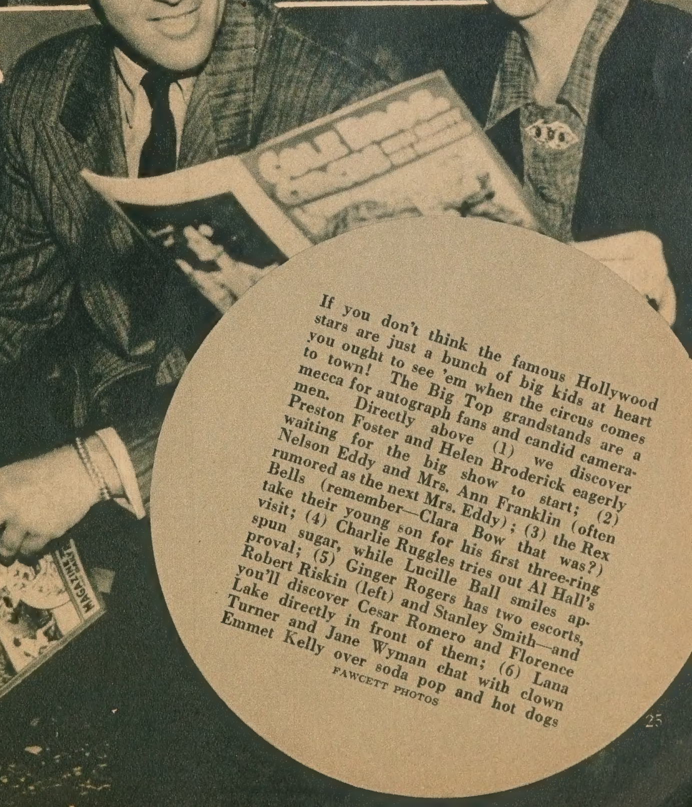

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If you don't think the famous Hollywood stars are just a bunch of big kids at heart you ought to see 'em when the circus comes to town! The Big Top grandstands are a mecca for autograph fans and candid cameramen. Directly above (1) we discover Preston Foster and Helen Broderick eagerly waiting for the big show to start; (2) Nelson Eddy and Mrs. Ann Franklin (often rumored as the next Mrs. Eddy); (3) the Rex Bells (remember—Clara Bow that was?) take their young son for his first three-ring visit; (4) Charlie Ruggles tries out Al Hall's spun sugar, while Lucille Ball smiles approval; (5) Ginger Rogers has two escorts, Robert Riskin (left) and Stanley Smith—and you'll discover Cesar Romero and Florence Lake directly in front of them; (6) Lana Turner and Jane Wyman chat with clown Emmet Kelly over soda pop and hot dogs

FAWCETT PHOTOS

BETTE DAVIS DISCUSSES

The most dangerous love, says brilliant, understanding Bette Davis, is the love which robs a person, man or woman, of self-respect and self-confidence. A frank, startling discussion

By

SONIA LEE

THE front-paged story of Hollywood's newest marriage failure was blatant and brief!

Bette Davis read it slowly. Her face, between its long shields of bright hair, was forlorn—yet intense.

"I am glad *that* marriage is over," she declared. "For theirs was a *dangerous* love!"

"Love *can* be dangerous, you know,"—humor lighted her eyes. "Even if poets for centuries have been coining pretty phrases to foster the tradition that love is the one thing in heaven or on earth that really counts.

"There are other things! Sometimes love exacts too great a price for its existence—for its continuation!"

Her eyes are vocal with memories—of personal histories and of incidents never publicly chronicled. Of men and women devastated by too great devotion. Stripped of their armour of pride and confidence and self-respect by dangerous love!

"I remember when these two were married," she recalls, tapping the folded newspaper at her side— "It was a love match. *Their* marriage would last forever,

DANGEROUS LOVES!

many of their friends prophesied. I wasn't so sure from the beginning, because I've seen too many marriages such as this, fail!

"Here was a girl of incredible beauty—with a face delicately and subtly moulded. An angel in flesh. But underneath was the hardness of steel. Dynamite. Perhaps that's what made her the great actress she is today. She was, and is, as ruthless as a machine-gun! Nothing has ever stood in her way! And marriage — and her husband, would dance to the tune *she* chose.

"That day in her bridal finery, she was soft, feminine—as appealing and helpless as a week-old puppy. And alluring. No wonder the big six-footer at her side—the man now her husband —looked as if a sacred trust had been given into his hands.

"Measured against her importance, he wasn't very much. He was a fine engineer, and the older men in his profession expected him to go far. He was young and ambitious. The world was his oyster. Given time, he would bring many trophies of success to lay at his bride's exquisite feet. It would take years, of course. But they had years before them! They loved each other—and that was enough.

"It wasn't enough! His year's earnings were something under what his wife made in two weeks. Long before the honeymoon was over, he discovered that his salary was just sufficient for orchids, for tips, for the minor incidentals. He ate his wife's bread and lived as a non-paying, tolerated guest in her mansion on a hill-top.

"At first she was careful not to hurt his pride. But when that nice platinum finish of their first months together wore off, it was another story.

"She couldn't always hide her impatience or her contempt for the small sums he could contribute to their life together. Not that she didn't love him. She did in her way. But her values were so entirely different from his.

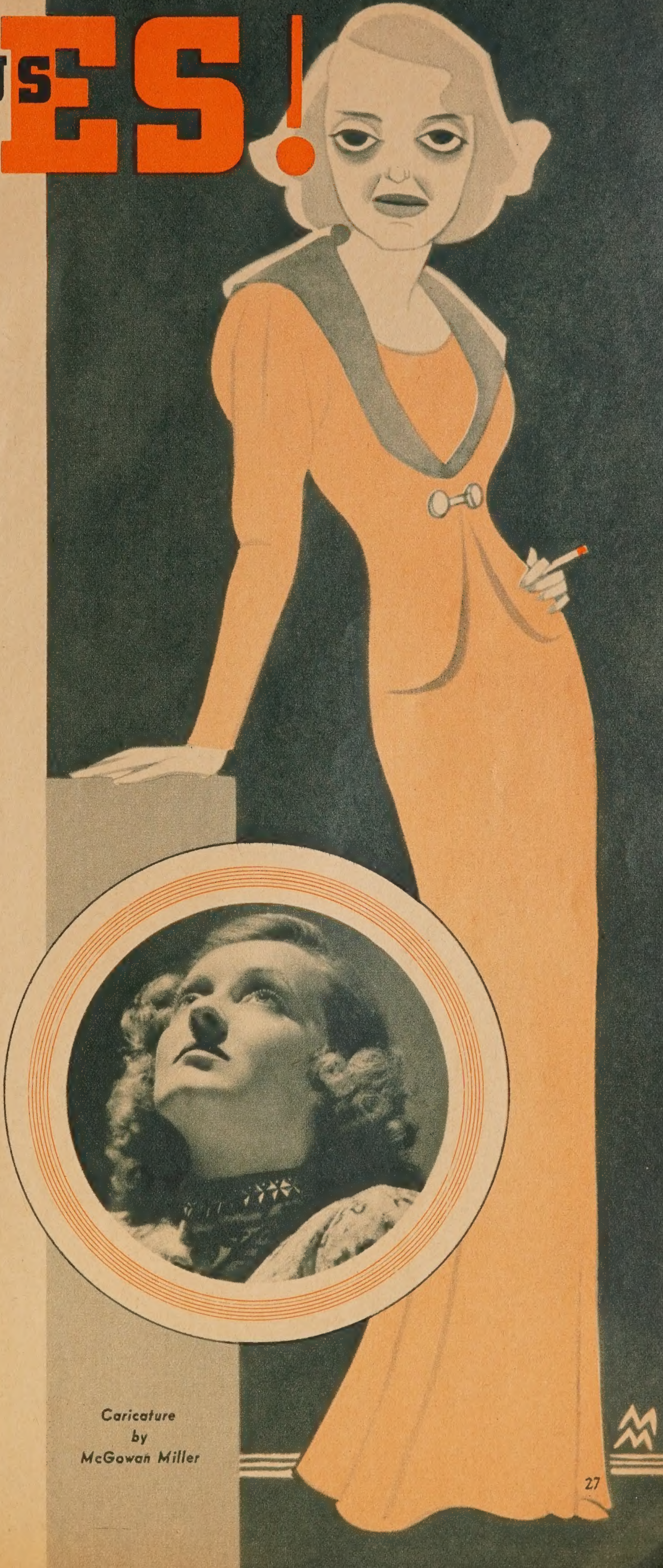
"What was success to him—a contract for a small bridge project, election to an honorary society—had practically no meaning for her. She was looking at today—and his eyes were trained on tomorrow.

"A man needs encouragement. It is essential that a man be ever conscious of his wife's pride in him and his work. He wants her to hold her head high, not alone because of her own accomplishments, but also because of his!

"THE inevitable happened! First his pride was hurt, and then his ambition. Work for tips and orchids—ridiculous! So he started to hunt another occupation—something that would give his wife diamond bracelets and mink coats for her birthday. And trips to Europe on *his* bank account. And permit her lavish parties for which he would pay!

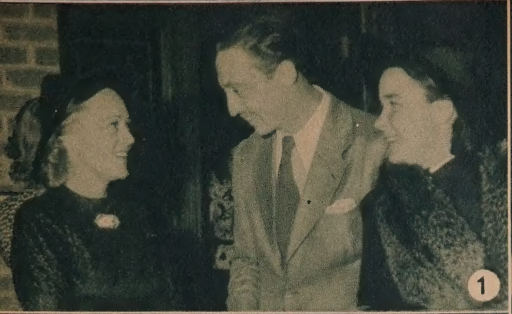
"But engineering was his profession. He wasn't trained for any of those spectacular enterprises which made such money-success in a short time possible.

"For him right at [*Continued on page* 74]



Caricature by McGowan Miller

SCREEN BOOK'S CANDID CAMERAMAN COVERS HOLLYWOOD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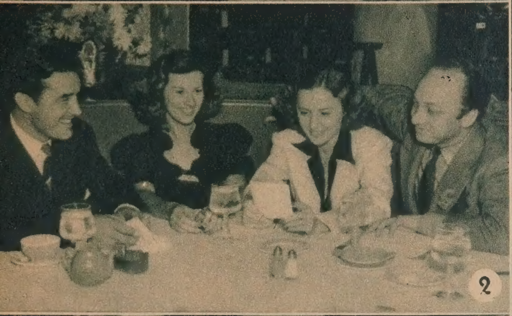
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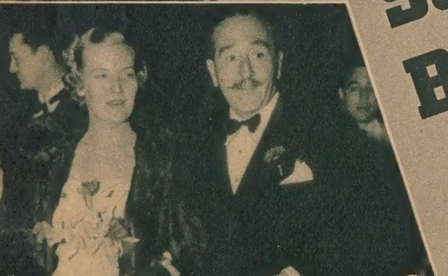
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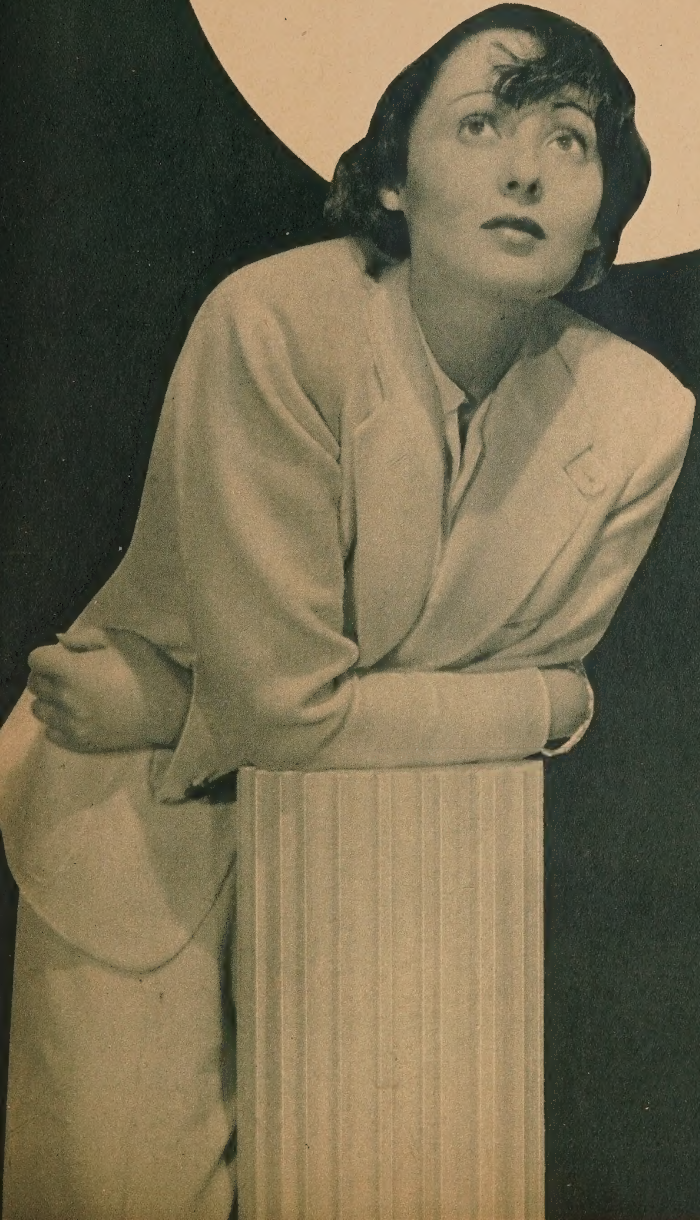
(1) Sally Eilers greets Mischa Auer and his charming wife at a preview; (2) this dining group at Trocadero includes Ray Milland and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck and Jerry Asher; (3) brand new romancers: Gene Markey and Simone Simon! (4) an always distinguished pair: Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou; (5) lucky Johnny Downs, with Lana Turner as a movie companion! (6) when Barbara Stanwyck appeared in the radio version of *Stella Dallas*, Robert Taylor wired roses all the way from London! Here's Barbara with John Boles, Anne Shirley and Barbara O'Neil, all of whom appeared with her in the movie

THE TRUTH ABOUT LUISE RAINER

Little known facts about Hollywood's least known star who refuses to bow to the dictates of convention —glamorous Luise Rainer

By MARY HILLIARD



LUISE RAINER is Hollywood's least known star.

Not that reams haven't been written about her. They have. She has been pictured as a "madcap"—an elfin creature of a thousand moods. True, she won the 1936 Academy Award. True, also, they call her a "great artist." Extravagant words to describe a person who is essentially simple. The real Luise Rainer has been lost beneath a deluge of praise.

To begin with, Luise Rainer is no "madcap." She is an intensely earnest young woman, who happily, has a sense of humor.

Nothing she ever did was "mad" according to her lights, or anyone else's who desired to be an individual. Only, instead of bowing to the dictates of convention, Luise chooses to be comfortable mentally, as well as physically.

About being "an artist." There is no question about that. She is. But not the popular conception of what an artist should be.

"I have a job to do," she says. "It is natural that I should like to do it as well as possible. If I were a typist or in any other profession I should try just as hard.

"Acting happens to be the thing which I can do best. I confess it. Acting is easy for me. And I do not spend long hours in study, or brooding contemplation. I simply watch other people and try to react as they would under varying situations."

Luise loves music. So, enthusiastic scribes have painted the ecstatic hours that she has passed—alone, alone with just her music and chaotic thoughts.

Music is played most of the time at her home, but Luise listens with her feet firmly rooted in the ground. She takes none of these artistic mental flights for which she has been credited.

Having been brought up in the tumultuous times through and just preceding the World War, Luise has been [*Continued on page 72*]

FREDRIC

Jean Lafitte, pirate bold of centuries ago, is brought to life by March in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Buccaneer"

MARCH

FOUND!—ONE HAPPY ACTRESS

Beautiful Irene Dunne again shows her flair for comedy in the Columbia picture, *The Awful Truth*

By RUTH RANKIN

With wealth, fame, beauty and a devoted family—why shouldn't Irene Dunne be Hollywood's happiest star?

"OF COURSE you know, Miss Dunne, rumor has it that you are very poor copy." I held my breath and waited for a hundred and five pounds to hit the ceiling.

Nothing happened. Irene Dunne was not angered or baffled or terribly, terribly hurt. She laughed, actually *laughed*, as if Hollywood's gravest accusation were something amusing.

"I understand," she answered, "they say the same thing about President Roosevelt. So anyway I'm in good company. Sometimes I wish," she continued, "that I had a dual personality—one publicity-conscious and one for myself. So I could turn on the first one at will and go on at a great rate about my life, hopes, ambitions, plans past, present and future; and issue ultimatums about any and everything. But you see I'm from Louisville, Kentucky." As if that cleared up the whole thing. The implication seemed to be that girls from Louisville are just too tired to have dual personalities.

The public has decided people from Louisville are pretty nice, even if they have only one personality, especially Irene Dunne.

It seems possible that a story can be written about Irene Dunne without being based on the word "lady." She has been, variously, "the perfect lady," "the first lady of Hollywood," "charming lady," until the fact is established. The reason it seems possible is that she has recently added a new and, in her opinion, far more important title—"mother."

The golden-haired two-year-old Mary Frances pronounces it "Mimi," and Mary Frances is Missy to her intimates. Missy is one of the most adorable and fortunate children ever to make Hollywood a lovelier place by her presence. And the fortunate Dr. and Mrs. Francis Griffin (Irene Dunne) have Missy. Kind of a mutual admiration society all around.

No, the "perfect lady" description is no longer sufficient for Irene Dunne. The description that best fits her is "happiest woman in Hollywood."

Hollywood is admittedly a place where very few women achieve happiness, since being happy is not a question of what you have, but of what you are. The place is dominated by vaulting ambition, by dissatisfactions, jealousies, by a fierce grudging envy. To say a great motion picture star is a "happy woman" is not a statement to be lightly considered. How many have ever had it said of them?

The utter serenity and poise of accomplishment, with electrical overtones of more accomplishment to be expected, is the distinction of Irene.

She has been happily married for several years to Dr. Francis Griffin, a wealthy and successful professional man who heartily approves her career although his practice is in New York. She combines a fine musical talent with acting ability covering a tremendous range of roles. She has been signed to play the role of Mme. Curie, the scientist, a role any actress in Hollywood (or out of it) would give her eyes to play. She has recently built one of the most beautiful homes anywhere. And she has Missy. Reason enough to be happy. But there are women in Hollywood whose achievements would balance Irene's, who are not content with what they have. They want to sing like Lily Pons, act like Katherine Cornell, have a house like Connie Bennett's, a sable coat like Claudette Colbert's, an Academy Award, a titled husband, or something; always something. Contentment is the rarest quality in this world; it is rare enough to be almost invisible in this town of Hollywood.

SO RARE that this characteristic alone would make Irene a distinguished woman. She says work is the solution: working people are happy people. If they like what they are doing, and have enough of it to do. Also, she says nothing is ever finished for her. She goes right on learning:

"My whole life seems to be lived in school—and school-children are traditionally happy. I go out to play golf and the instructor teaches me something new about how to hold my mashie, although I have been playing golf ever since I can remember. My voice teacher gives me new ideas with every lesson. At the studio, the director tells me something new about how to play the next scene, and I realize it is an angle I should have known long ago, but it just never occurred to me before. I learn again of my husband's

[*Continued on page 73*]

By ERNEST BELL

IS RADIO

Nelson Eddy (in circle) wisely broadcasts without the hindrance of a studio audience; Bing Crosby (center) appears before his fans in baggy trousers and tieless; and Bob Burns (above) the Bazooka King, disillusions the more naive fans by being immaculately groomed

ALMOST stealthily she dropped into a chair behind a table which, in turn, stood behind a screen. Nobody in the audience could see her when she talked into the mike. Frightened? Boy! When the brief ordeal ended, her legs doubled up and they had to carry her from the stage.

That was Joan Crawford at her first broadcast from a Hollywood station. Yes, the same Joan Crawford who on the screen is the very quintessence of sophisticated poise. A stunned look passed across the faces of the few fans in the audience who had been able by neck-twisting to catch a glimpse of what went on. Their lips moved stiffly as they relayed the news to others. They were intrigued, but startled. Why—why—the real Joan Crawford was as scared of the mike as—as they'd be, themselves! It was kind of sweet, maybe, but—gosh! Not—you know—exactly glamorous.

Yes, sir, the last bit of illusion is being snatched from Hollywood screen stars by the radio. For if you think Joan Crawford is the only one who has astonished the fans at a broadcast, you're in error. Many motion picture big shots are scared to death of radio. Olivia de Havilland, who has been one of the few stars to acquit herself beautifully on the air, was so appalled the first time she was scheduled to appear on a broadcast that she had to stop the car en route to the station and take a walk.

"I've got to get out," she cried. "I've got to walk up and down!" Out she got, and while the car waited she paced the pavement for ten minutes. Then she said she felt better, and proceeded on her way.

Clark Gable, Irene Dunne, Bing Crosby, Leslie Howard, as well as a score of others, have turned out upon occasion to be in some respect far different from what their admirers, who

Now that movie stars are almost as familiar on the airwaves as they are on the nation's screens, we ask a pertinent question—are radio appearances harming or helping the popularity of our most prominent stars?

DE-GLAMORIZING HOLLYWOOD?

knew them from screen or theatre appearances, anticipated. Just as good, perhaps (and perhaps not)—but different. The broadcasting studio audiences have been able in countless instances to see their favorites at the favorites' worst, harried by mike, scripts, signalling radio technicians; to hear them speak and see them jitter from a stage only a few feet away; to rush to the stage after the program ended for an autograph from a star who trembled too much to give it. The idols have been bereft of their other-world atmosphere, and none else but radio is dat ole debbil berefter.

There's something about a mike tuned up to the ether instead of merely to a sound track. Movie celebrities who don't blink an eyelash at thought of talking for hours into a microphone on a sound

[*Continued on page* 75]

At top of page is Joan Crawford, who frankly confessed her jitters when she made a radio appearance with husband Franchot Tone; in the center we find glamorous Marlene Dietrich and co-star Clark Gable in a Lux Theatre of the Air broadcast; above, Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert, who always wraps her legs around a stool while facing a microphone. Photo at left shows that handsome young couple, June Lang and Tyrone Power, facing the "mike" with Woodbury producers Bob Orr (far left) and Mann Holiner

DON'T TRY TOO HARD!

By
EDWARD
CHURCHILL

Shirley Ross will win new fans in *The Big Broadcast of 1938*

This is startling advice from Shirley Ross — who learned a bitter lesson

ONCE, because Shirley Ross tried too hard, she fell on her face.

Starred by a film company in a personal appearance tour to build up her popularity, Shirley played the Capitol Theatre in New York City. For days before the big moment she planned her entrance, visualized just exactly what she'd do when she sang and how she'd sing, how she'd thank the audience and beat a successful retreat amidst a salvo of applause.

Time came for her first performance.

Jittery she carried through her songs, bore up under the weight of a sixteen pound dress, tried frantically to live up to a tremendously built-up introduction. She was giving her all when she tripped over a microphone cord, landed on her stomach and her chin. As a malicious top to the gag fate was playing on her the microphone itself toppled over, tapped her on the back of the head and knocked her colder than an igloo.

"That," she told me today, "just goes to show you that over-conscientiousness doesn't pay."

Shirley ought to know. She's been suffering from the complaint since she was a little girl. She remembers that her mother used to tell her she must practice her piano playing—at one time she expected to become a concert pianist—for three hours. A rule in the family was to "do things well and to the best of your ability."

"I took that motto too seriously," Shirley said today. "Yes, I practiced three hours. I enjoyed every minute of it. Then, just to be sure I was doing a good job—just to satisfy my own mistaken sense of thoroughness—I'd work an extra hour. I'd end up tired and bored, with the whole practice period seeming dull. I'm sure the extra hour did me more harm than good."

Shirley made her confession to me as we took time off for lunch during the making of Paramount's *The Big Broadcast of 1938*, in [*Continued on page 67*]

CARY

You'll find a new and more rollicking Cary Grant in the new Columbia comedy, "The Awful Truth," in which he shares stellar honors with lovely Irene Dunne

GRANT

Don't look pleasant—pul-lease!—says Lazlo Willinger, who came to Hollywood from Vienna to photograph all the glamourous M-G-M stars—and here are some of his reasons why!

YOUR FACE IS

Both little-known newcomers like Lynne Carver (above) and big stars like Robert Taylor (at right) get equal attention from the Viennese photographer, Lazlo Willinger. He's paid to make them all glamourous

By JESSIE HENDERSON

ASTOUNDED at policemen in shirt-sleeves and at a Hollywood Boulevard devoid of stars, Lazlo Willinger, wizard portrait-photographer from Vienna, sat in his new bungalow on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and said in effect that the reason for American beauty is Reno. He smiled, but he meant it.

"I believe," he repeated, his brown eyes twinkling, "that the easy divorce laws of this country are responsible, in no small degree, for the many beautiful women."

Or vice versa, you murmured brightly. But he went on: He proved it.

"In Europe, divorce remains rather difficult. When once a woman marries a man she has little to fear in the matter of losing him. So she settles down, gets a bit fat, doesn't worry about her appearance.

"But in America! Getting a husband is

ANDREA

"Stage Door" brought Andrea Leeds to the fore—and she continues her climb up the cinema ladder in "The Goldwyn Follies"

LEEDS

Lucky "Miss Typical America!" On her first day's work as a member of the cast of Paramount's *True Confession*, clever Una Merkel took her in hand to coach her in her lines and make her feel at ease in scenes with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and other big stars

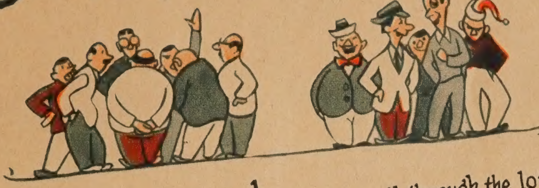
Who said Hollywood was a cold and unfriendly town? Eleanor Fisher, who won TRUE CONFESSIONS Magazine's nationwide contest to find a "Miss Typical America," is being aided in her film career by many of Hollywood's most famous stars

MISS TYPICAL AMERICA IS A MOVIE ACTRESS NOW

"It may look bewildering to you, Eleanor, but it's only a shooting script," Una Merkel tells "Miss Typical America" in picture above. "Memorize your lines and we'll rehearse the scene together"—which they do in picture at right

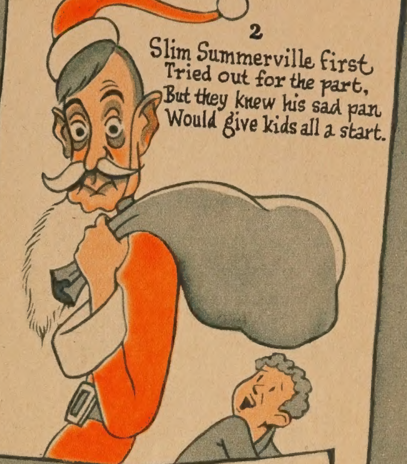
"Congratulations!" beams encouraging Una Merkel—and Eleanor Fisher begins her screen career with confidence and hope

"'Twas the Night Before Christmas"



1

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the lot
Studio Big-Wigs ganged up in a knot.
Actors and comics there also had massed
In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be cast.



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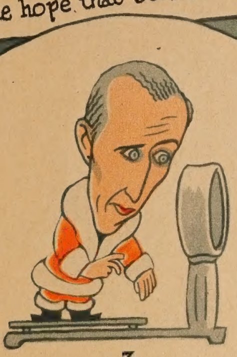
Slim Summerville first
Tried out for the part,
But they knew his sad pan
Would give kids all a start.

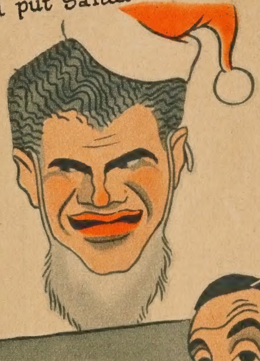


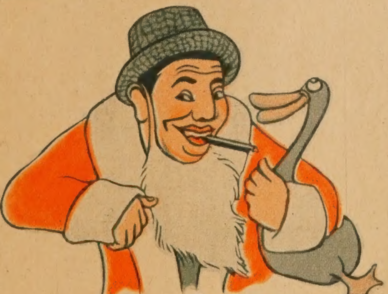
3

And Butterworth, Chas.,
A most somnolent boy,
Has neither the looks
Nor the avoirdupois.

4

While Lionel Stander,
Whose voice is his fame,
Would grumble and rasp
And put Santa to shame.





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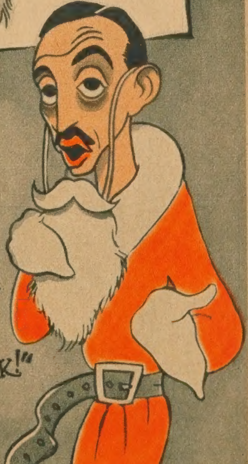
Dunder and Blitzen!
Joe Penner can't mingle
His duck and cigar
With the role of Kris Kringle.



6

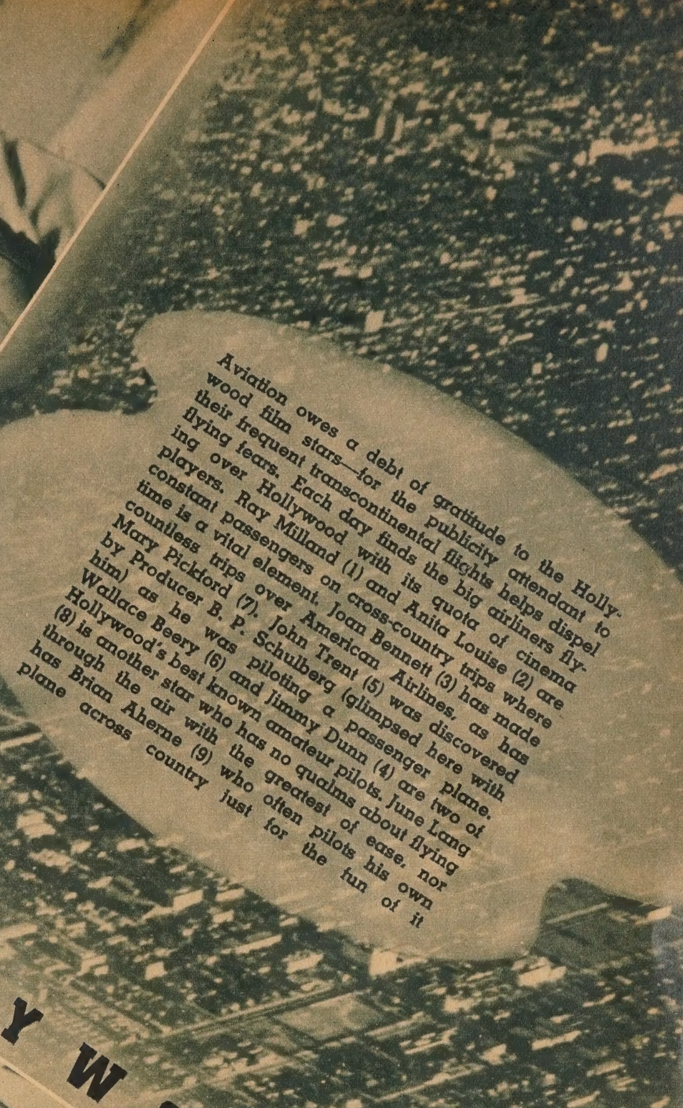
"Oh! We're just not the type!"
Cried the dour Mr. Auer
Discarding his beard
With a sorrowful glower.

But we heard them exclaim
With a meaningful look,
"Merry Christmas to you
From us and SCREEN BOOK!"

McGowan Miller

WINGS OVER

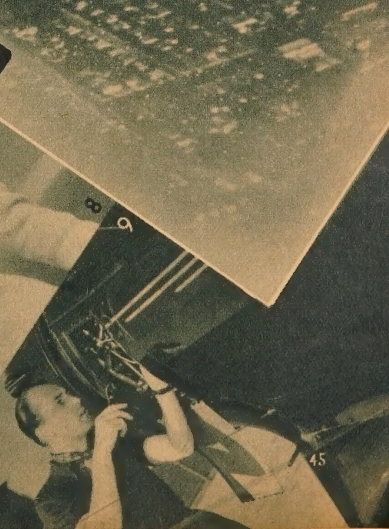
5
3
AMERICAN AIRLINES
2
6
1



Aviation owes a debt of gratitude to the Hollywood film stars—for the publicity attendant to their frequent transcontinental flights helps dispel flying fears. Each day finds the big airliners flying over Hollywood with its quota of cinema players. Ray Milland (1) and Anita Louise (2) are constant passengers on cross-country trips where time is a vital element. Joan Bennett (3) has made countless trips over American Airlines, as has Mary Pickford (7). John Trent (5) was discovered by Producer B. P. Schulberg (glimpsed here with him) as he was piloting a passenger plane. Wallace Beery (6) and Jimmy Dunn (4) are two of Hollywood's best known amateur pilots. June Lang (8) is another star who has no qualms about flying through the air with the greatest of ease, nor has Brian Aherne (9) who often pilots his own plane across country just for the fun of it

HOLLYWOOD

FLAG
ILLINO



Allan's favorite pony, *Smoky*, occupies a lot of the singing star's attention off screen

Allan Jones, in his search for the fame he always hoped would be his, has survived more hardships than any other movie hero!

By SONIA LEE

PART II

From the time he was a child Allan Jones worked and saved for his musical education. Claude Warford, a famous voice coach, had sufficient confidence in Allan's talents to take him as a free pupil. Allan, eager to go to Europe with his coach for a summer of intensive study, decides to give a concert in his home-town, Scranton, Pa., to raise the money to pay expenses.

THE high school auditorium was hired, posters were printed and plastered all over the town. Mr. and Mrs. Jones were the whole ticket-selling committee. The mother went to the neighbors and friends and solicited their attendance; the father, to the homes of the men who had worked under him for the many years during which he had been connected with the mines. And if the abstaining elder Jones came home late each night slightly befogged from the many toasts to his son's success, it was all in a good cause.

Allan played to a sold-out house on the night of the concert. Scranton had turned out en masse to do homage and to help.

After all expenses were paid, there was a clear profit of eleven hundred dollars, more than enough for his course with Warford in Europe.

That was a happy summer for Allan. Warford was giving him lessons free. But to the other instructors in harmony, in composition, in musical theory, he paid the regular fee. All the students lived together in a French school hired for the season.

In October Allan still had considerable

Allan is at last enjoying the fruits of success, and deservedly so. On the left we see him in his beautiful new Brentwood home; in circle, with his young daughter

THE

money left. So he went to London to tutor with Sir Henry Wood in oratorio Singing. For three weeks he coached every day with the master, enlarging his concert repertoire; gaining in stage presence and assurance.

Back in New York again, he rented an apartment, furnished it with furniture from the Jones attic, and with his accustomed vigor and concentration, tackled the formidable job of wresting recognition for his voice.

At first his engagements were minor in importance and minor in financial return. He made several appearances before clubs and societies which netted him fifty to seventy-five dollars at a time—just enough to live on!

Allan was a newly-turned twenty and romantic. The world was his to conquer. He had great hope and faith in his future—so he married—a girl he had known for some years. But as is usual in marriages of this kind, this marriage was not destined to last. Neither Allan nor his wife were yet ready for the responsibilities nor the adjustments of marriage. Eventually it ended in divorce.

Factually, Allan's career began in the spring of 1928, when he again accompanied Warford to Europe. Towards the end of the summer he was singing with the d'Eauville Opera Company. His debut in *Manon*, his following performances in *Romeo and Juliet* brought him to the attention not only of concert managers, but of patrons of music.

With his opera engagement at an end he went to Paris, where through Raoul Duvall, whom he had met on the Riviera, he was invited to sing at a private gathering. The story of this evening is worth telling.

He dined with Monsieur Duvall and later accompanied him to his sister's house where a distinguished gathering awaited the young singer. Allan was presented to many people with famous names and finally to a grey-haired woman with dynamic eyes, who was enthroned in one corner of the room. "Mrs. Armstrong," Duvall murmured.

"What are you going to sing for me, young man?" she demanded imperiously. Allan was slightly non-plussed. He didn't know he was to sing for her solely. "I brought my music case along. I'll select something when it is time for me to sing," he replied.

A bit later he leaned against the piano and his accompanist began the introduction. A sharp voice stopped him. "Don't stand there, young man."

Mrs. Armstrong walked the length of the room, took Allan by the arm and moved him to the other side of the piano. "I know the acoustics of the room. I've heard others sing here. This is the place for you to stand."

"Who is she?" asked a bewildered Allan. "She must be frightfully important!"

The accompanist seemed not to know, but there was a secret [*Continued on page* 70]

TRUE LIFE STORY OF ALLAN JONES

Blonde Marie Wilson took a desperate chance when she decided to become a movie actress—but she won!

A PEACH . . .

By
MONROE
QUIGG

FROM THE ORANGE BELT

Marie Wilson crashed into a newspaperman's auto—and into movies!

All Marie's pals are rooting for her to get the important lead in Warners' film version of *Boy Meets Girl*

THE distance between two points, if they happen to be Hollywood and Anaheim, is two hours as the crow flies which may make sense, but not interesting reading. However, when we add that Anaheim is the only town in the famous California orange belt that ever produced a peach—and a blonde-haired peach at that—who ever got into the movies, we've really "got something there."

What we get is Marie Wilson, as blonde and pretty an eighteen-year-old miss who ever committed lens larceny.

Marie is the girl with the longest eyelashes in Hollywood.

She's the girl with the dumb cluck look on the screen. She's the girl who—

Took the $12,000 when she was sixteen,

Took a long and careful gander at the employment horizon to see if there were any jobs in sight and, finding them as few and as far apart as the two Poles,

Took a look at Hollywood and decided to get into pictures.

"The $12,000 had been willed to me by my father," said Marie the other day during a Green Room lunch out at Warner Brothers Studio. "It was

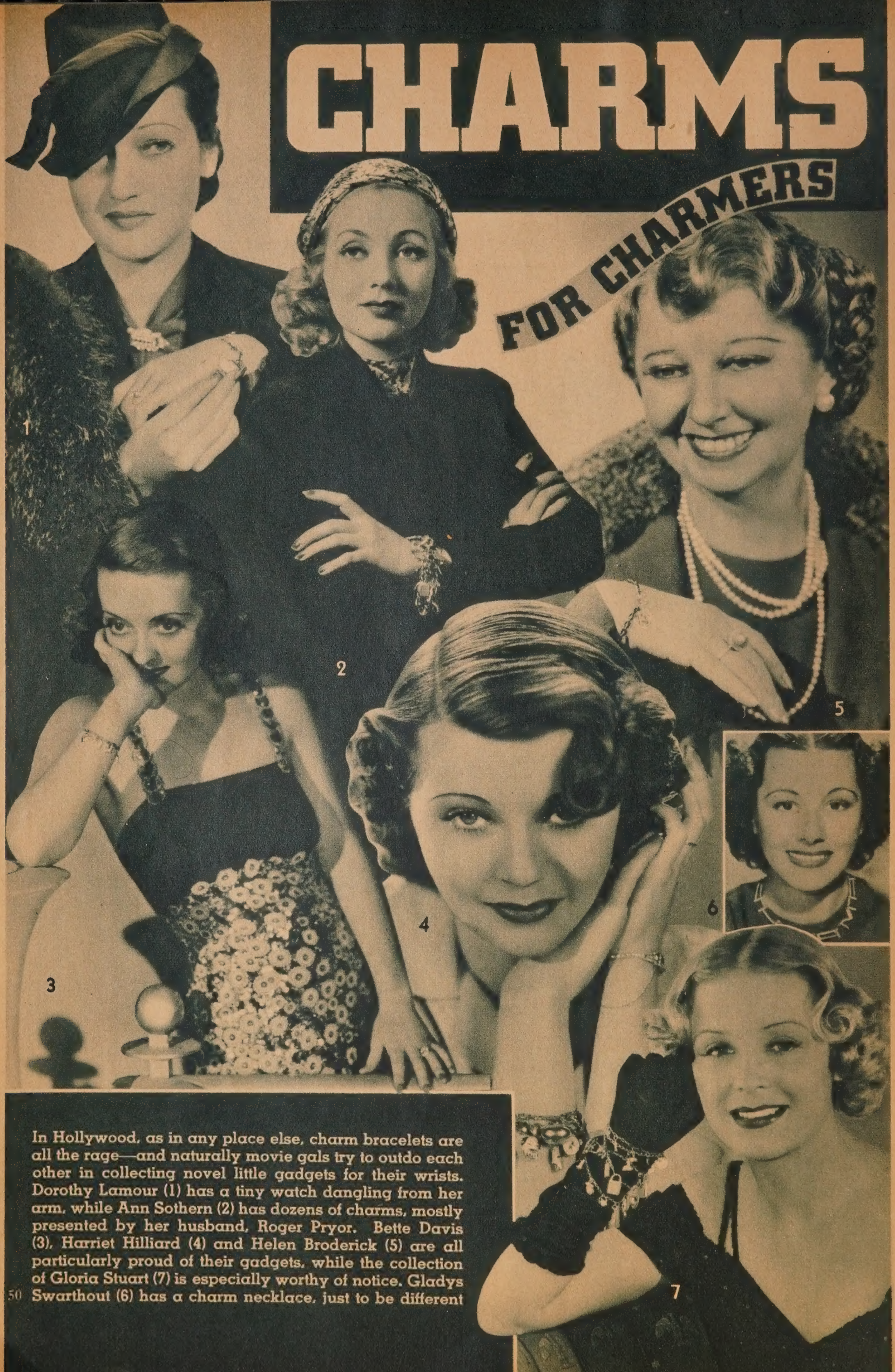
[*Continued on page* 81]

DANIELLE

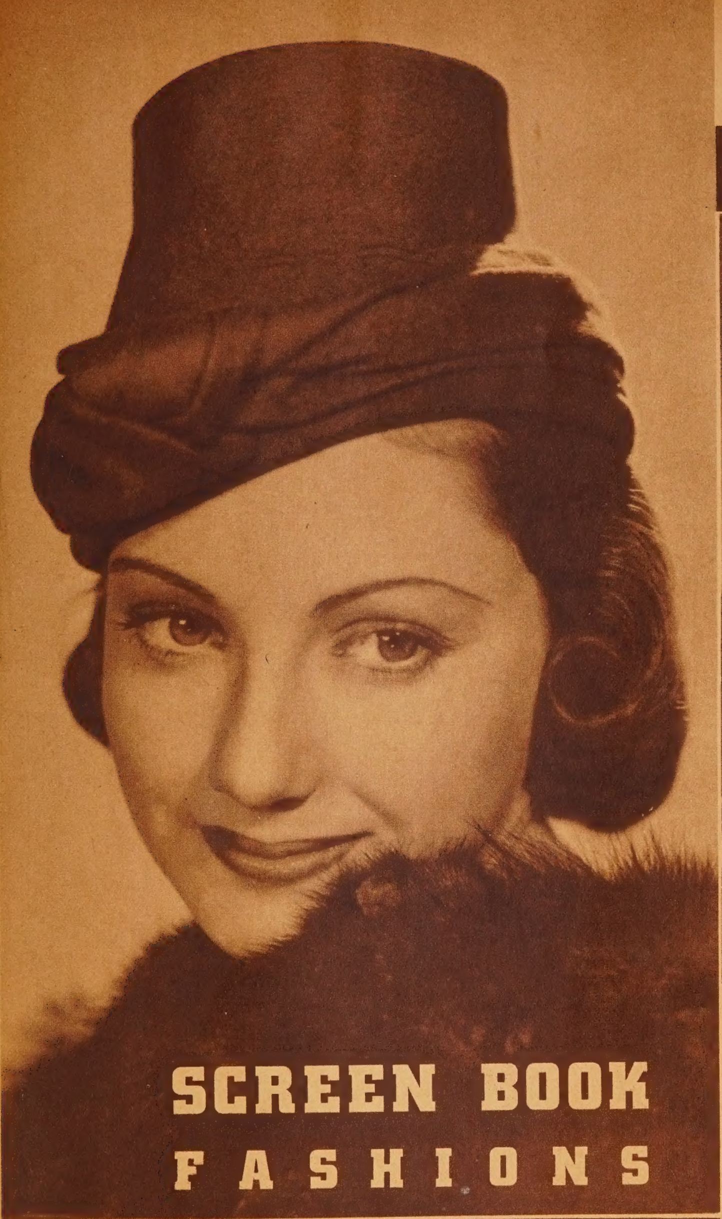
Newest continental glamor girl to set Hollywood on its ear is vivacious Miss Darrieux, whom Universal will star in the well-named "The Rage of Paris"

DARRIEUX

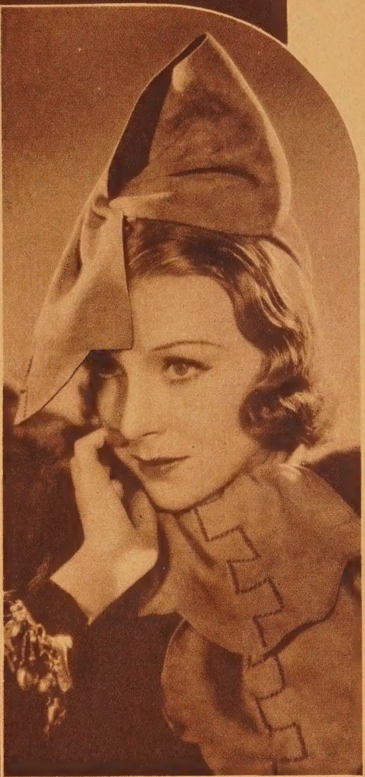
CHARMS FOR CHARMERS

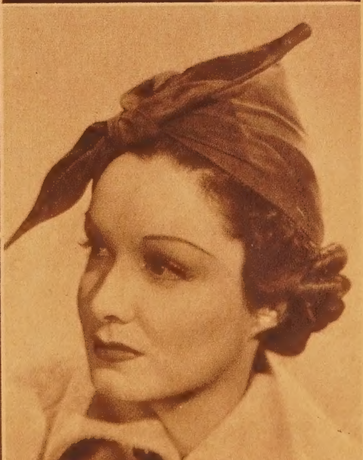


In Hollywood, as in any place else, charm bracelets are all the rage—and naturally movie gals try to outdo each other in collecting novel little gadgets for their wrists. Dorothy Lamour (1) has a tiny watch dangling from her arm, while Ann Sothern (2) has dozens of charms, mostly presented by her husband, Roger Pryor. Bette Davis (3), Harriet Hilliard (4) and Helen Broderick (5) are all particularly proud of their gadgets, while the collection of Gloria Stuart (7) is especially worthy of notice. Gladys Swarthout (6) has a charm necklace, just to be different

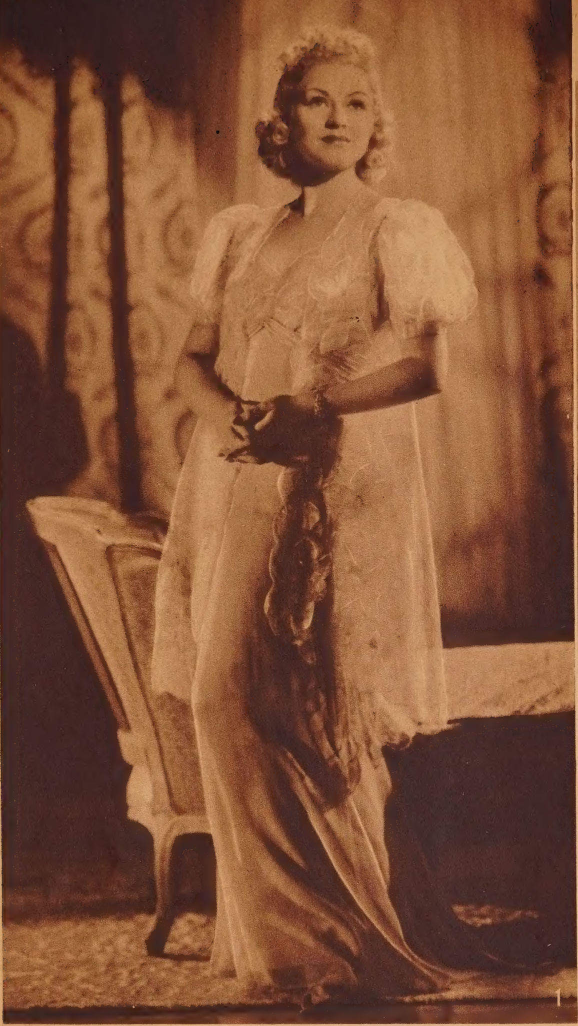


SCREEN BOOK FASHIONS





Above, Diana Lewis, charming Warner Brothers player, models this smart, square-cornered turban in a new wine-red shade of fine felt. Above right, leather comes into its own in this season's millinery trend, and Shirley Ross, Paramount actress, wears this striking toque of turquoise blue suede with an interesting stitched treatment. Right, green suede is chosen by Gail Patrick, Paramount star, for this smart, winter sports hat. The leather is draped into a close, high crown and pulled into a looped treatment above the forehead.



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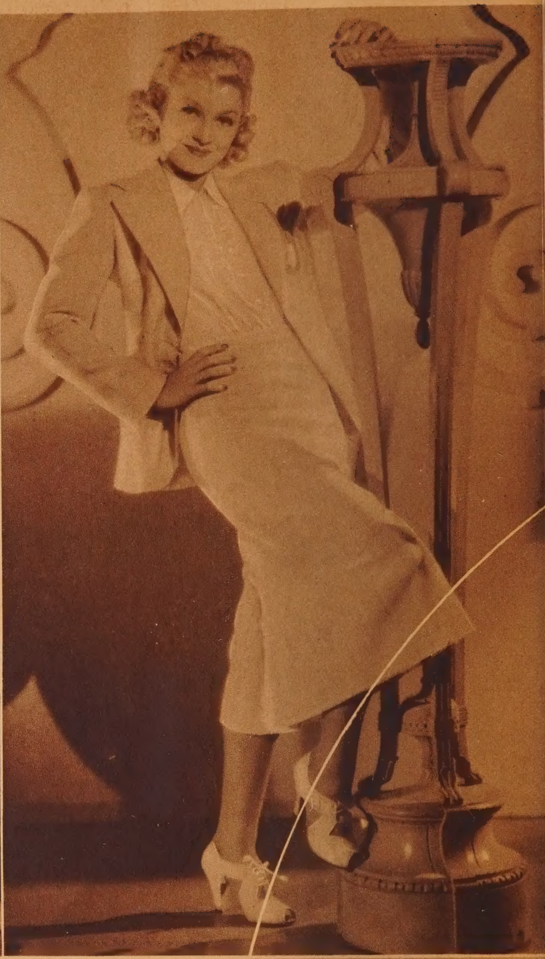

Claire Trevor wears a charmingly luxurious negligee (1) of blue chiffon combined with blue and silver cellophane lace in 20th Century-Fox's "Second Honeymoon." Gwen Wakeling, 20th Century-Fox stylist, created for Miss Trevor this white wool tailored suit with blue invisible stripe (2). The coat has a fitted back and patch pockets and with it she wears a handsome gold watch chain. Corded black lace made in an interesting version of a lampshade tunic is this stunning model with a small train and a halter neck of velvet (3). The medallion-like detail of the shirring on the bodice front (4) and the shirring of the shoulder straps as the only trimming mark the extreme simplicity of Miss Trevor's gray-blue satin gown. Topped by a crystal beaded waistline jacket this gown, fashioned along straight princess lines, (5) is of white roma crepe. When worn without the beaded jacket (6) this formal delight is held in place by beaded shoulder straps

3

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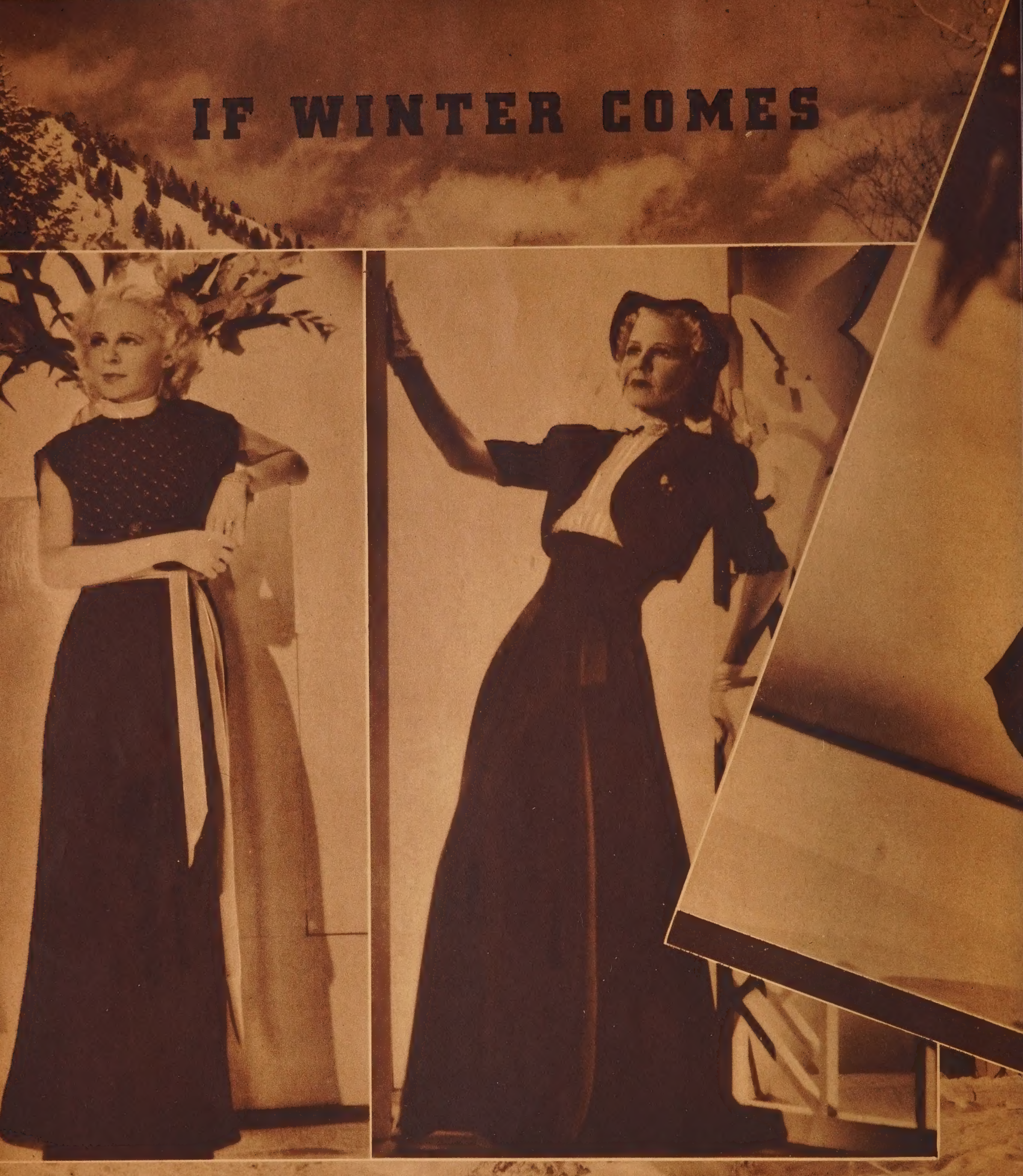
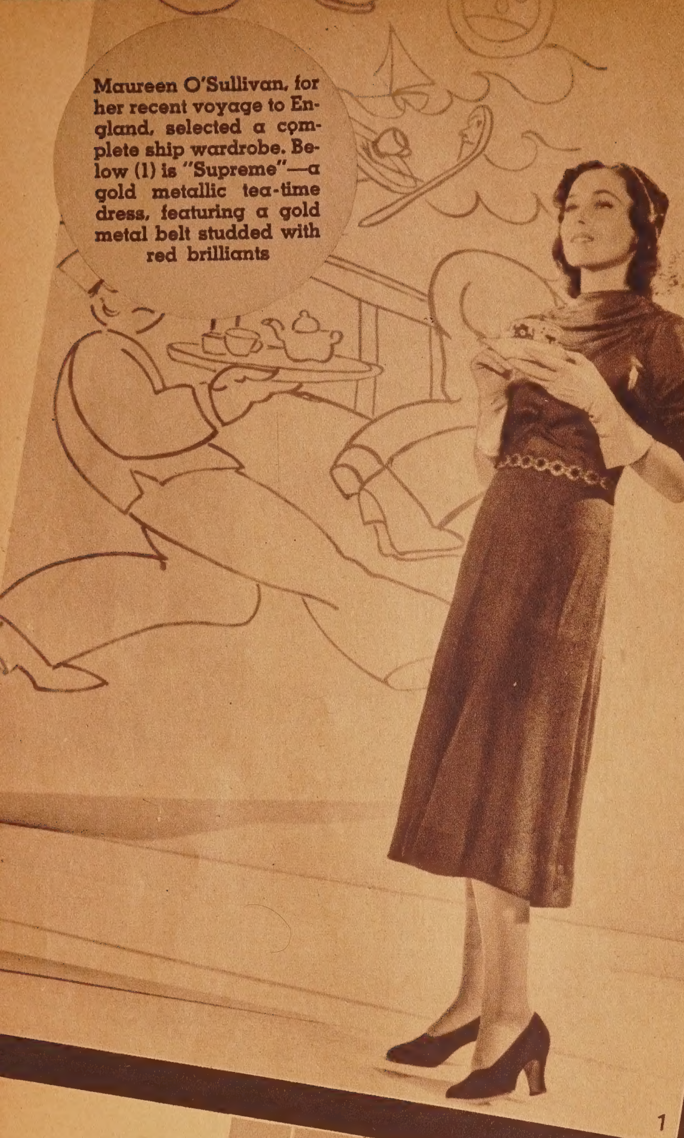
IF WINTER COMES



Lyda Roberti, currently appearing in the Hal Roach production, "Road-Show," models a quartette of entrancing winter fashions. She is "on the dot" for cocktail parties in her black velvet gown, with red and white dotted blouse and matching collar and sash. Above, she achieves smart simplicity in a taffeta creation which is topped with a white lace blouse and velvet bolero. For traveling, Miss Roberti dons a black silk jersey dress which features a draped blouse and unique belt. Her accessories are black kidskin. For afternoon wear Miss Roberti dons a black crepe with claret-colored pin stripe. The unusual scarf is belted in at the waist. With this ensemble, Miss Roberti wears a black velvet beret with a perky feather, and claret kidskin shoes

Maureen O'Sullivan, for her recent voyage to England, selected a complete ship wardrobe. Below (1) is "Supreme"—a gold metallic tea-time dress, featuring a gold metal belt studded with red brilliants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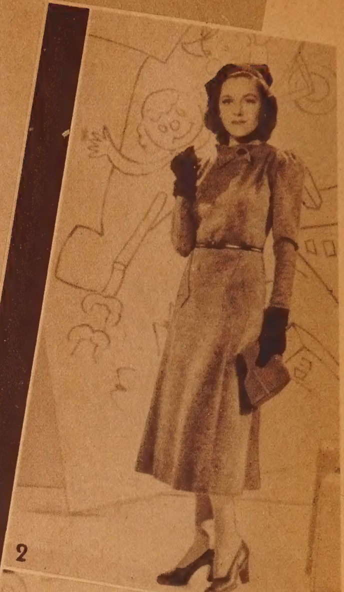
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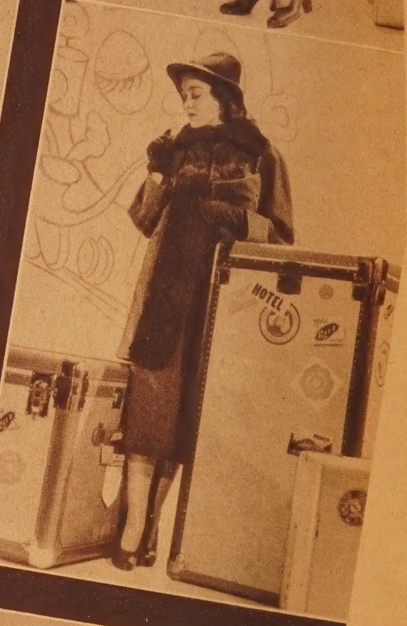
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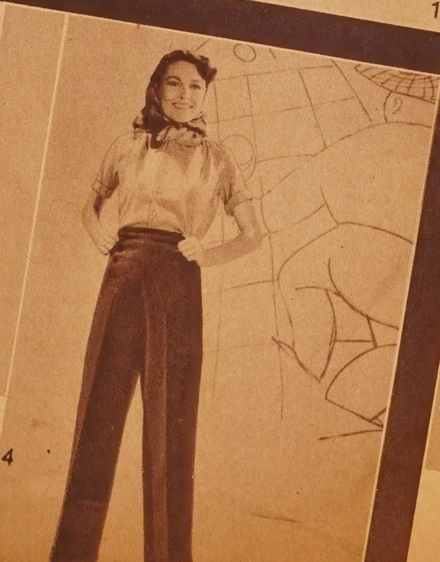
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This smart "tweedy" wool dress (2) with mutton leg sleeves and sensitive neckline also features unusual shaped pockets just below the brown leather belt. For her "train" suit en-route to England (3) Miss O'Sullivan selected this cinnamon brown, nubby wool suit trimmed with beaver. The three-quarter length swagger coat has a raglan sleeve and a good-sized collar. For shuffle-board, the M-G-M actress wore this stunning brown and beige slack suit (4). Around her head she wears a paisley scarf, worn as an ascot on cooler days

ACCIDENTAL BETROTHAL

Stunning Virginia Field played opposite Eddie Cantor in *Ali Baba Goes to Town*, and soon begins *Shanghai Deadline*

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

No one would believe that Virginia Field wasn't engaged to the Prince, in spite of her denials

ODDLY enough, a name and address on a Vienna-bound letter started off the chain of events and circumstances that have remained a nightmare for pretty Virginia Field. You'll recall Virginia as the fascinating barmaid in *Lloyds of London*—more recently leading lady in *Think Fast, Mr. Moto*—who definitely established herself as one of the screen's most promising younger actresses.

When the English player arrived in Hollywood about two years ago, little was known about her.

Born in London, she was the daughter of an English barrister. After a groundwork of schooling in Paris, at fifteen she turned to Vienna to complete her education, and there went on the stage. She later appeared on the London stage and made several British films. Gilbert Miller, the American theatrical producer, brought her to New York to star in *Victoria Regina*, and 20th Century-Fox induced her to abandon this project for a fling on the screen. That was all.

Imagine the excitement prevailing, then, when headline banners across the tops of newspaper pages chronicled she was betrothed to Prince Constantin of Lichtenstein, nephew of the reigning prince of that small but proud European principality!

"Someone came into my dressing-room one day," she relates, her clear blue eyes filled with fire, "and saw a letter addressed to Constantin, one of my oldest friends.

"'Oh, you know the Prince?' this person asked.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'we knew each other in Vienna. We went with the same crowd.'

"The very next day, stories appeared that I was engaged to be married to Constantin—long stories, with big headlines. It was awful, because there wasn't a word of truth to it." Miss Field shuddered, gently and daintily.

"Evidently, the wire services used the story, for later in the day my parents in England telephoned me. And, to make matters worse, the story appeared in Vienna, for Constantin himself telephoned me all the way from Austria. Naturally, I disclaimed all responsibility for making the announcement.

"When I insisted that the papers retract the story, they did, but very few of my friends saw the retraction. And, of course, a letter is a poor conductor of explanations. Try as I would, I'm afraid I didn't do a good job convincing Constantin that I was in no way to blame.

"After completing *Lloyds of London*, I returned to England for a holiday, to visit my parents and see my friends.

"'Are you going to Vienna?' I was asked, before leaving.

"'I hope to,' I answered. I did [*Continued on page* 80]

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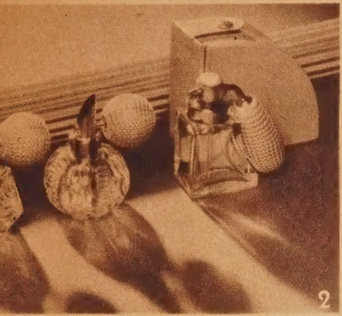
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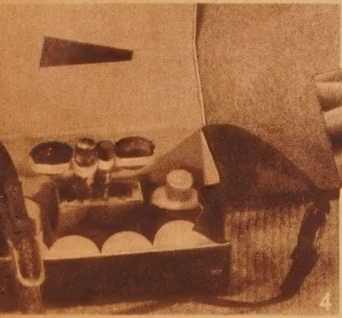
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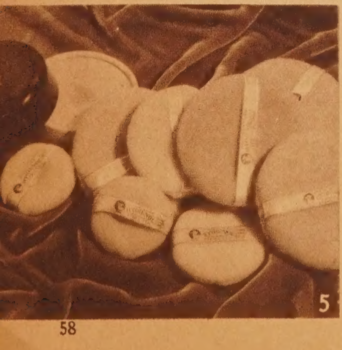
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The joy of

By JANET LYNN

HOLLYWOOD stars have discovered and so should you that cosmetics spell joy in Christmas giving as well as joy in receiving . . . They have all the qualities that gifts should have—providing enjoyment for a long time, bringing the intangible loveliness of perfume, the appeal of pretty packages, the promise of greater personal attraction. From the purchaser's viewpoint, cosmetics are a practical buy, too, ranging widely in price, being available in small sizes as well as large. And you can always find something suitable for high school girls, sophisticated young matrons, conservative mothers and aunts, sweetheart, husband, father or brother—even for a baby cousin or a favorite godchild. There's no age that can't be pleased by some gift from the toiletries counter, and if it's a difficult some-one-who-has-everything who is bothering you, remember that lipstick, powder and perfume can never come in too great an abundance. I've collected a grand lot of presents you may want on your list, and had our photographer picture them here for you. They speak for themselves!

6

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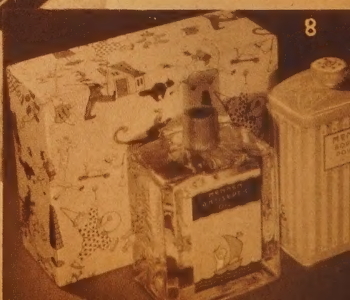
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GIVING

1 Lentheric's bath powder, sachet and sachet bags spell scented luxury for fastidious women

2 DeVilbiss offers new dram atomizers, smartened atomizer with closure top for traveling

3 Prince Matchabelli puts three perfumes in shining "Jingle Bells" for Christmas presents

4 A kit to sling over your shoulder contains Rubinstein's beauty aids. Perfect for traveling

5 An assortment of fluffy Hygienol puffs go nicely with Lanvin's Face Powder in lovely box

6 Small but smart; metal holder for those handy Kleenex Lipstick Tissues in your handbag

7 For that handsome beau or husband, a Packard Lektro-Shaver in gift box is in order

8 Beauty for babies comes in Mennen's box of fine oil and borated powder. Inexpensive

9 Tangee users will delight in this bright kit of cosmetics, and perfume for many weeks

10 Campana again presents Italian Balm in de luxe attire for Christmas tree presentation

11 Father will beam when you give him this Pro-phy-lac-tic Set of smart brushes and comb

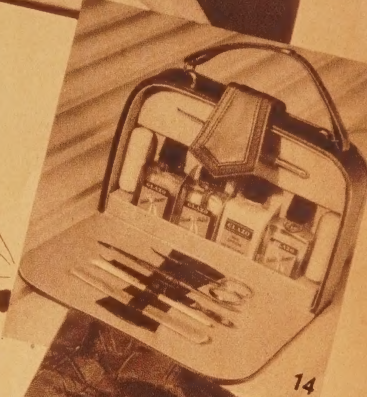
12 Ponds gaily striped Beauty Box contains two creams, powder and Danya hand lotion

13 Six cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap cached in box of attractive floral design

14 The cherished gift for any woman, any age—a complete manicure set from Glazo

15 Kay Sutton is glad Santa brought her a Max Factor Vanity and Lipstick Set. New

15


14

13

DANYA
PONDS
PONDS
12

ITALIAN BALM
Italian Balm
10

11

TANGEE
TANGEE
9

ENTERTAIN WITH A PUNCH

Punch, the ever-popular beverage should be a "must" for your holiday parties. Your guests will enjoy these delightfully flavored drink novelties

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Tall red candles decorate the table on which light refreshments are waiting to be served

> *"Two of strong, and one of weak,*
> *One of sour, and one of sweet."*

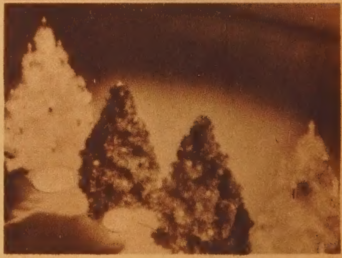
SO RUNS an old English rhyme describing one of the most ancient and finest of all holiday beverages—Punch!

There are several interesting stories as to the origin of the name for this delightful party refreshment. According to one legend, the word is derived from a Hindu word "punch" or "panch," meaning "five," because in the original drink there were five ingredients: two parts spirit called "Arakky" (arrach), one part water, one part juice from sugar cane, and one part lime juice.

Punch in the beginning was a hot drink or toddy, but now any beverage, hot or cold, is a punch as long as it is served from the traditional capacious punch bowl, surrounded by small handled cups. Punch in such a bowl should be served from a ladle by a charming hostess, or the guests may serve themselves.

Some persons like sweet punch, others a sharp tart-flavored mixture. There are countless recipes for filling the punch bowl, and cold or hot, stimulating or just refreshing, one mixture may be as good as another as long as there is plenty of it! If a recipe says "20 portions," at least double it to serve 20 persons.

At New Year's parties where the famous eggnog is served, this may also be offered from a large crystal punch bowl. Or, if there are but a few guests the hostess may bring [*Continued on page* 64]



At top: Serve your punch against a holiday background and grace it with plates of cookies and fruit tidbits

Center: The famous New Year's eggnog may be offered on a tray of large goblets filled with foamy richness

At bottom: Tiny glittering Christmas trees shed their lustre on the holiday buffet

A New Cream brings to Women *the Active "Skin-Vitamin"*

Puts into skin the substance that helps to make it beautiful

A NEW KIND OF CREAM has been developed!

A cream that puts into women's skin the substance that especially helps to make it beautiful—the active "skin-vitamin."

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. How it heals skin infections. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet.

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams. The results were favorable! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Women who had long used Pond's Cold Cream tried the new Pond's Cream with "skin-vitamin"—and found it "better than ever." They said that it gives skin a bright, clear look; that it keeps skin so much smoother.

"GIVES BETTER COLOR. NOW MY SKIN IS CLEARER"

Joan Belmont—**now Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Belmont**

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin. Mrs. Bailey says: "I am so glad to use the new Pond's 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream. It keeps my skin finer and softer, in spite of all my sports."

(left) Mrs. Bailey skeet shooting at her home in Tuxedo Park. (center) Leaving the Plaza after luncheon.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere—in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it as before—but see how much healthier and freer of faults it makes your skin look!

This new cream brings to your skin the vitamin that especially aids in keeping skin beautiful. Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the active "skin-vitamin."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! **TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 6-CN, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________ State____________

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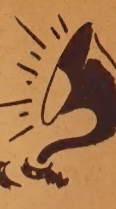
FILMLAND WHISPERS



[*Continued from page* 18]

THE rumors are strong in Hollywood that Paramount studios would be very happy if Marlene Dietrich would take a cash settlement and call off the last picture she owes them. But rumors are equally as strong that Marlene doesn't want to call the picture off, because she enjoys seeing herself on the screen. In the meantime the studio is not forgetting the little episode of the hat, that took place while Marlene was working on *Angel*. After combing every shop in town and having hats sent from New York by air mail, the sequence cost a pretty penny before Marlene's head could be satisfied.

One of the eagerly-awaited productions of the year is *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, adapted from the famous Mark Twain classic. Opposite Tommy Kelly, who plays the title role, is a new child actress as Becky Thacker, Ann Gillis

REMEMBER all those beautiful gowns that Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers wore in *Roberta*? They were designed by Bernard Newman, who also created many beautiful things for Katharine Hepburn and other stars. Now "Bernie" is going into business "on his own." So many stars and producers' wives have urged "Bernie" to open a retail shop in Beverly Hills, he is really doing it to put a stop to the repeated requests. Some of the stars are so positive that the business will be a huge success, they have even offered to back "Bernie" in his enterprise.

One wouldn't think that Nat Pendleton, who sports the prettiest muscles in town, would be a fastidious person. Or would one? Anyway, Nat is pretty particular about his personal appearance and won't face the camera until he is powdered just right and every hair plastered down to perfection. Recently he went into the studio barber shop to get a hair cut. When the barbers saw him coming a groan filled the entire place. "I suppose this time he'll have his head blue-penciled in just where he wants us to cut," cracked one of the barbers.

A FEW days after her marriage to Director Litvak, Miriam Hopkins sent for "Lola," who is Hollywood's famous fortune teller. Whatever it was that Lola predicted, it must have been awfully special. Miriam returned to the set happier than the proverbial bride.

FRANCIS LEDERER has at last come to the realization that one must pay a pretty price for one's ideals. No one has been more sincere and gone to greater personal expense than Francis Lederer in his efforts to establish world peace. In the meantime he neglected the English lessons that are so precious to him and prevent him from playing anything but the naive roles he has tried so hard to avoid. With world affairs in such a state and producers telling Francis that he is difficult to cast, the actor has turned to studying diction and perfecting the English with a real passion. Look for a greater Francis Lederer in his pictures to come.

IT'S a good thing that Joan Blondell and Dick Powell don't take Hollywood too seriously. Recently Dick went out and bought the Jascha Heifitz yacht for Joan. Joyfully he dashed home to tell her the good news. As he came in the door, a servant told him that he was wanted on the phone. On the other end of the wire was one of Hollywood's leading columnists. "Is it true that you and Joan are positively through with each other?" Dick was asked.

"WHAT PRICE GLORY" might well be the title of this little story. Those of you who saw *Stage Door* will remember the magnificent suicide scene played by Andrea Leeds. However, there is another actor who was not seen and whose name does not appear in the cast, who played a great part in making Andrea's scene a success. The sound track of the weird voices that are supposed to symbolically show Andrea's jumbled mind, was made by Paul Guilfoyle. By a special process of dubbing the lines so that they overlapped themselves and read in the excellent Guilfoyle manner, this scene became the most poignant in the picture.

ELAINE BARRIE is doing a very good job at moulding the Barrymore comeback. When she wants John to go to the barber shop she calls up herself and makes the appointment. What's more she calls the manicurists and barber on the carpet if they don't insist that John have the works.

JOAN CRAWFORD was sitting in her portable dressing room on the set. Just outside her door stood a group of visitors watching Spencer Tracy in a scene.

"Gee, I wish I could get Spencer Tracy's autograph," Joan heard one of the visitors say, so without a smile she took the autograph book from the surprised visitor's hand, went into the scene and got the Tracy autograph. Joan handed it back to the requestor, who was too astonished to say thank you.

WHAT the motion picture industry needs is a few more Helen Brodericks. Recently the dead-pan comedienne was sitting on the set talking to Victor Moore. Along came the producer of the picture who sat himself down and proceeded to thumb away like mad through the pages of the script.

"What are you looking for," she wise-cracked. "A funny line in the script?"

WHEN Mr. Hoover, the famous G-man, visited the M-G-M studios, he made one request. He wanted to meet Joseph Calleia, famous portrayer of movie bad men. So the studio publicity department knocked themselves out and hurried Mr. Hoover over to the Calleia set. Once there they were informed that the actor had gone to his dressing room. Once again Mr. Hoover was rushed over to dressing room row. In response to a cheery "Come in" from Mr. Calleia, a grand entrance was made. There stood the actor caught with his pants off, by the most famous G-man in the United States. Joseph explained that his pants were being worn by his stand-in while they were lining up for the next shot.

LORETTA YOUNG cannot take all the credit for talent in her family. Mrs. Belzer, Loretta's lovely mother, has been a collector and appraiser of antiques for years. Now that Sally and Polly Ann are married and Loretta is busy at the studio all day long, Mrs. Belzer has time to launch out on a career of her own. But it has leaped ahead to such gigantic proportions, Mrs. Belzer may have to commercialize in spite of herself. As a hobby she has been attending auctions and private sales. With the furniture she buys, she decorates unfurnished places and sublets them at a small profit to responsible people. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee recently saw one of Mrs. Belzer's places and are now insisting that she do their home over for them. Loretta's mother is willing, under one condition. She won't accept any pay.

One of Hollywood's perennial romances is that of beautiful Madge Evans and Tom Gallery, filmland's sporting impresario

IF YOU want to get real clubby with Spencer Tracy or Cesar Romero, just address them as "Butch." Some of their best friends do.

THERE'S a rumor going around Hollywood that the voice of Sandra Storme (England's most beautiful model) was dubbed in *Sophie Lang Goes West*. Dubbed or not, the readings of those lines are still a little too fantastic to get used to—all in in one picture.

IT SEEMS that next to the war in China and the recent stock market crash on Wall Street, the most important thing that has happened in *YEARS* (according to press agents) is that Freddie Bartholomew is wearing his first pair of long pants. Now we can all go back to our tatting.

BRUCE CABOT is anything but the big brother type. Yet, he is seen around Hollywood, escorting the wives of famous movie husbands who are detained at the studios. Recently he accompanied Paulette Goddard to a premiere. And he also dined at the Beverly Brown Derby with Mrs. Fred Astaire and her titled house guests—while Freddie was perfecting that famous drum dance at the studio.

YE GOOD old drama makes for strange bed fellows. When Tyrone Power and Philip Huston were struggling for recognition, both landed a job in the same stock company. Tyrone, who has had the best break, got the best break then. Phil was cast to play his grandfather!

I PAY THE CHECK— AND TOM TAKES HER HOME!
AND THAT MAKES ME A PRIZE SAP! BUT I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW WHAT MADE HAZEL DO IT!
WELL, THE TRUTH IS, PHIL—YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO OUGHT TO TALK TO A DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!
PHIL, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
DANCE, HAZEL?
THANKS, TOM--BUT I'M NOT DANCING WITH ANYONE BUT PHIL TONIGHT!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

HER LIPS LURED ME

A story of a deep and passionate love and the honor of a U. S. Border Patrol officer that will thrill you unforgettably!

Other dramatic confessions that will pierce your heart:

TRUE CONFESSIONS' book-length novel of the month

TOM, COME BACK TO ME!

A sinning wife's heartbroken appeal.

I DIDN'T TRUST HIS LOVE

Can there be happiness for a man and woman without faith in each other?

MY DAUGHTER'S SIN

When a girl gets mixed up with bad companions.

IT MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU

Into their happy marriage divorce crashed—with the children the innocent victims.

I GAVE TOO MUCH

The intimate confession of a strip-tease.

And other vivid confession stories which tear the veil of secrecy from human lives so that others may learn by their mistakes.

NOW ON SALE

10¢

True Confessions

True Confessions

Entertain With A Punch

[*Continued from page 60*]

in a tray of individual large goblets filled with the sweet foamy drink. At other parties or for other groups, a hot spicy "mulled" drink is most warming and sure to increase good fellowship. A mulled drink, by the way, is one which has been cooked slowly with spices, and then stirred or whipped to a froth. On the other hand, the fruit or wine "cup" is always a chill beverage served from a tall pitcher. Of course the perfect accompaniment to all such drinks is a tray of assorted cookies, small holiday decked cakes, and candy dishes of luscious homemade sweets and fruit tidbits. Use lace paper doilies to enhance the charm of your punch bowl, goblets and other holiday service platters.

Grapejuice, cider and claret are light and inexpensive beverages which lend themselves excellently to use in the holiday refreshment pitcher or bowl. Here are recipes using each in flavorful drink novelties:

MULLED HAWAIIAN PUNCH

2 cups canned pineapple juice
1 pint grape juice
1 cup lemon juice
3 cups orange juice
3 2-inch sticks cinnamon
6 whole cloves
2 cups sugar
Sparkling water

In double boilers, simmer fruit juices and spices together with sugar 1½ hours. Strain and cool. Before serving, add sparkling water, or hot tea infusion. (Makes 10-12 glasses.)

CIDER SPICE CUP

½ cup granulated sugar
2 cups water
2 cups orange juice
1 cup canned pineapple juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
½ teaspoon cinnamon
6 whole cloves
1 teaspoon grated nutmeg
3 pints sweet cider
Cracked ice

Combine sugar and water cook together 5 minutes until sugar is dissolved. Cool. Add fruit juices, grated rind and spices, and let stand 4 hours. Strain, and add cider. Serve in tall glasses over cracked ice. (Makes about 10 glasses.)

CLARET CUP OR PUNCH

2 lemons, sliced thin
½ cup powdered sugar
¾ cup ice water
3 cups Claret wine

Cover sliced lemon with sugar and let stand 30 minutes. Add water, stir hard 1 minute, then pour in wine. Partly fill glasses with cracked ice, then pour in wine mixture.

If hot Claret Cup is desired, use boiling water in which sugar has been dissolved, and ⅛-inch stick cinnamon for flavor. Allow to stand 10 minutes with lemon slices, and stir. Pour in wine, and heat but do not boil. Serve very hot in tall mugs or glasses, and pass small toasted hard wafers. (Make about 12 glasses.)

FRUIT juices, of course, are invaluable in concocting these refreshing beverages. Pineapple, grapefruit, and again grapejuice, are particularly suitable for their tart fruity flavors. There's a smooth mixture, with the charming name of "Christmas Moon Cup," which is exceedingly pretty if floated over colored ice cubes. This will be sent you, free of charge, when you send for your special holiday beverage leaflet.

The clink of glass against glass! This little sound tinkles so cheerfully as good friends get together, on the day after the night before New Year's, over the famous eggnog, rich with rum, eggs and cream, and quite unlike any of the other drinks. Here's how to make it:

NEW YEAR'S EGGNOG

10 eggs, separated
1 cup granulated sugar
1 pint Cognac brandy
½ cup Jamaica Rum
2 quarts rich milk
1 pint cream
Nutmeg

Beat yolks thoroughly, adding sugar gradually until mixture is thick and lemon-colored. Beat in brandy and rum. Add milk and cream gradually while stirring constantly. Beat egg whites stiff. Fold half of beaten whites into mixture, and allow other half to remain as foam on top. Grate nutmeg over top, and chill. Serve in punchbowl, from a spoon, or in large goblets. (Makes about 14 glasses.)

A suggestion for a New Year's Eve revelry, simple and inexpensive, is the holiday singaree, or call it what you will, it will taste good. It's another of those hot mulled drinks, which are so grand on any cold winter night, holiday-time or any time. It would be a good selection for the girl who entertains a few friends herself, or for the young couple who wish to serve the less elaborate beverages. It is at its best when served with jolly little cakes, doughnuts, pretzels, raisins and toasted marshmallows, a grand all-round drink for any informal entertaining.

HOLIDAY SINGAREE

2 cups boiling water
6 whole cloves
12 whole allspice
2-inch stick cinnamon
Grated nutmeg
Juice 1 orange
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
1 cup red Wine
2-4 tablespoons sugar

Simmer water and spices together about 15 minutes. Strain, and add enough water to make 3 full cups liquid. Add wine and sugar to taste. Add orange juice and grated peels. Heat but do not boil. Serve piping hot in tall mugs. (Makes about 6 glasses.)

THE background for the holiday refreshment service is highly important. You may use a small table, in which case nothing is more appropriate than a holiday wreath, red candles and holly as a wall background. Sprays of flat holly or pine around the bowl, with silver or gold pine cones, is another suggestion. If there is space, that clever set of three small metallic Christmas trees, resplendent in shimmering foliage, is well to use. These miniature trees may be lighted electrically and thus add a gay winking effect to the table. Or, the more ordinary Christmas tree set of small colored bulbs may be so disposed around the bowl as to decorate it prettily. One bright hostess used a glass topped table, adjusted red and green lights under it with a snap switch connection, and placed her transparent crystal punch bowl on the table over the lights. This softly illuminated effect naturally elicited much praise from the guests.

Let me send you the set of 8 Holiday Beverages, including Christmas Moon Cup, Merriment Midnight Punch, and Frozen Fruit Punch. Just paste this coupon on a penny postcard and send it to me.

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
c/o Screen Book
1501 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the leaflet containing the eight holiday beverages.
(This offer expires January 31, 1938)

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City .... State ....

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Do you know that for only ten cents a month you can preview all the coming big pictures before they are shown at your local theatre?

Thrilling fiction stories of all the important new motion pictures are published in MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE. *Each story is generally illustrated with beautiful pictures from the film!* No wonder more than 250,000 movie fans demand MOVIE STORY each month.

True Confession, the hilarious new comedy starring Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray, is just one of fifteen grand stories and features which are yours—for ten cents—in the big January issue of MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE. Better get your copy now! It is on sale at all newsstands.

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L	B	▨	U	N	A	▨	L	A	S	▨	A	N
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Speedy! Easy! Grand!

EAGLE BRAND COCONUT MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Magic Milk
2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Magic Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet, about one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes or until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes 24.

● Only 2 ingredients! A child could mix them! Yet these cookies are crispy, crunchy, coconutty marvels. Men love them! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Ask for *Eagle Brand Magic Milk*.

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"Short-cut Candies, Cookies" gives 11 delicious candy recipes, 11 crunchy-crisp cookies. All easy, quick, or failure-proof. Many so easy, a small child can make them! Also 4 other amazing recipes! Send today. Address: The Borden Company, Dept. FWG-18, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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RECOMMENDED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR COLDS, BECAUSE IT HAS AN ALKALINE FACTOR

THIS SAME ALKALINE FACTOR

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THEY HELP YOU TO RESIST COLDS!

FROM A MEDICAL JOURNAL: "The researches (of doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD

If you're nursing a cold—*see a doctor!* Curing a cold is the doctor's business. But the doctor himself will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Remember, also, that it will do much to make you *less susceptible* to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help—use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so gentle in action, Ex-Lax will *not* shock your eliminative system.

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1—TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
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Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist's. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

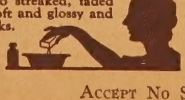
Now improved—better than ever!
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Robin Hood in Hollywood **is the title of a story you won't want to miss—in the February issue of SCREEN BOOK Combined with Screen Play. You'll find it a colorful, lively account of the making of one of the year's biggest pictures, *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, starring Errol Flynn.**

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



Triple-Threat George

[*Continued from page* 30]

he'd know that it's a matter of cold, box-office record that he's already accomplished the things he's so eager to do on celluloid. More than that, he wouldn't have to spend much time reading between the lines to discover that he's done so well that his bosses are in the well-known Hollywood quandary of trying to decide just what type of stories they must select to give the young man's diversified screen talents full play.

Right now George does all his worrying on the Universal lot where he was loaned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to play opposite the lovely Alice Faye—another good Irish worrier, by the way—in *You're a Sweetheart.* With this picture finished, he's tentatively scheduled to co-star again with Eleanor Powell on the home lot in the musical comedy *Hats in the Air.* But that's as far as his bosses have gone in their selection of story material.

After that, when George is ready for a picture, it's more than likely they'll write "musical", "comedy", and "drama" on three slips of paper, drop them in a hat, blindfold themselves, and then draw.

WELL, when all is said and done, this worrying Irishman comes by it naturally.

At Yale, where he studied engineering for three years, he was a triple-threat man, starring in football, baseball and track.

How this triple-threat college star became a triple-threat movie star in three short years is easily explained in a Bob Ripleyish manner by George himself.

"After leaving Yale I went down into a Pennsylvania coal mine as a pick-and-shovel man and when a cable broke below spilling a couple of tons of nice hard coal over me, they hauled me up in a bucket as an actor!

"I had seven bucks in my pocket, seven times that many aches and pains in my back, and nothing in view when I left the hospital. The workmen's compensation act at the time the coal showered me was a vague dream in the minds of the visionaries. But that didn't bother me much. Despite the aches my body was almost as good as new—and, since I had been compelled to work my way through college following the death of my parents, I had a first-hand, intimate acquaintance with Old Man Work."

George finally landed a job in Wall Street where he began to chase the elusive dollar as a bank runner. During his college vacation days he had practiced running with Ted Meredith, the great middle-distance runner, but he soon found out that his skill in "picking 'em up and laying 'em down" counted for very little, if any, in chasing a good-sized paycheck into his pocketbook.

"They promoted me to telephone clerk," says George, "but even with the added pay I was always broke before the next payday rolled around. I needed more money to live in the manner to which I wanted to be accustomed and it occurred to me that it might be a very smart move on my part to give my head and hands a long vacation and let my feet do all the work.

"Ever since a kid I had been picking up a lot of dance steps, working out various routines and so on. I wasn't as good as I thought I was, but before long I managed to convince a cabaret manager that his revenue would increase in jig-time if his patrons could see George Murphy, the terpsichorean boy wonder dance—or words to that effect. To this day I think he said yes just to get rid of me, but in any event it wasn't long before I gave up the early morning hours of the Stock Exchange for the late neons of Broadway."

IT WAS about this time, according to George, that Juliette Johnson, whom he had met five years before in Detroit, came to New York to study dancing with Ned Wayburn.

"I wasn't so very enthusiastic about having her become a chorine and finally suggested that we team up as ballroom dancers. No sooner said than done! We billed ourselves as Juliette Johnson and George Murphy and before long—"

They were the talk of the town.

And before long, not content with dancing her way to Broadway fame with her ex-coalmining partner, Juliette danced her way into his heart. They were married in the Little Church Around the Corner in 1926.

In 1927 Broadway's dancing sensation went to England to appear in the London company of *Good News.* Back to dear old Broadway again to appear for one year in *Hold Everything,* two years in *Of Thee I Sing,* six months in *Shoot the Works* and one year in *Roberta.*

Since we're leaning pretty heavily on the statistical side it's pleasant to relate that in between these show hits the Johnson-Murphy team danced more consecutive weeks at more celebrated cabarets and hotels in this country and abroad than any other pair before or since. But strange as it may seem, it wasn't until *Roberta* made its appearance that the Hollywood bigwigs sat up and took notice. Sam Goldwyn signed up George for a featured juvenile part in Eddie Cantor's *Kid Millions.* Following this came a part in *Jealousy,* a Columbia picture starring Nancy Carroll.

"From then on," says George, "it looked as though I was all set to go places, but for one unexplained reason and another, the *Nothing Doing* sign was flashed at me every time I entered a studio. 'Musicals,' said the boys in the various front offices, 'are out.' Dancers, I soon learned, had a market value of a dime a dozen on the hoof—with no takers. All of which left me on the outside looking in and feeling very, very low indeed. But not for long. I determined to see what could be done to revive interest in the lost George Murphy, and as a starter staged the musical comedy *Anything Goes* in a Los Angeles theatre. They came, they saw, and if I didn't conquer, at least I had the front offices talking again and—well, here I am."

Well, there he was, sure enough—signed, now, to a five-year contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—and, as we have said before, doing pretty well for himself—ready, willing, and more than able to do justice to any role his bosses may assign him, whether it be dancing, comedy, or drama. Hollywood's original triple-threater!

Don't Try Too Hard!

[*Continued from page* 36]

which she shares stellar honors with W. C. Fields, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour and Kirstin Flagstad—her biggest part to date.

"I wouldn't give a million dollars for all I've learned while trying too hard," she says, "but I'm sorry I was a girl with such a single purpose. I'm sorry I've worried so much about Shirley Ross, I'm sorry that I worried so much about the small things I did and made them seem so much bigger and more important than they really were. I hope somebody'll take a lesson from my story. Because the moral's universal. It doesn't matter what kind of work one's doing. The results are all the same."

Shirley's career has been blighted by that "trying too hard" thing from the very beginning. She put up a stiff and bitter fight to be somebody. Some of it's pretty serious. Some of it, like the time she fell on her face, has an element of humor.

Shirley's one of the few local girls who've made good.

She came to Hollywood from Omaha, Nebraska, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Burt Gaunt, when she was nine years old. What happened before that doesn't count.

She first ran into trouble when she was bitten by the acting bug at Hollywood High School. Because she was so eager to get a chance, because she was always right in the front row pleading for a part, because success meant so much to her, she was an also ran for quite a while.

"I had a hard time selling them," she says, referring to the powers-that-were in dramatics. "I got into everybody's hair, read every part in every play, attended all rehearsals, and wouldn't listen to them when they told me to run along. If I'd eased in coolly and calmly, I'd have gotten there faster."

With success in light opera at high school behind her, Shirley ducked classes at the University of California at Los Angeles to sing with Gus Arnheim's band. This, too, was an impulsive step, with her career driving her.

"I didn't have the money to go to New York City, I didn't have the money for dramatic school training, and there weren't any nearby stock companies at the time," she relates. "I wanted to see and be heard, so I just got a job singing in front of a band."

She played an excellent hunch.

Bernard Hyman, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer producer, and his wife, had dinner at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel one night. Shirley sang with Arnheim and he wrote her a note: "How would you like a screen test?"

She answered in kind with: "Who are you?"

Even then, you see, she knew Hollywood. She found out who Hyman was, and gave an excited affirmative.

"I put everything I had into the test," she says, "and I guess it was too much. Again, I overdid things. I went back with Arnheim's band, got a break at the same studio when I was called back nine months later just to sing a song. I'd had one disappointment, so this time I didn't built myself up to an awful letdown, as the saying goes. Both the song and I clicked."

SHIRLEY confesses she made her own species of hades while at M-G-M. Inside herself. Everything she did was tremendously important, her career was the only thing that counted, she lost her sense of humor, she wasted too much energy, she allowed herself to get thrilled so thoroughly one day that when plans didn't work out the next day she felt lower than the under side of a duck.

"I was on fire with the idea of being a dramatic actress," she says. "At one time, destined to be a concert pianist, I'd decided that I'd rather sing a torch song than play a Beethoven sonata. Now, nothing mattered but drama."

It's not hard, with this in mind, to imagine the awful letdown Shirley got when she was assigned to her first role. She had to sing a song in *Manhattan Melodrama*, in black face, wearing a wig. Even her mother didn't know her.

Her career became more and more important to her because it was denied her. She held great hopes for the personal appearance tour from which the face-falling incident is lifted. And then, when she had a chance to go to London with *Anything Goes*, she virtually blew the top right out of her hat. Mentally she was walking in rose colored clouds, picking handfuls of orchids. The Ethel Merman part in the production! Shirley failed to figure the reaction of M-G-M, the studio which held her under contract. The studio said no. You can imagine the hangover that gave her.

"If I hadn't been taking it all so seriously, and if I hadn't let a lot of dreams get under my skin, and if I hadn't gotten into the ninth or tenth heaven, it wouldn't have hurt so much," she says. "It's like going to the dentist. If one discounts the pain, it doesn't hurt so much."

There were compensations. She was summoned back to Hollywood for what was supposed to be her big chance in *Broadway Melody of 1936*. Again she was in the clouds. Only to be knocked back to earth with the discovery that Eleanor Powell had been discovered. Shirley went back to her old pursuit—chasing a little golf ball around while the studio made up its mind, sadder but wiser, beginning to wonder what there was to the rules she believed in. One of these rules being that if you always tried your best, gave your all, were exactly right and irreproachable, you were bound to avoid any unhappiness and suffering.

She did a few bits and put so much effort into them that people began to raise eyebrows, misunderstand, and misinterpret her excited efforts as a bad attack of ego.

When the hope of being a sensation in *Anything Goes* died—when she had her second wind—the show was staged in Hollywood. Without trying, when she least expected it, she got her chance at the Ethel Merman role. The show played in Hollywood and San Francisco and she was a sensation. The studio was all excited about her, this time.

"I want parts," she stormed. "I've proved myself."

She got them. She got bits. Her conscientiousness far outweighed the importance of these tiny roles. She wore herself down putting everything she had into them. Her effort wasn't justified.

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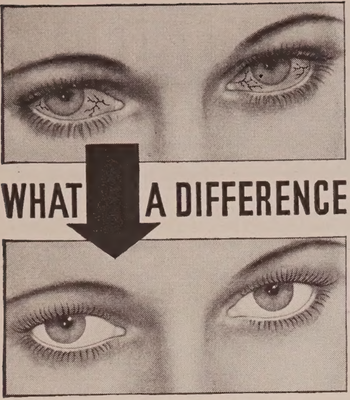
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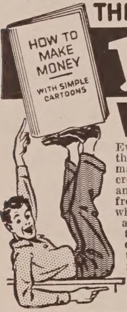
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And then, when option time came along after two years and a half of the hardest work possible, while others who had taken things easily and smoothly were going ahead, she was told she was through.

Only Hyman believed in her. He took a contract of his own.

Then came the biggest climax of her career and Shirley once more got breathless, thrilled and excited. She was to have an important role in *The Devil Is A Sissy.* Suddenly everything got important again. She was as tongue-tied as a too-well rehearsed underling going in to ask the boss for a raise. And, if this wasn't enough, Paramount out of a clear sky asked for her for another very important role in *The Big Broadcast of 1937.*

All this was too much for her.

SHE fluttered, jittered, shook in her boots as the M-G-M powers read both scripts, weighed all the facts in the case, tossed argument pro and con. Somehow, which picture she should do became of vital interest to them. She got so full of Shirley Ross' problem that by the time she was given her release, told that her best chance lay in *The Big Broadcast,* she was the most worried, perplexed and, she was sure, the most sought after girl in Hollywood.

She learned part of her lesson on *Broadcast.*

"The world, the industry, my performance, everybody's work, and the picture itself were all piled onto my shoulders by myself," she says, smiling at the thought of the way she gave her all. "I skirted along the edge of disaster right from the beginning. If Mitchell Leisen, the director, and some of the players, hadn't had senses of humor, I don't know how I would have ended. They laughed at me. Then, without fuss, without worry, they calmly went through their parts."

Those who understood Shirley's terrific efforts became her friends. But those who didn't realize that she was excited, that she was wrapped up in the soul-wracking business of making good in her own hard way, that personalities meant nothing to her, figured that she was a prima donna. The word went around thoughtlessly, heedlessly, cruelly, that Shirley was a girl who would eventually become difficult to handle.

The rumors very nearly wrecked her career, carried through two other pictures, *Hideaway Girl* and *Waikiki Wedding,* before they finally died out.

Shirley still had things to learn after *The Broadcast.*

Along came *This Way Please.*

Shirley won't discuss this, but I'll tell you what happened. There were plenty of lines in the picture, but Shirley had only a few of them. Shirley very rightly complained. She had been kicked around by fate for a long, long time.

She shouted for her rights. Abruptly she was taken from the picture.

Now, when everything's straightened out and life's moving much more smoothly, Shirley's come to a long list of conclusions, which are just about the ten commandments of Hollywood.

"I've learned that you have to take the bumps in life, no matter how big you may become," she says, "and that the farther you go the harder and more frequent are the bumps.

"I've learned, after five years, the ability to be patient. When you see people and days and years slipping by you, and you haven't proved yourself, and haven't even been given a chance, that's a hard job. But the chance will come if you have what it takes.

"I've learned that all the harm that comes to one, and everything that one does which is right or wrong, comes from within one's self.

"I've learned not to be impressed with the work I've done to go as far as I have, and I've learned that I've got to keep working.

"I've been forced to develop a sense of humor. Things pile up when you can't laugh them off.

"I've learned to control my temper. No matter how loud you can yell, there's always someone who can yell a little bit louder.

"I've learned to mind my own business. I've never meddled. I've just been interested in what other people are doing, but even that's out. I know now that all I have to worry about is making the audiences believe the characters I'm playing."

Shirley, fighter of windmills, has learned a lot in five years. Rules that go everywhere, that are not confined to the making of screen-plays. There's possibly a bit of disillusion on those shoulders where a chip was.

But there's also something else.

A head.

When you're a rising young star, like Monogram's Movita, you have to watch those youthful curves and keep them that way by dint of hard and systematic exercise. You'll soon see the Mexican actress in Samuel Goldwyn's spectacular *Hurricane*

He'd Rather Act Than Eat

[*Continued from page* 40]

at Dawn, made a smash hit in *King of Gamblers,* and currently is *The Great Gambini.* You can see him also in *High, Wide and Handsome.* He has been cast prominently in Cecil B. DeMille's *Buccaneer.* In short Tamiroff has arrived.

I HAVE known him ever since he hit this town in that thundering Ford, not only as a movie reporter, but also as a friend. Three years ago I told him some day I was going to write a story about him for a fan magazine, that he was going to be a star. He thought I was talking nonsense.

"So you think I'm a success?" he asked not long ago. "I never dreamed I would play anything more than bits. Time and again big parts slipped through my fingers because of my accent. How I hate my accent! But now they write parts especially for me." He sketched on paper his progress in Hollywood. "From two lines to 1,000 lines. From a $5 a week room, to a house of my own in Beverly Hills. From a second-hand Ford to a new Cadillac. Not bad, not bad!" he reflected.

But Tamiroff, a professional worrier, is always prepared for the worst. "I take my success very calmly, and try to keep my feet on the ground all the time. A few bad pictures will finish any player. Nobody can say in advance if a picture will be good. So much depends on luck.

"I can give up my house, car and other worldly possessions, and still be happy as long as they let me act. I'd rather act than eat. There is one thing I don't want to give up: acting. It's my whole life. I hope my success will last. But if the day comes when they'll not give me even bits, I'll open a school for screen acting. I want to die in the show business."

TAMIROFF was born in Baku, son of a wealthy oil operator, but grew up in Moscow, where he made a reputation as a dashing Don Juan. He is dark, with black hair and gray eyes, and the blonde Russian gals like their men dark. At 18, he joined the Moscow Art Theatre, one of the four admitted out of 500 candidates, and every door in the city was open before him. He came to America in 1923 with the Moscow Art Theatre group, headed by the famed Stanislavsky, which made theatrical history. He toured the country again cavorting in Balieff's *Chauve Souris,* and then opened a make-up school in New York, among his pupils being Katharine Hepburn, Jean Muir, Jean Dixon, Helen Gahagan. With his blonde wife Tamara, a lovely actress, he worked in a Chicago night club to save $4,000. They lost it all in the stock market crash. It's a tragic story. In spite of his accent, he managed to get into the New York Theatre Guild and played with Edward Arnold and Claude Rains in *Miracle at Verdun,* after which he toured the country with Jolson's *Wonderbar.*

Today, at 37, after many ups and downs, Tamiroff is firmly entrenched in Hollywood and is a naturalized American citizen. But delightful as it is to live in the palmy luxuriance of Beverly Hills, he is not very comfortable in his home. He blames his wife for buying it. "I didn't know a single actor in Russia who owned a house or had a bank account. Russian actors spent all the money they made as fast as they made it."

TAMIROFF and Kinskey, an accomplished comedian who, too, is on his way up, are still pals. Russian "bums" gather at his house to drink vodka and raise hell. He is in no danger of going Hollywood. "Suppose a Russian fellow I've known for fifteen years, now an extra, comes to my house and rings the bell. If a servant in livery opens the door and tells him, 'I am sorry, sir, Mr. Tamiroff is resting and will not be able to see you,' he will laugh and yell 'Akim!' at the top of his voice, because servant or no servant, he knows I'm the same bum I was five years ago."

And the same regular guy.

Buck Jones, Columbia's perennially popular Western star, takes a postman's holiday as he breaks ground for a garden at his new San Fernando Valley estate near Hollywood

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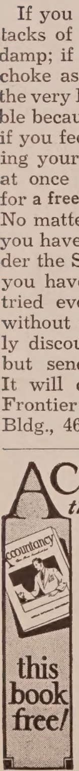

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The True Life Story of Allan Jones

[*Continued from page* 47]

little smile around his mouth. Allan's voice was as smooth as honey, as ingratiating as a May day, in the two songs he sang. And when he finished he received the exquisite accolade of a moment's silence before the storm of applause broke. His host took his arm and marched him to Mrs. Armstrong, who was smiling brightly, nodding with satisfaction.

"Forgive me for the misrepresentation, Allan, but this was at the lady's own request. May I now re-introduce Mrs. Armstrong—this, my boy, is Dame Melba."

Perhaps no name was as enshrined in this young singer's mind as was that of this woman who sat before him. He had heard tales of her since childhood. She was a saga to him from the world to which he aspired.

Allan was mute and awed. "If there is anything I can ever do for you, please command me. You have a very great voice and you will go far—that is, if you keep your head!" Dame Melba told him.

There has never since been a thrill in Allan's life to equal this.

AFTER a concert tour through Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, Allan again returned to New York.

The great impresario, Walter Damrosch, sent for him and engaged him for a concert with Anna Case in Carnegie Hall. Allan was twenty-one, one of the youngest assisting artists ever to appear at Carnegie.

At rehearsal, the day before his appearance, Damrosch prophesied complete failure for him—not because he doubted his talents—he wouldn't have engaged him under those circumstances—but he had discovered only that morning that Allan, because of a hospital emergency, had been blood donor to a stranger needing immediate transfusion. "You will drop in your tracks—you will faint, disgrace me, during your program!" Damrosch stormed. "Such stupidity in an artist I have never before encountered!"

But the concert was far from a failure. Musical critics hailed Allan Jones as a great acquisition to the concert stage. He behaved like a seasoned veteran. He sang with authority and beauty. On the strength of Allan's success, Damrosch signed him for a second concert at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn.

The concert business was booming early in '29. Allan had all the engagements he could handle. Then came that dark October. People remained at home and computed their paper and real losses instead of attending concerts. And even young artists have to eat. Allan discovered that he could get fifty dollars a pint for his blood, and during the darkest days, when the wolves were nipping at his heels, he sold many a quart to hospitals to pay for bed and board.

Fortunately, radio was coming into its own at this time. Large programs, impressive and studded with talent, were being produced for broadcast under the sponsorship of important industries. Allan was signed for the first General Motors program. Other contracts followed. It was a new field and a well-paying one.

Early in 1930, Charles Wagner, the impresario, called him in. "I'm doing *Boccacio,*" he told Allan. "I'll give you five hundred dollars a week."

The production was an artistic success, but a woeful box office failure. However, it served a purpose. It brought him to the attention of the Shuberts who signed him on a five-year contract.

Allan's first engagement under the Shubert banner was with the St. Louis Opera Company. He did a season of summer opera — twelve operettas in twelve weeks—playing to an audience of 10,000 each night. It was hard, gruelling work, physically and mentally, but it was marvelous experience.

With the season over, Allan appeared in a St. Louis theatre for two weeks. The box-office lineup was never less than half a block for the entire fourteen days.

In rapid succession, Allan did *Cyrano de Bergerac,* a failure, and *The Student Prince,* an enormous success. He gave over a thousand performances in the latter—in large cities and hamlets; in formal theatres and high-school auditoriums. It was splendid discipline, even though the one-night stands took their toll of him physically.

For the summer, as usual, he reported to St. Louis for their hot-weather opera season. That was followed by an appearance at the Dallas State Fair in a group of three operettas, in which he toured later.

Followed *Annina* opposite Jeritza. This Friml operetta, however, never reached New York.

Another failure followed his successful third season in St. Louis. *America Sings,* a musical based on the life of Stephen Foster, opened to terrific failure in Boston—and closed there, too.

At the end of 1934, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer invited him to make a screen test.

The studio was looking for young and personable artists. And when Allan's test was heard on the coast, L. B. Mayer, the president, wired the New York office to sign Allan at $1,500 a week on a forty week contract.

The Shuberts, however, were loath to part with their young singer. They had him under contract, and weren't inclined to revoke it. However, an amicable agreement was finally reached. Allan borrowed twenty thousand dollars, bought his release, and immediately entrained for Hollywood.

ON THE 5th of January, 1935, the screen career of Allan Jones began. The morning of his arrival he was cast in *Reckless* with Jean Harlow, and that afternoon reported on the set.

Within the week reports were current that the studio had a potential star in Allan Jones. "That boy," a studio executive said to me, confirming Dame Melba's prophecy, "will go far. He knows how to keep his head on his shoulders and his feet on the ground. Aside from that, he has a magnificent voice and a personality the camera likes."

That prophecy has now come true. Allan had a long period of waiting before his break came. He might well have become impatient, well have come to believe that his talents were being ignored and wasted. But never for a moment in those long months, has he wavered in the certainty that his great opportunity would come.

Just recently he said to me, "You know, from the beginning I have had the utmost faith that eventually my chance would come. My job was to take advantage of such an opportunity. To be ready for it. So I studied with Grace Newell, Jeanette MacDonald's teacher, to improve my voice. Learned all I could from watching other players, from listening to the technical discussions of cameramen and sound men."

And in the meanwhile, between his beginning and his achieved stardom, he met Irene Hervey, wooed her as romantically as a hero in pictures, and won her as thrillingly.

Long before they were formally introduced, Allan had seen Irene in a studio stock company production. Her merry dimples, her soft and shining brown hair, her air of breeding and distinction, wove a charm about Allan long before he even knew her name.

"Who is that girl?" he asked a friend. When told, he remarked astonishingly enough—"I'm going to marry her!"

They became acquainted at a New Year's Eve party. Mutual interests, their philosophy and their beliefs, their attitudes toward failure and success, their reactions toward living, being similiar, proved a magnet to their emotions.

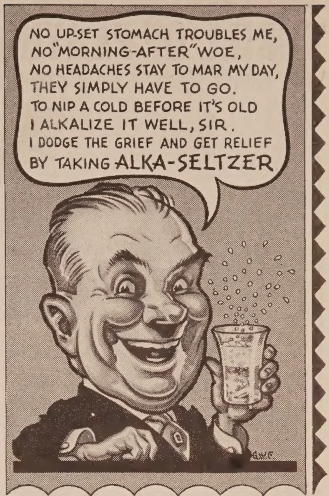
They married a year ago, and for them the days have been vivid and dynamic. They are expecting a child very soon.

The Allan Jones family live in a moderately small house, comfortably and sanely. They have their hobbies—horses. Their work—the making of motion pictures. And their dreams.

Allan Jones is destined to become one of the greatest singing stars on the screen. At *The Firefly* premiere he was hailed by audiences and his co-workers alike.

And whatever rewards the future holds for him, he has this gratification—that his Fame is the product of his labors and his struggles!

A new car is always an event in the lives of our up-and-coming young players, and Anne Nagel is appropriately pleased with her brand new Buick Special sedan. The Warner player will soon appear opposite Warren Hull in *A Bride For Henry*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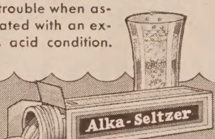

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

The Truth About Luise Rainer

[*Continued from page* 31]

close to misery, want, unrest and most of the ills that afflict humankind. Hence, she is intensely human and understanding. She has a great and far-reaching sympathy and a strong sense of right and wrong.

Luise is really shy, but only among those she does not know. If she knows she is with one whom she can trust, she speaks her mind freely.

Not long ago, representatives of a national magazine called at her home to take informal pictures of her. She had been busy every day in *Big City* and the only time she could see these people was after work.

Six-thirty on the dot, she drove up the driveway in her convertible coupe, hopped out, shook hands with the men as she was introduced. She exhibited no shyness before them, because she felt they were friends, and were there in her interest. She tore upstairs, to take off her make-up in order to look natural when they photographed her.

"Do you think she'll mind posing as she removes her make-up?" asked one of the men.

They sent the maid up to ask her.

"Yes, sure," Luise called over the railing and up they came. They snapped her, an old towel around her head. They posed her with her dog, her books, by the piano. All this, after a hard day's work and no dinner.

Luise is about fifteen pounds slimmer than she was during the filming of *The Good Earth.* She lost the weight during an illness around Christmas and never gained it back. However, it is becoming, particularly in the white, sharkskin slack suit she wears. With her dark hair blowing in the wind, she looks more like a lass of sixteen than a glamorous movie star.

SPEAKING of glamor, Luise doesn't like to be termed that. And if you wish to arouse righteous Rainer wrath, just hint that she may become "star-conscious." A radio commentator did it.

Hearing what he said, she was hurt.

"It is hard enough to try to get along in a difficult business in a strange country. Why do some people try to make it so much harder? But—perhaps he has just heard the wrong thing."

Against the advice of friends who said she was "too big" to bother calling the man, Luise rang up his office.

She told him how hard she had tried to do her best work. That it was difficult for a girl in a strange country to comprehend all the subtle ins and outs of Hollywood. She told him also, that she knew values too well to ever think she was an important star.

The commentator apologized, and thanked her for calling. It is safe to bet that Luise that day made a real friend.

What the well-dressed western star will wear, when not pursuing the villain through six reels of hard-riding adventure, as demonstrated by Tom Keene, Monogram's handsome hero

Found!—One Happy Actress

[*Continued from page* 33]

thoughtfulness by some new and delightful gesture. This house," and she looked speculatively around the beautiful living room, "will never be finished—I hope. You can go on furnishing a house forever; that's why it's so much fun. Why, you have to furnish it once to find out what to take out and do over again!

"As for bringing up my child—anybody who *ever* knows all about that will be perpetuated in history either as a miracle or a madman. There is no such animal!" Irene laughed.

"Another way to be happy in Hollywood is to get out of it as often as you can. For me, a change of scene makes for happiness, and if you can't get away now and then, why, change the color of your hair, or buy a daring new hat. Something, anything, to make you feel renewed. But I can make no complaint about my changes of scene, having travelled about seventy thousand miles since I first came to Hollywood. Mostly back and forth to and from New York, with several European voyages.

"We just came back from a fishing trip in British Columbia—I have wanted to go on one ever since the fishing sequence in *Theodora Goes Wild*. You know, even in Europe, I never felt so far away from Hollywood. Over there you are always meeting people you know, but up in that perfectly magnificent country, we were just two other fishermen, and your fame depended on how many fish you could catch, and how large! The great salmon jump four or five feet out of the water, and weigh up to sixty pounds. No, I didn't catch one that large. Studios never seemed so remote; I didn't hear a telephone for days."

For the vacation before this one, Irene went to France to confer with Mme. Curie's daughter, Eve, who has written the story of her mother's life, which is to be translated to the screen with Irene in the leading role. And no nonsense about it, no romancing with historical facts. The French insist that this story of their greatest woman, except Joan of Arc, be portrayed with the utmost accuracy to the last detail. Even Paul Muni's distinguished *Pasteur* was disapproved in some quarters over there—not Muni's characterization, but liberties taken in the script.

Miss Dunne has made perhaps the most minute and careful study of this internationally great woman and scientist whose counterpart she is to play on the screen, ever made by any actress in preparation for a part. It should rank above, even, her celebrated Sabra Cravat, in *Cimarron*, which brought her first and lasting fame.

ANY conversation with Irene leads back eventually to Mary Frances, whose name is a combination of Irene's middle name, Marie, and her husband's name spelled with an *e*. She is a delectable child with a piquant elfin quality, and it is no wonder Irene and Dr. Griffin changed their minds about wanting a boy when they saw her. Missy did not come to them through the famous Cradle, in Evanston, Illinois, from which so many Hollywood couples have adopted children, as has been published. They learned of the child through a doctor friend of Irene's husband, in New York. But the Griffins will some day soon adopt another child, probably a boy this time. Only one other person knew of their plan to have Mary Frances; he was the architect who designed their home which included a nursery on the second floor.

"Getting up at six in the morning," Irene declares with honest enthusiasm, "used to be a dreaded ordeal, and never happened unless I had a very early call on location. But now—you should see this place at six A. M. It simply hums with activity. The house is gay, the canary sings, Missy sings, I sing. Missy has breakfast with me, we discuss things with Tony the bird, have great fun looking out of the window at the two little tame rabbits that play on the lawn every morning. Missy has a lovely little voice. Yes, I hope she will grow up to be musical. She has a great sense of humor; she almost never cries."

Thus, another proud mother is added to Hollywood's growing list. All these proud little boasts are so familiar—so like the things every mother says—but new and sweet each time.

She has an *enormous* appetite, Mrs. Griffin proclaims, "eats her spinach and carrots, too. She is a very healthy, happy child, and the simplest things she does seem to me the greatest entertainment in the world. Oh, dear," a terrible thought strikes Irene. "I do hope she is not spoiled." And everyone present solemnly assured Mrs. Griffin that Missy is not in the least spoiled—which she is not.

IRENE and Dr. Griffin had met casually before she was graduated from a college of music in Chicago. He sent roses for her graduation. He is the highest type of professional man, ten or fifteen years older than Irene, a man who loves music. You can imagine how this beautiful young girl, singing like an angel, graduating with honors, with the whole world spread before her, must have engaged his imagination. They were married five years after her graduation, when she had had time to establish herself on the road to a career. He has been amazingly unselfish about this career, has travelled unnumbered miles to be with Irene for only a few hours, never seems to mind movie parties, is very congenial, and very proud of his wife.

Theodora Goes Wild set a new pace for the lady (there goes that word again!) who had suffered and sobbed and grown gray through countless pictures. She was acknowledged to be an actress and to have a voice—but the glamor was a new discovery. Her newest film is Columbia's *The Awful Truth*. Any of Irene's friends could have told the picture producers she had her lighter moments—any who have heard her play the Sailor's Hornpipe with her right hand, Rachmaninoff's Prelude with her left hand, and sing *I'll Be Down To Get You In A Taxi, Honey*, all at one and same time. But things like that get out eventually, and finally Irene's glamor was unearthed and hailed as a great discovery.

The right word for her is "balance"—with talent and charm evenly distributed in every department. And the equivalent of balance is that rare, precious, and elusive blue-bird that seldom builds a nest in our town—happiness.

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Nelson Eddy, star of M-G-M's *Rosalie*, is the subject of a timely interview in the February issue of SCREEN BOOK Combined with Screen Play. You Eddy fans won't want to miss it!

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Nancy E——'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E—— is making $30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for:

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Bette Davis Discusses Dangerous Loves!

[*Continued from page* 27]

that moment, love became dangerous! For he was trying to make himself over, change his life and personality and ambitions entirely for the sake of the woman he loved!

"After all, we can well define *the most dangerous* love as that which robs a person, man or woman, of self-respect, individuality, self-confidence.

"This man lost his! His wife was running the show—and he was well aware of it. Eventually his pride was completely shattered. He was nothing more than an unimportant cog in his wife's life! She had married a splendid man; she had turned him into a weakling!

"It was in the cards that their marriage fail—for no love can stand being shamed! So theirs died!

"I am glad they're getting a divorce! I hope he'll be able to pick up the pieces, salvage his manhood, and realize the shining talent, the bright future, which was his before he loved dangerously.

"I HAVE seen other dangerous loves! The mother who fastens on her children—who has no life of her own, and wants to realize all her personal desires and ambitions through her son or daughter. To a certain extent this is normal. But when it becomes an obsession, it eventually destroys everyone concerned.

"I've seen a lot of mothers who try to keep their children in emotional and mental diapers all their lives. They want to think for them and feel for them. They want to be a part of every mood and thought. They feel cheated if their 'babies' form other attachments. If they want to establish homes, have children of their own.

"I know of half a dozen promising careers in Hollywood—and some well-established—which have been completely ruined because mother always knew best! Because mother wanted to direct contracts, wardrobes, publicity and social engagements. Because mother wanted the spot-light.

"Producers have enough trouble on their hands in making fledgling players into important box-office names without mama's interference. So what happens? So that particular personality is eliminated. Perhaps they hang on for years—these half-failures—playing infinitesimal roles, praying for another break, while mother moans that producers are blind to really great talent!

"Poor mother! Poor child! They are both being ruined by a dangerous love—without suspecting it!

"Love is only safe when it makes a man or woman stronger, finer, greater! When it makes life doubly worth living and success doubly sweet! When it makes failure a lot easier to take!"

A famous director once said, "Our destiny is determined by the people we love, and those who love us! It can either make or break a man or woman!"

I reminded Bette of that comment—for it was made at her fireside, during a discussion which ranged from cabbages and kings, to the art of living. Some of us had taken exception to that viewpoint. We had pointed to the lonely souls whose achievements were climaxes in the history of civilization.

"But there is no record that they were happy," the director pointed out. And there was no answer to that.

"I agreed with him, if you'll recall," Betty reminds me. "For love to be right, must have an element of superb content in it.

"In the past few years I have received dozens of letters from girls with love problems. All of them, in essence, wanted to know whether a great love made everything right.

"I remember one letter especially. It told the old story of a young girl desperately, bitterly, rather tragically in love with a man much older. They couldn't marry! Would it be wrong for her to devote her life to him? To try to ease his burdens with her love? She would have to hide her love—from his friends, from the world, from her own family. But love was worth any sacrifice. The world was well lost for love!

"I didn't try to judge her; I didn't try to differentiate for her between right and wrong. No one can do that for another person. I only told her that I didn't think she would be happy—that love, to be important, had to include dignity and pride. And patiently hers could be that! A hidden love must eventually become a cheap love, and that isn't love at all!

"The world changes and moves on! Our values shift constantly. Emotions are difficult to assort and judge in this modern, rapid era in which we all live. But we have come to realize that anything which violates individuality, personality, is wrong! And unjust!

"Therein perhaps lies the reason for the high percentage of marriage failures among artists—be they actors, writers, painters or musicians. They are all individualists—and the moment one begins to absorb the other, their love becomes an ever-increasing danger to their personal integrity. It begins to pinch and hurt confidence and pride. Love rarely survives under such conditions.

"The poignant stories of Hollywood—those secret and hidden things which cannot be discussed—stories of failure and heart-break; of broken dreams and disillusion, all have the stark background of dangerous love!

"I don't know if we'll *ever* learn to apply wisdom to love! Perhaps it wasn't meant to be so from the beginning!

"This I know—the right love makes a superman out of a mere mortal!

"But a dangerous love *destroys*!"

THE PERFECT WIFE HAS A PAST!

Myrna Loy—the perfect wife to most masculine moviegoers—has a past—but she reveals it with a reminiscent smile to her fans in the February issue of

SCREEN BOOK

Combined with Screen Play

Is Radio De-Glamorizing Hollywood?

[*Continued from page* 35]

stage, go all to pieces when confronted by the small black gadget that's ready to carry their tones (and their tremors, very often) from here to Singapore. Of course the big trouble lies in the fact that a radio broadcast provides for no retakes, and a movie training provides for little practice in the gentle art of adlibbing in emergency. Radio bristles with emergencies; acting before a camera doesn't.

And there's more to it than microphone fright. There's the additional fact that so many movie celebrities go native if a broadcast impends; native, that is, in the matter of costume.

Nor is it only a small radio station audience that feels the shock if a screen idol turns unexpectedly human — or native. The audience inside the station may be comparatively tiny, but it is augmented by hundreds milling around in the street on the chance of catching a glimpse or an autograph.

When Jean Arthur, fresh from the beach, darted into the radio headquarters in rumpled slacks and barefoot sandals, the crowd registered surprise; and repeated the news, till in a twinkling it was all over Hollywood. When Bob Burns, lackadaisical hillbilly with the Arkansas drawl and the macerated English, appears for a broadcast in clothes immaculately tailored and with hat at a jaunty angle, the hurt moan of the fans can be heard from the station foyer to the chatter columns. Picture studio executives and radio executives have been known to complain that when people get into the films they don't take radio seriously enough; they don't dress the part; that, except when actually in front of the microphone, they don't "put on a show."

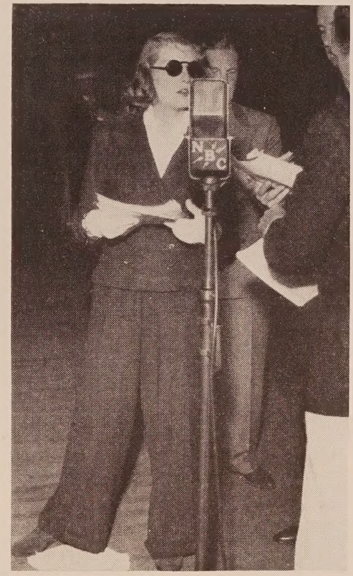
HOLLYWOOD is the most informal town in the world. Film stars go to wedding receptions in sports clothes, arrive at the studios in playsuits and hurry to radio broadcasts in overalls and jumpers, male and female. It's comfort, of course, but it isn't romance.

Yet the radio station and its environs is at the moment one of the high spots whither gallop the out of town visitors for a sight of their screen favorites. Visitors who can't wheedle their way into the picture studios, console themselves with the thought that anyhow they can see Marlene or Myrna, Joan (Bennett, Crawford or Fontaine), Bob (Montgomery, Young or Taylor) inside or outside the radio place. "Let's go down to KNX tonight" (or NBC or CBS) is as usual a suggestion in Hollywood as "Let's go down to the drugstore."

For some reason, a number of the stars haven't played up to this fact. Bing Crosby, the soul of neatness in his films, has appeared for his broadcasts in disreputable looking sweaters, in trousers innocent of crease, and as likely as not without a tie. When Whitney Bourne, of all people—the Park Avenue social registerite gone celluloid—showed up on a Sunday morning before a large audience for the Magic Key program, she wore disheveled green slacks, white gloves, dark glasses and no hat. Irene Dunne, on the Hollywood Hotel program in scenes from *High, Wide and Handsome,* appeared in figured pajamas. Oh, of course she sang as sweetly.

On the other hand, Nelson Eddy won't have an audience when he's giving an entire program. This is smart, because as a rule he likes to take off his collar and open up his shirt and sock the air waves with those high notes without the bother of having to look distinguished as well as sing that way.

Unconscious of the audience, but thoroughly aware of the mike, Claudette Colbert sits on a stool with those lovely legs wrapped round and round it. Leslie Howard, who knows his lines on the stage and before the camera where many's the time he has enacted the dashing lover, doesn't have leisure to learn an entire radio script; and makes no bones about hauling out his glasses to read it. Elissa Landi threw herself into a recent Shakespearian broadcast with such fervor that her gown and hair flew askew and one onlooker refused to believe it was Elissa (a fact at which Elissa chuckled in high amusement). "But she always looks so *elegant* on the screen!" the onlooker insisted.



Whitney Bourne, famed as one of social Manhattan's smartest dressers, startled her radio audience by appearing thusly

Radio, indeed, seems to bring forth all kinds of this and that. And the audience reacts. For example, classic was the disappointment when Grace Moore bowed out one evening. She found she'd been extensively advertised to appear on the same program with Mickey Mouse. Miss Moore has a nice sense of humor, but sharing honors with a cartoon seemed a little too much. She canceled the appearance.

Not but what the audience can be a disappointment, too. Not so long ago Edward G. Robinson misinterpreted a line in a radio adaptation of *Kid Galahad*

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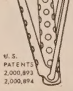

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and the audience had the bad taste to giggle. It bothered Eddie, who at the end of the scene, stalked from the stage muttering.

But sometimes the screen actors have got in each other's hair; due, often, to forgetting that a radio mike registers quite as clearly as a mike on a sound stage. When there was a kissing scene in the broadcast of *Love Is News,* Tyrone Power playfully gave Loretta Young such a resounding smack that he nearly pushed her off the stage. A few weeks later they made a reappearance in *Cafe Metropole* and Loretta got even. When it came time to kiss, she just about took him off his feet with the ardor of her embrace. Ordinarily in a kissing scene on the air, the participants kiss the back of their own hands; but if you were Tyrone and the opposite player were Loretta, or vice versa, what would *you* do?

MANY a program has naturally had many a contretemps, though often these were not the fault of the artists. Who will forget how Lou Gehrig, the great baseball planet who has been shining on the screen between seasons, advertised a certain breakfast food on a national radio program? "And to what do you owe your physical fitness?" the announcer would ask at the end of the program; to which Gehrig would reply: "To Wheaties. I eat them for breakfast every morning." But that was last year; this year he was signed by a rival breakfast food and when the announcer asked to what he owed his health he replied absentmindedly: "To Wheaties. I eat them for breakfast every morning."

Not by any means are screen entertainers alone in the justly famed faux pas which make radio the sparkling thing it is. (Oh, isn't it?) But fans have written in to tell Hugh Herbert, one of the funniest men in pictures, that when it comes to radio—"You're not so funny if we can't see your hands and face. When you say 'Whoops!' on the screen, it's a riot; but on the air without your face it's just 'Whoops!'" There were even captious fans who wrote that on the air Marlene Dietrich's voice lost some of its appeal because they couldn't see her half closed eyes, and that Fred Astaire's singing didn't sound so keen via aerials because they couldn't watch his feet. As has often been noticed in other fields, you can't please everybody; and sometimes it appears practically not anybody.

It's an insidious thing, old debbil Radio. It gets the performers in a wide variety of ways. For example, Clark Gable played *George Washington* on the Camel Caravan and surprised his studio. As written, the role was not glamorous. Besides, several of the critics didn't like the way Clark played it. The great lover of the screen gave proof, they complained, that anyway he wasn't a character actor. They felt he had been de-glamorized; and said so. Their pronouncements caused no little furors in local circles.

Incidentally, it must be disillusioning to audiences, also, to watch doubles step up to the mike to talk for singers like Nadine Connor, of *Showboat* and Anne Jamison, of *Hollywood Hotel.* These two artists argue that they are hired to sing, not to recite, so when talk is indicated the doubles pinch-hit. Lurene Tuttle talks for Anne Jamison on the Hollywood Hotel hour. Before one scene that required a few words in French, she admitted that her accent wasn't as good as Anne's. So in the midst of the speech, when it came time for the foreign tongue, Anne whispered the French words into the microphone and stepped back. Lurene then carried on in English.

There was, by the way, a lot of controversy after the release of the picture, *Wake Up And Live,* over whether or not Jack Haley or a double sang the hit song. To prove that he could really sing, Jack appeared in a radio program—but, such is fate and likewise fame, the controversy only waxed more furious!

Naturally, the exigencies of motion picture roles sometimes dispel glamour without anyone being able to avoid this unfortunate circumstance, if the camera and the air waves call nearly simultaneously. For instance, one station audience was shocked to behold a certain picture-player Master of Ceremonies, unshaven for days, step up to the mike for a talk that advertised shaving cream. Another audience tittered at sight of a baldheaded actor speaking the dialogue written for the "young" husband in a sketch about newlyweds. And millions of people must have smiled even though their smiles weren't justified when a brace of famous singers who warbled in behalf of a chest linament were off the air for weeks with sore throats, even though this condition resulted indirectly from overwork at the radio station.

Quite aside, however, from the things that can't be helped, there are other things which could be helped that contribute to deglamorize Hollywood stars the moment they enter radio stations. Several of these things, as has been noted, are things the stars could remedy. It isn't a star's fault if no studio technician is present to monkey with the microphone till it registers a voice with personality where a voice without much personality originally emanated. Maybe the star can't sound as glamorous on the air as on the movie set (even the glamorous Marlene Dietrich herself has found this out), but at least she can make herself look like a million dollars and act like a queen.

Nobody tops Ruth Chatterton in the matter of dress. The French have a word for it, and the word is *soignee.* But, *soignee* as anything in a radio sketch not long ago, Ruth surprised her fans as the sketch ended by leaving the stage, running down the steps into the audience, and, no vacant seat available, sitting down on the floor in the aisle to watch the rest of the show. On the screen she's dignified. Perhaps unreasonably, the fans expressed a definite disappointment. Fans are curious folk, a fact that needs to be taken into consideration.

AS FOR this matter of clothes—sponsors themselves begin to grow restive. They recall that Mary Pickford dresses for the radio mike and they don't see why others cannot. The first time she appeared in a radio play it was one that had three scenes. Mary wore an outfit that enabled her to give the impression of changing to a different costume for each act. At the beginning she appeared in a hat and coat. For the next scene she had removed these and appeared in a gown that had a little jacket over it. For the final scene she removed the jacket and, behold, it was a dinner gown. In each instance the costume corresponded with the scene.

But today producers of radio shows maintain they often are unable to persuade their stars to dress up; particularly in Hollywood, and it is in Hollywood that radio now is largely concentrated. "Why can't these thus-and-so movie actors and actresses wear swell clothes for a broadcast?" fumed a sponsor who felt let down when a pulchritudinous personage slouched to the mike, in front of an unusually big station audience, in sweater and overalls that looked as if she'd been cleaning up the yard in 'em. The sponsor added, with a righteous snort, "Good grief, we pay her enough!"

To get around this difficulty is said to be the reason why the producers of *Show Boat* dressed the entire company in sailor costumes; for conformity of attire. The star of the show, Nadine Connor, always wears evening clothes, but it detracted from her appearance if the others dressed haphazardly. De-glamor!

Radio, in fact, began to deglamorize Hollywood when it became the custom to launch every important picture with a premiere. Screen stars, unaccustomed to speaking extemporaneously, were suddenly ushered before a mike and asked to "say something." The effect was often ludicrous, and so—in the bewilderment of the moment—was the voice.

When a top flight star who mowed 'em down upon the screen with her ready wit and intriguing voice, squeaked into the microphone, "H-Hullo, everybody! I know this is going to be a gorgeous picture because Paramount made it"—and everybody knew it was an M-G-M production—the radio audience was bound to wonder.

Unfair, certainly, to ask a star to say a few words when the few words had not been prepared; unfair, and productive of appallingly trite and dumb remarks. The thing became so embarrassing for the producers as well as the stars that nowadays the practice has greatly diminished. Where it continues, the remarks have generally been prepared in advance; and memorized.

Meanwhile, radio officials are doing all they can to insert not only glamor but realism—that is to say, illusion—into their programs from the point of view of the station audience; never mind whether screen people or not are the entertainers. A new boss on Jack Oakie's famous College hour recently ruled that publicity pictures must have a university background. "All the illusion you build up in the show is lost when people see photographs of the characters with no college atmosphere," he said, and shooed the gang out to a local campus to pose against academic architecture. And "Father Barber" in *One Man's Family,* now has to have his normally coal black hair silvered when he poses for publicity pictures as the parent of grownup children.

But from the screen star's angle, perhaps one of the greatest disillusioners, after all, is Charlie McCarthy. In a sky-rocket rush, Charlie has become radio's Number One entertainer. Yet he doesn't possess beautiful legs nor wide shoulders. He isn't an Adonis on the tennis court. He hasn't a widow's peak. What price glamor, when a dummy—and a pie-faced one—steals the top billing?

RADIO'S most popular stars, indeed, have not been drawn from the motion picture ranks; even though big star names of the screen are in demand for radio, and even though many of the radio stars are on the screen right now. To go further: the most popular play on the air is *One Man's Family,* already in its fifth year, yet probably not one fan in a hundred knows the real names of the people who have been in its cast from the beginning; much less, recognizes them on the street!

Some of the original feminine radio stars may not have perfect profiles. It could never be said that Gracie Allen or Mary Livingstone drip glamor as Marlene Dietrich or Claudette Colbert do. But while Marlene's legs may attract attention away from her occasionally static acting on the screen, a pair of legs—even Marlene's—won't help you on the air; and neither Marlene nor Claudette has the big radio names possessed by Gracie and Mary.

As a matter of fact, sponsors of radio programs believe the present demand for "big names" on air programs is only temporary. They believe radio audiences will soon demand a return to programs by artists especially trained in radio ways.

Careful, Michael Whalen! Stan Laurel's liable to cut you right out of the picture when you're out a-stepping at the Hollywood Knickerbocker with gorgeous June Lang

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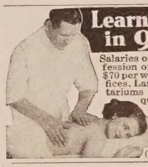

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Motion Picture

Your Face Is His Fortune

[*Continued from page* 39]

STARTING out as a crackerjack amateur photographer — advised against it by his photographer father who said cameras were too disillusioning for youth because they depicted life with too much accuracy — Willinger fooled around with lights and shadows and extraordinary effects till now he's an out-and-out artist. He has his own methods. All the time he's at work he talks to his clients—in any of four languages, by the way, including English with a London accent. "I keep up a constant conversation on whatever subject. When the client grows interested—snap! I take the picture, usually without his knowing it."

The one thing Willinger does not say to a client is, "Look pleasant, please!" To look merely pleasant, especially on order, is to look insipid and of all the things Willinger dislikes, insipidity comes first.

"A face with expression!" he replied immediately when asked which type of countenance he prefers to photograph; "never mind what nationality, whether old or young, handsome or ugly—a face with real expression is the real photographer's delight.

"Think a moment. Why do you see so many girls, just as beautiful as the stars, in the extra lines? And why will most of them always remain there? Because they haven't the gift of expression, their faces have no play of emotion. Civilization teaches people to repress their feelings—and that's why the world grows all the time harder for portrait photographers. No, with lighting you can wipe out a dish nose or a bad chin, but you can't with all the lighting in the world put expression into a face that has nothing behind it."

Men, he added, are easier to photograph than women. "You need only to make a man look like a man. But a woman wants you to 'bring out her character,' that is, make her attractive whether she is or not.

"You know, it takes two people to make a photograph. The photographer is no better than his subject; anyway, not much."

WILLINGER was only fifteen when he opened that first professional portrait gallery and launched himself into a profession which, because of the new technique he developed, now acknowledges him as a leader. Since he has had to study people, and since his career has taken him all over the world (America was the last stronghold that remained to be captured), he has become a shrewd observer of the differences between races and individuals. What surprised him perhaps most about Hollywood is how the European beauties who come here begin to grow more beauteous.

"Remarkable, what Hollywood does for those girls. They arrive with more than their natural share of charm, to be sure, but within a little while—oh, perhaps, a few days—they become more than merely lovely. Suddenly they know how to walk, how to carry themselves. It is astonishing."

This business of knowing how to walk interests him, as a photographer. Most women outside the American movies, he contends, don't know how to walk unless they live in primitive countries and balance great water jugs on their heads. Yet the poise which goes with a correct walk—the proper balance—is often what makes the difference between a photograph that's full of ease and grace and one that isn't. "A correct walk, in a woman, is the scarcest thing in civilization."

Another item which fills him with wonder in this so unusual land is the movie star herself; or himself. Again, it's different in Europe.

"Over there, you can't mistake an actor," he remarked, lost in contemplation of Hollywood thespian ways, "a Clark Gable, a Spencer Tracy, would be impossible in Europe because, like most American actors, they don't look like actors! It isn't so much a matter of clothes or voice as of manner. In Hollywood, actors are human beings, they don't seem to be remembering all the time that they're in pictures.

"Now, in Europe a star is expected to behave like a star. Constantly, in the theatre and out, on the screen and off, a star is supposed to be temperamental. No temperament, no star, is the way they figure. I've known stars, in grand opera for example, to keep an audience waiting two hours. Why, I've known stars that didn't show up for four days at a time. If a star doesn't throw a fit of hysterics every so often, she—or he, for that matter—isn't a first rater.

"In Hollywood, I understand"—again his eyes took on a touch of awe—"one fit of temperament and you're out. There are too many others eager to take your place. That's the advantage of mixing business with Art!"

In fact, the mixture works out swell, he said. "Swell?" Wasn't he awfully quick at picking up American slang?

Again Willinger laughed. "Oh, I picked that up in Hungary," he admitted; "never before have so many Europeans obtained a knowledge of English. The American movie is spreading English, or anyway American, into a universal language. By watching the screen and listening to the lines, then glancing below at the translation, it's easy to catch some of your phrases; in fact, it's impossible not to. 'Swell' and 'okay' are household words in Europe now."

Speaking of Europe, he said he'd been surprised and a trifle amused to hear various Americans complain that foreign players and workers ought not to be admitted to Hollywood. "Why, Hollywood was practically founded by foreigners," he remarked, "and largely maintained by them. Consider the picture which many people think has a good chance of winning next year's Academy Award: *The Life of Emile Zola.* Go down the list of workers responsible for this production, the music, the direction, the principal roles; aren't most of them foreigners? And the picture iself has a foreign subject."

HE DIDN'T wonder, Willinger commented, that Europeans liked to come to the United States. Not always for better pay — he gets less at the moment than he can make in Paris—but for better psychology.

"In Europe, people are suspicious of one another. If somebody who is unknown to you acts in a very friendly manner, you begin to suspect him. You wonder what's his motive. So when the European reaches the United States, he's wary at first of affable people who want to talk to him. He wonders what they have up their sleeves. To his intense surprise he finds after a while that they haven't anything up their sleeve but a cordial handshake.

"It's confusing, to a foreigner. But it's enlightening, too. It's the way people should live. The European says in his own mind: 'A naive country! These Americans believe a man good till he turns out to be bad, they believe everything anyone tells them or almost. They trust. Are they insane? No, perhaps they are only sensible.' So after a while he becomes that way himself."

Such traits as these are what Willinger tries to bring out in his camera portrait studies. He has grown famous through Europe for his success in doing it. Come now, Mr. Willinger, exactly what is the system? What do you have that other photographers haven't?

"Quietness, possibly," he hazarded, smilingly, "I must be quiet. I cannot endure noise. Here in Hollywood I live far up on a hill where I need not have anyone around if I do not wish anyone. Noise would make me nervous, and this in turn would make people nervous whom I tried to photograph.

"It would all come out on the film, too. A camera sees things. Sometimes too well, which is why my father didn't want me to devote myself to it."

But what's the secret of that certain something, that dash of elusive personality, so difficult to catch, which his camera portraits invariably contain—and which other camera portraits don't?

"Secret? There is no secret," Lazlo Willinger said, "only a matter of knowing types and human nature, and of never letting your subjects realize when you intend to take the picture. I talk. They talk. When I find something in the face that I wish to preserve—" He clicked his fingers. —"I preserve it."

Simple, eh? Suppose *you* try it.

It was only natural that beautiful Jeanette MacDonald add her glorious singing voice to the nation's airwaves. She's now the bright star of *Vick's Open House*, with an orchestra led by conductor Josef Pasternack. At right is Jeanette's personal recorder, M. J. McLaughlin

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Accidental Betrothal

[*Continued from page* 57]

intend to fly over to this city, for many of my most intimate friends live there.

"Do you know what happened?

"The following morning there appeared in all the papers the news that I was returning to Vienna to wed the Prince!

"All the way across the continent I was deluged with telegrams and reporters, and when I boarded ship for England I locked myself in my cabin. I was too ashamed. For, in New York, when I declared I was *not* going to Vienna, and didn't care to make a statement, the papers came out with stories that I couldn't make up my mind whether I was going to marry, or not."

This, told for the first time, is the story behind the published assertions that Virginia Field (1) was engaged to Prince Constantin, and (2) was returning to Europe to become his bride. It explains how, through no fault of her own, the word spread, and how blameless she was in a situation that involved one of the oldest reigning families in Europe. Virginia still remembers the incidents and the resultant unpleasantries with deepest regret. Even time cannot entirely erase those recollections.

P. S.—When the Prince visited Hollywood on the 1932 Olympics, Tala Birell (Universal) was rumored as engaged to him. But—this was just another Hollywood "creation."—The Editor.

A one-girl strike is being staged by Madge Evans, who says she won't make another film until she gets the types of roles she prefers. Let's hope that Madge's ability and charm, too long wasted in mediocre parts, will soon be presented more favorably

Peach From The Orange Belt

[*Continued from page* 48]

held in trust by my mother to be turned over to me when she thought I was wise enough to handle it. She gave it to me when I was sixteen. That was the year when I got tired of school, when it suddenly dawned upon me that, since eventually I would have to be the main provider of the family, I'd better be on the lookout for a good job.

"Work was scarce in Anaheim—and there, within easy hitch-hiking distance, was Hollywood practically staring me in the face, begging me to come and hear the cameras grind, the directors shout, and see the actors perform. Once there, within a week I'd be calling Clark Gable, Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, and all the other famous stars by their first names! Within the same week I'd be drawing down an enormous salary. My, my! But a girl at sixteen is as hopeful as she is wide-eyed, and as impractical as she is trustful!"

Hopeful, wide-eyed, and impractical or not, Marie came to Hollywood and with her came the family.

"The very first thing I did," says Marie, "was to move into a house and pay the rent a year in advance; and the very next thing I did was to buy enough canned goods to last twelve months. Two worries were now off my mind—rent and food. Then, with the remainder of the money mother had given me, I, in turn, gave it to the butcher, the baker, and the automobile maker, not forgetting the swanky jewelry stores and the swankier dress shops. Back in Anaheim I had read that it was impossible to get anywhere in Hollywood without putting up a front. Well, in no time at all, there was I waiting at the studio gate—but despite my expensive car, my long mink coat and my expensive clothes, I was on the outside looking in."

While she was waiting for a chance to be on the inside looking out, Marie decided, since she knew less than absolutely nothing about acting, to employ her spare time in seeking a "little theatre" try-out with the Beverly Hills players. Successful in this, she went into the stage production of *Call Me Neighbor*. Later she scored a hit in *The King's Pleasure* and still later in *Girl Friend*. In all likelihood she would still be playing in little theatre productions but for the unexpected breaks she received while driving that expensive car of hers down Hollywood Boulevard.

And when we say "breaks" we mean just that.

The first one occurred one sunny afternoon while driving down the boulevard, her pretty blond head busy as a hiveful of bees with a campaign designed to convince hard-hearted movie moguls that she could act.

Suddenly her big car bumped into a puddle-jumper driven by Douglas Churchill, well-known newspaper man. There was more noise than damage in the collision and Doug, in a hurry to make a deadline, drove away with no more of a complaint than a "you'd better be careful next time" warning.

The second break occurred on another sunny afternoon, again on Hollywood Boulevard and, believe it or not, again were newspaperman Churchill and his horseless carriage victims of Marie's driving. This second crash was a second cousin to one of California's earthquakes and Churchill neither wasted time nor words in telling the blonde Marie where she should head in. That is, until Marie fluttered those long eyelashes at him and started to explain in that soft, persuasive voice of hers how terribly, terribly sorry she was. Churchill looked, listened and in less time than it takes to write it, parked both cars, rushed Marie to the nearest telephone where he informed the front office at RKO-Radio that he had "just discovered the prettiest natural blonde ever to walk on Hollywood Boulevard," and that "they'd better grab her before it's too late!"

Or words to that effect.

A screen test at the studio followed in a day or two and then a role in *Down To Her Last Yacht*. And that, dear readers, is how movie stars are born—that is, so far as it concerns Marie Wilson, the only blond-haired peach ever to come out of the orange belt and into motion pictures.

By the time her first film was completed, Marie was not only down to her last yacht, but likewise down to her last penny what with big bills for this and that dropping into her mailbox. Fortunately this state of affairs did not last long. From RKO she went over to Warner Brothers Studios where she has been busy ever since. *China Clipper, Stars Over Broadway, The Big Noise, Melody For Two, Satan Met A Lady, Broadway Hostess, King of Hockey* and *The Great Garrick* are only a few of the pictures she has appeared in. Right now she's in pretty much of a screen dither having heard that she is being considered for an important lead in *Boy Meets Girl*, soon to go into production. But whether she gets it or not, you can bet your last dib that she'll be playing leads in pictures just as important before the year 1938 closes its calendar.

Why? Well, if for no other reason than exhibitors are yelling their heads off for more Marie Wilson pictures. Because her fan mail has grown so fast the past year that it keeps her broke trying to answer it; because she is the most popular player on the Warner lot with everyone from prop boys to high-up directors and executives wishing her well and doing their collective best to see that she gets what she so rightly deserves.

Many an actor—and actress—on the same lot would gladly give the shirts off their enemies' backs, as well as their own, to possess a tenth of the genuine friendships that exist between Marie and her studio employees of high and low degrees.

A great many feet of celluloid has passed through the cameras since her first picture, but she's still the little provider—not only to her immediate family of four, but to a score of friends and relatives, who lean on her for help. Marie is the last person in the world you'd ever hear boasting of her good deeds. The helping hand is neither a publicity stunt nor a pose—it's the one great pleasure she cherishes above all others.

She's that kind of a girl!

A cough drop's mission is a very simple one. We believe that

BEECH-NUT
COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL

will soothe tired membranes, relieve "throat tickle" caused by colds and taste as pleasant as any candy.

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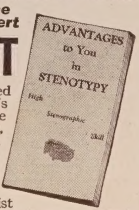
STENOTYPIST



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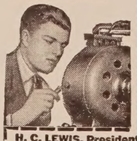

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UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

MR. ARTHUR UNGAR, fighting editor of the Hollywood *Variety* is currently waging a one-man battle that the film colony is following with bated breath. Hollywood, noted for its timorous attitude in matters of public policy, is hoping that the peppery Mr. Ungar's righteous crusade will have a satisfactory conclusion.

In a recent article headed STOP BEING CHUMPS, Mr. Ungar flails into a problem that is becoming increasingly important to Hollywood stars and studios alike—the dirt-dishing radio gossip columnists.

"Rantings and ravings of the dirt and dynamiting radio gossipers can easily be stopped by the motion picture industry," says the *Variety* editor, challengingly. "But it cannot be done by talk or statements.

"It seems as if every time some destructive measure or element creeps up in or about the industry that the heads say: 'The less said or done about it the better, it will die out by itself.' They are chumps. The pic biz has been the target of muckrakers and demoralists who have found it easy picking, because those in it will not fight back. It is a cinch that this powerful two billion dollar industry can fight and do so with clean hands to stamp out the dirt-dishing from the ether waves. But it must be done by thought and action and not conversation. Plain common sense will do it.

"Within 72 hours after the picture industry put down its foot on endorsements of those who foster the programs of commodities foreign to the pic biz, a stop would be put to the indiscriminate use of under-the-belt blows and dirt on the air waves about the industry and its people.

"So if the picture industry wants to get out of the chump class, it had better get busy now. It will find that the makers of commodities who have been pandering on the industry through the use of its personalities, both on the radio and for advertising endorsements, will come to time and toss out these dirt-peddlers who have no value to them or anyone else.

"Therefore, now is the time for action by the attacked. It must be definite and firm. The dirt-dishers must be driven from the radio, and the broadcasting chains and radio stations will thank the industry for putting its foot down and congratulate it for getting out of the chump class."

Congratulations, Arthur Ungar—and *Variety*. There is definitely no place on the air for the dirt-dishers who tear down the reputations and personalities of the stars whose glamour is their main stock-in-trade.

◆

Most amusing sight to chuckle over this month occurs daily between Edgar Kennedy and a prop man on the set of Carole Lombard's new picture, *True Confession*. Every time Kennedy makes a scene the prop man comes running with an atomizer full of glycerine and carefully sprays the shiny pate of Comedian Kennedy's head so that there will be a uniformity of cranial shininess, and every time this is done, Carole, much to Kennedy's discomfiture, shouts, "Quick, Henry, the Flit!"

◆

Second best amusing sight occurred recently during a small studio fire at M-G-M when excited firemen tried to hook their hose onto a "prop" water plug!

◆

Tourists and visiting firemen from the hinterlands, harsh in their criticisms of studio officials who refuse to let them see "the wheels go round," should be much more lenient in their critical language when they learn that it costs each studio $500 for every visitor allowed on a set. Despite the fact that million-dollar budgets are more the rule than the exception these days, the daily costs for pictures run to $10,000 and up, and that is big money—be it studio or Wall Street. Interruptions occasioned by visitors wreck shooting schedules, ruin "takes," upset directors, sound recorders and actors, and in other devious ways add $500 per visitor to the cost of the picture. And this information comes straight from the cold-blooded accounting offices of the various studios.

◆

The local telegraph companies are probably very grateful to Vittorio Mussolini, but we're wondering what the Hollywood caterers think of him. When the famous son of Italy's famous father arrived in Hollywood with producer Hal Roach, dozens of magnificent affairs were planned in his honor. When Vittorio was suddenly recalled back to the family fireside, all bets were called off. More telegrams were sent, expressing regrets. And the caterers who had planned to get rich had a little regretting to do on their own.

All in all, Vittorio's visit wasn't the gala occasion that producer Roach had hoped it would be.

◆

Of interest to motion picture fans who loved Will Rogers and still revere his memory, comes the news that Darryl Zanuck, chief man out at 20th Century-Fox, has decided after a poll of exhibitors throughout the country, to release four of the late comedian's pictures during 1938. These will be *Judge Priest*, *Handy Andy*, *County Chairman*, and *Life Begins at Forty*.

W. H. FAWCETT,
Publisher.

Enjoy
A PHOTO-FACTS EDUCATION

Whether you are a college graduate or not, modern day living demands you go on *learning*.

Perhaps you did not finish college, high school—or grade school. No matter, *you can still become an educated person.*

Real knowledge does not have to be gained in school. You can learn from reading and from pictures. History, economics, the cultural knowledge that makes you respected, gains you friends, can be absorbed from a revolutionary new type of magazine, now on sale at all newsstands.

This magazine is called PHOTO-FACTS. It is filled with intelligent information, so entertainingly presented the magazine will hold you spell-bound from cover to cover. Facts of history, philosophy, an entire education in world-wide travel are yours in this magazine.

Incorporated in this magazine is the "Newsstand University," a fascinating department on specific cultural subjects. In the issue of PHOTO-FACTS now on sale you will find a practical course on economics, which explains what money really is, and how to use it, by Professor Harold F. Clark of Columbia University, and Dr. Carl Norcross.

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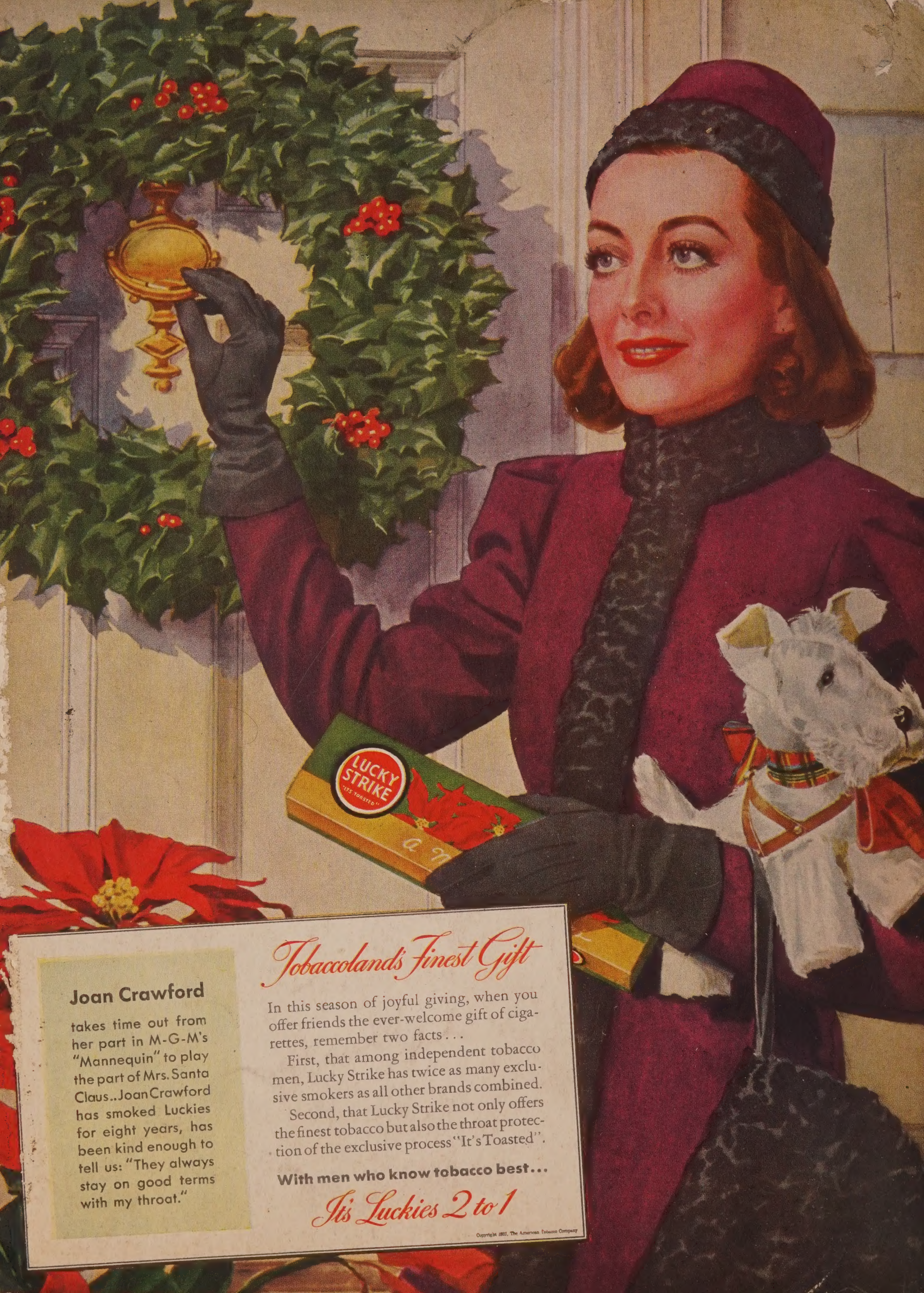
25 Cents
ENTERTAINING • EDUCATIONAL
Dec. 1937

PHOTO-FACTS, the pocketbook of knowledge, is on sale at all newsstands. If your local dealer is sold out send twenty-five cents in stamps or coin to PHOTO-FACTS, circulation department, 22 West Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

PRINTED IN U. S. A



Joan Crawford

takes time out from her part in M-G-M's "Mannequin" to play the part of Mrs. Santa Claus..Joan Crawford has smoked Luckies for eight years, has been kind enough to tell us: "They always stay on good terms with my throat."

Tobaccoland's Finest Gift

In this season of joyful giving, when you offer friends the ever-welcome gift of cigarettes, remember two facts . . .

First, that among independent tobacco men, Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.

Second, that Lucky Strike not only offers the finest tobacco but also the throat protection of the exclusive process "It's Toasted".

With men who know tobacco best . . .

It's Luckies 2 to 1

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WIN A PICTURE ROLE! FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD! SEE PAGE 28

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

SCREEN BOOK
10¢

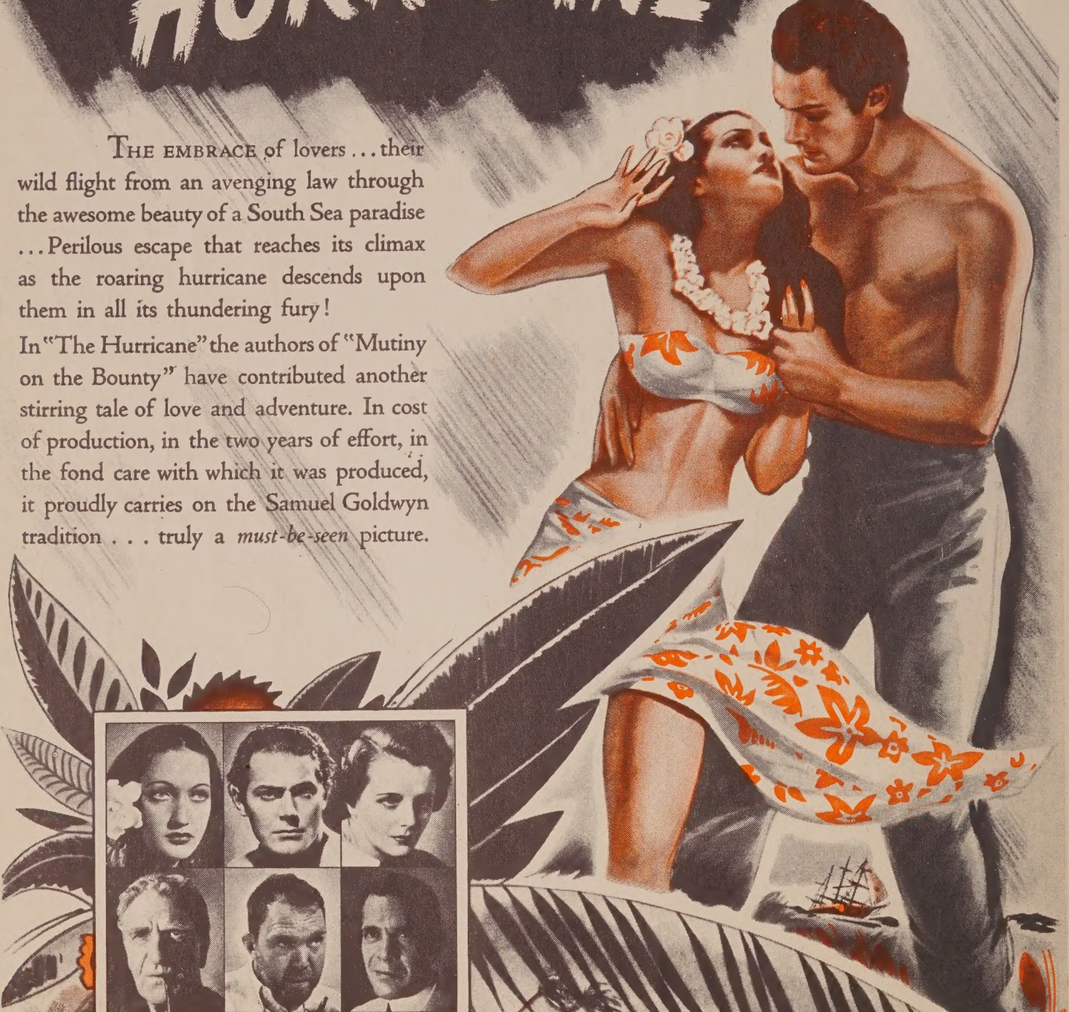
Myrna Loy SAYS THE PERFECT WIFE HAS A PAST!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS

THE HURRICANE

THE EMBRACE of lovers . . . their wild flight from an avenging law through the awesome beauty of a South Sea paradise . . . Perilous escape that reaches its climax as the roaring hurricane descends upon them in all its thundering fury!

In "The Hurricane" the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" have contributed another stirring tale of love and adventure. In cost of production, in the two years of effort, in the fond care with which it was produced, it proudly carries on the Samuel Goldwyn tradition . . . truly a *must-be-seen* picture.



Samuel Goldwyn has endowed "THE HURRICANE" with a magnificent cast of thousands, including Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, Mary Astor, C. Aubrey Smith, Thomas Mitchell, Raymond Massey, John Carradine and Jerome Cowan. Directed by John Ford. From the novel by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Screenplay by Dudley Nichols.

Released thru United Artists

"I'd be a very Beautiful Woman if I'd taken care of my teeth and gums"

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique of Gum Massage – all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that —now. You used to have teeth that glistened, *they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong.*

"Then, if you remember, there was a day when your tooth brush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us.

"But you *said: 'It's nothing. Why, I imagine* everyone *notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that.*

"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, 'I'm going to see my dentist right now'!"

No Wise Woman Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist at once.* For only your dentist can tell you when there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll tell you that your gums are simply *lazy* —that they need more *work,* more *stimulation* to help keep them firm and strong.

Many a child in grade school could tell you that often the food we eat is too soft, too well-cooked to give gums the exercise they need. Realize this—and you understand why modern dentists so frequently advise the Ipana Technique of gum massage.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, *with massage,* to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana into the gums, with forefinger or brush. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer. Teeth are brighter —your smile sparkles with a *new* loveliness!

* * *

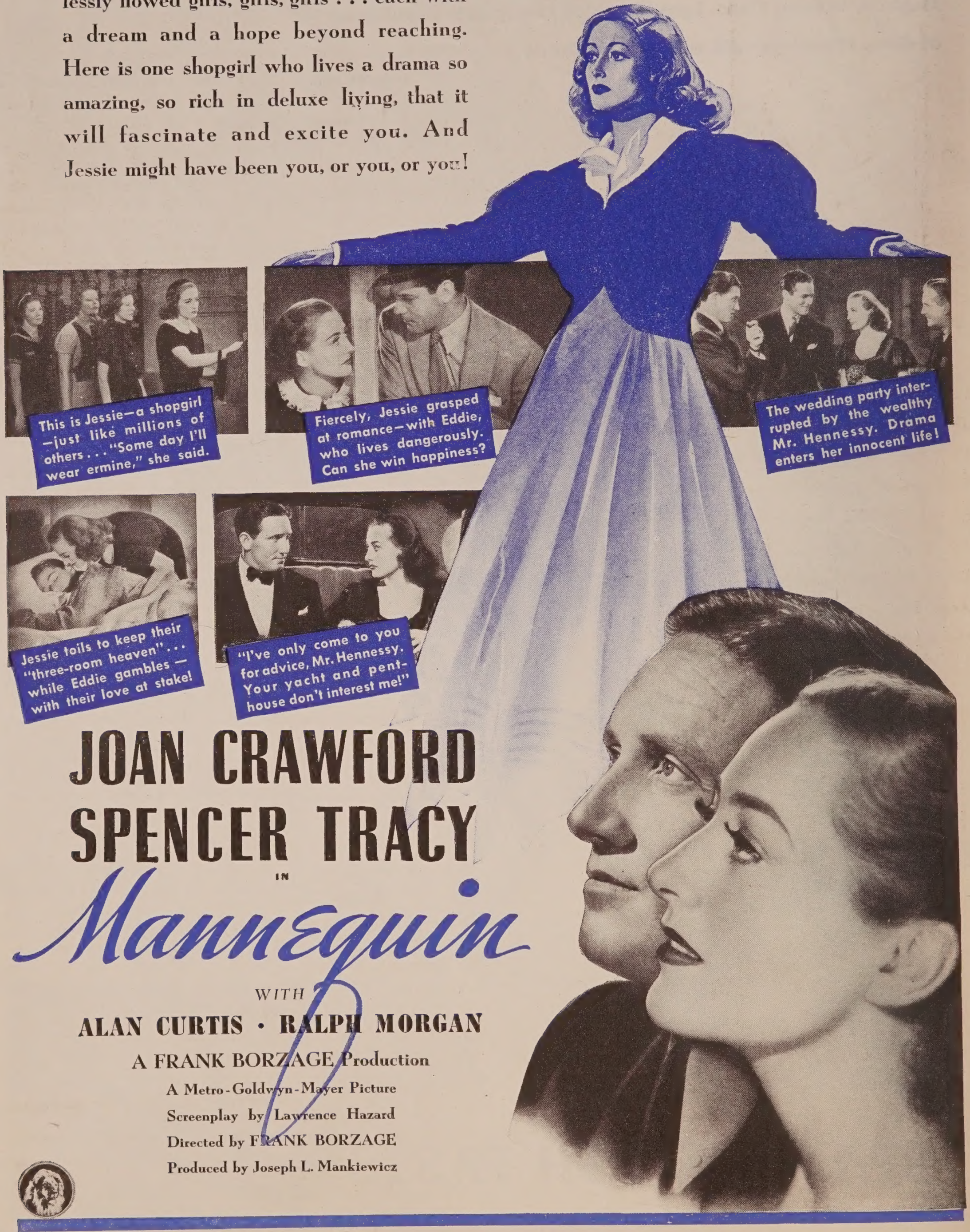
DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Shopgirl's Millions . . .

Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls . . . each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!



This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others . . . "Some day I'll wear ermine," she said.

Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?

The wedding party interrupted by the wealthy Mr. Hennessy. Drama enters her innocent life!

Jessie toils to keep their "three-room heaven" . . . while Eddie gambles—with their love at stake!

"I've only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and penthouse don't interest me!"

JOAN CRAWFORD
SPENCER TRACY

IN

Mannequin

WITH

ALAN CURTIS · RALPH MORGAN

A FRANK BORZAGE Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Screenplay by Lawrence Hazard

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

SCREEN BOOK

VOLUME XX No. 1 FEBRUARY, 1938

TOM DeVANE
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CHARLES RHODES, Photographer .... **Top photo: Annabella**

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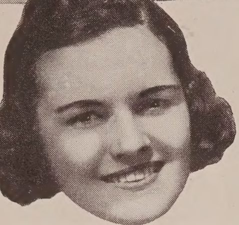
"Raw" Throat?
Here's Quick Action!



Zonite Wins
Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs *at contact!* (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. *Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!*

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT

Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold

ZONITE WINS TEST BY 9.3 TO 1
ZONITE
ZONITE
NEXT BEST
Zonite
ZONITE IS 9.3 TIMES MORE ACTIVE
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic

FILMLAND WHISPERS

AFTER all these years it looks as if Hollywood was all wrong about Katharine Hepburn. According to that lady, she never objected to giving interviews. What offended her was being misquoted and having stories given out that were based entirely on the vivid imaginings of Hollywood publicists. One special person is now handling the Hepburn publicity. She trusts his judgment and follows his advice. As a result, certain trustworthy writers are now getting excellent Hepburn interviews.

BETTE DAVIS has more admirers and is less known among the picture people, than any other actress in Hollywood. When Helen Hayes vacationed in Hollywood this summer, she saw Bette on the screen for the first time. So impressed with the Davis histrionics was Helen, she wrote a letter to Bette and invited her to come backstage when "Victoria Regina" comes to the Pacific coast next year.

SEEN at the Hollywood Brown Derby: Simone Simon, having lunch with Gene Markey. Simone all curled up in the booth until she almost needed a mirror to see the food over her shoulder.

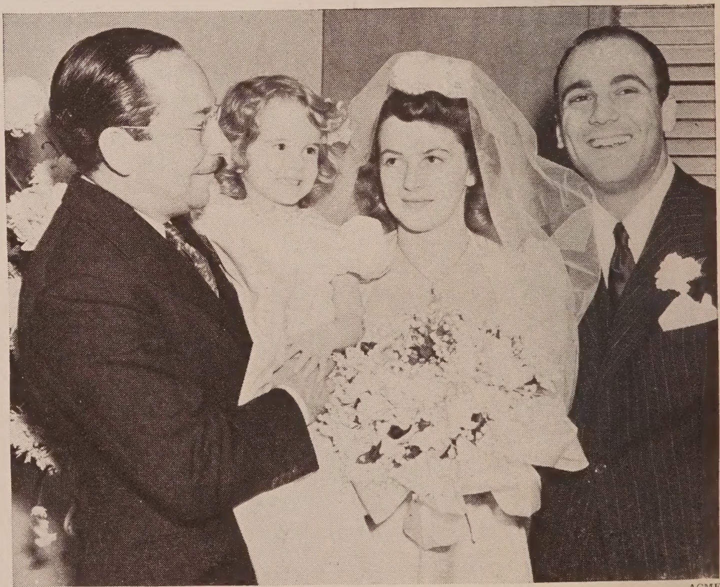
NELSON EDDY did a burn and it wasn't a slow burn, the opening night of the Opera season. Patrons were warned that no one would be seated after the curtain went up. Nelson arrived in good time but the fans suddenly closed in on him like a swarm of bees. By the time he had autographed his way through, he was forced to remain standing for one solid hour, until the first act of *Tristan and Isolde* was completed.

GAIL PATRICK says that any girl can be stunning at all times and gives away the secret. When Gail buys a dress she selects the kind that can be worn with gloves, scarves, collars and cuffs. She usually wears dresses that feature buttons. Every so often Gail replaces the buttons with new and different ones. The gloves and scarves she has made up in all different colors. The same goes for the collars and cuffs. In this way Gail can constantly switch combinations around.

Recently Gail saw a pair of red suede elbow length gloves. Red being her favorite color, she just couldn't resist buying the gloves. But when she found out they sold for twenty-five dollars, she backed out of the store. Purchasing a yard of suede for six dollars and paying a glove-maker three dollars more, Gail had exactly what she wanted—at her own price.

ALL the other actors love to be in the make-up room when Fred Allen comes in to get made up for the day's work. Fred's inimitable line of chatter always serves to brighten the day. Even the make-up people try to prolong their

[*Continued on page* 8]



—ACME

Betty Furness, Hollywood's newest and loveliest bride, poses happily with her new husband, Johnny Green, after their wedding ceremony. Judge Edward Brand, who officiated, and Baby Joyce Good, the bride's only attendant, are glimpsed with the newlyweds

GENTLEMEN obviously prefer...

A BLONDE?
A BRUNETTE?

SURE, if she is

MAE WEST

in

"EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY"

A Paramount Picture with

EDMUND LOWE
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
CHARLES WINNINGER
WALTER CATLETT
LLOYD NOLAN
HERMAN BING
CHESTER CONKLIN
and
LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Screen play by Mae West
An Emanuel Cohen Production
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

"Every Day's a Holiday" all right when you can see the one and only Mae West herself in a roaring comedy-romance-with-music set in the hail and hearty days of New York's Gay 90's—a gala and glittering picture featuring the antics of five of the greatest screen comics of our time...a picture with the dash of Mae's Schiaparelli gowns—it'll have your boy-friend in hysterics and you in a gale of giggles.

HALT THAT COLD!

Give It No Chance to Develop!

A cold is nothing to toy with. It may quickly develop into something else, more serious.

Treat a cold promptly. Treat it seriously. Treat it for what it is—an *internal infection!*

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (LBQ tablets) are what you want to take!

First of all, they are a real cold medicine, made expressly for colds and nothing else.

Secondly, they are internal medication.

Fourfold Effect!

Working internally, Bromo Quinine tablets do four important things to "knock" a cold.

1. They open the bowels.
2. They check the infection in the system.
3. They relieve the headache and fever.
4. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

Act Wisely!

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. They are sold by all drug stores, a few cents a box.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, do the wise thing. Go right to your drug store for a package of Bromo Quinine tablets. Start taking the tablets at once and you'll usually stop the cold in a day.

Ask for—and insist upon—Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Gen. Hugh S. Johnson on Radio!
NBC Blue Network. Mon. & Thurs. 8-8:15 p.m. EST; Tues. & Wed. 10-10:15 p.m. EST.

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page 6*]

efforts as much as possible. One morning Fred walked in and cracked: "Better get me two make-up men today. I feel two-faced."

Another time Fred was sitting in the chair. Over his head on a nail, was Gregory Ratoff's toupee. Said Fred: "I heard that Ratoff's been working awfully hard. But he'd better slow up. His toupee is getting grey around the edges."

LUISE RAINER continues to be a problem child at M-G-M. On one of their broadcasts she was supposed to do her famous telephone scene from *The Great Ziegfeld.* At the last moment, Luise didn't like the script so she didn't go on. However, she came all the way into Hollywood, walked out on the stage and in a frightened little voice, said she wouldn't be on until another broadcast. If she doesn't go on at a future date, listeners-in at least got to hear her say something.

CAROLE LOMBARD had a birthday recently and Clark Gable filled her day with presents. But the one she loved most of all was, of all things, a gun. Carole was delighted because she had just bought some new hunting outfits to wear when Clark takes her out to bring 'em back alive.

FRED STONE tells a funny story on himself. For some time now Fred has harbored the thought of taking out a vaudeville act with his daughter, Paula. In the act Fred also needed a midget. One day driving down Sunset Boulevard, Fred saw what he thought was a midget standing in front of a store. Stopping his car he ran over, grabbed the little fellow by the arm and asked him if he was working right now. Just then an excited mother came running out of the store and started screaming that kidnapers were trying to lure away her child. When explanations were made and the mother found out who her child's would-be abductor really was, she begged Fred to make a place for the child in the act!

MILTON BERLE'S mama still continues to remain Public Movie Mama Number one. At a charity affair given at the Biltmore Bowl, Milton was master of ceremonies. Each time he finished the number Milton's mama would start the applause and call out for certain stunts. Finally when she started everyone yelling for Milton's famous strip tease dance, the comedian obliged by stripping down to everything but a pair of fancy gold shorts. One thing that he didn't have, that he could have used—was a good sun tan.

AND Helen Broderick, by the way, says she has served notice on Mrs. Berle. Ever since the Hollywood producers said that Helen's son, Broderick Crawford, had no romantic appeal, Helen has been pretty burned. She was burned because they

[*Continued on page 10*]

Whether or not they *are* secretly married, as has been rumored by some of our best columnists, Benita Hume and Ronald Colman are constantly seen together. Our cameraman snapped them at the spectacular opening of the Los Angeles opera

Daintiness is IMPORTANT This Beauty Bath Protects it...

STAR OF THE
20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION
"Second Honeymoon"

THE GIRL WHO ISN'T DAINTY CAN'T HOPE TO WIN ROMANCE–LUCKILY ANY GIRL CAN HAVE THIS CHARM! HERE'S AN EASY WAY–

USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** AS A BEAUTY BATH. ITS **ACTIVE** LATHER LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH, FRESH–FRAGRANT WITH A DELICATE PERFUME THAT CLINGS. TRY IT!

LORETTA YOUNG

LUX
TOILET SOAP

IT'S Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather that makes it such a wonderful bath soap! It carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Skin is left smooth, delicately fragrant. No risk now of offending against daintiness—of spoiling romance! You feel refreshed, *sure* of being sweet from top to toe—and you *look* it!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

SOME PEOPLE THROW *Figs* THE ROMANS THREW *Nuts!*

● The custom of throwing rice originated with the Hindus and Chinese. Some Southern Europeans throw figs—the Romans threw nuts at bridal couples.* One custom, however, that seems universal in America, among women of all ages, is the desire for a soft, smooth skin.

Have you ever tried Italian Balm for skin protection and skin beauty? In a survey, coast to coast, 97.8% of Italian Balm users said—"It overcomes chapping *more quickly* than anything I ever used before."

Don't take anyone's word for the genuine goodness of Italian Balm. Try it yourself—FREE. Use coupon below.

(*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge"—Geo. W. Stimpson, Pub., Blue Ribbon Books.)

Campana's
Italian Balm
Costs Under ½ Cent a Day to Use

FREE

CAMPANA SALES CO.
193 Lincolnway,
Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

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Address__________

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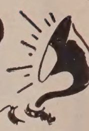
In Canada, Campana, Ltd., F-193 Caledonia Road, Toronto

FILMLAND WHISPERS



[*Continued from page* 8]

Music lovers Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford, accompanied by their good friend Jerry Asher, were naturally on hand to hear Kirtsen Flagstad and Laurence Melchoir sing their famous roles in the Wagnerian opera, *Tristin and Isolde*

wouldn't give Brod a chance to show what he *did* have to offer in the way of acting. When *Of Mice and Men* opened in New York, Brod in the role of "Lennie" brought shouts of bravo from the audience. After the show, Helen sitting out in her house in San Fernando Valley, began to get phone calls and telegrams. Lunt and Fontaine, Fred Astaire, Tallulah Bankhead (whom Helen has never met) Edna Ferber and other famous folk sent raves and praise that warmed the comedienne's heart.

The one great flaw was that Miss Broderick had to stay in Hollywood on the one great occasion she had been waiting for all her life. "To Moss Hart goes all the credit for Brod getting the role," says Helen. "Moss had faith in my son and stood by him. I'm awfully hammy about the whole thing but from now on I'm just like any other movie mama. And (Helen always says what she thinks) it does my heart good to hear Brod turn down wonderful offers from the same producers who wouldn't even give him a kind word before."

VENTRILOQUISM has hit Hollywood with a bang. Charlie McCarthy started it all. Now the stores are selling Charlie McCarthy dolls and all the famous stars are buying them for their children. But if you think Joan and Dick Powell, the Bing Crosbys, Stew Erwin, Sally Blane and Norman Foster give their kiddies a chance at the toys, you don't know your Hollywood stars. The poor, neglected children have to sit by and watch while mama and papa pull the little string that works Charlie's mouth—and act as if they really believe the dummy is talking!

BELIEVE it or not, Hollywood has two Claudette Colberts. The first you know only too well. The second belongs to a girl who waits on the customers at a Hollywood drive-in sandwich stand. Her name actually isn't the same as the famous French star. But she resembles her a bit. And so many people have remarked about it, the girl now trys her best to effect all the Colbert inflections and mannerisms. So the other girls she works with have dubbed her "Claudette."

TONY MARTIN and Alice Faye are so-o-in love it isn't even funny. The change in Tony especially is remarkable. At the Troc recently he sat at the table and refused to dance while Alice was dancing with a guest. He wanted to watch her.

IT COULD only happen in Hollywood—and the people concerned were the only ones who weren't aware. At Lily Pons' opera, Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers sat in one box. A box or two away sat Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. In back of both parties sat Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his cousin, Latitia Fairbanks, who is a capable Hollywood designer. They probably won't know they were all together until they read it here.

FRED KEATING has a perfect alibi every time he blows up in a line. "Who cares," flips Fred. "Vaudeville's coming back—I hope."

FOR years Margo was busy making a name for herself, supporting her family and trying to further herself in her artistic accomplishments. When she was taken out of *Hurricane* by Sam Goldwyn, he still had to pay her for her services. So Margo had one long Hollywood holiday with plenty of time to do all the things she had been neglecting and money to pay for them!

IDA LUPINO is terminating her contract with Paramount as the result of a series of bad roles in bad pictures. Strange part of it is, Ida was doing very well for herself while her mother was managing her. As a rule it's the other way around in such cases. But ever since Ida gave up her mother's studio guidance, her career began to slip. Now she is going to make pictures in England before she returns to Hollywood to consider one of two offers that have been made to her from other studios.

EVER since their marriage, Anthony Quinn and Katherine De Mille have been conspicuous for their absence. Finally, the truth was uncovered. Tony, who is an artist of note, is doing Katie in oil.

IT TOOK the courage of her convictions for Jean Muir to quit Hollywood cold and return to the stage. But Jean was right—for the play in which she is now starring has London audiences at her feet. The thing that thrills Jean most is that Hollywood producers are begging her to come back at her own terms. Instead, Jean hopes to remain in London and spend a year at hard work in the famous old "Vic" theatre, where Charles Laughton, Maurice Evans, Cornell, John Gielgud and other famous stage stars once perfected their art.

CANDID cameramen are going to have a field day if a certain party comes off in Hollywood. A bunch of the anything-for-a-laugh boys are going to give a come-dressed-as-the-person-you-hate-the-most party.

GREATER love hath no fan than the one who came up to Mady Christians and asked her for an autograph. Just as Mady got ready to sign her name, the fan drew back in alarm.

"Why, you were Shirley Temple's mean aunt in *Heidi*, weren't you?" inquired the fan anxiously.

"Yes, I was," said Mady, beaming.

"Then I don't *want* your old autograph," was the reply. And the book was snatched from Mady's hand.

GUESS who George Hurrell, famous Hollywood photographer, says is the most intelligent person he has ever photographed? None other than our little pal, Shirley Temple. George says that Shirley has an instinctive feeling for posing in front of the camera. If one tiny pinky is out of position, Shirley herself moves her hands around until she gets a comfortable effect. And Shirley is the only star who never asks for a glass of water while sitting under the hot lights.

[*Continued on page* 12]

I'VE GOT A DATE!
SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP...IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!
HERE'S HOW CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP WORKS...ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR. AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN!
TO BE ALLURING, A GIRL JUST MUST KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY! THAT'S WHY I BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET, THE LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP!
ALL EVENING LONG, THIS LOVELY PERFUME LINGERS...MAKES YOU FEEL SO SURE OF DAINTINESS!
NOW I SEE WHY CASHMERE BOUQUET IS THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

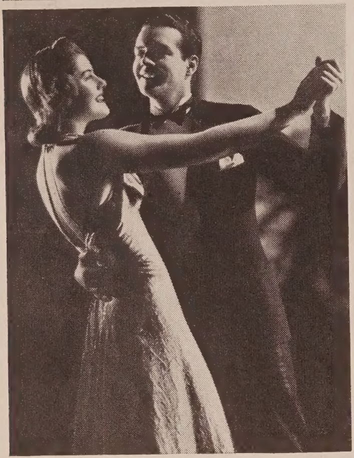
Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, leaving your skin clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

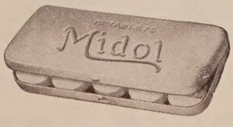
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

The Calendar said:
"GIVE IN"
MIDOL
said: "GO ON!"



DON'T live in *dated* dread of periodic functional pain, or let the calendar regulate your activities. For doctors have discovered that severe or prolonged pain at such times is not natural to most women. And unless you have some organic disorder requiring a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can make your days of menstruation as carefree as any other.

Midol is offered for this sole purpose. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings definite relief. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. So, get Midol and "carry on". Druggists have it *on the counter.* Handy purse-size tin, 50¢—and well worth it when periodic suffering *must* be relieved.



ON THE COUNTER AT DRUGSTORES

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 11]

NOT so long ago Ted Healy went on the air. Myrna Loy was the star on the program and seemed to be quite nervous as she paced back and forth, waiting for broadcasting time.

"You think *you* got somethin' to worry about," cracked Ted. "I'm about to become a father—and now I just misplaced one of my stooges!"

LEE BOWMAN now refers to himself as "Gypsy Rose Bowman." On a recent picture Lee had to work in the rain for several days. Every time he'd come out of the scene the prop man would have dry clothes for him. But just to make sure he wouldn't catch cold and hold up the production, Lee would put on a rubber suit under his underwear. Over that he put his street clothes, a sweater, scarf and top coat. He'd have to peel out of all these each time before making his change.

THE man who cuts Tyrone Power's hair says that the young actor is the most considerate customer in Hollywood. Recently Tyrone was on the way down to the barber shop to keep an appointment. On the way he got a flat tire. Instead of stopping to have it fixed, coming in thirty minutes late and still expecting to find the chair empty, Tyrone hopped in a cab so as not to keep the man waiting!

HOLLYWOOD street scene: Virginia Bruce driving to the studio at crack of dawn, wearing an orchid at this unearthly hour—doubtlessly a gift from fiance J. Walter Ruben.

ALAN CURTIS may be tall, dark and handsome but he makes no bones about his stage fright. When the studio informed him that he was to read his lines from *Mannequin* over the radio with Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy, poor Alan's knees began giving out sounds like a pair of castanets. Then, when he discovered the broadcast took place at the El Capitan Theatre in front of an audience of fifteen hundred, Alan really shook. He acquitted himself beautifully, however, and the next

After the longest engagement ever recorded in fickle Hollywood, love's young dream had a happy ending when Betty Grable became the bride of Jackie Coogan morning sent a wire to Joan Crawford. "Thank you for putting up with me," it read, "I hope I didn't let you down too much." And it was only yesterday that Robert Young, Robert Taylor and dozens of others were standing in Alan's same boots. Hollywood is like that.

JACK BENNY and his wife, Mary Livingstone, are building a new home. When they are asked what kind of a place it will be, they answer, "Without antiques."

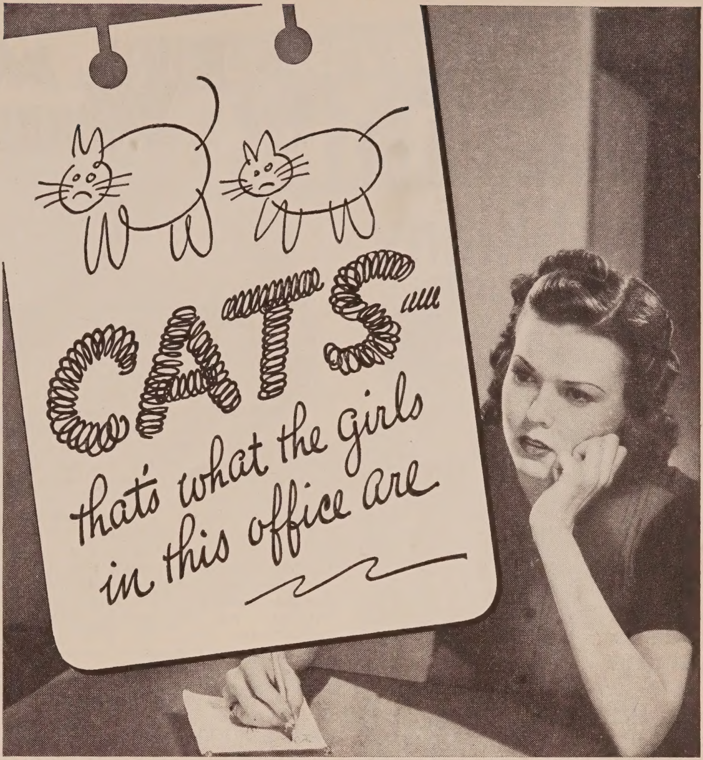
MARION DAVIES gave a Hallowe'en party this year and as usual, everyone had a wonderful time. Her guests insisted that Marion run a picture so she dragged out her film called *Going Hollywood.* Then Marion showed some of her newest impersonations. Those who saw them say they are terrific. But it was all in fun and no one would divulge the names of Marion's victims.

Lovely Marsha Hunt was one of the models when designer Robert Galer held a fashion show at Hollywood's famed Trocadero

POOR Herbert Marshall is kept busy explaining that it is Lee Russell and not Lee Patrick, who is the lady of his choice. On the other hand, Lee Patrick, a beauty and a comedienne from the New York stage, has her problems too. Recently she married artist Tom Wood. When someone remarked that they thought she was going with Herbert Marshall, Lee Patrick sighed and exclaimed, "In a way it's a shame. My mother-in-law just adores Bart Marshall!"

THERE'S a new face builder-upper on the market that is saving the life of tired movie stars. One application lasts for the

[*Continued on page* 14]


CATS
that's what the girls in this office are

But were they?... It's a girl's own fault when she offends with underarm odor...

Poor Marion—to have overheard such talk! Ann had said: "Heaven knows why Marion *thinks* she doesn't perspire. Wearing a woolen dress should put *anybody* wise!" And Jane added, "Mr. Wilson's bound to notice, and he won't stand for underarm odor in *any* of us girls!"

Poor Marion? *Lucky* Marion, really. Otherwise she might have gone on for years thinking that a bath alone could keep her safe from odor.

It's no reflection on your bath that underarms need special care. Even when you don't *visibly* perspire, odor quickly comes. But not if you use Mum. Mum prevents odor *before it starts,* makes it impossible to offend this way.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Winter's hot rooms and warm clothes hold no worries if you always use Mum. A dab in the morning, and you're still fresh at night.

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin. Mum does *not* stop healthful perspiration.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute to use. Mum will not harm fabrics—apply it even *after* you're dressed. With Mum, you'll never risk your job...never risk offending those you want for friends.

SMART GIRLS NEVER TRUST A BATH TOO LONG

MY BATH CAN'T PROTECT ME THRU A HARD OFFICE DAY – SO I ALWAYS USE MUM!
TO HERSELF: IT'S MUM FOR THE OFFICE, MUM WHEN I'M OUT DANCING, TOO. THEN I KNOW I'M SWEET!
MUM

Avoid embarrassment—*Thousands of girls use Mum for SANITARY NAPKINS because they know it's SAFE, SURE.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

She Was Ashamed of Her Skinny Body!

But She Added 7 Flattering Pounds With 1st Bottle of Kelpamalt —Now Looks Fine, Feels Great!

Posed by Professional Model

Read This Actual Letter From Our Files

"Kelpamalt Company. Dear Sirs:

I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun-back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

Now, thanks to Kelpamalt, I'm looking forward to Spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt. The best beauty product on the market.—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me."

Kelpamalt has proven itself so effective as a weight and energy builder because it helps supply the iron, iodine and vitamins that are vitally necessary for you to get the real good out of your food. Your own doctor will approve this way. Costs but little to use and is sold at all good drug stores. And remember—your money back if you are not completely satisfied.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page booklet on How Thousands Have Built Strength, Energy and Added Lbs. Quickly. Mineral and Vitamin contents of food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1385, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

NAME ------------------------------------
STREET ----------------------------------
CITY ------------------------------------

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 13]

evening and all wrinkles and lines disappear. You'd be surprised what he-man star orders it by the case.

WHEN Marlene Dietrich returns to Hollywood, whatever personal interest she may have in Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will not be dampened by any unfounded romance rumor. Since Douglas arrived in Hollywood to play opposite Ginger Rogers in *Having Wonderful Time*, the one person he has been seen out with is Norma Shearer. And for once Hollywood hasn't tried to distort this friendship. Doug is living in his father's Santa Monica beach home, which is quite close to Norma's residence. Douglas, who thinks Norma is one of the most intelligent women in the business, enjoys long hours of conversation with her. Over one week-end she got a print of Dietrich's latest picture, *Angel*, and ran it for Doug and a few friends. At the recent premiere of *Hurricane* Doug was Norma's escort. Not once has the tiniest insinuation been made by a single news hound. Can it be that at last, Hollywood is growing up?

IN SPITE of the fact that Director Mitchell Leisen has an extremely smart men's shop in Hollywood, there is still another reason why the place was jammed one day. It seems that Jon Hall takes his body beautiful to Mitch's place when he needs new shirts. Instead of stepping into a fitting room, so rumor has it, Jon remains in the center of the store and does a strip tease to the waist. Traffic practically comes to a standstill while Jon displays his torso terrific. But then, wouldn't you, if yours was half as nice to look at?

WHEN a fan wrote to John Beal and said that a new baby was going to be named after the player, John drove half way up to San Francisco to attend the christening of his namesake.

IT WAS the Hollywood premiere of *Victoria The Great*. Hundreds of people had been lined up for hours to witness the arrival of the stars. Deep in the crowd stood a pint-sized Hollywood reporter, whose job is covering all the events for her paper. Michael Whalen, looking very tall and handsome in his evening clothes, happened to catch the girl's eye as he made his entrance. Having seen the girl on his sets, and realizing her predicament, Michael worked his way through the crowd until he reached the girl's side. Standing next to her, he looked over the heads of everyone and reported the activities to the grateful girl. Then he went in and saw the show.

ON OCCASION Olivia De Havilland has been seen out with John Arledge, but there has never been any serious romance in her life since Philip Huston left Hollywood. At the time Olivia was not ready to lend a serious ear to Phil's plans for their future. But those who know Olivia confide that she would be very happy to see Phil back in Hollywood again. Phil remains in New York, where he is determined to make a big name for himself on the stage before he tackles Hollywood again.

OUTSIDE of her immediate family, there are no photographs in the home of Joan Crawford. But recently Joan made an exception when she framed a beautifully-inscribed picture of Barbara Stanwyck. At Barbara's request, Joan presented her with a specially-posed miniature.

WHEN Robert Young was master of ceremonies on a radio show recently, it was noted that he stood gazing across

Naturally songstress Jeanette MacDonald would be on hand for the opening of the opera. In her party were Johnny Mack Brown, Norma Shearer and David Niven

Gertrude Niesen, exotic singer of torrid songs, is prominently cast in the Columbia musical, *Start Cheering*

the audience, with a strange look on his face. After the broadcast, Bob's wife asked him what he was thinking of, while he was standing there.

"I was thinking," said Bob, "only a few short years ago I used to sit up in the balcony of this theatre in fifty cent seats. I never dreamed then that I would one day be on the same stage!"

OF THEE we sing—Hollywood! In *Conquest* you will see a charming bit played by Madame Maria Ouspenskaya. This is her second venture on the screen, her first being the role of the Russian mother in *Dodsworth*. For many years Madame "Oosy," as she is called by her friends, worked like a slave in the Moscow Art Theatre. The last few years she has conducted a school of acting in New York that is patronized by our foremost stars. But it took Hollywood to pour the golden reward at Madame's deserving feet. Originally her contract for *Conquest* called for a straight twelve weeks, at a nice salary. Ten weeks went by and the picture didn't start. To make a long story short, Madame remained in Hollywood five montths, getting paid every day. She actually appears on the screen six minutes!

REMEMBER Martha Sleeper, who deserted the movies for the stage and hubby Hardie Albright? Between engagements, Martha is in New York and making a small fortune with her designing. Her latest creation is a hand carved

[*Continued on page* 16]

"I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT KISS!"

Rosy Lips, Smooth and Tempting

No wonder Tangee Lips are unforgettable. Different from ordinary "paint" lipsticks, Tangee intensifies your natural coloring—never coats your lips with ugly red grease...nor leaves red smears on teeth or handkerchiefs.

Looks Orange—Acts Rose

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes like magic to just your shade of blush-rose, blending perfectly whether you're a blonde, brunette or red head. Only Tangee contains this famous Tangee color-change principle.

Made with a special cream base, Tangee stays on longer... keeps lips soft and smooth...free from chapping, cracking, drying. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and $1.10. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use.

Untouched — Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips — Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips —Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

FREE—TANGEE CHARM CHART *that Actually Measures Your Charm!* This amazing new chart analyzes your personality . . . shows how to improve your charm. Approved by eminent psychologist. *Charm Chart* will be sent to you FREE with Tangee's 10¢ Miracle Make-Up Set (See coupon.)

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing miniature *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*____________________ (Please Print)

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________ F28

NEWS FLASH!

Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose

NEW YORK, N. Y.–(U.P.)–When a man looks into a woman's face the first thing he notices are her eyes.

When a woman scans a man's face she pays most attention to his nose.

These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America after a three-month survey in which 25,000 men and women were asked to explain what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

Forty-three per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and the remainder scattered votes for the eyes, hair, ears and appearance of the skin.

Approximately 51 per cent of the men said they looked first at a woman's eyes.

Courtesy: United Press and Milwaukee Journal

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in gold metal vanity. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Maybelline harmonizing Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline harmonizing Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

NOW... who *Dares* be without Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, brush, dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.

Maybelline Eye Cream guards against crows-feet, lines and wrinkles around eyes.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[Continued from page 15]

Marilou Dix, Southern beauty under contract to 20th Century-Fox, hasn't appeared in many pictures—but she's pretty enough to merit space in anyone's magazine!

wooden button that features faces of all nations. Martha is putting them on the market herself and can't keep up with the orders.

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., arrived in Hollywood the first person he called on at the studio was Katharine Hepburn. The two are good friends and often lunch together and take walks around the lot. But friendship didn't cause the Hepburn to change her rule when Doug walked on her set with his movie camera. She asked him not to photograph her and of course Doug didn't. Hepburn retaliated by giving Doug an autograph for his man Barnes, whom Doug brought from England. Incidentally, wherever he goes, Doug always takes Barnes' autograph book along. Anna May Wong is another who carries an armload of autograph books wherever she goes. Hers are for her sister and her sister's friends in China.

UNLESS you have plenty of time on your hands, don't get Una Merkel started on the subject of Carole Lombard. The two girls met when Una was loaned out to play in Carole's picture, *True Confession.* Carole was so swell to Una

and made each working day so perfect, the humorous Merkel remarked that she could go back to a B picture and act as if she were enjoying it!

THE last day of shooting on the new Jane Withers picture, Una Merkel presented Jane with a pearl necklace and bracelet to match. The corners of Jane's mouth began to turn down. Then the hoydenish young star suddenly burst into tears, threw herself into Una's arms and begged her not to forget her! Una was *that* touched.

HOLLYWOOD notables never had so many leis slipped to them as they did at the premiere of *Hurricane*. Native girls lined the canopied walk that lead from the curbstone to the theatre entrance. As each star stepped out of his car, a lei was thrown around his neck.

Grace Moore and her handsome husband, Valentin Parera, arrive in Manhattan for a well deserved and awaited vacation

And some modest little press agent conceived the brilliant idea of having Dorothy Lamour, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy drive up in an open Victoria, pulled by a horse. Charlie McCarthy seemed by far to be the most sensible member of the party.

A MONTH after their marriage, Margo surprised Francis Lederer with a birthday party. It was the first party in his honor that had ever been given, and Francis was very touched. When a huge three layer ice cream cake was brought in, Margo asked Francis to cut the first slice. Instead of complying with her wish, he kept staring at the inscription on the cake. Finally Margo explained that it said "Happy Birthday, Francis"—but Margo's aunt, who had ordered the cake, had ordered the writing in—Spanish!

[*Continued on page* 74]

How to win against SKIN TROUBLE

IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE COMPLAINTS, DON'T DELAY, BUT START NOW TO FIGHT THEM WITH A PENETRATING FACE CREAM

BLACKHEADS?

YES------ NO------

These hateful little specks hide in the corners of your nose and chin, and don't show their faces until they have deep roots. Even one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

DRY SKIN?

YES------ NO------

Move the muscles of your face. Does the skin seem tight? Can you see any little scales on the surface of your skin? These are symptoms of DRY skin. A dry skin is brittle; it creases into lines quickly. If your skin is dry now, then let me show you how quickly you can help it.

COARSE PORES?

YES------ NO------

Your pores should be invisible to the naked eye. When they begin to show up like little holes in a pincushion, it is proof that they are clogged with waxy waste matter. When your skin is cleansed with a penetrating cream, you will rejoice to see the texture of your skin become finer, soft and smooth.

OILY SKIN?

YES------ NO------

Does your skin always seem a little greasy? Does it look moist? If this is your trouble, then be careful not to apply heavy, greasy, sticky mixtures. Send the coupon below to Lady Esther and find how quickly an oily skin responds to a penetrating cream.

TINY LINES?

YES------ NO------

Can you see the faint lines at the corners of your eyes or mouth? If your skin is dry, then these little lines begin to take deep roots. Before you know it they have become deep wrinkles. The coupon below brings you my directions for smoothing out these little lines *before* they grow into wrinkles.

DINGY COLOR?

YES------ NO------

If your general health is good, then your skin should have a clear, healthy color. Very often the dingy, foggy tone is caused by clogged pores. If you want to see an amazing difference—a clearer, lighter, fresher looking skin, then let me send you, FREE, a tube of my penetrating cream.

Have you a Lucky Penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

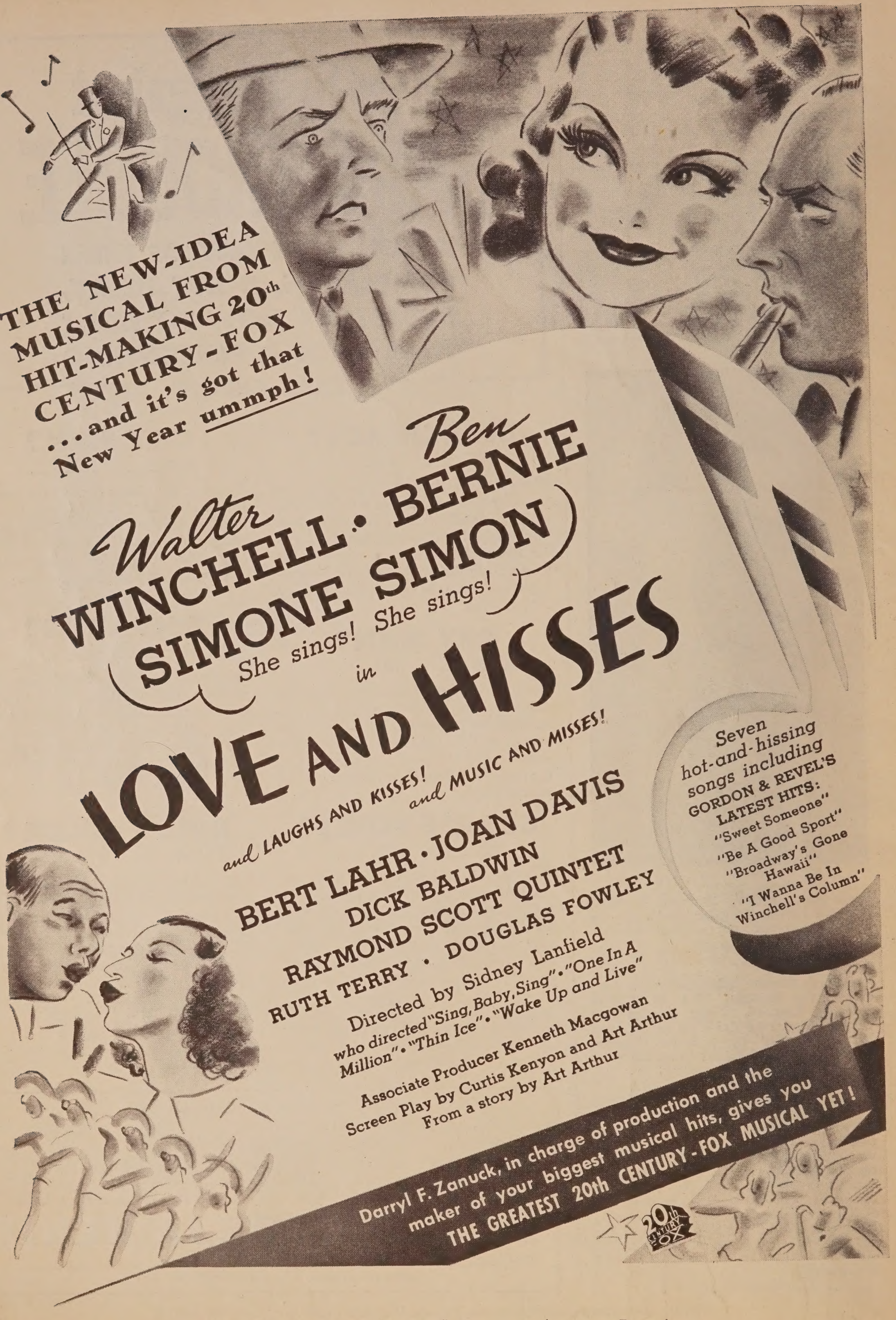
Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Madam: I would like your directions for (check)

Blackheads ----- Dry Skin----- Oily Skin -----
Coarse Pores---- Tiny Lines---- Poor Color----

Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

*Name*__________________ *Address*__________________
*City*__________________ *State*__________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.) (39)



THE NEW-IDEA MUSICAL FROM HIT-MAKING 20th CENTURY-FOX
. . . and it's got that New Year ummph!

Walter **WINCHELL** · Ben **BERNIE**

SIMONE SIMON

She sings! She sings!

in

LOVE AND HISSES

and LAUGHS AND KISSES! and MUSIC AND MISSES!

BERT LAHR · JOAN DAVIS

DICK BALDWIN

RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET

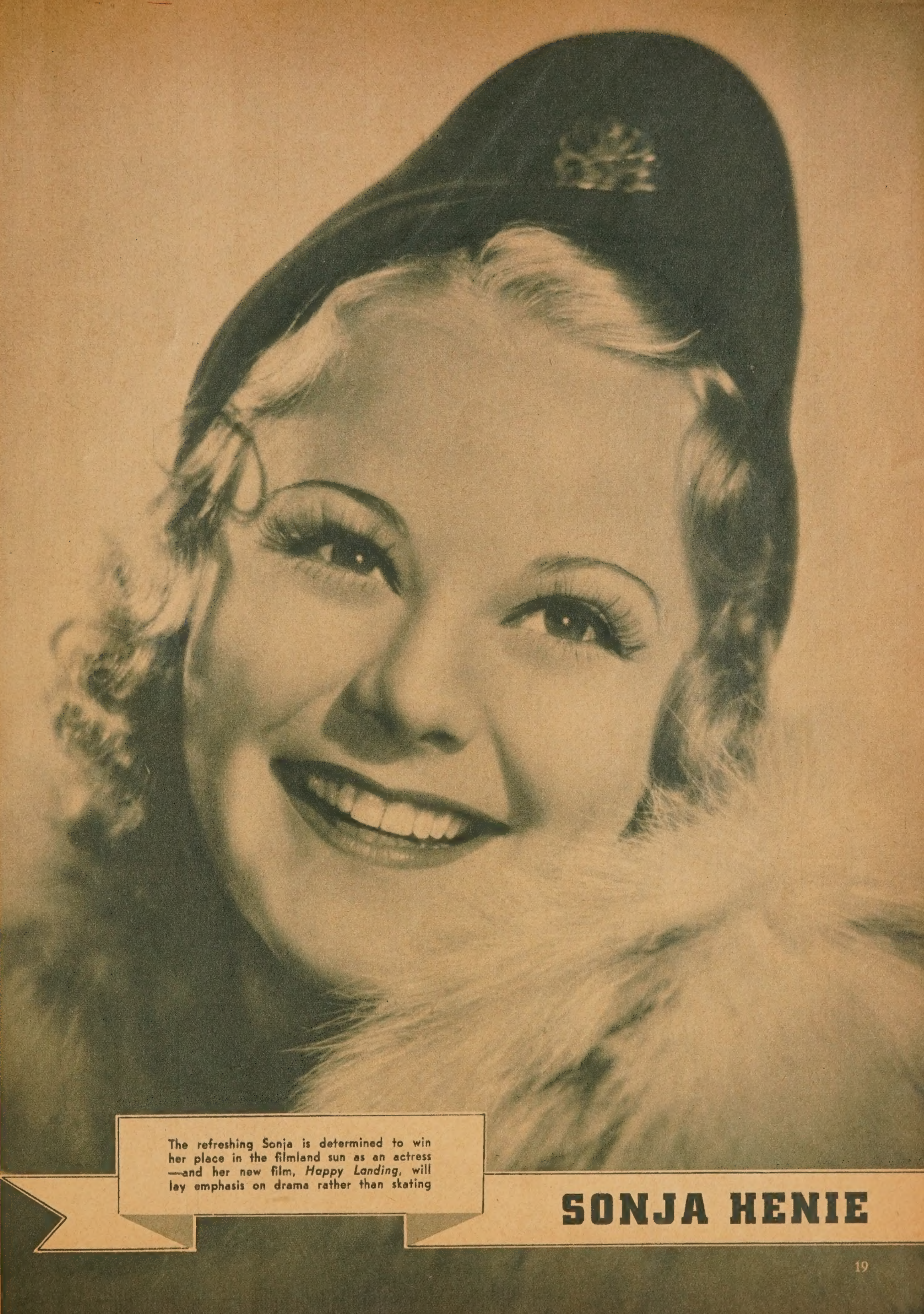
RUTH TERRY · DOUGLAS FOWLEY

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
who directed "Sing, Baby, Sing" · "One In A Million" · "Thin Ice" · "Wake Up and Live"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Screen Play by Curtis Kenyon and Art Arthur
From a story by Art Arthur

Seven hot-and-hissing songs including GORDON & REVEL'S LATEST HITS:
"Sweet Someone"
"Be A Good Sport"
"Broadway's Gone Hawaii"
"I Wanna Be In Winchell's Column"

Darryl F. Zanuck, in charge of production and the maker of your biggest musical hits, gives you THE GREATEST 20th CENTURY-FOX MUSICAL YET!



The refreshing Sonja is determined to win her place in the filmland sun as an actress—and her new film, *Happy Landing*, will lay emphasis on drama rather than skating

SONJA HENIE

IT'S STARS, IT'S TUNES, IT'S LOVE, IT'S GIRLS, IT'S THRILLS, IT'S FUN, IT'S GREAT!

WARNER BROS.

line up the headliners of screen, air and stage to give you your greatest revel in romance, beauty and song! The grandest party of the year, in the gayest spot on earth!

HEAR

'Can't Teach My Old Heart New Tricks'

'Let That Be A Lesson To You'

'I've Hitched My Wagon To A Star'

'I'm Like A Fish Out Of Water'

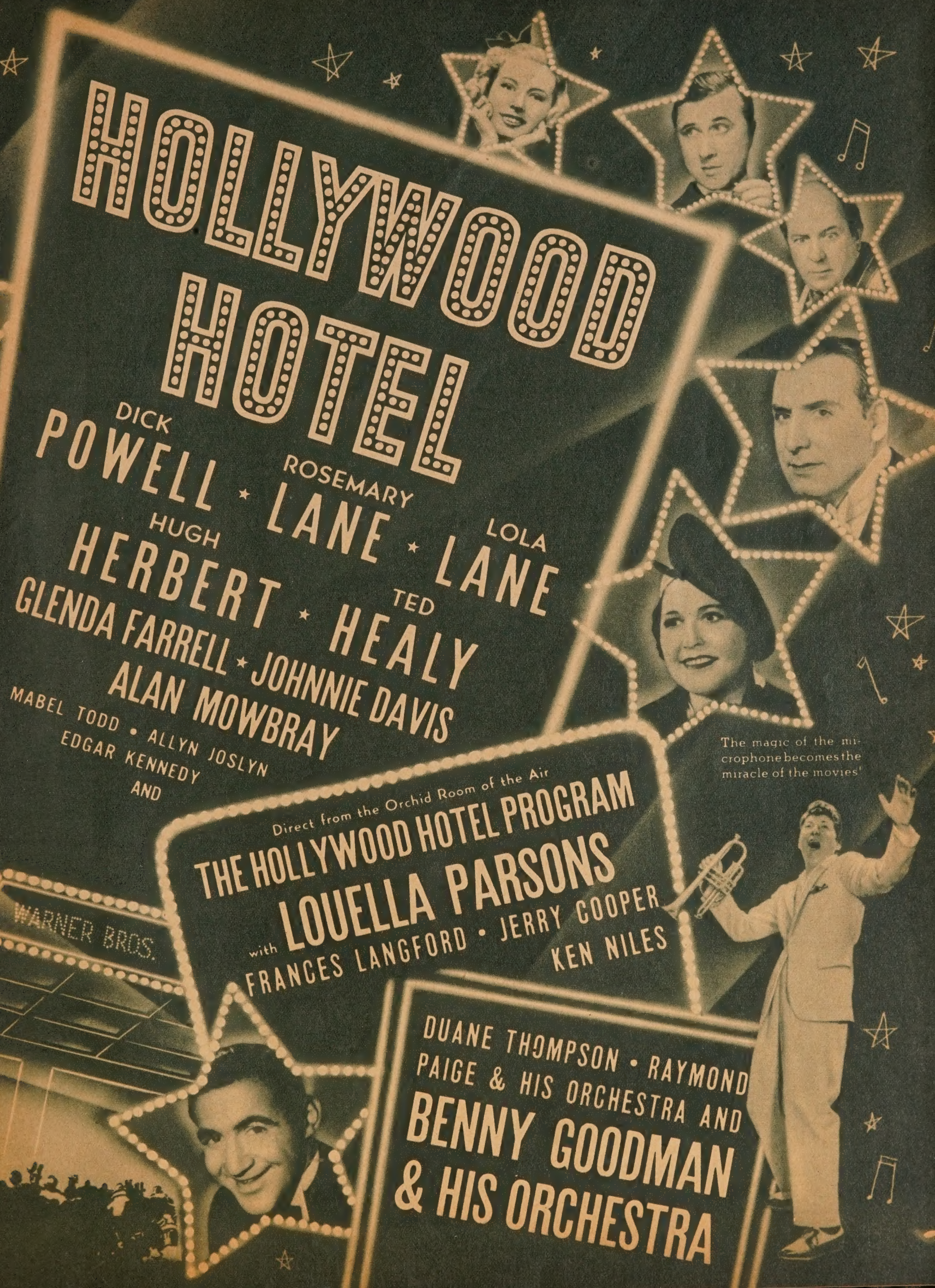
'Silhouetted In The Moonlight'

Directed by

BUSBY BERKELEY

Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macauley • Original Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo

Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture


WARNER BROS.

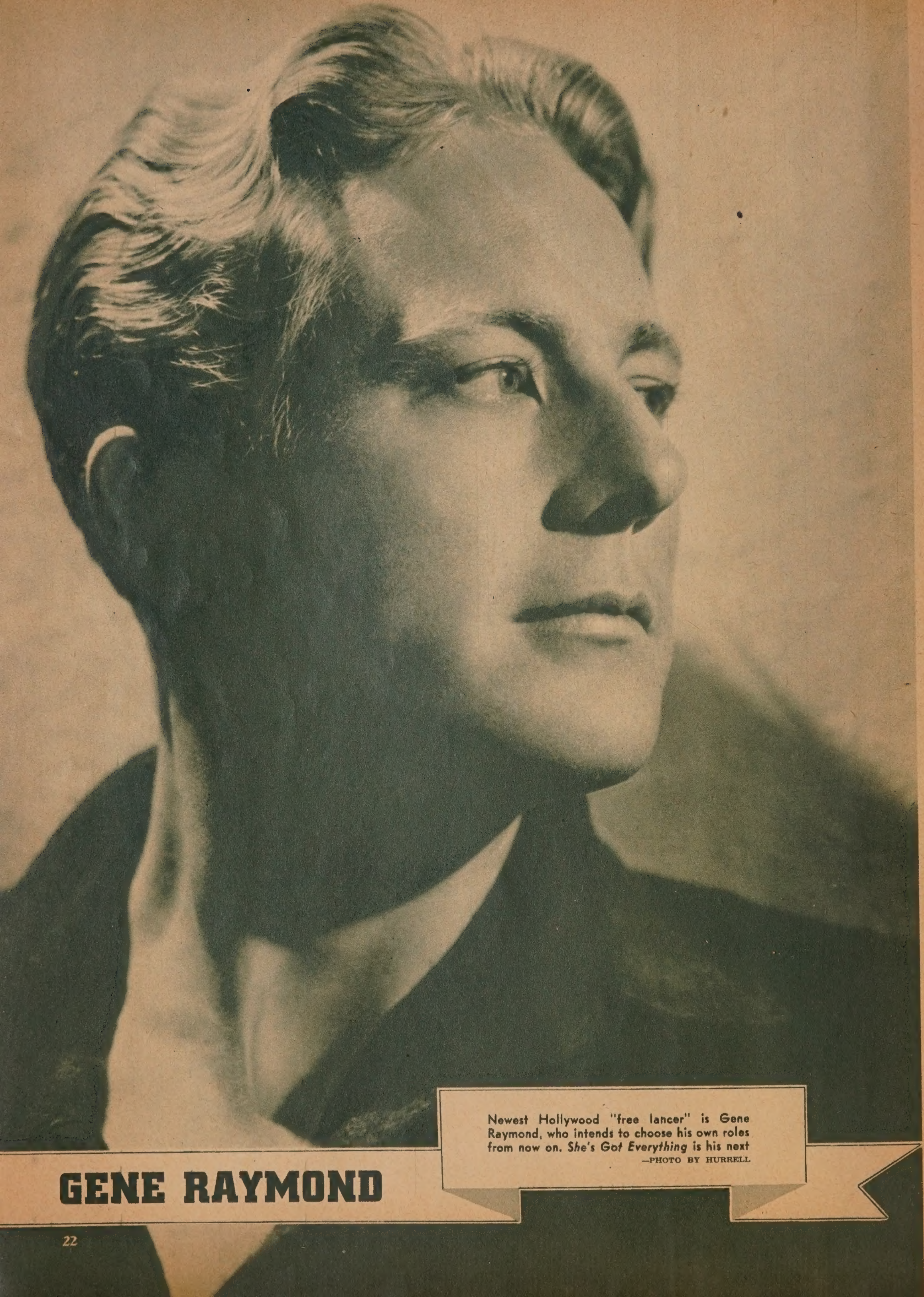
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

DICK
POWELL ★ ROSEMARY
LANE ★ LOLA
LANE
HUGH
HERBERT ★ TED
HEALY
GLENDA FARRELL ★ **JOHNNIE DAVIS**
ALAN MOWBRAY
MABEL TODD ★ ALLYN JOSLYN
EDGAR KENNEDY
AND

Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air
THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL PROGRAM
with **LOUELLA PARSONS**
FRANCES LANGFORD ★ JERRY COOPER
KEN NILES

DUANE THOMPSON ★ RAYMOND
PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA AND
BENNY GOODMAN
& HIS ORCHESTRA

The magic of the microphone becomes the miracle of the movies'



GENE RAYMOND

Newest Hollywood "free lancer" is Gene Raymond, who intends to choose his own roles from now on. *She's Got Everything* is his next
—PHOTO BY HURRELL

Happily remembering the acclaim bestowed upon her for *The Awful Truth*, Irene Dunne is now making *The Joy of Loving* for RKO

—PHOTO BY HURRELL

IRENE DUNNE

THE PERFECT WIFE HAS A PAST!

Be mysterious, girls — if you want to captivate the man of your dreams! That's the wise advice of Myrna Loy, who typifies, to the average man, all the perfect traits of an ideal wife

THE screen's "perfect wife" has a past! Myrna Loy, who as the utterly fascinating Mrs. Thin Man, added new glamour to the Screen Wife Situation, won her first laurels as Oriental menaces and half-breed sirens. She slinked her way through tortuous paths in many stirring dramas, luring and destroying men, before she turned over a new leaf and became the world-famous model of marital loyalty—the perfect *Missus* of everybody's dreams.

Myrna is a glamorous personality off the screen as well as on. She's ultra-modern, smart, with a casual sense of humor that never fails to click, and these are the qualities she projects into her wifely roles to give married romance its big boost. Talking with her in her blue and white dressing room at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, I asked if different nationalities sang a different Lorelei song, if every woman held the same emotional reactions, be she wife or "other woman," and if a knowledge of the siren technique helped her in creating the "perfect wife."

Gaily warding off further questions, she replied, "There are no set rules in the realm of human emotions or human conduct, but I believe background and social stratum, rather than nationality, influence one's reactions. In any environment, however, *femininity is woman's greatest appeal, mystery her most powerful weapon!*

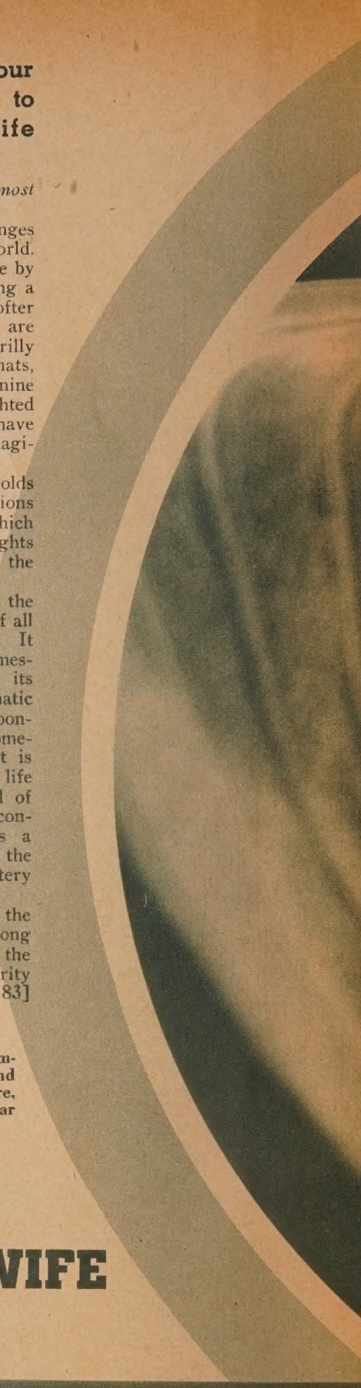
"These qualities survive the various changes in 'type' that sweep through the social world. One can almost trace the trend of romance by the current fashions. Right now, following a period when women submerged their softer charms to prove their independence, we are returning to a more feminine vogue of frilly gowns, lacey accessories, veil-draped hats, and other little tricks that encourage feminine emotions—and romance. Men are delighted with this change; frills, curls and curves have always played havoc with the masculine imagination.

"Probably it is true that every woman holds within herself the call on all feminine emotions and regardless of her social status, or which side of the tracks she may live, when she fights for 'her man' there is little difference in the tactics.

"*Mystery*," and again, Myrna threw the word into italics, "is the most intriguing of all feminine emotions. And the most elusive. It must never be obvious, never shriek its message, else it sounds an alarm and loses its power. Mystery is a warm, subtle, enigmatic quality that stirs and fascinates. It is spontaneous and disturbing—a smouldering something that arouses a man's curiosity. It is sparkling, heady champagne that makes life seem very exciting, it suggests the thrill of the unknown, it heightens the desire for conquest in playing the love-game. It is a challenging call that no man can resist and the fact that few possess this magical mystery makes it all the more desirable.

"Men are more romantic than women, so the game should never be made too easy—prolong it. It is the pursuit they enjoy and once the goal is won the incentive cools. Familiarity dulls romance.

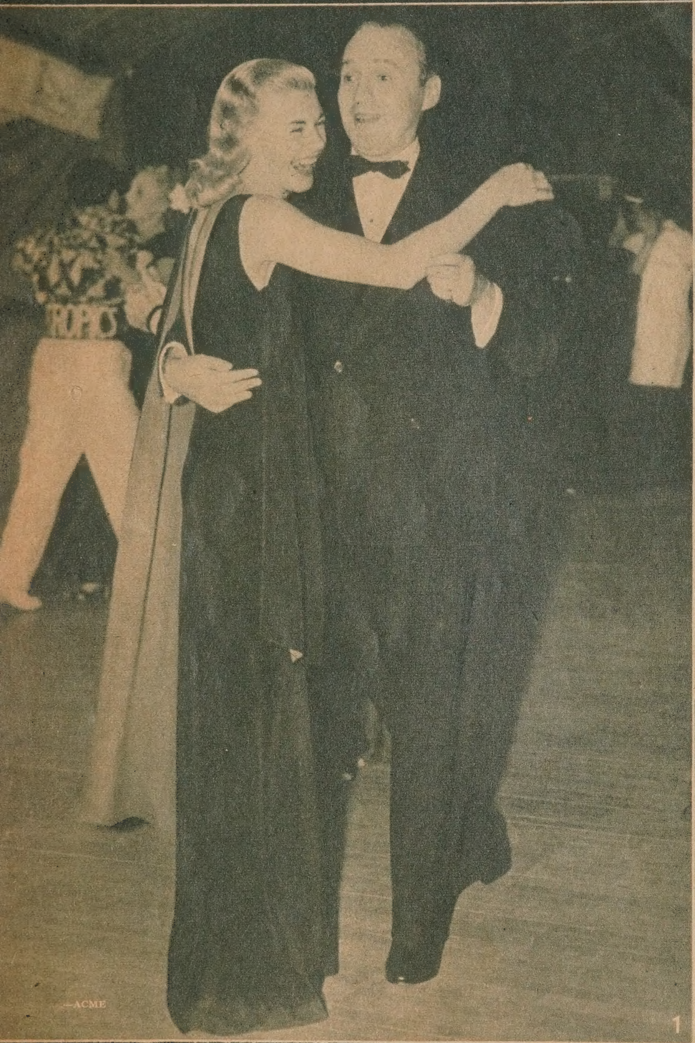
[*Continued on page* 83]



Myrna Loy is glimpsed informally—and charmingly—at the left. On opposite page we find her as she appears in her new M-G-M picture, *Man Proof*. Franchot Tone is her happy co-star

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

JACK THROWS A PARTY!


—ACME

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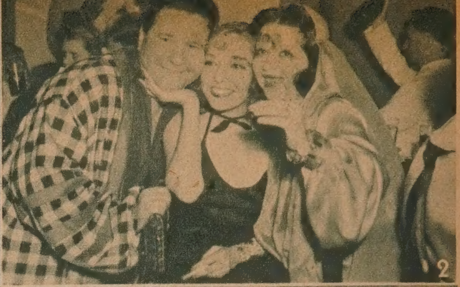
That indefatigable party-giver, Jack Oakie, generally celebrates the end of each picture with another shindig. At his recent "Come as an advertisement" party, not all the guests followed instructions—but Ginger Rogers and Jack Benny (1) had a grand time without fancy dress cosumes, judging from Ginger's smile. Host Oakie (2) with two charmers, Lupe Velez and Clara Bow; while below (3) Lupe with hubby Johnny Weissmuller. Suppose Lupe was advertising a jewelry store? Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable (4) yawn as they illustrate "Time to Re-Tire" while (5) Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks advertised nothing except, perhaps, their interest in each other. A happy group of funmakers (6) included Eric Blore, Franchot Tone. Joan Crawford and the jovial host

—FAWCETT PHOTOS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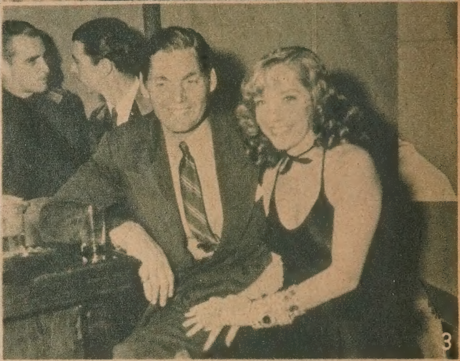
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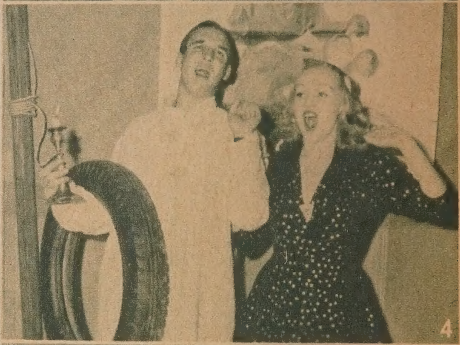
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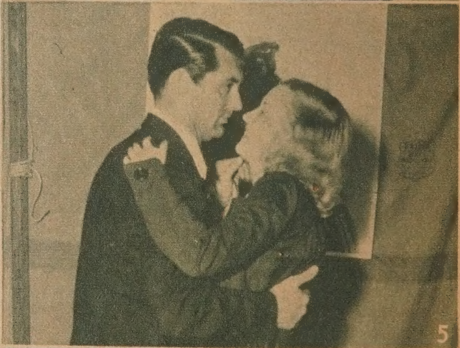
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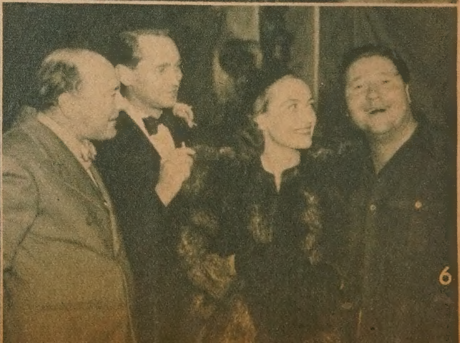
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BOB
GOES BRITISH!

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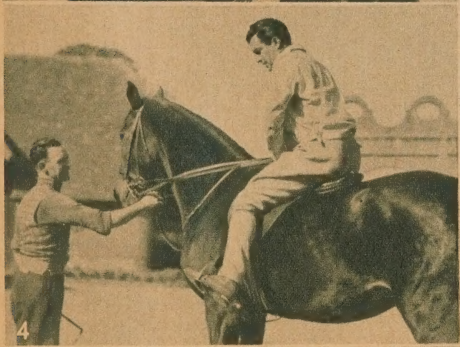
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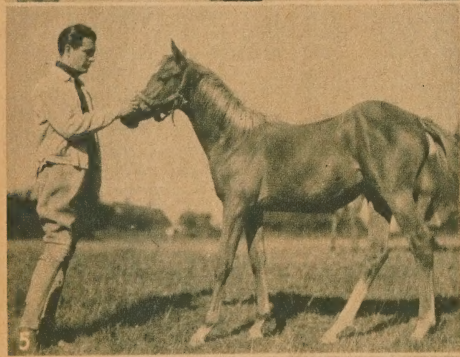
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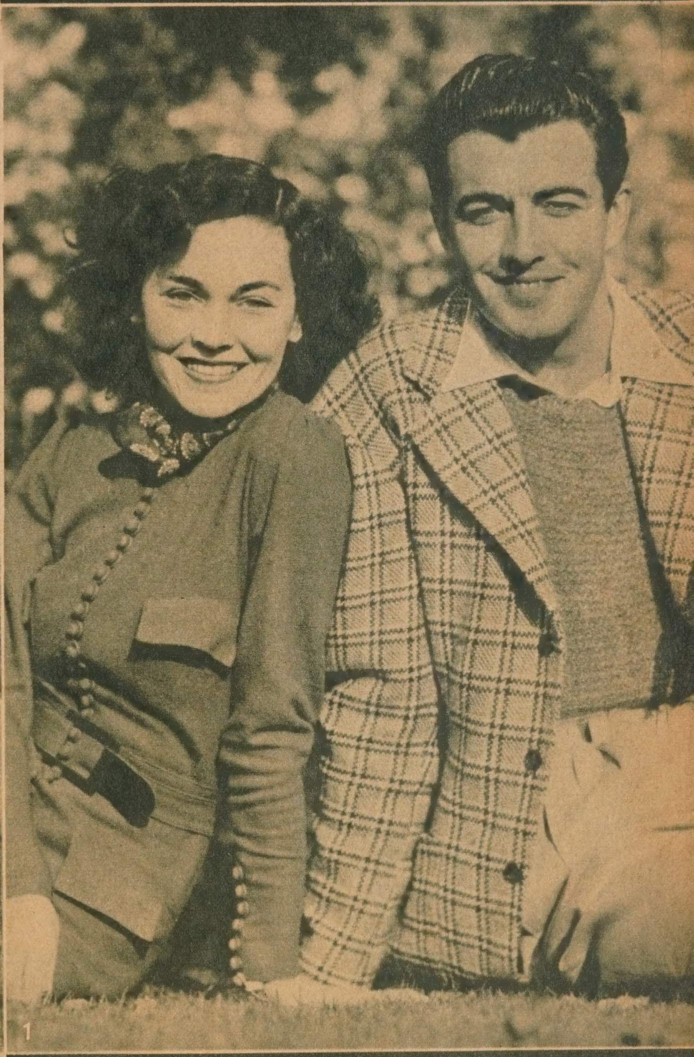
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Immediately on arriving in England to make *A Yank At Oxford*, Robert Taylor rented a fifteenth century farmhouse in Buckinghamshire. There he lives the life of an English country squire—when heavy production schedules allow—riding any one of the many thoroughbred horses that come from the farm and entertaining his many friends. Maureen O'Sullivan, Bob's leading lady in the picture, is a constant visitor to the Taylor farm (1) as is Griffith Jones, (2) who appears with them in M-G-M's first British production of importance. The remaining pictures indicate that Bob hasn't forgotten his love for horses, or the big stables he and Barbara Stanwyck own in faraway California

WIN A PICTURE ROLE!

The chance of a lifetime—for SCREEN BOOK readers who have dreamed of a chance at a Hollywood screen career!

ARE *you* the girl Monogram Pictures and SCREEN BOOK Magazine are looking for? If you are, then you'll soon be on your way to glamorous Hollywood, with a length-of-the-picture contract to play a role in Monogram's next big picture, *Romance of the Limberlost*—all your expenses paid and transportation via American Airlines!

Sounds like a dream, doesn't it—but it's an honest-to-goodness chance for some lucky girl to make her hopes of movie fame come true! And besides the grand prize, Monogram Pictures and SCREEN BOOK are offering eight other valuable prizes to lucky contestants, any one of which would gladden the heart of any girl!

Monogram Pictures is one of the up-and-coming new Hollywood companies, and is particularly anxious to discover new talent for its productions. Feminine newcomers who appear talented and worthy of stellar grooming are especially needed by Monogram (by all the Hollywood studios, for that matter).

Judges who will pick Miss Monogram will include James Montgomery Flagg, world-famous artist and connoisseur of feminine beauty; Scott Dunlap, Vice-President in charge of production for Monogram Pictures, and the editors of SCREEN BOOK.

Contest rules are absurdly simple. All you have to do is fill out the coupon on page 89 and send it to Miss Monogram Contest Editor, Fawcett Publications, 1501 Broadway, New York City, together with a photograph of yourself (snapshot or unretouched photo preferred). You don't have to be a raving beauty—chances are that the most beautiful contestant won't win the grand prize—but your face must have charm, animation and distinction. You must be between the ages of eighteen and twenty-seven and an American citizen.

Naturally, Miss Monogram won't have a starring role in her first picture, but *Romance of the Limberlost*, adapted from Gene Stratton Porter's *Her Father's Daughter* will offer her plenty of opportunity to demonstrate her fitness for future roles.

The Monogram-SCREEN BOOK contest officially closes February 28—no entries will be accepted after that date. And (this is important) *no photographs will be returned, and the judges will not enter into correspondence regarding the contest.*

On page 34 you can read of another SCREEN BOOK contest winner who is currently being hailed as one of Hollywood's brightest new star discoveries—Marjorie Weaver, who "stole the show" in *Second Honeymoon* and who is currently enacting a title role in *Sally, Irene and Mary.* We want Miss Monogram to duplicate Marjorie's success, and will do everything in our power to help her do it!

[*Continued on page* 88]

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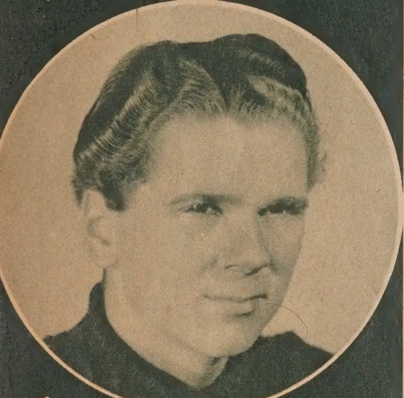
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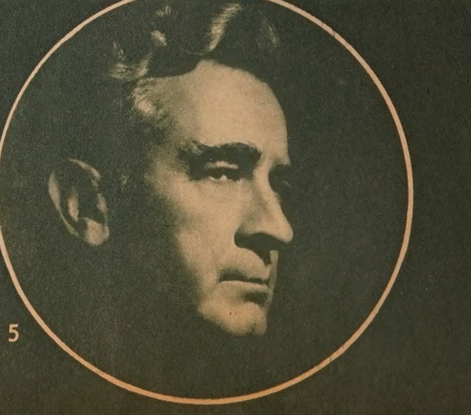
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Monogram players include the stunning and youthful Movita (1), who is currently being groomed for stellar roles; Jackie Cooper (2), now appearing in Monogram's *Boy of the Streets*; Jack Randall (3) handsome star of Western thrillers; and Tom Keene (4) whose outdoor dramas are always big "box office." James Montgomery Flagg, (5) famed artist and connoisseur of feminine beauty, will be one of the judges in the search to find beautiful "Miss Monogram"

FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD!

"Miss Monogram" will be chosen from among our readers, and given a featured role in an important production!

MISS MONOGRAM CONTEST RULES

1. To enter this contest it is only necessary to fill out the coupon on page 89, and send it with your photograph to MISS MONOGRAM CONTEST EDITOR, Fawcett Publications, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

2. The grand prize, a salaried contract with Monogram Pictures during the filming of *Romance of the Limberlost*, and a role in the picture will be awarded to the contestant considered most deserving in the opinion of the judges. Their decision is final. Eight other valuable prizes will be awarded to runners-up.

3. The grand prize will include free transportation, via American Airlines, to and from Hollywood; hotel expenses for the duration of the Monogram contract. Entertainment will be undertaken by Fawcett executives in Hollywood.

4. Contestants may enter this contest only once, and each entry must be made on the coupon provided for that purpose in this magazine. No contestant's photograph will be returned.

5. The winning contestant, Miss Monogram, will be required to pick up her return passage to her home within ten days after the expiration of her Monogram contract. By this time she will have had some indication as to whether her screen career will be successful.

6. Judges of this contest are James Montgomery Flagg, famous artist; Scott Dunlap, Vice-President in Charge of Production for Monogram Pictures, and the editors of SCREEN BOOK.

7. No employees of either Fawcett Publications or Monogram Pictures or members of their families are eligible to compete in this contest. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

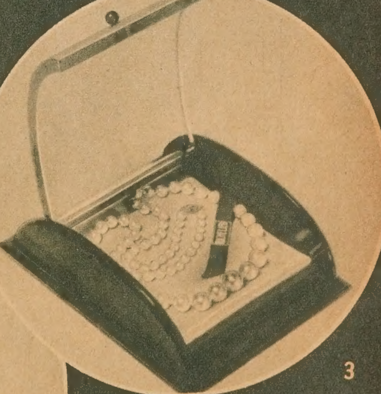
7. This contest closes at midnight, February 28, and no entries postmarked later than this date will be considered. Entries will not be returned and correspondence will not be entered into with contestants regarding this contest. We reserve the right to use photographs of finalists in this contest for publicity purposes.

PRIZES

Prizes in SCREEN BOOK's "Miss Monogram" contest include the five pictured gifts: An elaborate Elizabeth Arden Make-up Box (1); an Underwood Portable Typewriter, complete with carrying case (2); Richelieu single strand pearls with diamond clasp (3); beautifully fitted Dale traveling case of black lizard grain hide (4); and valuable Univex Movie camera with case and film (5). Surely these are prizes that every girl will want to win!

1

Underwood
Universal
Underwood
2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8 Univex
M.M. CINE CAMERA
EXPOSURE TABLE
5

4

New York may be a great metropolis to most of us—but to the screen stars, the big town is just a whistle stop as they hurry to Hollywood and the film studios. Martin Starr, ace radio reporter, meets 'em all on shipboard as they arrive and depart, and he tells about it excitingly and vividly

—WIDE WORLD

By MARTIN STARR

Hedy Lamarr, at left, famed star of *Ecstasy*, was a sensation when she arrived in New York en route to Hollywood. Sonja Henie, in circle, is always a great favorite with shipboard reporters. Pictures at top, reading left to right, show other stars who made a recent *Normandie* voyage a historical occasion to autograph fans and reporters: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., back from an English film-making jaunt; Fernand Gravet, returning to co-star with Carole Lombard; Danielle Darrieux, delectable French star, with her husband, Henri Decoin; and the briefly-named Annabella, who told her right age! At far right is Martin Starr, author of the accompanying article, interviewing famed producer Jack L. Warner over the air

NEW YORK -

A HOLLYWOOD WHISTLE STOP!

HOLLYWOOD has taken to spoofing New York. Manhattan, to most of the screen city's celebrities, is now just another whistle-stop.

The stars of the screen come and go in such rapid succession, that even New York reporters chronicling their comings and goings must do so in hop, skip and jump fashion. You can see these stars only for a fleeting moment today, for on the morrow they're either taking passage on a trans-atlantic liner for Europe or else planing for the west coast and its beehive of studios.

With open time for the celebrities of movieland at such a premium, newspapermen, feature writers, and more recently, reporters of the air, find that the news race has become quite difficult—especially for those of us covering these assignments with a "live" microphone. Landing the stars of the stage and screen and making them talk to the relentless tempo of hasty goodbyes, last minute baggage checking, autograph signing and camera posing, is a nerve-wracking job.

Take for example a recent Thursday morning when the sleek flagship of the French Line, the *Normandie,* nosed her way through the crowded harbor of New York. Out of the cold, grey dawn came this boat with an amazingly full contingent of important movie stars.

The passenger list read like a cinema League of Nations get-together, as all we reporters were fully aware. Belgium (and not France as some believe) was represented by Fernand Gravet. England had her spokesman in the tall, handsome, athletic-looking Jack Buchanan. France was represented by the wistful, blonde Danielle Darrieux. Vienna took pride in its tall, vibrant bathing beauty, Hedy Kiesler (of *Ecstasy* fame). Norway depended on the dimpled Sonja Henie. Mexico was not forgotten because of handsome Ramon Novarro. America settled in this international competition for names with smiling, gracious Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

While photographers and ship-news reporters can grab their pictures, or jot down their hurried interviews at any place or any time, split-second microphoning, with a studio and its network of stations to feed, requires a far different approach. The very handling of these stars becomes a hazardous assignment. You can never tell when a star becomes an unexpected victim of "mike-fright." Microphone reporting has become a nerve-tingling, on-your-toes assignment where these movie stars are concerned. This writer knows because he is a pioneer in the field of radio reporting!

On this particular arrival of the *Normandie,* the going was destined to be much rougher and tougher than usual. We knew, for instance, before we approached Jack Buchanan, that the Shuberts, who were bringing him to America for a new musical comedy, would not allow him to face the mikes without a carefully prepared script, properly timed and accurately rehearsed. But Buchanan overruled a Shubert executive's veto and stood by our microphones until we were ready to sign him on. Mr. Buchanan answered questions flung at him with the nonchalance of a fellow talking things over casually with an old chum at the club. Nothing phased him and his manner of deep-toned, very English delivery belied the fact that after all, he was an actor and allegedly putting on an act before an audience.

Fernand Gravet, of course, was easy to put on the air. He walked right up to the waiting microphones before he even declared his baggage. He answered our questions in the same rapid-fire manner they were hurled at him. Although he's a Belgian, with an English background and the idol of France, he speaks with an Oxford accent.

Gravet is unrecognized by the crowd, at first. But once word gets around that the handsome hero of *The King And The Chorus Girl* is within autograph-book reach, the army devoted to this pastime is soon surrounding

[*Continued on page* 65]

ROBIN HOOD

A hilarious eyewitness account of one of Hollywood's most unusual location trips—with Errol Flynn and "The Adventures of Robin Hood"

By JASPER DEANE

On Location
Monday

Mr. Thomas DeVane,
Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine,
New York City.

Dear Boss:

When you asked me to check up on the *Robin Hood* company even if I had to follow it to the North Pole, you had no idea what you were saying. Here I am in Chico. I haven't sighted any icebergs yet, but maybe that's because we are quite a spell inland. I know the name of Chico means nothing to you. Maybe you noticed on the map that California is a long state. Well, maybe a thousand miles long.

Most people, by the time they drive 500 long miles from Hollywood to San Francisco, or Sacramento, think they have come to the end of the state. And maybe the end of the world. No insult intended, of course. What a laugh! As I said before, I'm in Chico. It's in the Sacramento Valley somewhere north of the state capital. I'm being vague because I can't help it. Look at the map yourself. Anyway, I'm here. You'll be hearing from me further.

Very truly yours,
Jasper the Spy.

P. S. I am afraid it will take too long to mail this, so I am using Western Union instead.

On Location
Tuesday

Dear Boss:

Just received your telegram okay. Don't get mad. I'll use the mail after this. You had fifty words in your night letter to tell me off. Why be so brief? Ten words sound just as harsh.

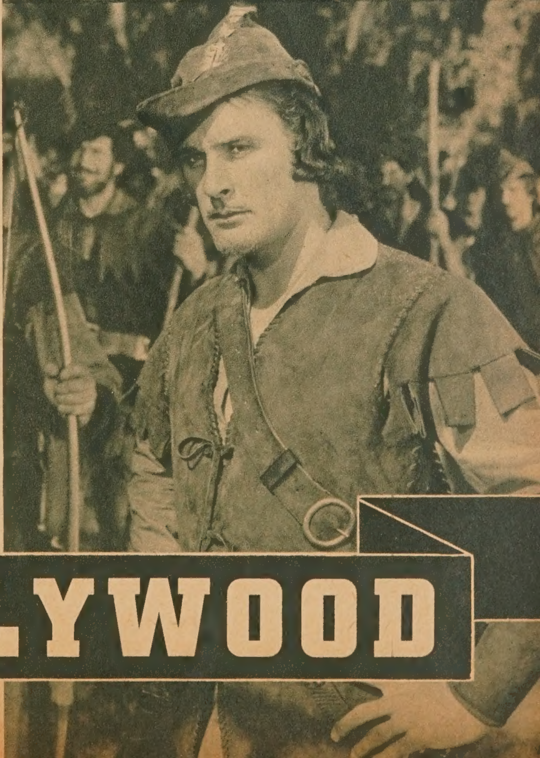
Don't know how long these letters will take to reach you though. I feel a long way off. And I am.

Don't get mad because I didn't say who was up here. The train bearing the stars just got here this morning. I came up here with a trainload of broadswords, medieval costumes, a stuffed deer from a taxidermist shop, and about 20,000 other items, all dead.

Since you insist upon it, Director William Keighley came in this morning with 175 people on what they called the Robin Hood Special. I was down at the station along with 99 per cent of the inhabitants of this village. For your information, Errol Flynn who plays *Robin Hood*, Claude Rains who plays *Prince John*, Eugene Pallette who is *Friar Tuck*, Alan Hale who is *Little John*, Patric Knowles who plays *Will Scarlet*, Ian Hunter who plays *King Richard*, and Basil Rathbone who plays the role of *Sir Guy* all got off the train.

[*Continued on page* 57]

On opposite page are Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hood—Errol Flynn and Lili Damita to us—photographed on location in Dufaycolor especially for SCREEN BOOK. On right, top to bottom, Director William Keighley gazes at Patric Knowles and Flynn through a "color finder;" Errol with Olivia de Havilland (*Maid Marian*); and a close-up of Flynn in his bearded, yet romantic role of the story book hero



GOES HOLLYWOOD

SCREEN BOOK TAKES A BOW ON MARJORIE WEAVER!

SCREEN BOOK Magazine, the University of Indiana, Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, and Louisville, Kentucky, may well swell up in pride. They are seeing a new star born in Hollywood, and she belongs in part to all of them.

This is the fabulous story of Marjorie Weaver.

SCREEN BOOK is especially proud, because Marjorie began her march to fame as the winner of the Ruby Keeler Contest staged by this magazine scarcely two years ago. The basic dancing training she received in New York under the auspices of SCREEN BOOK, was Marjorie's stepping stone to fame.

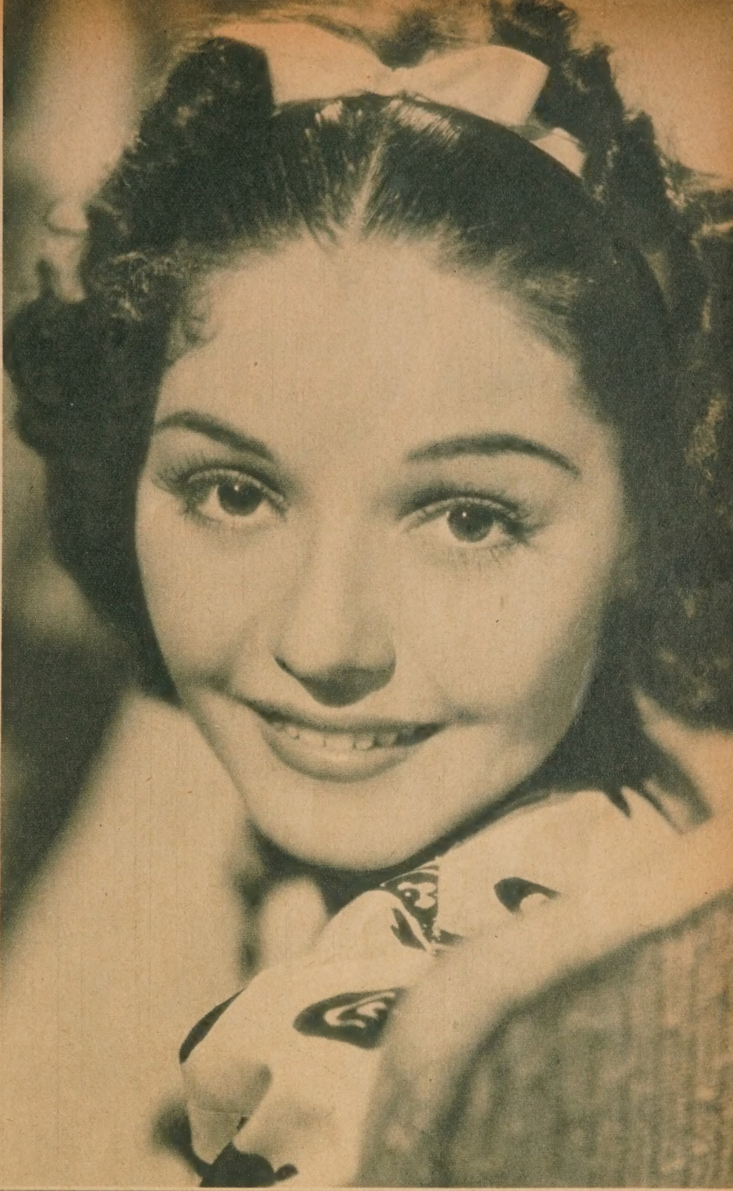
If you will go to your local theatre and see the film, *Second Honeymoon*, starring Tyrone Power and Loretta Young, you will share Hollywood's amazement to discover that Marjorie Weaver steals the picture in the most rousing fashion this glamorous movieland has ever seen.

20th Century-Fox is so proud of her performance that they give her a special introduction at the end of the picture. The screen title says: "This will introduce you to another outstanding 20th Century-Fox personality." Or something like that. And Marjorie then gets a special close-up shot of her own. In Hollywood, where her name never before had reached many ears, people actually stood up and cheered when this introduction flashed on the screen at the end of the preview!

Darryl Zanuck calls Marjorie Weaver a surefire bet for stardom. He knew it the minute he saw her in *Second Honeymoon*

By TED MAGEE

SCREEN BOOK has a right to pat itself on the back on the success of Marjorie Weaver. This bright new star got her chance to win movie fame as a result of a contest conducted by this magazine—but read all about it in the accompanying article



Darryl Zanuck, 20th's presiding genius, knows a sure bet when he sees one. Now Marjorie is doing one of the title roles in *Sally, Irene and Mary*. Within a year, studio officials believe, Marjorie will be a major star.

This is a Cinderella story, jammed full of real drama. It's a tale of how Marjorie Weaver almost single-handed won her way to fame—how a girl's personality won her the breaks that were necessary to get past one of the world's most difficult hurdles — Hollywood's gateways. To tell it in its full significance, step back with us to the days preceding Marjorie's contest victory.

She was born in Crossville, Tenn., on March 2, 1913. When she reached high school age, her father, John Thomas Weaver, an official of a railroad company, located in Louisville. After her graduation, Marjorie went to the University of Kentucky where the ROTC made her an honorary colonel that freshman year. The last three years of her college days were spent at the University of Indiana. At the Kappa House in Indiana Marjorie found herself teamed with a room-mate named Judy Parks.

Judy, reading SCREEN BOOK Magazine one day, read about the Ruby Keeler contest which had as a prize $1,000 in cash or a trip to New York and two months' tuition at a dancing school. Judy immediately thought of Marjorie, who three

[*Continued on page* 79]

SALLI
IRENE
MARY

At top, a new portrait study of the bright new personality, Marjorie Weaver—and at left, with Alice Faye and Joan Davis in the new musical, *Sally, Irene and Mary*

THE HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE MAKES A COMEBACK!

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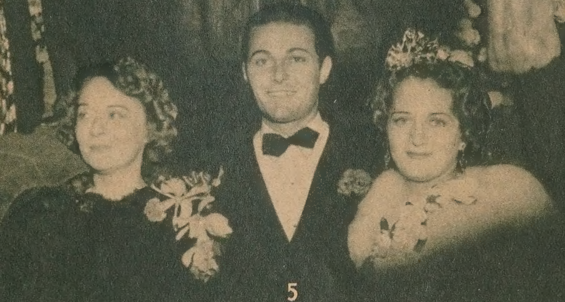
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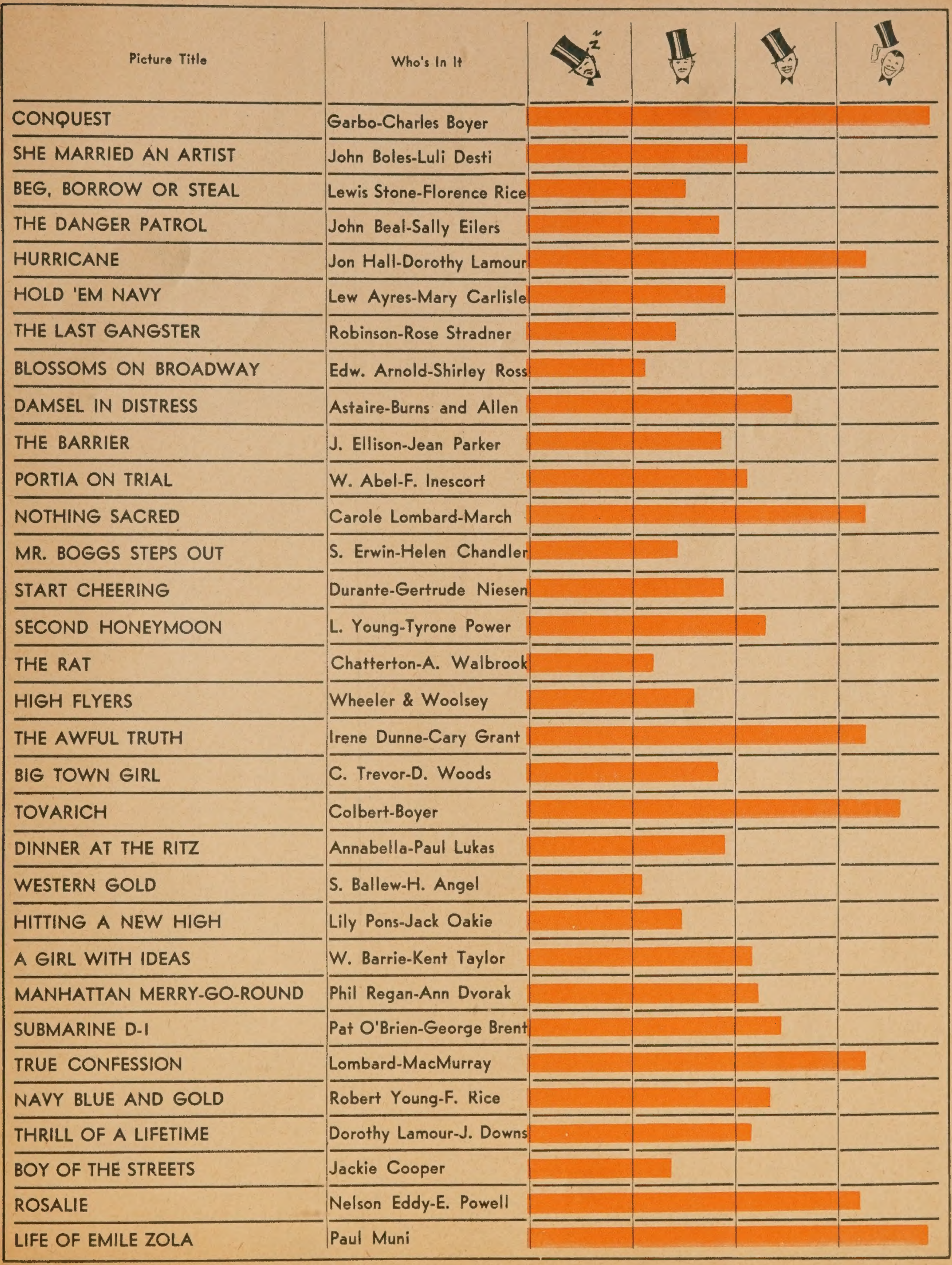
Who said the old-fashioned Hollywood premiere, with all its frills and furbelows, was a thing of the past? When Samuel Goldwyn's spectacular production, *Hurricane*, was recently given its first world showing in Hollywood, all the stars turned out. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, (1) Freddie Bartholomew and his Aunt Cissy, (2) Barbara Stanwyck (3) not looking a *bit* lonesome for Bob Taylor, was present, as were Simone Simon and Director William Wyler (4). Jon Hall, handsome hero of *Hurricane*, brought his mother and sister (5), and to their right (6) you'll discover Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, Mary Astor and Manuel Del Campo. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Michael Brooke, Norma Shearer, Mrs. Mervyn Le Roy (7) and (8) Dorothy Lamour, Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen added thrills to the biggest premiere of the season

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)



Picture Title	Who's In It
CONQUEST	Garbo-Charles Boyer
SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST	John Boles-Luli Desti
BEG, BORROW OR STEAL	Lewis Stone-Florence Rice
THE DANGER PATROL	John Beal-Sally Eilers
HURRICANE	Jon Hall-Dorothy Lamour
HOLD 'EM NAVY	Lew Ayres-Mary Carlisle
THE LAST GANGSTER	Robinson-Rose Stradner
BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY	Edw. Arnold-Shirley Ross
DAMSEL IN DISTRESS	Astaire-Burns and Allen
THE BARRIER	J. Ellison-Jean Parker
PORTIA ON TRIAL	W. Abel-F. Inescort
NOTHING SACRED	Carole Lombard-March
MR. BOGGS STEPS OUT	S. Erwin-Helen Chandler
START CHEERING	Durante-Gertrude Niesen
SECOND HONEYMOON	L. Young-Tyrone Power
THE RAT	Chatterton-A. Walbrook
HIGH FLYERS	Wheeler & Woolsey
THE AWFUL TRUTH	Irene Dunne-Cary Grant
BIG TOWN GIRL	C. Trevor-D. Woods
TOVARICH	Colbert-Boyer
DINNER AT THE RITZ	Annabella-Paul Lukas
WESTERN GOLD	S. Ballew-H. Angel
HITTING A NEW HIGH	Lily Pons-Jack Oakie
A GIRL WITH IDEAS	W. Barrie-Kent Taylor
MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND	Phil Regan-Ann Dvorak
SUBMARINE D-1	Pat O'Brien-George Brent
TRUE CONFESSION	Lombard-MacMurray
NAVY BLUE AND GOLD	Robert Young-F. Rice
THRILL OF A LIFETIME	Dorothy Lamour-J. Downs
BOY OF THE STREETS	Jackie Cooper
ROSALIE	Nelson Eddy-E. Powell
LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA	Paul Muni

This Month's HOLLYWOOD NEWS STORY

TO MARY—WITH LOVE

Joan Crawford

Bing Crosby

Ida Lupino

Anne Shirley

By FREDERICK McFEE

A story of courage and bravery that will make you realize that loyalty and love can be found in hard-boiled Hollywood!

The happiest days of Mary Blackford's life were spent in the company of her friends. At top of page we see her with (left to right) Mrs. William Henry (Grace Durkin), Sue Carol, Anita Louise, Cecilia Parker, Patricia Ellis, Jacqueline Wells and Helen Mack. On floor, helping Mary open her gifts, is Gertrude Durkin. And the lovely portrait above shows Mary before tragedy blighted her life

THIS is the story of a girl in Hollywood who had more courage than you will find in a dozen epic pictures, a girl whose serenity of spirit and everlasting brave smile will remain through the years a high spot in the annals of filmland. It is the story of a girl who had hoped to become a great star of the screen, but who instead found dauntless courage in the face of disaster, and brought stars to worship at her stilled feet. This is the story of Mary Blackford.

Will Rogers, the great American humorist who later flew to his death in the Arctic, probably was the first important person in Hollywood to realize the character behind the beautiful face of Mary. When he played *Ah Wilderness* at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood, Mary Blackford had an important role in the production. And although she was only the age of Will's grown daughter, Mary Rogers, this talented young actress found much in common with the screen sage. From that time on, Will Rogers and his wife were devoted admirers of Mary Blackford.

Warner Brothers thought she had immense possibilities. They put her under contract. She attracted a great deal of attention in several minor screen roles. Any reliable Hollywood observer would have told you that Mary Blackford was going to be a star. Until Fate stepped in the way and blocked her path.

You might say that a broken date with a boy friend determined the course of Mary's life. On the fateful night three years ago, Mary was to go to a dance with her friend. He had a sudden call from a studio and they had to break the date. So Mary went out with someone else, and while they were driving down the street, a car swerved suddenly in their path.

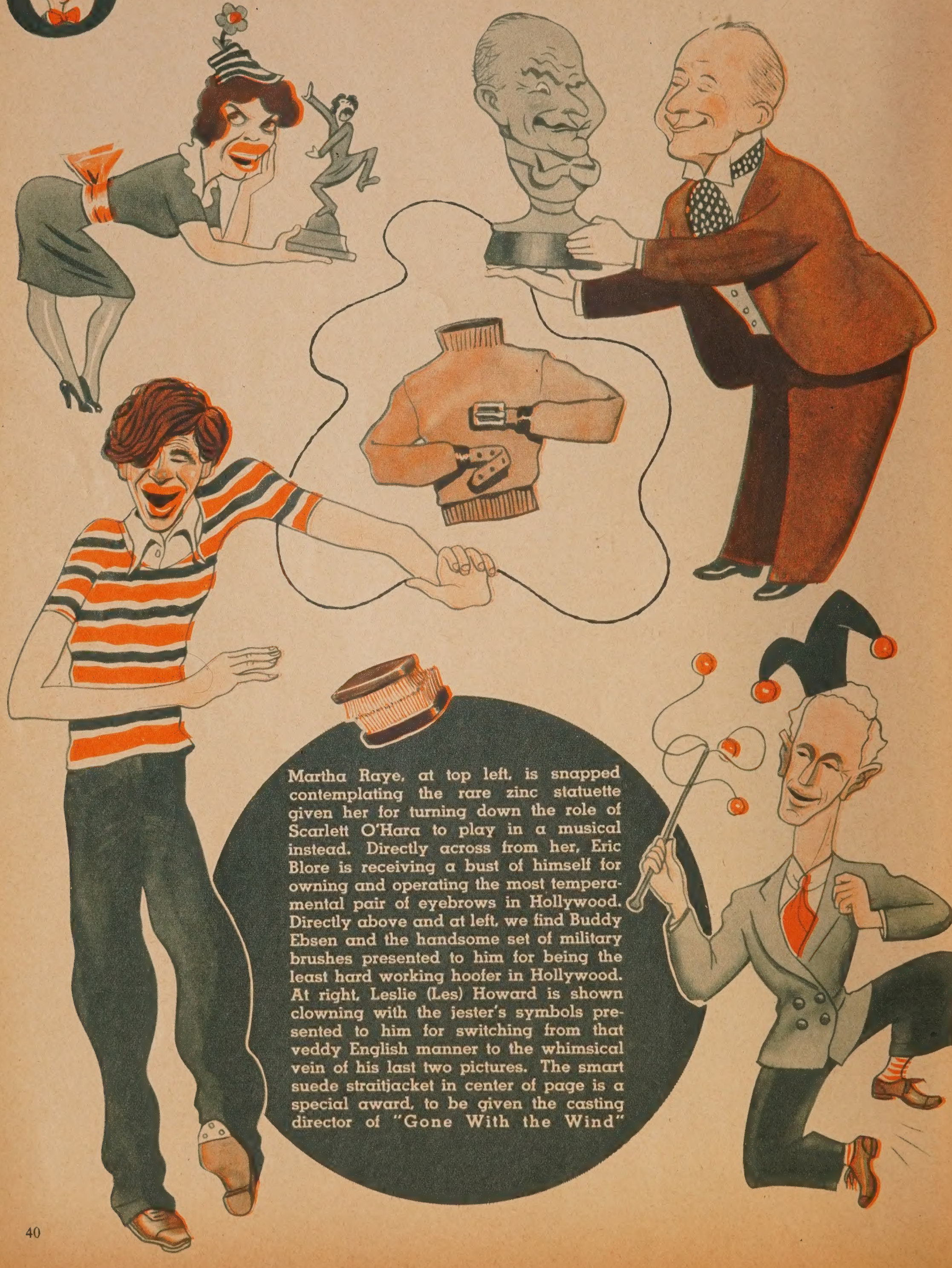
It was one of those moments when you act by instinct and think afterwards. To avoid a head-on collision, the driver swung to the curb and crashed into a telephone pole. They pulled Mary out of the wreckage, and it was plain to everyone that she was critically injured. A screeching ambulance pulled up to the scene and took her away to a hospital.

Much later in the night, grave doctors told Mary's mother and brother [*Continued on page* 60]

Even if *Food For Scandal* is the title of Fernand Gravet's second Warner Bros. film, to many movie fans it'll be food for happiness. And Carole Lombard plays opposite
—PHOTO BY LAZARNICK

FERNAND GRAVET

Our Own Academy Awards...



Martha Raye, at top left, is snapped contemplating the rare zinc statuette given her for turning down the role of Scarlett O'Hara to play in a musical instead. Directly across from her, Eric Blore is receiving a bust of himself for owning and operating the most temperamental pair of eyebrows in Hollywood. Directly above and at left, we find Buddy Ebsen and the handsome set of military brushes presented to him for being the least hard working hoofer in Hollywood. At right, Leslie (Les) Howard is shown clowning with the jester's symbols presented to him for switching from that veddy English manner to the whimsical vein of his last two pictures. The smart suede straitjacket in center of page is a special award, to be given the casting director of "Gone With the Wind"

ROYAL RHYTHMATICIAN

By MONROE QUIGG

His years of great film success have not changed Nelson Eddy. He remains the same level-headed young man who gave up a newspaperman's career to devote his life to a career of song

FLOWING out through space, filling every nook and cranny of the big sound stage, came Nelson Eddy's baritone voice as he sang a musical number for *Rosalie*. It was one of those drifting, romantic numbers—a sort of "mood" song that ended up like this:

Or will this love of mine
Fade with the night;
With the moon growing dim
On the rim of the hill,
In the chill, still of the night . . .

The music died away as it had started, a haunting melody that is destined to win its way into the hearts of millions, just as it becomes Nelson's chief weapon in *Rosalie*, in winning the love of the princess (Eleanor Powell).

Only a very few singers would be foolish enough, or good enough, to think they could match Nelson's rendition of the song, which by the way, is entitled, *In the Still of the Night*. It's a Cole Porter tune.

Nelson does not specialize on this type of song. But versatility of voice makes him just about the best bet whether he is singing a great operatic aria or warbling a current musical hit. Believe it or don't, but Nelson Eddy has got rhythm and plenty of it!

There's a new term for a man who might be classed as a "rhythm king." You can call that sort of a maestro a Rhythmatician, which indicates he is in the genius class when it comes to pacing off a number either by tapping or by singing. Nelson Eddy qualifies in the latter category, just as his co-star, Eleanor Powell, wins the title for her dancing numbers in the same picture.

Nelson, as a matter of record, becomes a Royal Rhythmatician, because he does some of his singing before the King of Romanza, who may be more easily identified by you, and you, and you, under the Hollywood label of Frank Morgan.

Lest any music lover, who prefers Nelson for his oratorios and arias only, believe him to be unjustly labeled, the proof will be brought out in the pudding, to wit:

In Nelson Eddy's school days he was often given roles in musical and dramatic affairs. But his first great, glorious recognition as a musician came in grammar school in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, where he played trap drums in the school orchestra. And if that doesn't prove his right as a Rhythmatician, the records prove he comes by the talent naturally. Quoting Nelson himself on the subject:

"Drum playing reveals a dash of heredity," he remarks. "My father played a bass drum in a militia band. That's significant, isn't it? But get this. My grandfather before him played the same instrument in a nationally known brass band for more than fifty years. Rhythm, you see, is a solid family trait."

IF YOU were one of Nelson's friends, and lucky enough to catch him in an informal, unfettered mood, you might be amazed to hear him "swing it" in the very

[*Continued on page* 62]

Rosalie is Nelson Eddy's next M-G-M musical, and he plays opposite Eleanor Powell of the twinkling toes, glimpsed with him in the picture at left

ANNA STEN—AMERICAN CITIZEN!

By E. J. SMITHSON

IT'S a long jump from a cottage in Kiev, Russia, to a fifteen-room Colonial home in the exclusive Brentwood Heights "where-the-movie-stars-live" district in Hollywood, California, but yellow-haired, soft-voiced Anna Sten has made it.

It's a long jump, too, from a job as a slavey in a Russian restaurant to a position high enough in the theatrical world so that critics were glad to hail her as the most accomplished and talented stage and screen star in Europe. But Anna Sten made it before she was twenty!

The fall she suffered in 1933 when she made her American screen debut in *Nana*—which was followed by leading roles in *We Live Today* and *Wedding Night*—must have been the source of a terrible heartache when she learned that Hollywood and the American public had written "N. G." across her screen career. Even now, after five years spent abroad trying to forget the "three strikes and out" disaster, it's difficult to get her to speak about it.

It must give her a deep and intense satisfaction to be back in Hollywood ready to prove in a trio of pictures at Grand National Studios that, provided with the proper stories, she's really the talented actress that the Continent still proclaims her to be.

But all [*Continued on page* 76]

Lovely Anna Sten will make her comeback to American pictures in Grand National's *Love Me Again*

ON HER TOES

Lucky Eleanor Fisher—making her film debut in the same picture with John Barrymore and Fred MacMurray! Eleanor, who won the "Miss Typical America" contest conducted by TRUE CONFESSIONS MAGAZINE, aptly appears in the Paramount production, *True Confession*

HAVING

The location trip for Ginger Rogers' new picture, in the high Sierras, had everything —even Romantic Interest!

By VIRGINIA LANE

SIX-THIRTY A. M.—and Ginger Rogers yawned sleepily over the wheel. She has a driving mania, that girl. Any star who would get up at five to drive herself to a distant mountain location!

Phyllis Fraser, her cousin, was frankly asleep. Florence Lake (Arthur's sister, you know, and a chum of Ginger's) opened one eye speculatively. "Wake me up at sundown, mother dear," she murmured and turned over. Behind us, Ginger's trailer leaped about like a gazelle doing the Big Apple. Such a nice trailer, too, with little checkered curtains and chromium fittings—*and a soda fountain.* "Shouldn't those milk shakes be ready?" I suggested feebly as we lurched around a bend.

Ginger slammed on the brakes. "That's it. We need food!" And so we breakfasted on a million-dollar mountain view and scrambled eggs-a-la-Rogers. "You know," she said suddenly, "I think this location trip is going to be Something!"

And it was!

Picture it to yourself. A quiet lake near Big Bear, 7500 feet up in the San Bernardino mountains and some eighty miles from Hollywood. That's where RKO erected Camp Kare-free as the setting for *Having Wonderful Time.* That's where they brought 350 people to live for nearly a month and spread $500,000 worth of equipment about and said, "Okay, folks. Let's shoot!"

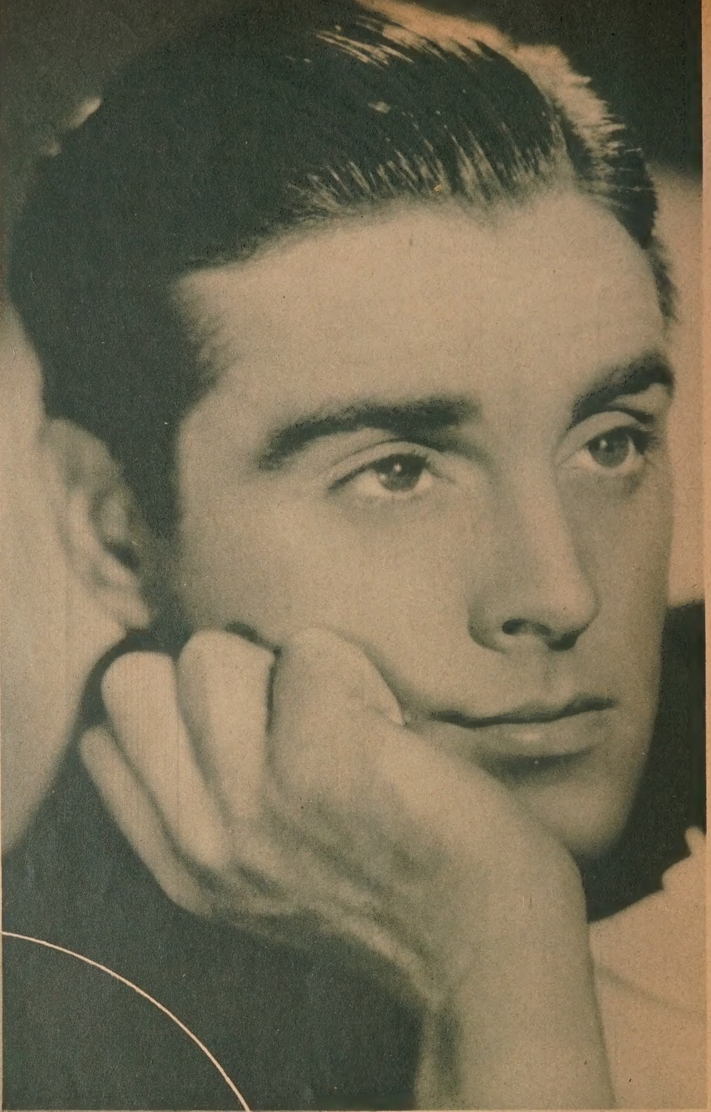
It's the Arthur Kober play that panicked 'em on Broadway. The story of everyday people trying to escape humdrum on a holiday, and particularly the story of little Teddy Shaw. She is a New York steno who has been saving nickels all year to have a whirl at Gay Resort Life. Whirl? It's practically a hurricane before she's through! Instead of falling in love with the millionaire of her dreams, Teddy gets dithery over a law student [*Continued on page* 85]

Location glimpses of *Having Wonderful Time* in panel at left include (top to bottom) Director Al Santell, Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., rehearsing a scene; Peggy Conklin, from the stage, who has a prominent role; Lucille Ball showing Doug the red fox ear muffs sent her by designer Edward Stevenson; and Ginger, showing admirable form in the saddle. Below, Ginger with her friends, Phyllis Frazer (left) and Florence Lake

WONDERFUL TIME with GINGER!

The stunning photo of Ginger Rogers, photographed in Dufay color especially for SCREEN BOOK, shows the natural beauty of the mountain country filmed in *Having Wonderful Time*. Bottom, Ginger and Doug, Jr., try out a mountain golf course

ALL A GAMBLE!



WHEN Jo Regan, pretty, pert and mother of Phil Regan's four children, waved her husband goodbye as he entrained for Hollywood, back in 1933, she could not know that someday, in the not too distant future, Phil would be one of the screen's singing favorites.

In her heart, perhaps, Jo was convinced that her Phil would make good, out there in the movie capital, but the whole thing was a gamble. . . .

It all started one night when Phil returned home to their Brooklyn apartment, from the broadcasting station.

"Darlin'," he told the blue-eyed wife who met him at the door, "an actor's manager wants to sign me and take me to Hollywood."

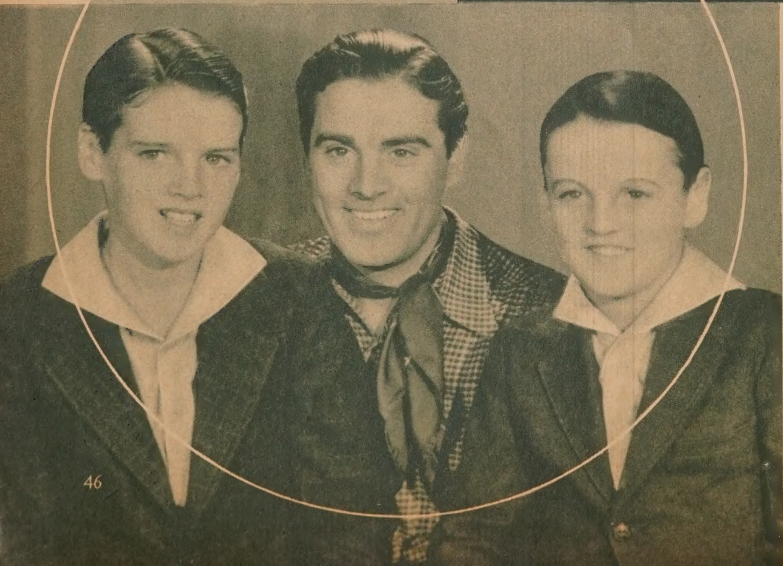
"An' what will he be getting out of it?" the thriftily-practical Mrs. Regan wanted to know.

"One-third of everything I earn," her husband replied.

"He will not," returned the mother of the Regan brood, firmly. "If he thinks you're that good, and is willing to take a chance with you, then you must have something." The sky-blue eyes snapped. "Dear, let's gamble on the future. We have five hundred dollars saved up. You take that and go out to Hollywood. Stay there until the money runs out . . . or you hit. The children and I will remain here in Brooklyn. If you make good, we can join you."

So embarked the Regan family upon the great adventure, the great gamble—which ultimately was to bring them together in California again, in a home nestling under [*Continued on page* 63]

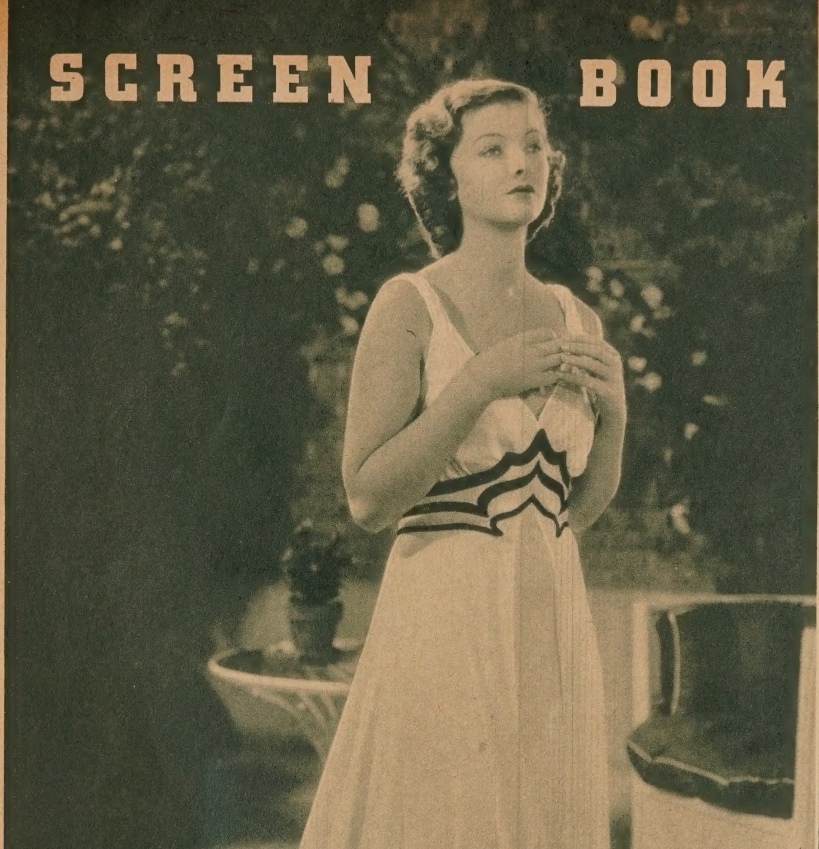
Phil Regan, Republic's singing star, sings his way into your heart in his latest picture, *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.* Here is Phil with his two young sons

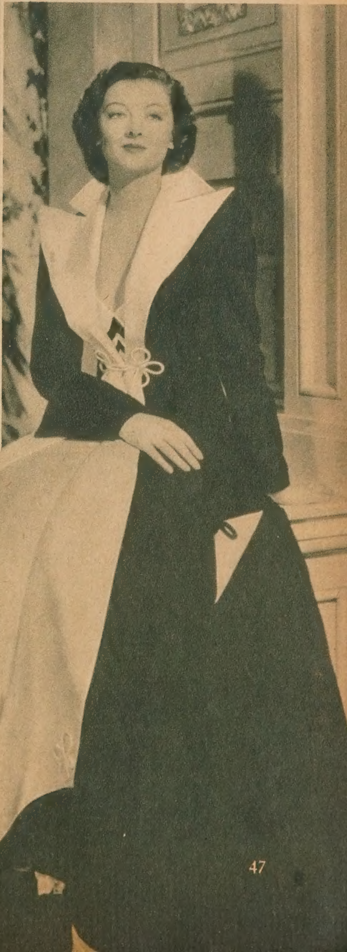


By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

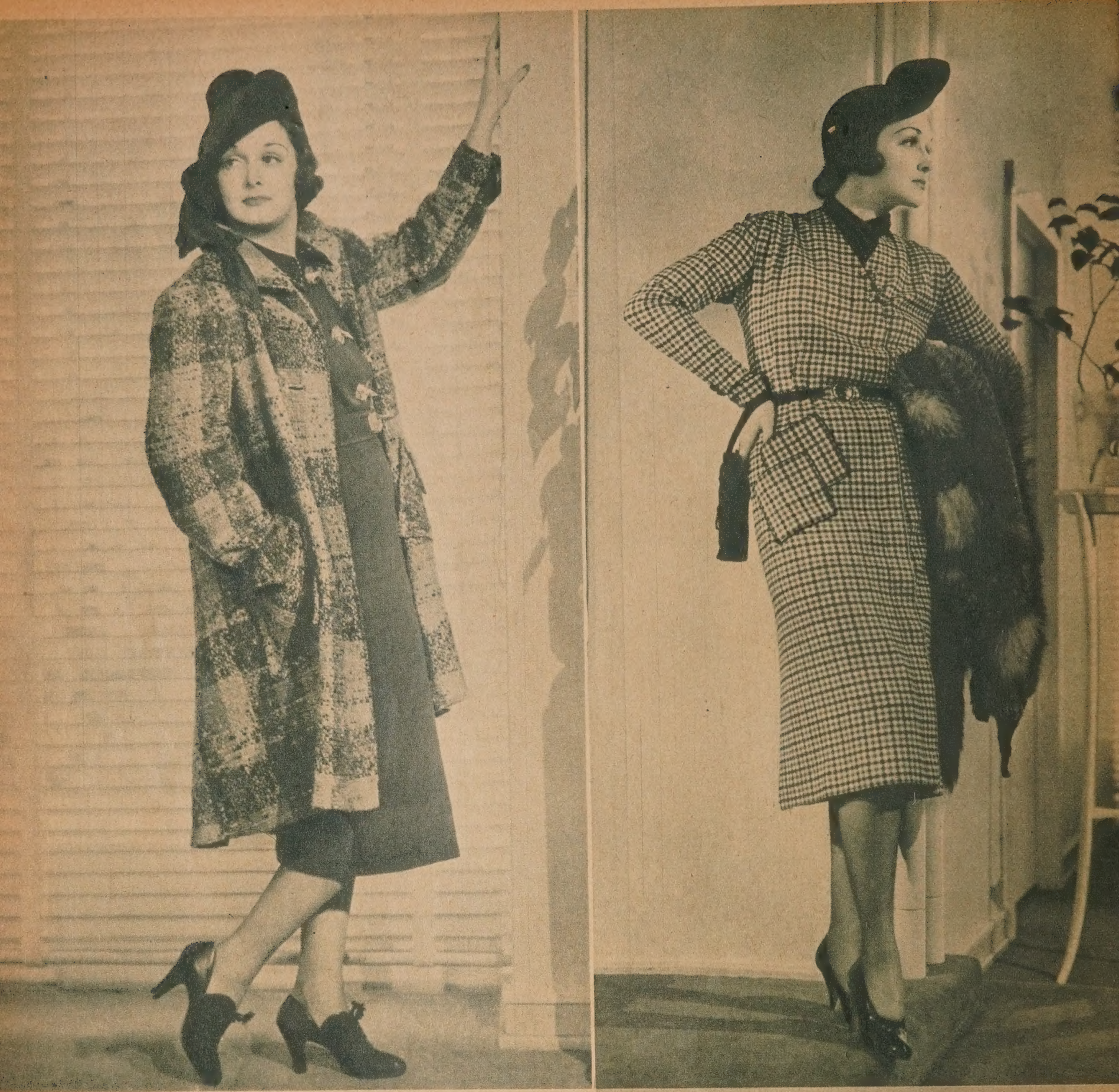
Not satisfied with the title of "singing cop," Phil Regan has triumphed over the obstacles which inevitably beset the path of success

SCREEN BOOK FASHIONS



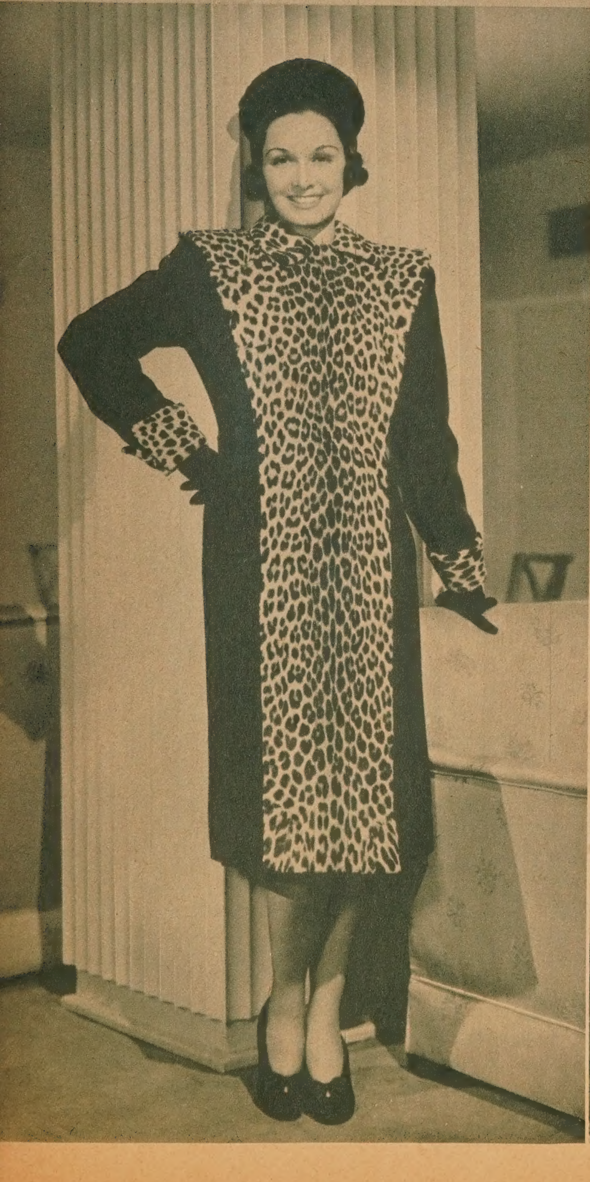


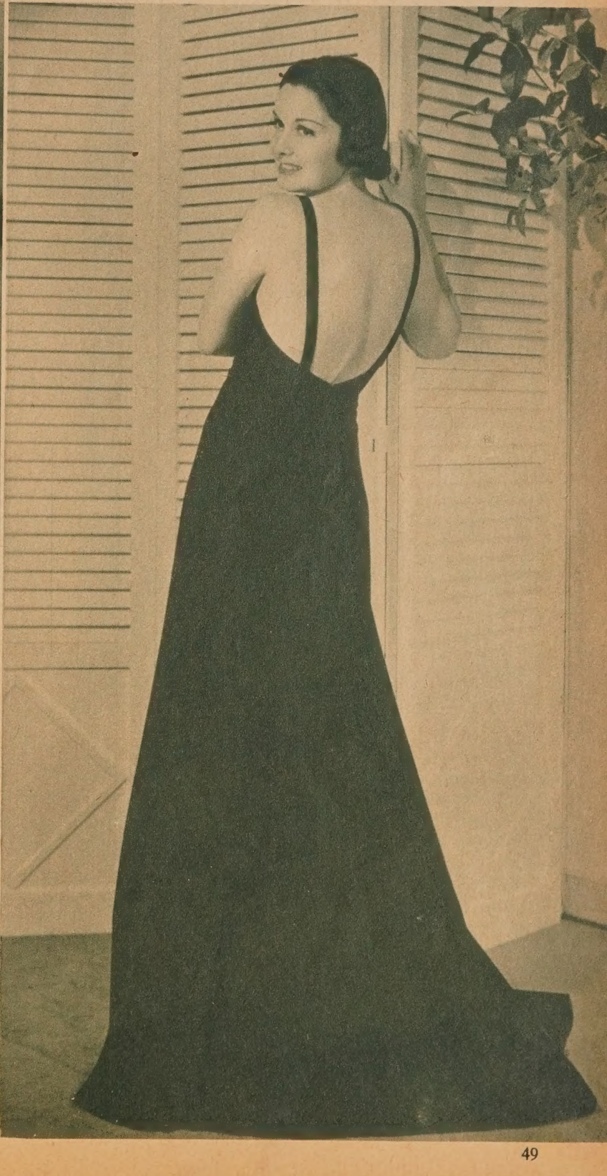
Above: Myrna Loy, star of M-G-M's "Man Proof" is seen wearing a heavy white crepe evening gown. A sensitive cut, self-girdle has interesting detail of black velvet. Right: Over the same white crepe gown, Dolly Tree combines a black velvet coat lined and faced with white faille silk. It is of princess style with a stand-up collar and wide, notched reveres that narrow at the waist and widen to a sensitive hemline

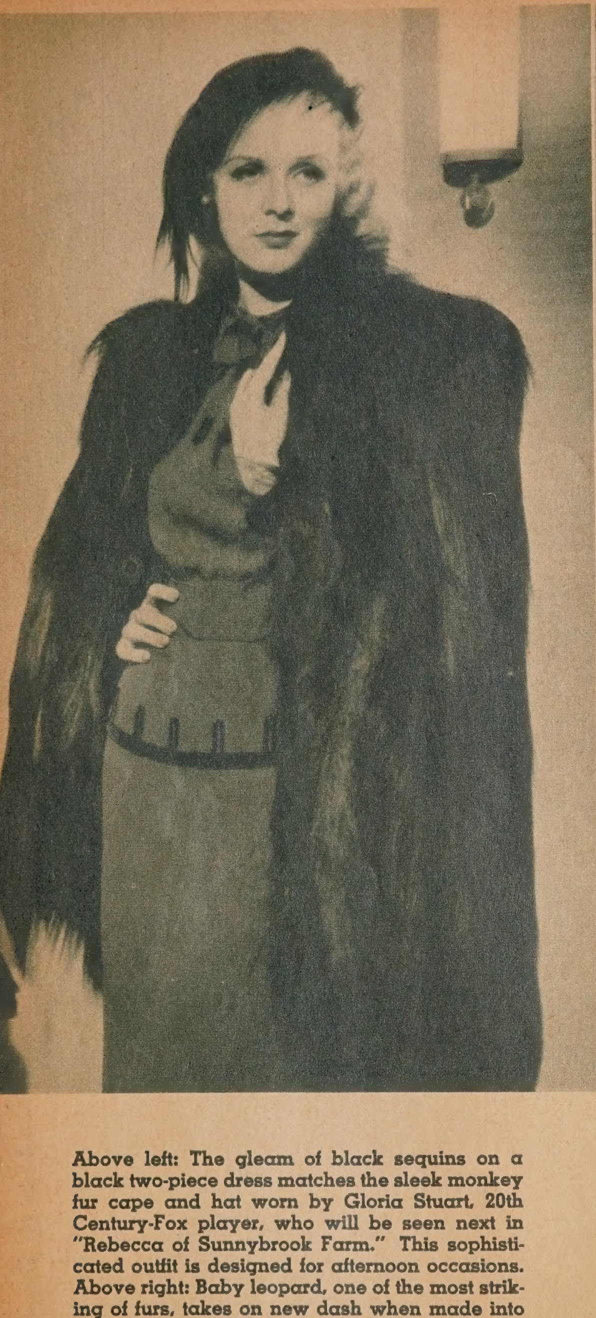


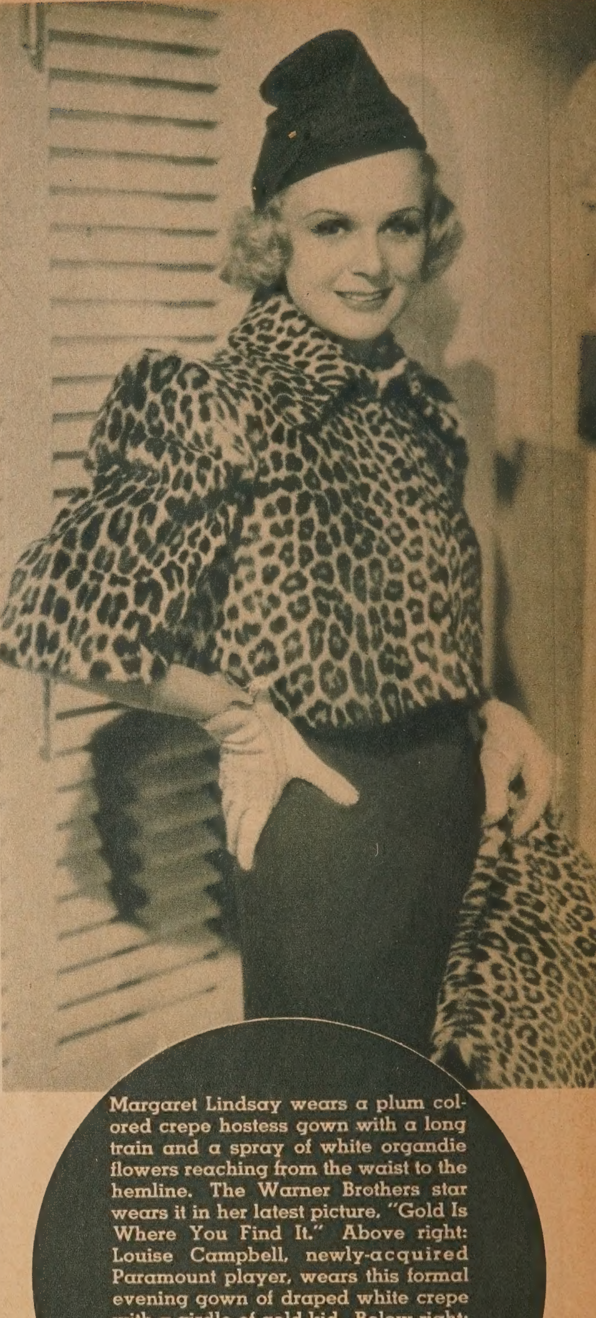
Left: Plaids add a lively note to Hollywood's winter style parade. Gail Patrick, Paramount player, wears a one-piece sports frock of green wool crepe with novel crystal buttons under a swagger coat of brilliant, imported, plaid tweed. Predominant colors are green, red and beige and a style highlight is the large patch pocket. Right: Gail wears a striking daytime frock of black, white and grey checked serge. Overlapping patch pockets and a narrow belt of black leather supply interesting detail. Plaids and checks are indispensable in feminine fashions for this winter, say the smart designers

Left: Leopard makes a striking effect combined with black wool in this winter coat worn by Miss Patrick. The lines of the coat are straight and short and the wide front panel of fur with matching cuffs stresses "newness" in the coat trend. Right: Velvet is most important in Hollywood's winter evening wardrobe. Gail, now appearing in Paramount's "Dangerous to Know," wears this stunning gown, proving that simplicity spells chic this season



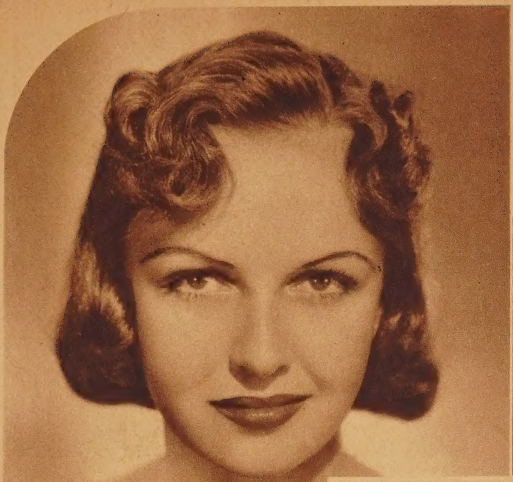




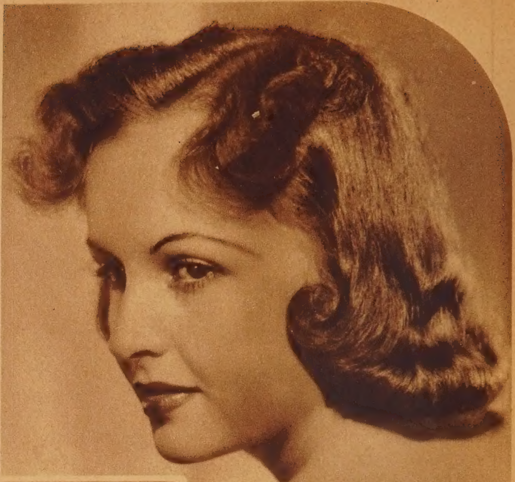


Above left: The gleam of black sequins on a black two-piece dress matches the sleek monkey fur cape and hat worn by Gloria Stuart, 20th Century-Fox player, who will be seen next in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." This sophisticated outfit is designed for afternoon occasions. Above right: Baby leopard, one of the most striking of furs, takes on new dash when made into a bolero and matching muff such as Gloria Stuart chooses for wear with a simple forest-green wool dress. The short, square sleeves and the shape of the muff are both very new. The draped toque and the very brief hand-stitched chamois gloves, provide a smart accent

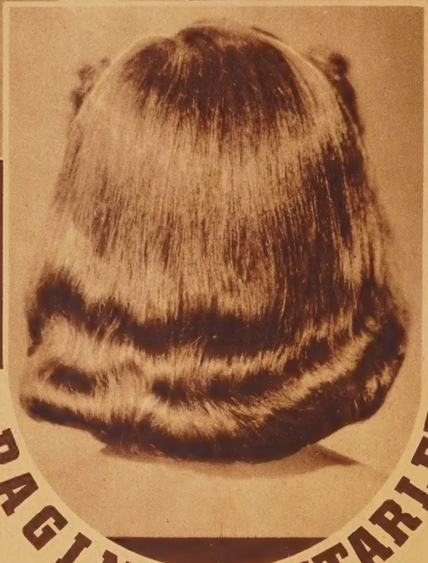
Margaret Lindsay wears a plum colored crepe hostess gown with a long train and a spray of white organdie flowers reaching from the waist to the hemline. The Warner Brothers star wears it in her latest picture, "Gold Is Where You Find It." Above right: Louise Campbell, newly-acquired Paramount player, wears this formal evening gown of draped white crepe with a girdle of gold kid. Below right: Light and dark blue chiffon fashions this house-gown worn by Gladys Swarthout in Paramount's production "Romance In the Dark." The Travis Banton designed costume features a twisted sash of chiffon and an interesting new method of pleating



Glamorous Frances Gifford, RKO's starlet, adds to her appearance by wearing a long page-boy bob, combing her hair on the side, with one soft wave on each side of part



The left side is combed straight with the ends turned under in a forward twist. The high wave at the top adds to the natural lines of smart and easy-to-do hairdress



The back is combed perfectly straight with the exception of the slight shadow wave at the bottom where the ends turn under

PAGING A STARLET

TURN the pages of any magazine today, glance at the girl across the room or the bus, take a second look at the glamour girls of the screen—and what do you see? The page-boy haircut. You wear it—I wear it—so does Hollywood. Extras and stars alike—they're all pages from the courts of the middle ages. Because this page-boy coiffure has gone over so well and lends itself to so many variations, I decided to show you just how it's done. So I made an appointment to watch Frances Gifford, lovely young RKO starlet now appearing in *Having a Wonderful Time,* have her hair set in the famous style.

It was Frances whom Merle Oberon noticed one day when the girl was visiting the studio, it was Frances who was rushed into the producer's office, just as fast as that, it was she who signed the contract that day not so long ago. But in spite of the publicity and attention that Frances Gifford has been getting ever since, she was as sweet and unspoiled as she could be when I found her, literally in the hands of her hairdresser, the other day.

Like many another girl, Frances is an advocate of the page-boy hairstyle. "I like its simplicity," she told me. "The straight lines at the back seem to contrast so nicely with the simple turn-under roll at the ends. It gives such a clean, finished look to the back of the neck. But of course it doesn't look very finished now," and she laughed as her hairdresser combed out her wet brown locks.

First of all the hairdresser formed a single wave on each side of the high side part. Then she twisted into flat curls the short hair at the end of each wave on top of the head. Because Frances has such a lovely high forehead, she can afford to bring these curls out on the face, as you see them in the picture. A girl with a lower forehead should draw her hair diagonally back from the part, exposing the forehead to its utmost, and drawing the eye of the observer up and back with the hair, thus creating an illusion of height.

After the top waves and curls were pinned into place securely, the hairdresser began to comb out the rest of Frances' hair. She straightened it all out, then proceeded to separate the hair preparatory to rolling it on the curlers. A strand is combed out, the curler inserted, and the hair rolled under. The hair should not be rolled too tightly, for you want a loose, hanging effect, rather than one of stiffness. [*Continued on page* 68]

For that gala evening function or for everyday office wear, the advocate of page-boy bob is the lass who is right up-to-the-minute

This New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty

"Smooths lines out marvelously—makes texture seem finer,"
Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.

Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.

Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.

famous for her beauty here and abroad. "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

(*Right*) *On her way to an embassy dinner in Washington.*

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! . . . And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health

Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 6-CO, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City__________ State__________

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PLAN A PATRIOTIC PARTY

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

These gay and festive table decorations will give your February parties the good old Southern touch and spirit of frontier days

Crepe paper dolls of George and Martha will be the attraction of your charming table decorations

The log cabin centerpiece, honoring Honest Abe, is just the thing for your patriotically-inclined guests

AFTER Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's, if you still have the strength to give another party, we're ready to tell you how to celebrate Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays. But if you'd just rather relax with the family for a change, and be patriotic within the home circle, how about trying some delicious historic foods which were our Forefather's Favorites? In either case, these two anniversaries may be festive occasions.

In giving a patriotic party, take your choice between the formal elegance of the Southern Colonial Washingtons, and the hearty simplicity of the Pioneer Lincolns. Play up the red-white-and-blue scheme in decoration, with plain white china, clear crystal or dark blue glass for food and beverage service. And you may purchase a white crepe paper table cloth which comes packaged with red and blue runners and napkins to match and which is very effective. And blue or white lace paper doilies at-

This luscious cherry walnut pie with whipped cream will add the modern touch to your party menus tractively set off desserts and tidbits.

For a Washington's Birthday Party there is a pair of crepe paper dolls portraying George and Martha, which makes a charming effect when stood at two corners of the buffet or tea table.

Of course, serve "cherries" and "hatchets." Hatchet sandwiches, hatchet-shaped cookies, cherry pie, cherry ice-box cake, or ice cream with cherry sauce. A large white frosted cake studded with maraschino cherries to form the thirteen stars and stripes is a striking addition to the feast, while a glamorous Cherry Walnut Pie adds the modern touch.

CHERRY WALNUT PIE

Baked 9-inch pie shell

Filling:

2 cups pitted red cherries (or 1 No. 2 can)
1½ cups sugar
1¼ cups cherry juice
1 tablespoon plain gelatin
½ cup cold water
½ cup walnut meats, broken
Dash cinnamon
½ pint whipping cream, whipped

Soak gelatin in cold water. Heat sugar, cherry juice and cinnamon to boiling point, and stir to dissolve sugar. Add soaked gelatin to hot juice and chill to quivery jelly. Carefully fold in cherries and nuts so that they remain in suspension. Pour mixture into cold, crisp freshly baked pie shell, and allow to become firm. Border top with wide band of whipped cream, allowing small circle of filling to show in center, and placing a few single cherries around whipped cream border.

NOW let's get down to the actual dishes which Martha prepared for George on his birthdays, long ago. Such days were always scenes of great festivity in the courtly Southern manner, and Martha, who was the outstanding cook of her day, outdid herself on these occasions. There was always the rich birthday pound cake, frosted and decorated with homemade candles and wreathed in smilax and flowers. And there was often, to begin with, her famous—

CRAB SOUP

8 hardshell crabs
2 hardcooked eggs
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 lemon peel
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 quart milk
½ cup cream
¾ cup Sherry
salt, pepper

Boil crabs ½ hour, and pick out the meat. Mash eggs and mix with butter, flour, lemon peel and Worcestershire sauce. Bring milk to boil and pour gradually into paste. Set over low heat, add crabmeat, and simmer 5 minutes. Add cream and bring to boil again. Finally, add Sherry and seasonings, and heat but do not boil. (Canned crab may be substituted for fresh.)

Baked Virginia Ham, cold roast duck and game, served with jellies, marmalades and spiced pickles, filled in the menu till dessert time, when Washington Cream Pie was tops. This popular pie is not really a pie as we know but a delicate fluffy cake in two layers, filled with sweetened whipped cream or with golden custard, and dusted with powdered sugar. This recipe as well as the one for Martha Washington's Apple Pie will be found in the free leaflet we hope you will request.

Dear Mother,
The honeymoon is over!

We've had the nastiest row. I'll never, never forgive him for saying his mother used to get his shirts whiter than I do.

Jane

Dear Jane,

Ted's a nitwit and so are you! His mother's washes had the meanest case of tattle-tale gray till I told her what ailed them! Her soap was so lazy it left dirt behind. Change to Fels-Naptha like she did—and go on with your honeymoon!

Mother

Dear Mother,

That little guy, Cupid, has nothing on you! I tried your Fels-Naptha and I'll say those marvelous suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha take out all the dirt. Ted's simply tickled about his shirts. And glory, but it's swell to have him tossing bouquets at me again!

Jane

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

P.S. *You'll like the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!*

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SEND TODAY FOR DETAILS OF MY
"PAY AFTER GRADUATION" PLAN

Prepare now for big opportunities in the world's most fascinating profession. Get a training in the Coyne Shops in a practical way that will give you your start in this great field . . . I offer you the **opportunity to finance your training.** Send now for details of my **"Pay After Graduation" Plan** and Big FREE illustrated book with all the facts about Coyne training. Mail Coupon **today** for details.

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When you enroll at Coyne you get a Life Scholarship. You get Free Employment Service for Life after Graduation. If you need part time work to help pay living expenses we will help you get it. Coyne is 39 years old. Coyne training is tested—you can find out everything about our course and "Pay After Graduation" Plan. Just Mail Coupon for My BIG FREE RADIO BOOK.

H. C. Lewis

SEND NOW FOR FULL DETAILS!

H. C. LEWIS, President,
Coyne Electrical & Radio School,
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 28-7H, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lewis:—Send me your big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Tuition Offer—and about your "Pay After Graduation" Plan.

Name..

Address..

City..............................State.........

The keynote for celebrating Lincoln's Birthday is *nothing fancy!* Keep the spirit of the frontier days in your menu and serve the old American favorites in simple pottery dishes, mugs and wooden bowls. A fitting table centerpiece is a cardboard log cabin 10" high and 18" long. Cover the sides with brown corrugated board; to the cardboard roof which extends 2" over the edge of the cabin, paste tubular cardboard logs covered with brown crushed paper. Set the cabin on a heavy cardboard base which extends 5" all around and is covered with crushed green crepe paper. And fashion two trees, one on each side of the house, of brown crushed paper for the trunks and green paper leaves. Paper cabin centerpieces ready to paste together, and also wooden cabins, can be purchased at novelty counters. Or, if you prefer an edible cabin, bake a Devil's Food Loaf in an oversized pan, set a cardboard roof atop it, and use cocoa icing in strips to resemble roof logs. Place four nabiscos upright for the chimney, and set in a door and two windows of nabiscos. Place the cake cabin on a bed of fern.

Serve baked apples, molasses cookies, cornbread or gingerbread, doughnuts, old-fashioned pull taffy and cider. By the way, cider, in the old days, was a great standby and was used not only as a beverage, but was poured on pancakes and fritters and incorporated in cakes, pies, puddings and desserts of all kinds. Baked Ham with Cider Sauce will be a fine choice for your family dinner on February 12th, or just Boston beans, pork and brown bread are also appropriate. Here is the taffy recipe, which has always been the "children's choice", and you will find several other pioneer dishes in the special leaflet we wish to send you:

OLD FASHIONED TAFFY

1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup brown sugar
2 cups molasses
¾ cup water
¼ cup butter
⅛ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt

Cook together sugars, molasses and water to 265°F. until hard balls form when dropped in cold water. Stir frequently at last stage. Remove from heat, add butter, baking soda and salt, and mix well. Pour into buttered large shallow pan and let stand to cool. Oil fingers slightly and gather taffy into a ball. Pull candy, using tips of fingers, until firm and yellow. Stretch out into long rope, twist slightly, and cut with scissors dipped frequently in cold water, into 1-inch lengths. (Makes about 50 pieces).

Of course the whole family will want to join in the fun and help with the pulling.

Let me send you the 8 Forefather's Favorites, including Martha Washington's Apple Pie, Lincoln's Pumpkin Muffins and Boston Baked Beans. Just paste this coupon on a penny postcard and send it to me.

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
c/o Screen Book
1501 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the leaflet containing the 8 Forefather Favorite Recipes.
(This offer expires February 28, 1938)

Name ....

Address ....

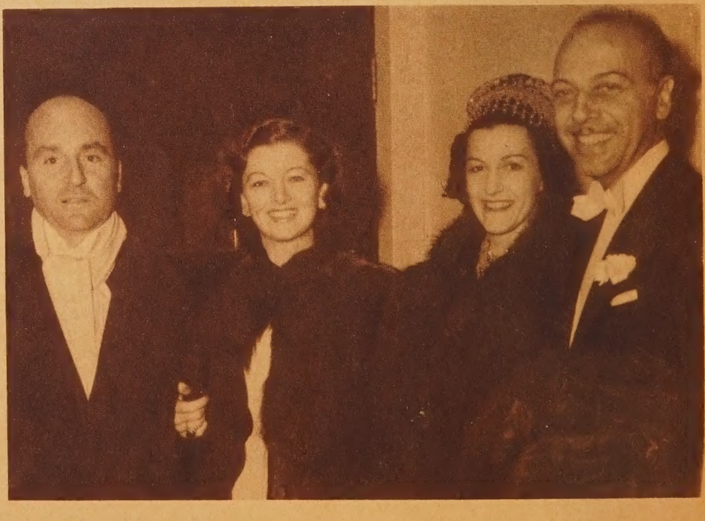
City .... State...............

SB-2

(Please paste coupon on penny post card)

NOTICE TO THE MYSTERY RECIPE CONTESTANTS

Owing to the unprecedented number of replies to the **Mystery Recipe Contest**, we will be unable to announce the winners until the March issue of SCREEN BOOK.



Myrna Loy, once known as a Hollywood recluse, has become a regular gadabout since her marriage to producer Arthur Hornblow (left). With them at a recent Hollywood premier were Natalie Visart and director Mitchell Leisen

Robin Hood Goes Hollywood!

[Continued from page 33]

They signed about 650 autographs. Olivia de Havilland (*Maid Marian*) arrives tomorrow. I can't wait. Oh yeah, 50 horses also came in from Hollywood.

They brought everybody to a hotel in Richardson Springs, about 12 miles from this town. And in a few minutes shooting will start at Bidwell Park. You probably never heard of this joint. It's one of the most beautiful natural parks in the world. Don't visualize it as Central Park in NYC. This is nature, raw. An old gold hunter of the 1849 period named Gen. John Bidwell gave it to the city of Chico years ago. The studio liked the park for two reasons. When the old general made the gift, he stipulated that the park must remain in its natural condition. He also said no liquor must ever be trafficked within its bounds. Violation of either stipulation would return the park to the heirs. As I said, the studio thought this was swell.

You take these rambling notes of mine and make a story. I'm having too much fun. More tomorrow.

Love to your secretary,
Jasper, the Spy.

On Location
Wednesday.

Dear Boss:

I was really thrilled by what happened today. So thrilled I think I can write something tremendous on what I saw. Here goes—see if you don't think it's swell!

The blast of a shrill whistle echoed through Sherwood Forest. Ringed around the big Technicolor camera were dozens of lead and silver reflectors which caught vagrant sun rays and flung them into dark patches of oaks and sycamores.

Sleek-haired Director William Keighley nodded to the stocky blonde woman at his side.

"Here, Chiefie," she wheedled. "Come Chiefie."

A big buck deer with spreading antlers stepped from behind a tree and gazed curiously at the scene. The glaring reflectors and brilliant lights blinded and frightened him. He looked like he might flee through the forest without further notice.

"Here, Chiefie," came that soft voice again, coaxingly.

The deer cocked his head toward the voice, finally saw the woman, and moved slowly toward her, pausing occasionally for a graceful look at these bewildering surroundings. His footsteps were "wired for sound," to use studio parlance; they came down so delicately that they made merely a whisper in the piles of fallen leaves.

The scene, the first on location for *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, was perfect with one "take." Yet it was Chief's first scene before a movie camera. The blonde woman, Mrs. Verna Cover, had brought him from her home in the mountains of Colorado to become a thespian after four years' training as a pet in her home. And Chief had succeeded admirably.

The deer couldn't do too much for his mistress. She found him one time, when

LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!

The greatest make-up improvement in years

THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light.

SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

Luxor powder is *light-proof.* If you use it, your face won't *shine.* We will send you a box FREE to *prove* it.

● At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

With a finished touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over *shine* when you use this kind of powder.

Seeing is believing

You have doubtless bought a good many boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run this risk with Luxor. We will *give* you a box to try. Or you can buy a box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't pass every test you can give it.

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself how much it improves your appearance—in any light. See the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how such powder subdues those highlights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

How to get light-proof powder

Luxor light-proof face powder is being distributed rapidly and most stores have received a reasonable supply. Just ask for Luxor light-proof powder, in your shade. A large box is 55c at drug and department stores; or 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores.

Or if you prefer to try it out before you buy it, then clip out and mail the coupon below. Don't postpone your test of this amazing improvement in face powder; sooner or later you will be using nothing else.

LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago
Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor LIGHT-PROOF face powder free and prepaid.
☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Rose Rachel
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You'll have more fun when the SKIN is clear from WITHIN

NO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within*.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improves digestion . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.

he was but a week old, dying in the mountain wilderness. Mrs. Cover raised him on a bottle, taught him to like coffee and auto rides. Finally she brought him to Hollywood where Director Keighley hired him for the picture.

Well, boss, how's that for fine writing? Someone helped me, I admit, but I won't say who. Oughta make a good lead for your story.

Olivia got in tonight. You should have seen all the boys on location. They looked pig-dirty until about 5 p. m. When they heard the train whistling, they all rushed in to shave and clean up. Me too. Boy, what a dish that Olivia is! From now on, I shave twice a day until she leaves.

More tomorrow.

Your faithful slave,
Jasper, the Spy.

On Location
Thursday

Dear Boss:

Never in my life have I met anyone quite as swell as Olivia de Havilland. She's not married, either, boss. I hope to get better acquainted at the first opportunity. So far she has looked down upon me like I am another Charlie McCarthy. And you know how some of those girl guest stars treat *him*.

You'd get an awful kick out of seeing the people in costume around here. Old timers—some of them of vintage ancient enough to remember the romantic days of the gold rush in California—have laced themselves into the 12th century costumes required for this picture. They stand around smoking their pipes and reminiscing of the more glamorous days of yore.

Boss, they brought 50 men from Hollywood who have never appeared on the screen before. Believe it or not, they brought them up here because they have beautiful legs. Studio scouts visited all the beaches to find them. Their faces may not be so much, but man oh man, what Olympic legs those boys have got! I hesitate to glance at those bowed babies of mine.

Pat Knowles seems to be having bad luck. He arrived on location with a stomach ache. He gave it to everyone else. Now today he is laid low with a bad cold. What next?

Errol Flynn surprised everyone this afternoon by coming in with a bobcat of the desert variety. He says he got it with one arrow from his 12th century bow. The carcass bears him out. He is going pheasant hunting tomorrow. More later.

Love and kisses to your Girl Friday.
Jasper, the Spy.

P. S. Please rush fifty bucks. The cost of living is higher than the mountains hereabouts.

On Location
Friday.

Dear Boss:

Did I say Pat Knowles was having bad luck? This morning, while doing a scene with some of the boys, a horse stepped on his foot. And wouldn't get off. While Pat was wincing from pain, he still had the English dignity to crack: "The beast might at least have had the decency to remove his shoe first." I don't think his toes are broken—but *he* does.

Errol Flynn paid $75 for some pheasants today. He felt pretty cocky over having bagged that bobcat and set out in search of further game. He came home with the pheasants and a game warden. As I said before, it cost him $75.

I'm getting nowhere at all with Olivia, darn it. It hurts my pride. What has Bill Keighley got that I haven't? He seems to be taking her everywhere. They went to a little mountain dance at Paradise, near here, last night. I happen to know Pat Knowles was along, too. Did you know Keighley is engaged to Beverly Roberts at Warners? I'm depressed.

Regretfully,
Jasper, the Spy.

P. S. Please send up some winter underwear.

On Location
Saturday.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Maybe Errol Flynn got his $75 worth after all. Last night after dark he took my friend, the stuffed deer from the taxidermist's shop, and hauled it up into the mountains. This morning he announced aloud he was going out after a buck. Good and loud. So that same game warden heard about it and followed Errol as he climbed into the car. After getting up into the hills, Errol got out and took his gun with him into the woods. The G. W. was watching from a nearby tree.

A little later Errol emerged triumphantly with a deer over his shoulders. The game warden fell for the gag and seized him. But the fellow was a good sport. After he got through wiping the laughter-tears from his eyes, he flipped Errol to see who would pay for a peace-feast. Errol won.

Guess I can't conjure up any triangle against Director Keighley. I found out that Olivia was a real close pal of Beverly Roberts. Olivia had been working on a picture for 12 straight weeks before she came up here. So Beverly phoned Keighley and asked him to be particularly certain Olivia got rest and plenty of relaxation. And to take good care of her. Obviously, he was just carrying out orders. I'm depressed. Boy, how it cramps my style.

Eugene Pallette fractured his wrist today. Errol Flynn didn't think he could carry the portly Pallette through a pathway required by the script. Just to kid Errol, Pallette had a small prop boy show how it could be done. The poor underdog collapsed under the weight and Eugene fractured his wrist. It wasn't a bad break, but Eugene will be out for ten days.

Now Basil Rathbone has the urge to go out and see what he can kill with a bow and arrow. He's in the mountains today with another expert marksman. How's that for a day's news? I haven't received that fifty bucks yet. Why not wire it? I think you are a great guy.

Kiss your secretary for me.
Jasper, the Spy.

On Location
Monday.

Dear Boss:

Basil Rathbone isn't such a bad shot himself. He came in Saturday night with a wild boar. He shot once and wounded it with a steel arrow. Then he ran backwards for two miles with the boar after him. Finally the beast dropped dead from loss of blood. What a hero this man Rathbone!

Errol Flynn and Pat Knowles found themselves in a bad spot this afternoon. Knowles, who has learned to fly a plane, took Errol up in a rented ship. While they were in the air a fog came in and they became lost. Finally we rounded up a bunch of cars and turned on the head-lights as we surrounded the field. They found their way down. Boy, was Keighley mad! Bill Miller, a local pilot, said Errol had been taking flying lessons all last week, and had actually soloed.

Did I tell you that Lili Damita, Errol's wife, had been up here? She rushed back to Hollywood tonight, and now everyone wonders if they have been scrapping. She's a beautiful, fiery girl.

Your vigilant sleuth,
Jasper, the Spy.

On Location
Tuesday.

Dear Boss:

Maybe I'm wrong about that wild boar business. A farmer sent Rathbone a bill today for killing a tame pig. I haven't found out whether it's a gag or not. Rathbone is hiding out while the razzberries are flying.

Now I know why Lili rushed home. She and Errol brought back from Europe a rare lion dog. Last night it delivered four valuable pups by a Caesarian operation. Lili went home to see that everything went all right. We heard some Hollywood rumors that Lili and Errol disagreed because he danced with some local waitresses. Truth is, Lili was present and told him to.

The studio wired today and told Errol to keep out of airplanes. He's not very happy about it. Says he'll buy one when he gets home. Have you kissed your Girl Friday for me?

Yours,
Jasper, the Spy.

P. S. Just received the fifty smackeroos. And the winter underwear. What for? I go back to Hollywood tomorrow.

Everyone in Hollywood rejoices in the happiness of charming Anne Shirley and her handsome young husband, John Payne. Here they are at a recent filmland preview

The Glamour Girl

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LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK

*1st STEP
Mixing takes a minute.

2nd STEP
Applying takes a minute.

3rd STEP
Resting for 20 minutes.

4th STEP
Rinsing off completely.

THIS beauty-wise girl knows that popularity goes hand-in-hand with a clear, lovely, glowing complexion.

She protects and beautifies her skin with the new Linit Magic Milk Mask. It costs her almost nothing, yet keeps her face looking soft and smooth—lively and vibrant. It's ever so easy to enjoy this marvelous new home beauty treatment. While simple to apply, it's almost magical in results!

**Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit* (the same Linit that is so well known as a Beauty Bath) *and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the* cleansed *face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water.*

HOW FIRM—how clean your skin will feel! The gentle stimulation the mask gives your skin induces the facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter and heightens natural bloom. This is an excellent "guide" to proper make-up, as the bloom indicates where your rouge should be applied. The Linit Mask also eliminates "shine" and keeps your make-up looking fresh for hours.

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FOR THE BATH
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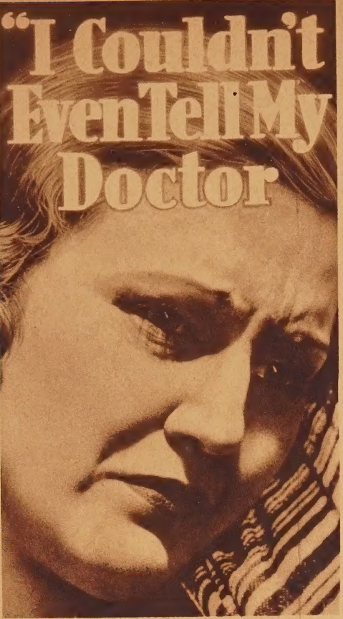
Your grocer sells Linit


"I Couldn't Even Tell My Doctor

the Torture I Suffered"

An affliction I had to bear in silence, it was so embarrassing!

IS THERE anything more painful than Hemorrhoids, or, more frankly, Piles? The suffering is well nigh inexpressible and the sad part of it is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more crushing or more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of Piles.

Yet blessed relief from Piles of all forms is found today in the treatment supplied in Pazo Ointment. Three-fold in effect, Pazo does the things necessary.

3 Effects

First of all, it is *soothing*, which relieves soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*, which makes passage easy and painless. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Results!

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

Try It!

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC. **MAIL!**
Dept. 18-F, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing.
*Name*__________
*Address*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________
This offer is good only in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

This Month's Hollywood News Story

[*Continued from page* 38]

that something terrible had happened. The crash had partially severed her spinal cord and she was paralyzed from the neck down. Kindly, they delayed saying that Mary would never recover. But before many weeks had passed, Mary herself knew the truth. One year, two years, five years—sometime soon it must come. Meantime—nothing but paralysis.

Most of us would have prayed for death, had we been in Mary's place. That would have been the easier thing to do. But Mary, with only a few friends and very little money, refused to see the tragedy of her predicament. She was the happiest girl in the hospital. With nothing to move but her mouth and eyes, Mary concentrated on gaiety, and the courage that she showed broke the hearts of all who knew her.

How she gathered so many friends about her bed is still something of a wonder. Most of the screen luminaries who gradually came to be her friends still cannot explain what mysterious magnet brought them to her side. But still they came, and were the better for it. The wonder of this girl's indomitable spirit left its mark on them all.

Anne Shirley became acquainted slightly with Mary when they both came up for tests in Universal's *Imitation of Life*. The role ultimately went to Rochelle Hudson. The two losers never saw each other again until Anne walked in one day to see the girl who wouldn't quit smiling.

TO THE day of his fateful trip into the Arctics Will Rogers and his wife visited Mary regularly. After his tragic passing Mrs. Rogers continued to see the girl destined to follow him into the Unknown. When the younger group of Hollywood held a benefit for Mary Blackford at the Cocoanut Grove, Will Rogers was present, thereby setting a record. It was his first and only visit to a filmland night club.

"I ain't seen the inside of one of these night spots before," Will said, ducking his head with a characteristic grin, "but the family doesn't totally ignore them. My daughter, Mary, closes 'em all up every night."

The younger group of actors were her best friends. Russell Hayden, Anne Shirley, Tom Brown, Henry Wilson, Phyllis Fraser, Ida Lupino—these and many others came to worship her.

"We did it because we got so much out of our visits," Anne Shirley said while lunching with Phyllis Fraser and me at R-K-O. "I never saw Mary when she wasn't gay. We used to visit her at dinner time, because she had to have someone feed her. We conspired to devise a little game over who got to feed her—fight as if it were the most important privilege in the world. And Mary would laugh at us and forget to be embarrassed or troubled over her complete paralysis."

And although Mary Blackford was a comparative shut-in, she never lost track of what was going on in the world. She had the radio given her by Will Rogers to keep her life filled with music. Everyone brought her magazines, books, candy—anything they could think of to win little gurgles of thanks from her smiling lips.

Mary's first two years of invalidism were passed in several hospitals. Joan Crawford saw to it that Mary was provided with her permanent room, reserved for just such cases as this, at the Hollywood Hospital. When one of the Mayo Brothers was visiting Hollywood, friends got him to visit Mary and see if anything more could be done. He saw the X-rays and visited the patient, and then shook his head sadly.

"We were always trying to think of something to do for Mary," Phyllis Fraser said as Anne nodded assent. "One thing she liked more than anything else—pretty bows for her bed jackets. She got more of them from us than she knew what to do with. Jackets, robes, blankets—everything we could think of we gave to Mary, and wished we could do more."

One of the biggest events in her hospital life was Bing Crosby's serenade. Bing heard about Mary's courage, and wanted to do something. Her friends suggested he sing for her. Mary wouldn't let him come to her room for that momentous occasion. She arranged for Bing to sing in the largest hall in the hospital so that everyone could hear him who was able. She never got over being thrilled by his visit.

Finally, when they told Mary she could go home, everyone pitched in to make the occasion seem just as important as a First Night at a theatre. Gertrude Messenger, who was perhaps her best friend, hustled everyone around to give her a great reception. Russell Hayden even went to her house and personally redecorated Mary's room.

Mary came home with tears in her eyes—tears of gladness, and whispered, "Did you ever see anyone so lucky?"

When the doctors said it wouldn't make any difference, this loyal bunch of young stars saw to it that Mary went places in a wheel chair. Ida Lupino provided a huge limousine and a chauffeur whenever there was a good excuse. Bundled up in the man's sturdy arms, Mary was carried out into the world, and she devoured the sights with hungry eyes.

DURING this last summer Mary got so she could move her hands a little. Friends helped her on crutches, and they detected a slight movement of her feet. It began to look like perhaps the doctors were wrong, and everybody was happier even than Mary over this gradual improvement. One year, two years—five years? Well, doctors don't always know how things will come out.

Came Autumn, and there was no use denying it. Mary could move her limbs a little, but she was looking tired. The gay smile was still there. The brave heart still beat out her immense courage. But there was something in her eyes which nobody would admit.

One day, just a few weeks ago, she went to the beach with some friends. She was lying in bed, talking gaily with them. Someone made a funny remark. Mary threw back her head in joyous laughter, her eyes sparkling. But her head dropped suddenly against the pillow, and only a strange, lurking smile was left. Her glinting hair didn't rustle on the pillow now.

Her friends rushed to her side, and in that stillness they knew that the inevitable had come at last. The great spirit of

Mary Blackford had followed the path of Will Rogers, and left behind was only the little smile which had won the praise of great people.

Hollywood said goodby to Mary in the same little chapel that had marked the passing of Dorothy Dell three years before. All the friends who had admired her so much in life crowded the chapel room, and their grief was over the loss of the bravest thing they had ever known.

A man's voice talked, and then Connie Boswell, herself a cripple, sang something that seemed very fitting for this moment. *A Little White Gardenia.* That, indeed, was Mary Blackford, making her last appearance in life.

And then, just before the services came to an end, another old friend sang his tribute to the girl who wouldn't quit smiling. It was Muzzy Marcellino, a singer in Ted FioRito's orchestra, and the words he sang were not from his lips alone, but from all these people gathered here in last tribute. Perhaps you know the song, and if you do, you'll understand why the tears welled in the eyes of everyone.

Its title? Simply, *To Mary—with Love.*

It's a wonder that Ginger Rogers ever gets time to play tennis, what with new starring roles being announced for her almost every day by her studio, RKO-Radio

Is it Any Wonder
SHE'S ATTRACTIVE TO MEN NOW!

It's Marvelous What a Change Can Be Made in a Few Short Weeks

IT isn't normal to be thin and bony so that people consider you gawky and ungainly. Solid, firm, natural flesh is your birthright and noticeable lack of it may be due to a *simple disturbance.*

In many cases this disturbance may be traced to the absence of sufficient Vitamin B in the diet—and science has recently found a way to correct this trouble. Now countless women and girls are following this way to the attractiveness and charm of added pounds of solid healthy flesh.

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Science now knows that Vitamin B is *absolutely essential* to health. It is also a known fact that many modern foods are lacking in this important Vitamin B and that *some foods do not contain it at all!*

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So if you are thin and look ungainly because of insufficient Vitamin B in your body, start taking Yeast Foam Tablets right away. Note how your appetite picks up and how you get *full value from food.* Watch natural healthy flesh develop. You'll be amazed and elated.

Yeast Foam Tablets are available at drug counters and department stores everywhere. Don't accept substitutes. Yeast Foam Tablets come in 2 size bottles. 10-day size for 50c and 30-day size for $1.00.

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- More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new *greaseless* Zonitors, for *modern* feminine hygiene.

There is nothing like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal. They contain no quinine or harmful drugs, no cocoa butter to melt or run. Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power combined with its freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

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Her Blonde Hair Was Darkening

But New Blonde Hair Shampoo Brought Back Its Rich Golden Beauty and Gleaming Lustre

Here, at last, is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair. Try New Blondex Shampoo and Rinse to wash your hair shades lighter and bring out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps your hair lovely, gleaming with lustrous highlights. Get New Blondex today. New combination package—Shampoo with separate Rinse—for sale at all stores. Buy the large size—it costs less per shampoo.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

Royal Rhythmatician

[*Continued from page* 41]

latest style. Like any other musician, he finds fun and variety in popular jazz music, but there is no use in denying, of course, that his particular interest in life is centered upon fine music, finely sung.

Look back in Nelson's career and you can see how he almost missed being any kind of a singer, crooner or otherwise.

As a youngster he was typically American. He went to school, played baseball, got into fights, and sometimes lost them. He knew he could sing, and so did others. So he became a choir boy in St. Stephen's Church. He later was a soprano soloist at Grace Church, in Providence, and still later at All Saints' Church. Yes, as a child, Nelson was definitely a singing sensation.

When he lost that soprano voice, there was the usual period of uncertainty. And from then on, it was anybody's guess whether Nelson would ever become a professional singer. For awhile, after he had left normal School, it appeared he might be a trap drummer in an orchestra, or possibly a doctor, or even a cartoonist. He did a pretty fair sketch when he was in the mood, although it was a naturally developed talent.

With all these careers in view, he quite hopelessly ended up as a newspaperman. He worked through from obituary writer to reporter, then became a copy reader and finally an advertising writer. At this stage there was not the slightest evidence indicating Nelson would become a great singer. As a matter of fact, it is likely he would have held no hope whatsoever had fate failed to steer him to David Bispham, a great American baritone of the time.

Bispham heard him, was impressed enough to give Nelson Eddy his first lessons. Then Bispham died, but he had influenced Nelson enough to keep the hope nurtured. The young student took instructions from eleven different persons in the years that followed, until he finally found the formula which brought him the highest recognitions due a concert artist.

And in case you have never heard, or have forgotten, here is how he became a film star. Louis B. Mayer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive, heard him at a concert in Los Angeles, and signed him to a contract within 24 hours. Many months passed before Nelson was starred in *Naughty Marietta,* but once the film was released, he magically climbed from a Hollywood unknown to the most popular man in the movies. Film executives, magazine editors, and newspapermen all over the nation were astonished beyond belief to find one man making such an astounding, unprecedented hit in his first big role.

Succeeding years and pictures have maintained Nelson as one of Hollywood's great, outstanding favorites. Millions listen to him on a weekly radio program, and countless others hear him on his concert tours between pictures.

The years of success have not changed him materially. He has never been a man of personal romances. Life has been too full, too all-demanding for that. When first he began hearing rumors of heart affairs broadcast about him, he felt inclined to bother with a denial. No longer. Time erases the rumors without his going to the trouble.

NELSON has many fine friendships in Hollywood. When he was making musical films with Jeanette MacDonald as his co-star, a great many gossipers linked them romantically. And what came of that?

Jeanette married the man that all their friends knew was her real love—Gene Raymond. And Nelson, who always was and always will be a good friend of the couple, sang at their elaborate wedding—sang two numbers that made all of the hundreds of guests thrill way down deep inside.

With Jeanette married, the gossipers had to find some new name to link with Nelson Eddy. Who better fitted the formula than Eleanor Powell, to whom he sings love ballads in *Rosalie?* So Eleanor soon was "it." The papers came out with the report because someone had seen Nelson with his arm around Eleanor while the camera wasn't shooting their love scene.

What Nelson thought, and what Eleanor said, will not need repeating.

And just as Nelson has remained very much a single man, without a disposition to find romance, so has he remained virtually unchanged in many other ways. His clothes are neither better nor worse than they were before. He always appears neat, but he is not a flashy dresser. As a matter of fact, Nelson is in no sense showy about himself. He is at heart extremely conservative, and he shows it in his habits and tastes.

This great young singer is still just as friendly as he was when he first came to Hollywood. Only now his friendliness has been tempered by caution. A film star, Nelson Eddy has found, cannot be too free with friendliness, else life would be swamped with legions of admirers who would unintentionally sweep away every shred of privacy.

When Nelson first came to Hollywood he was, as many people will testify, one of the friendliest people in town. After that first astonishing film, *Naughty Marietta,* he found his whole existence jeopardized by an onslaught of fans such as no one had imagined possible. So he took to his heels and has been forced to curb a natural camaraderie for his own protection.

A lot of people will call him snobbish because of that. But he isn't. Essentially, he has not changed with success, and the probability is that he won't be changing soon. Steadfast, yes. And earnest, hard working.

That's the other side of Nelson Eddy, the Royal Rhythmatician.

MEET DARRIEUX—HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST GLAMOUR GIRL

Newest filmland sensation is the fiery little French star, Danielle Darrieux, whom Universal is soon to present in a spectacular big production. Who is she? What is her background? How is Universal planning to give her one of the biggest "build-ups" any star has had in years? Read the answers to these and other questions in the March issue of SCREEN BOOK Combined with Screen Play.

All a Gamble!

[*Continued from page* 46]

the Sierra Madre Mountains, in their very shadow; and which was to rocket Phil to fame.

Phil scored with his singing. At Warners, he sang his way to prominence; although it was not until he appeared in *The Hit Parade,* at Republic, that he enjoyed a full measure of success. If you caught him in that, or *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round,* you know he's arrived. Good-looking and with an engaging personality, you're with him before he opens his mouth in song—and when that rich Irish voice of his begins to warble you're captivated by its charm.

TODAY, Phil Regan is one of the screen's most promising singers. Added to that, he can act and unconsciously makes you believe in him. He is Republic Pictures' brightest hope.

If Phil had lived during the days of Horatio Alger, Jr., the novelist undoubtedly would have patterned a story around him. For Phil's life is a real "rags to riches" tale, as spectacular as any the once-famous author offered the boyhood of America.

From odd jobs, as a lad of ten in Brooklyn, he rose, at thirteen, to the position of truck driver. Ever gazing upward, he turned to washing cars, learned to drive an automobile and became a chauffeur. Police work came next, with his being assigned to the detective detail after only twenty-four days as a rookie cop.

"Luck was with me from the first," muses Phil, in recalling his start on the road which eventually led to Hollywood.

"Ordinarily, a rookie goes through three months of preparatory training before he is accepted on the force. He attends police school during this period, then is assigned to go out on a beat with a veteran officer.

"I missed all that. I had been going to school exactly twenty-four days when I got a tip—I can't tell you from whom, even now—on a murderer.

"I should have gone to my captain, and reported to him. Instead, I went to an inspector, an old friend, and laid the facts before him. If I hadn't, I might still be pounding a beat.

"The inspector detailed two detectives to me, and told them to let me work things out my own way. For nine days, then, we followed my tip—and at the end of that time we arrested our man. Following that, I didn't return to school—I was promoted at once to plain clothes man."

IT WAS while attending a swanky party, in the line of duty, that Regan's vocal talents first were recognized. Phil always had sung, but only for his own amusement and that of his family. Now, at this party, he was asked to sing.

Greatly embarrassed, he rendered several numbers—and was the hit of the evening. While his partner, then, remained on guard—the two were there to watch out for a suspected jewel thief—Phil sang several more songs, and was invited by one of the guests, a chief executive of the Columbia Broadcasting System, to take an audition at the studio.

"I thought it was a gag," Phil explains, "and didn't pay much attention to the invitation. Later, though, I chanced to be going by the broadcasting studio and dropped in to see this gentleman. I was ushered right into his office, and a few minutes later I was taking the audition.

"When I finished, Guy Lombardo, the orchestra leader, was waiting for me. He had heard the audition, and then and there offered me a job to go on a program with Burns and Allen and himself.

The young detective didn't immediately accept, however. He was a married man. with a wife and four young children to care for. (He and his wife were married when he was seventeen and the children began to arrive in due course.) If he did elect to go on the radio, it meant giving up the police force—the $30 a week pension he was sure of getting at the end of twenty years. He had struggled to get on the force, and it meant a lot.

"Jo and I talked it over, and finally we decided I should take the chance," he says. "It was fortunate that I did. I was billed as 'The Singing Cop,' and for a year sang with Lombardo's orchestra, on the Burns and Allen hour."

Following this engagement, he con-

IMAGINE ME HAVING BAD BREATH!
YOU'D THINK A NURSE WOULD KNOW BETTER! BUT A MONTH AGO....
WHY SO DOWNHEARTED, SUE? ON THE OUTS WITH THAT HANDSOME PATIENT OF YOURS?
WELL, SORT OF. JIM DID LIKE ME, RUTH—REALLY. BUT NOW HE DOESN'T EVEN WANT ME AROUND!
GET WISE TO YOURSELF, KID! TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
AND SOON AFTER I SWITCHED TO COLGATE'S...
WELL, GOODBYE, RUTH! THANKS TO YOU, JIM AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED TOMORROW!
DON'T THANK ME—THANK COLGATE'S!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
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GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

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THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD
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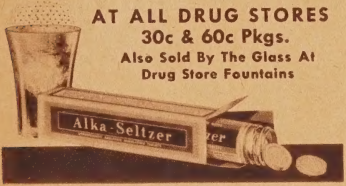
At the first sign of a cold, just drop one or two Alka-Seltzer tablets into a glass of water. When they bubble up and dissolve, drink the crystal clear, pleasant-tasting solution. It's beneficial action starts immediately. Continue using Alka-Seltzer according to the directions for colds as explained in the direction sheet in every package of Alka-Seltzer.

Since it is a recognized fact that most colds are accompanied by an over-acid condition which may be retarding nature in her battle against the complaint, Alka-Seltzer is especially helpful because it acts to restore your normal alkaline balance. And because Alka-Seltzer contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate) it gives prompt relief from the dull achy feeling of a cold. Thus Alka-Seltzer gives relief in TWO ways.



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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

tinued on in radio, and appeared, too, in vaudeville. The great gamble which sent him, then, to Hollywood, occurred during this period.

"It was the first time I had ever been separated from my family, when I stepped aboard that train. I had a hollow feeling, I can tell you, when the train pulled out. It was the darkest moment of my life."

Once arrived in Hollywood, however, events transpired with almost story-book rapidity.

Guy Lombardo was opening that night at the Cocoanut Grove, and to this rendezvous of gaiety Phil sped, in the hopes of seeing once again his old friend. Not only did he see Lombardo—his pals Burns and Allen were there, too, and invited him to join their party.

"SOMEONE introduced me to a man named Clarence Brown, who told me to report next day at the studio for a test for Joan Crawford's picture, *Sadie McKee.* Things were happening so suddenly that I imagined I was being ribbed, and didn't take the request seriously. Not until the next day did I learn that I really had met Clarence Brown, and that he actually wanted me to take a test for the part opposite Miss Crawford."

An agent sped him to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the test; then, took the test to Warner Bros., where he was immediately signed to a long-term contract. "At a figure almost unbelievable, it was so high," Phil declares.

With a contract of undreamed-of proportions in his pocket, Phil immediately went east for his family, and installed them in a pleasant home in Altadena, some miles from the bustle of Hollywood.

But now Mrs. Regan asserted herself.

Phil was signed by the studio as an unmarried man. It would scarcely do for him, just starting his screen career, to be heralded as the father of four children. That would write finis, probably, to the career that was starting so brightly.

"And no matter how long I argued, Jo wouldn't let me tell anybody I was married," the actor explains. "Of course, I lived at home and made the trip to Hollywood daily, but no one, until a few months ago, knew I even had a wife, much less a family. The day that I could acknowledge them I consider the happiest in my life."

Hollywood got the surprise of its ennui-ed life when it learned that that romantic young singer, Phil Regan, actually was married and the father of four. His name had been mentioned romantically with many of the most sought-after young ladies of filmdom, but, in looking back, no one could declare that at any time Phil had appeared interested in any of them. With all his popularity, nobody knew very much about him.

That a brilliant future awaits Phil Regan is acknowledged by all. It's a far cry from the young lad who rode around Staten Island on his father's brewery truck to this actor-singer whose popularity is growing with leaps and bounds, but his thirty-one years lay lightly on his shoulders. There is a maturity about him that instantly arrests the eye of the spectator, a maturity bespeaking kindliness, and you have the feeling that you'd like to know this man.

Keep an eye on this handsome young Englishman, because you're going to hear a lot about him in the future. He's Derrick De Marney, and he appears with Nova Pilbeam in the stirring new Alfred Hitchcock picture, *The Girl Was Young*

New York—A Hollywood Whistle Stop!

[*Continued from page* 31]

with pad, pencil, book and paper bag. Young and attractive looking school girls make up the Gravet assemblage. The star graciously signed all albums with charm and assurance, differing from many of the foreign stars we've met.

With all the tumult going on about him, Gravet continued, for the minutes we were on the air, to be admirably calm. But for an interview to be too calm is not "good radio" either. Excitement must rule these fleeting moments on the air. However, when we got around to discussing Carole Lombard, who will co-star with him in his next picture, Gravet showed interest. He began extolling Carole's beauty and her acting ability. He liked to play opposite blondes. But we didn't want to stress the matter of beauty too much. Knowing that Mrs. Fernand Gravet makes these trans-oceanic trips with her actor-husband, we feared when we plunged into the matter of Lombardian pulchritude that Mrs. Gravet might be any one of the lovely young ladies surrounding the radio set-up.

Suddenly we noticed that the autograph fans were deserting the handsome Gravet. They were stamping towards the private gangplank exit, near the upper landing. We signed Gravet off with profuse thanks, asked for a studio "stand-by" and tore lickety-split for the other end of the pier. The forward guard of fans had spied the tall, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., coming off the boat, and immediately the mob went into action. The call of "Douglas Fairbanks," "Douglas Fairbanks" was taken up. Gravet was forgotten.

Whether he liked it or not, young Doug was caught. He plunged into an orgy of signing, hiding the fact that he didn't know what happened to two of his trunks. He scribbled on velvet-covered autograph books, pop-corn boxes, pads, paper bags. Leaning up against pier pillars, other people's trunks and even our costly broadcasting equipment, he kept on signing.

The autograph fans, incidentally, have the right to be inside the lines. On one pretext or another they come into possession of regulation passes from the United States Customs office.

Fairbanks, Jr., showed signs of nervousness once we got him before the inquiring microphones. But it's the kind of nervousness that makes for a more natural gangplank program. His slightly English accent doesn't seem too studied, nor does it appear as if half of the morning was spent framing the two-minute talk. People like and expect a certain amount of natural tenseness on informal radio programs. They get all the timed, studied smoothness when these celebrities are trotted into studios with their commercial programs.

While we were on the air with young Fairbanks, two flapperish little admirers kept on loudly asking, "Will you ever marry Marlene Dietrich?" Fortunately, there was too much noise on the pier for their impertinent question to be heard over the air. But we couldn't help noticing that Fairbanks didn't like it at all. He would have been more at ease if the two girls would have been less insistent on that touchy, romantic matter.

Shortly after Fairbanks left the mike, little army of early morning hero-worshippers saw a new case for shifting their allegiance. Like a sudden gust of wind, they headed north. A charming and familiar face was glimpsed. This new arrival, it seemed, was obviously important. When we got nearer, we saw the reason—Sonja Henie, in an attractive black ensemble offsetting her soft, blonde beauty.

Miss Henie seldom refuses to speak into the waiting microphones. She always has something interesting to say in her delightful broken English. It's either denying an engagement to Tyrone Power, praising Hollywood or going into ecstasies about her boss, Darryl F. Zanuck. But this time she refused to say anything at all. Something perturbed her. She couldn't hide it. That, and the fact that she was due on the coast the next day added to her hasty departure.

But a few more stars were to be accounted for. Two were unknown to the autograph brigade. Only the press-photographers, who had been tipped off, were

WHAT FOOLS WIVES ARE TO LET THEMSELVES GET "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
MARRIED TEN YEARS, BUT...
LOOK WHAT BOB GAVE ME ON OUR ANNIVERSARY! ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?
YOU'RE PRETTY WONDERFUL, TOO... KEEPING YOURSELF SO YOUNG AND LOVELY! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE A COMPLEXION LIKE YOURS
I'M SURE YOU CAN, MADGE! FOR A LONG TIME MY SKIN WAS SIMPLY AWFUL! SO DRY, LIFELESS AND COARSE-LOOKING... REGULAR "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! THEN LUCKILY I TRIED PALMOLIVE...
PALMOLIVE SOAP? WHY IS IT SO MARVELOUS?
BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM A SPECIAL BLEND OF NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS, OLIVE AND PALM OILS. THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, REFINES SKIN TEXTURE!
WELL I'M GOING TO CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!
BOB SAYS I'M SO MUCH PRETTIER SINCE I'VE BEEN USING PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
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waiting for these belated passengers. The two names didn't mean much to the fans. Hedy Kiesler, for instance, was just another foreign visitor. But when the tall, statuesque Kiesler came off the gangplank the battery of photographers went into action. The shapely Kiesler legs were crossed. Bulbs flashed, shutters clicked. Custom House inspectors peered over their eye-glasses. The dock-hands stopped wheeling their trucks. At that moment, Miss Kiesler was a success in America, though no one yet seemed to know that she was going to Hollywood, under contract to M-G-M. (Editor's note: Miss Kiesler is now Hedy Lamarr, and the Hollywood "grapevine route" spreads the rumor that she is definitely star material.)

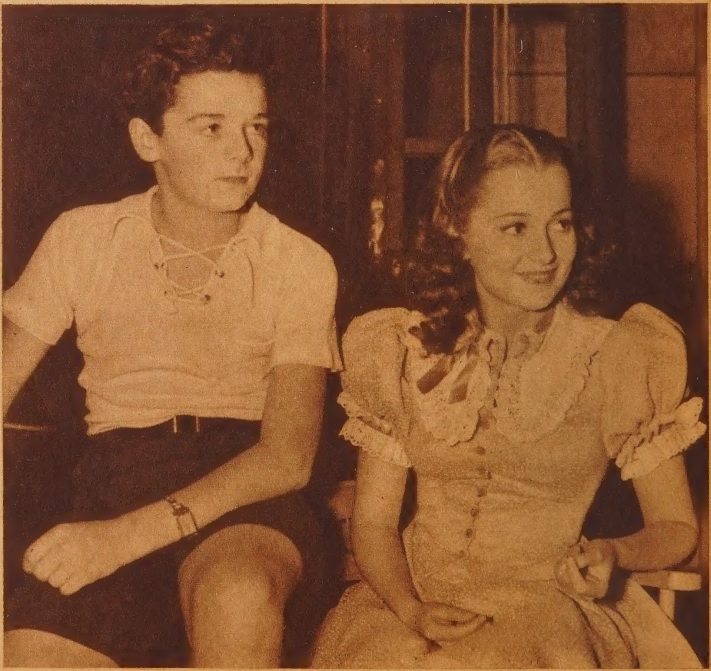
Whether the next move was the result of smart timing on the part of Danielle Darrieux, we'll never know. For not until the Kiesler commotion had died down did the lovely blonde French star make her way down the gangplank. Miss Darrieux' delicate beauty was in direct contrast to the exotic Kiesler appeal.

The Universal publicity department didn't allow their charge to face the microphones. She was too tired, too nervous. But her worn out condition meant nothing to the autograph fans. They milled around Miss Darrieux, breaking into the focus range of the cameras, besieging her with pad, paper and pencil. They were even trying to call her by her first name. It was a case of every fan for himself.

A sweet little girl with tousled blonde hair, hatless, dressed like a high school freshman, had no trouble in winning the plaudits of fans, press and radio reporters alike—Annabella, the new continental glamour girl. She was nervous, jittery and terribly excited. When she came to the microphones, she startled everyone by her answer to one of our questions. Looking no more than sixteen, we asked her her age. Without batting an eye, Annabella admitted that she was 25.

Annabella had little time to see New York in this visit, but she had made a more lengthy visit several years ago, after finishing her initial Hollywood film, a French version which was never released in this country. She invited us, while on the air, to a party that 20th Century-Fox was giving for her the next day at the Waldorf-Astoria. Yes, she told us and our listeners, she was more than delighted at the chance to play opposite William Powell in *The Baroness and the Butler*. She admired Powell for his Continental charm. And of course playing opposite Henry Fonda in *Wings of the Morning* was a real thrill, said Annabella with a smile.

The crowds still kept on milling around these celebrities. Little electric trucks were weaving in and out of our broadcasting corner. Somewhat chilled by the early morning fog that came off the murky river, we continued sending through the air a running "color" picture of what goes on when a big liner, with many stars from foreign ports, docks in New York. Yet, to Hollywood, this same New York—this great, teeming metropolis—has become but a whistle-stop. Hollywood knows that the success it seeks lies 3,000 miles beyond New York, which is a mere stopping-off place for those enroute to fame, riches, popularity and screen success.



Freddie Bartholomew was an interested visitor to the set where Olivia De Havilland was appearing in the new Technicolor film, *Gold Is Where You Find It*

Latest News!

WHAT a difference the omission of one tiny letter can make! Recently a Hollywood trade paper carried an announcement that read like this: "David Selznick to throw cocktail party—*or* Janet Gaynor." Personally, we're betting on Janet!

HOLLYWOOD salesladies live a life of curiosity. One in particular, who waits on most of the stars in a department store, just can't figure out Joan Blondell. Recently, Joan who can afford to buy all the finest lingerie the saleslady yearns for, came into the store and purchased six flannel night gowns. And Elaine Barrymore, who makes a hobby of hats, seldom pays more than two dollars and fifty cents per *chapeau.*

WHEN Joan Crawford was informed that Frank Borzage was to direct her in *Mannequin*, a strange little smile began to play around the corners of her mouth. But Joan kept silent until the day they were introduced. Borzage had naturally seen Joan many times on the screen, but now he gazed at her puzzledly.

"Somehow I have the feeling that we have met somewhere before," said the director.

"We have," said Joan quietly. "Ten years ago you tested me for the role that Janet Gaynor eventually played in *Seventh Heaven.* I was naturally disappointed that you didn't like me. And the studio had informed me that they were going to loan me out to play opposite Tom Mix if I didn't get the job with you!" And they say that great stars sometimes forget bad experiences!

THE Countess Di Frasso may indulge herself in part of Jon Hall's time, but there's no mistaking that smile on his face when he dances with Lana Turner at the Trocadero. Incidentally, Lana, a former Hollywood high school girl, gets a great break. When Mervyn LeRoy moves over to M-G-M, Lana, who is under personal contract to Mervyn, automatically becomes a Metro featured player.

You can't tell Marian Marsh anything about horses, because the beautiful Columbia star owns several of her own

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WINTER is a grand old fellow—*when you get to know him!* Give Greyhound the pleasure of introducing you—where winter smiles in health-giving sunshine on gay Florida beaches, along the warm Gulf Coast, through the romantic Southwest, or in colorful California. Famous modern Super-Coaches are miracles of smooth riding—healthfully heated and ventilated. You can go one route, return another at no extra fare—and at big savings over other transportation.

Can't spare time for a southern vacation? *No matter!* Winter in the snow zone becomes a friendly season when Greyhound trips are scheduled. Visits to family or friends, or trips to exhilarating winter sports will be warm, safe, scenic. So, break the spell of the cold season with pleasant, low-cost trips by Greyhound.

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Mail this coupon to nearest information office (listed above) for any one of these you desire: Rotogravure section, filled with gay photos of FLORIDA, GULF COAST, AND NEW ORLEANS ☐. Bright pictorial folders, "CALIFORNIA, ALL THE WEST" ☐, "ACROSS AMERICA, THROUGH COLORFUL SOUTHWEST" ☐. Please check the one you wish. If you want complete information on any special trip, jot down place you wish to visit, on margin below.

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Proved by More Than 47 Years Use

"FEMININE HYGIENE"—how much depends upon these two words! Yet how little is known about them! That is why we ask you to consult your doctor. Or, send today for a free copy of "*The Answer*" which frankly discusses this vital subject. It also explains the simplified Boro-Pheno-Form method of feminine hygiene which more and more modern wives are adopting.

For over 47 years Boro-Pheno-Form has proved to thousands of satisfied users that it is:

1 **Simple**—*One dainty suppository has the same special function of solutions.*
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Please send me a free copy of "The Answer."

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Oh Boy!
How Grand I Feel

"NOW I know there IS a difference in the way laxatives work since I used the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me . . . so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating."

Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk try NR. Get a 25c box from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1938 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to Lewis-Howe Co., Desk 110-B, St. Louis, Mo.

Paging A Starlet

[*Continued from page 52*]

Instead of winding a great bulk of hair on one curler, the better hairdressers make layers of rolls which, when combed out, form one big, soft roll. In this way, the hair will hold the roll for a longer time. As you can see from the side view of Frances' page-boy style, the way in which the roll is brought higher at the side, near the face makes an attractive frame for her lovely young face.

The page-boy style looks well on practically everyone under 30, because it can be made over to fit almost any type of face without losing its identity. The girl with very long face and neck will choose to have her page-boy cut to hang low on her neck, with perhaps a soft curl or two to build out her thin face and make it look wider. This girl should have her roll begin high up just in front of her ears. On the other hand a girl with a short, square face, will choose a shorter turn-under. A side part with dipping wave brought onto the forehead will give her square face a more oval appearance. Like our starlet, Frances, this girl might draw her hair away from the temples, bring a narrow roll forward on the face near the chin. This would narrow the chin and widen the cheeks.

The round-faced beauty may add length to her face, while still wearing a page-boy hair cut, by parting her hair high on the side, and forming a bunch of loose curls on top of her head. These should not be of the droopy type likely to fall over and obscure part of the forehead, for then they would make the face look shorter than it actually is. She, too, should bring her roll well forward on her face, making it into a more perfect oval. She should keep her hair in a narrow roll close against the head on the sides, fluffed out on top.

Well known dentrifice-about-town extends a welcoming hand to new members

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

Famed movie make-up experts have created a complete line of cosmetics

Are you the girl who wears her heart on her face? Then you're lucky, for the page-boy style is a natural for you. Part your hair in the center, or high on the side, bring a soft wave or curl out on the forehead above the temple, and in this manner cut down the width there. Let your hair fall into soft curls at the temple to narrow the face. Let your roll-under be wide and soft, covering most of the ears, and making the face look wider there. Your hair should be at its softest and fullest on a line with your mouth, thus making your pointed chin seem less so.

If your square jaw tells the world that you have a mind of your own, don't let it. Build your hair up and out with rolled-up curls at the top, and on the sides near the top, making your forehead seem wider, higher. Let your page-boy roll be wide and thick in back, very narrow and flat on the sides. And bring it forward on the lower cheeks to lessen the width and squareness of your tell-tale jaw.

Hi, there, lucky Miss Oval Face, I thought I'd come across you soon. You're the girl who can wear almost any hair style—and not look *too* badly. But why be contented with that — why not look your best? If your features are fairly regular, part your hair in the middle and wave a strand or two of the front hair up into a half-roll — one over each temple. You can wear a fairly long and simple page-boy roll, letting the hair just over the ears fall straight and turned under very casually at the ends. Or just brush the hair softly away from that center part, and hold it in place with ribbons or pins over the temple. You can be as demure and sweet, as smart and sophisticated as you please.

The page-boy hairstyle looks easy to

wear, easy to keep up. And it is, but that's no reason to let it go its way while you go yours. There isn't a hair-style, no matter how simple, that looks well unless the hair itself is clean and shining. So don't slip up on your regular shampoo date; don't forget to give your locks a hundred strokes of the brush each night. And most of all, don't think that turned-under roll, so simple and neat, will keep on looking that way without any care on your part whatsoever. Like all good things, a page-boy roll deserves some looking after.

To help you keep your hair turned down where it should be, there's a grand new hollow metal curler with a bright blue celluloid end. You open up the curler, clamp it down on the strand of dampened hair. For the page-boy roll, turn the hair *under*. Roll the hair up for about two inches of its length (depending on the length of your bob) and then slip a bob pin over one side of the curler, hair and all. Slightly loosen the curler and slide the hair off. The bob pin holds it in shape, and the curler is free for use again. The curls dry quickly and look quite decent in the process. A card holding one curler and five pins costs only 10 cents. Let me know if you'd like the name.

Of course you want to keep your skin looking as nice as your hair, so you'll be interested in hearing about a grand new massage cream brought out by an old and reputable cosmetic house. Fulfilling the triple-duty of cleansing, stimulating and refreshing the skin, this cream is a beauty aid to be reckoned with. The method of use is very simple. Moisten your skin, if it is dry, before massaging the cream into your skin; otherwise apply it directly on your nude epidermis. Wipe it off with tissues, and pat on the refreshing astringent put out by the same company. Both are inexpensive, and I'll be glad to give you the name.

The makers of a tooth paste noted for its excellence in caring for the teeth and helping build up tender gums have recently brought out a tooth brush that makes molar brushing a pleasure. The brush itself was built according to dentists' specifications; the size, shape and design were all approved by leading dentists. Add to these advantages a handle that has a positive genius for making you brush your teeth the way your dentist taught you, and not the criss-cross fashion into which you fall when you get lazy—and I think you'll agree with me that those two minutes of tooth brushing, after each meal, have never flown so swiftly before. Have one or two of these grand brushes hanging in your bathroom closet, beside the faithful red and yellow tube of dentrifice. The brush costs about 50 cents, the tooth paste comes in the familiar 50-cent, and a new 25-cent, size. Want the trade name?

FIVE brothers who for many years have been directors of make-up in movie studios where beautiful girls are made still more beautiful and glamorous, have recently brought forth from their laboratories a line of cosmetics designed to make you and you and you stack up with any luminary in the Hollywood sky. You'll want to try their rouge which comes in six shades, each carefully chosen for a definite complexion type. The rouge comes in both dry and cream form, but the brothers recommend the use of the cream type as a basic rouge because it stays on longer, blends more evenly and naturally with the skin tones. If you wish, you may, as they suggest, apply a bit of dry rouge after powdering, to complete the effect of your make-up. Both come in smart-looking containers, and cost a dollar each. The same house proudly presents for your approval their face powders. Sifted as fine as silk, these come in two weights—a light one for use with a powder base, a heavier one that adheres closely to the skin, and can be used without a foundation. You can select your powder from any one of seven skin type shades. The gold metal box of powder costs $1.50. Write me if you're interested.

A dollar lipstick whose transparent and thrilling south sea shades we've all admired now makes news with the introduction of a slightly smaller size at 55 cents. The colors are the same, the texture is the same, the lipstick is just as indelible as it ever was. The only difference is that the lipstick is now in the reach of many of us who previously thought a dollar a trifle high for our purses. If you'd like to bring a new and lasting warmth to your lips, I'd love to give you the name.

New Cream brings to Women the Active "SKIN-VITAMIN"

FOUR years ago, doctors learned that a certain vitamin *applied direct to the skin* healed the skin quicker in burns and wounds.

Then Pond's started research on what this vitamin would do for skin when put in Pond's Creams. Today—you have its benefits for *your* skin—in Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream. Now this famous cream does more than smooth for powder and soften overnight. Its use now nourishes the skin. Women who use it say it makes their skin look clearer; pores seem finer.

"HELPS SKIN IN MORE WAYS THAN EVER!"

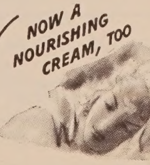
Mrs. Eugene du Pont, III

"Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Vanishing Cream is as good as ever for smoothing off flakiness and holding my powder. But now it does so much more! My pores seem so much finer, my skin clearer and brighter."

Same jars, same labels, same price

Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is in the same jars—same labels, same price. Use it and see how it helps your skin. The vitamin it contains is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is not "irradiated." But the actual "skin-vitamin."

MORE THAN A POWDER BASE


NOW A NOURISHING CREAM, TOO

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! **Test It In 9 Treatments!**

Pond's, Dept. 6-VO, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Reg. App. for
for heavier-than-average breasts . . .

Even though youthfully firm, heavier-than-average breasts are especially susceptible to premature "breaking down." "Allo" was created to safeguard these heavier bosoms and to give them the well-uplifted, well separated contours demanded by current fashions. In bandeau style or with three- or six-inch bands for diaphragm control—$1.00 to $3.50.

*"Intimo" (left) gives a smart "dividing line" to busts of average proportions. Made in various lengths — $1.00 to $3.50. Send for *free* Foundation Style Booklet F: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.

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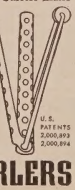
GIRDLES · "ONCE-OVERS"
"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

ELEANOR FISHER ... *Paramount Player*

A
STARLET
Confesses

★ Here is Eleanor Fisher, charming beauty contest winner, who came to Hollywood to play in Paramount's new picture "True Confession." Among many interesting things Eleanor discovered in Hollywood was that in the studios, in the stars' dressing rooms and in the famous beauty shops... HOLLYWOOD CURLERS are "tops"! That's because Hollywood Curlers make lovely curls that look better and last longer. No springs to pinch, crack or pull the hair. Rubber end holder...a disc, not a ball...permits free air circulation that assures *rapid drying*. Easy to remove...curler slips off readily without spoiling curls. No springs or weak elastic parts to wear out. For a beautiful hairdress of soft flattering curls...use Hollywood Curlers *in your own home* tonight. Insist on the *genuine Hollywood* Curlers.



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HOLLYWOOD *Rapid Dry* CURLERS
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THE POSTMAN RINGS

After several years of acting as stand-in for a number of the famous stars, Jean Chatburn, charming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress, has finally come into her cinematic own

$15.00 Prize Letter

Priceless!

DEAR EDITOR:

I am a cripple, spending long hours in a wheelchair, but life has been good to me for sometimes I am wheeled into a movie theatre to see one of the better pictures.

Time would pass rather tediously but I possess a necklace of pearls that gives me infinite joy. Its value, individually and collectively, is beyond computation. Each is a gem of purest ray serene. They graduate, these pearls, to one magnificent central pearl whose name is *Zola*. The golden thread on which my pearls are strung is called "Memory." The names of some of the gems are: *Naughty Marietta, Maytime, The Good Earth, Life of Louis Pasteur, San Francisco, My Man Godfrey, One Hundred Men and a Girl, Captains Courageous, The Awful Truth,* and *The Thin Man.*

When I added *Zola*, my string, for the time, was complete, but I shall start another soon. Meantime, allow me to contribute my meed of homage to the star of that great production, *The Life of Emile Zola.* Hail, Muni the Marvelous! Muni the Modest! Muni the Magnificent! If I were never to see another picture I should feel that I had been generously treated by fate merely to have witnessed Muni as he brought Zola to life.—*J. D. Bayne, 901 Hornby Street, Vancouver, Canada.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Academy Awards

DEAR EDITOR:

The rains came and we floated; the sun came and we baked; the grasshoppers came and we fought. Dawn to dusk, day after day, until harvest.

Looking back over those many hard, discouraging days, I can't help but recall the mental and physical stimulation we all got out of our weekly trips to town and the movies.

We could not "shop" for our pictures;

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

we would not spoil our precious fun by carping at "Class B" productions, directorial errors, stars' mannerisms or by arguing whether a double feature was or was not to be preferred to a single feature with "shorts."

We enjoyed everything that was served: Drama, comedy, musical, western, newsreel, even the previews of what was to come in the near future. It didn't really matter if the show had been running almost a half year in other and larger cities.

Contrary to the too-often given theory—we did not seek the movies for escape. But we did go for fun and refreshment. And we went back, over many a muddy mile and through many a driving rain, to our shortened sleep and another long day in the fields, thoroughly satisfied, thoroughly gratified and not a little grateful to the invention that made all this possible and to all who participate in bringing its fruits to us.

If I had my way, there would be Academy Awards for all hands, from producer to prop boy. And hundreds of thousands of "hicks" like me, feel just the same.—*Mrs. Peter Nahay, R. 1, Box 103, Stuttgart, Arkansas.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Music Lover

DEAR EDITOR:
No one in the world likes movies better than I do. But all too often, after seeing one of the great masterpieces of art and romance that movies offer, I have returned unsatisfied to a world where there is no glamour, where hard work and persistence are required.

Oh, the joy of a picture like *One Hundred Men and a Girl*! Great music, great art, great drama—yes! But built into a picture of reality. Dogged persistence on the part of the girl, plowing through every obstacle until it cleared the way to success.

Let's have more like that!—*Winnie Sandburg, 137 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

He Knew Them When—

DEAR EDITOR:
Six or seven years ago, I was what is now known as an "autograph hound." Living in a city located on the main railway and airlines, I had ample opportunity to see and meet most of our great and near-great of the movies. Looking back, now, I get a good deal of pleasure (and no little amusement) in the recollections of my experiences.

The thing that strikes me as most significant is that, despite the fact that we kids who met every plane and train in the hope of getting a glimpse of our favorites were undoubtedly nervy and perhaps made nuisances of ourselves, we were *very* seldom ritzed or ignored by the really prominent of filmdom. They were cordial and friendly, almost without exception. Glancing through my autographs (I have some two hundred of them) it is gratifying to note that those whom I recall as being the most gracious and obliging are still at the top today, while the others—

Briefly, here's how they rate: Nicest actresses—Marion Davies, Constance Bennett (surprise!) Mary Brian, Norma Shearer and Janet Gaynor. Nicest actors—Warner Baxter (tops them all!) Harold Lloyd, William Powell, Buck Jones, Ricardo Cortez and Richard Dix. About the only ones who couldn't be bothered were Norma Talmadge and Mae Murray—and where are they now?

Remember—this was several years ago, which is a long time for film luminaries to remain that way. Wouldn't that be something of a tip to our stars of today as to treatment of their fans?—*H. M. McClendon, 110 Cornell, Albuquerque, N. Mex.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

A Candid Opinion!

DEAR EDITOR:
Do we have to have all these candid camera shots of our movie favorites? The studios have spent millions "building up" these boys and gals. Glamour has gone on with a trowel. And how we swallow the whole business—and love it! We don't really like to see Tessiebelle Lamour without her false eyelashes or the wrong side of Garta Gitrich's profile. Nor do we like to see Roland Petitpoint laying the groundwork for a hangover. This is the age of realism—Santa Claus has gone out of style along with fairies and the Townsend Plan. But we still have our movie legend that all stars are beautiful, gorgeous, exotic and charming. But even this is slipping. How about trying a really good insecticide to exterminate this candid camera pest? Sincerely yours,—*Frances Coulson, 3223 6th St., West Calgary, Alberta, Canada.*

"SAY SIS—
HOW DID THEY EVER
GET ALONG WITHOUT
KLEENEX*?"
KLEENEX
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
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● Everybody's using Kleenex Disposable Tissues for handkerchiefs during colds; to remove face creams and cosmetics; to dust and polish; for kitchen use; for the baby; and for countless other uses.

During colds, Kleenex soothes tender noses—saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Buy Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box today and end tissue waste and mess. Only Kleenex has it . . . box of 200 sheets now 2 for 25c—handy size for every room and for your car!

BUY KLEENEX*
IN THE
SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

it Saves as it Serves—one double tissue at a time

Pull a double tissue...
KLEENEX
next one pops-up ready for use
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KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

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IF YOU WANT HEALTHY GUMS AND BRIGHTER TEETH YOU MUST DO YOUR PART OF THE JOB AT HOME!

Dental service is important. Dental cooperation at home is equally vital! Clean teeth, massage gums twice a day with Forhan's!

Regular massage with Forhan's stimulates gums, retards formation of tartar, makes teeth gleam! For generous trial tube send 10¢ to Forhan's, 205 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

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CLEANS TEETH · AIDS GUMS

Good For Kidney and Bladder Weakness

LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER

ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

I'M DANCING FOR JOY

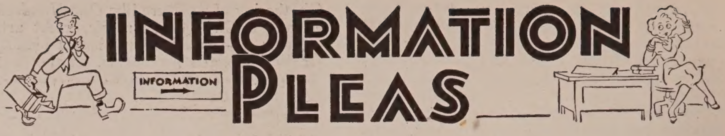
—since Corns went Root* and All

NOW you can remove ugly, painful corns without dangerous home paring—without risking unknown methods. New, better, double-action Blue-Jay ends pain instantly by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). So don't risk infection or let corns come back. Remove them root and all the quick, safe, scientific Blue-Jay way. Blue-Jay is easy to use. 25c for 6. Same price in Canada. Get Blue-Jay now.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. J-39, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

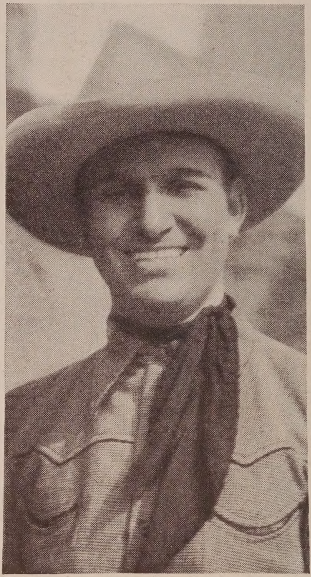
* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



INFORMATION PLEAS

I would like a brief biography on Sonja Henie, including the color of her eyes.—L. M.

Sonja is one of our foreign importations, born in Oslo, Norway, on April 8, 1912. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has blonde hair and brown eyes. At 11 she was named champion figure skater of Oslo. In 1927 she was proclaimed world's women's champion figure skater and since then she has won the title ten times, and has twice won Olympic laurels. Although most people don't know it, she has been third ranking woman tennis player in Norway. She is a superb equestrienne and dancer, and was the first woman in Norway to be given a medal signifying versatility in sport.



Gene Autry, the screen's leading singing cowboy, has something to smile about since his hit role in Republic's *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*

I would like to know the address of Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Livingston.—P. A. D.

Miss Stanwyck may be reached at RKO Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., and Mr. Livingston at Republic Studios, 4024 Redford Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif.

Would you please clear up what I think is an error in regard to the birthplace of Marion Davies? Was she born in Baltimore or New York?—F. B.

Miss Davies is a native of Brooklyn, New York and was born on January 1, 1900.

We would like to know the name of that startling new personality who is making such a hit in *Second Honeymoon*, the young lady who played the part of Joy and married Stuart Erwin.—Ruth & Gert.

The part was portrayed by the SCREEN BOOK contest winner, Marjorie Weaver, and right proud we are of her, too. Keep your eye on this charming sensation for she is going places in a big way under the guidance of her studio, 20th Century-Fox.

Please give me a brief biography of that versatile star, George Murphy.—P. L.

George Lloyd Murphy was born on July 4, 1903, in New Haven, Conn. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 178 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. It was while dancing that he received a stage offer and went to London with *Good News* in 1927. He made his Broadway debut two years later in *Hold Everything;* also appeared in *Of Thee I Sing* and *Shoot the Works.* George made his movie debut in *Kid Millions* and has since been seen in *Jealousy, I'll Love You Always,* and his most recent picture was *Broadway Melody of 1938* with Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell.

Is Patsy Kelly married? If so, to whom? What is the title of her next picture?—M. Z.

Patsy is still a single gal who lives alone, and loves it. Her next picture for Hal Roach will be *Road Show.*

Please tell me the names of the first two songs, in the order sung, which Jeanette MacDonald sang for Louis Napoleon in *Maytime.* Also please tell me if Nelson really plays the piano.—M. M. & B. M.

The title of the first song is *Les Filles Cadix.* The second number is *Le Regiment De Sambre Et Meuse.* Yes, Nelson Eddy plays the piano—and very well, too.

Who was the clever blonde actress who played the part of the tough girl in *Portia On Trial?* To me, she stole the picture.—Tommy McG.

Barbara Pepper played the role you men-

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

tioned. A former New York showgirl, she came to Hollywood to appear with Eddie Cantor in *Kid Millions* and has appeared in numerous pictures since then.

When is *Screen Book* running a story on my favorite star, Spencer Tracy? Seems to me you have been neglecting this grand actor.—Anne S.

In answer to yours and many other requests, SCREEN BOOK will have a Spencer Tracy story, written by one of his best friends, Dick Mook, in the March issue.

What is the title of Loretta Young's next picture, and will she again be co-starred with Tyrone Power? They're my favorite romantic team.—Joan.

Loretta's studio, 20th Century-Fox, announces that she and Tyrone Power will soon begin work on *Her Masterpiece.* Mischa Auer is the only member of the supporting cast to be announced at this writing.

Could you tell me if Craig Reynolds' name is his real name? Is he married?—B. E. M.

Craig's real name is Hugh Enfield, but he has changed it no less than six times, finally settling on the name he is using at present. There's still hope for Hollywood's bachelorettes for Craig is unmarried.

Could you possibly tell me the title of the song which was played in *Ladies In Love*, during the scene where Loretta Young and Tyrone Power are dancing? I believe the same song is played in *Cafe Metropole*.—G. M. C.

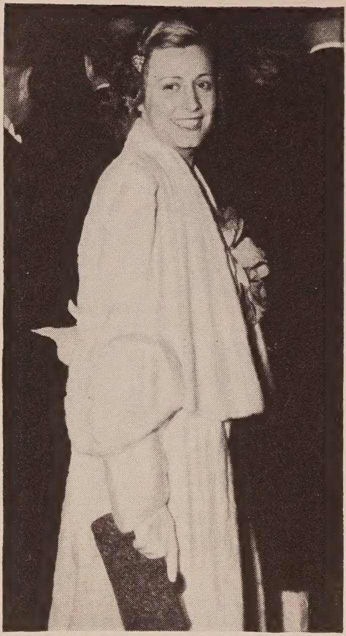
I'll spell it, but you'll have to pronounce it. The title is *Mei Muatterl War A Wienerin.* The composer is Ludwig Gruber and the Opus is 1,000.

Please give me some information about Gene Autry? What is his next picture? How old is he? And his address?—R. L.

Gene was born in Tioga, Texas, on September 29, 1907. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and is a natural athlete. He has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. His latest picture is *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round* and he can be reached at Republic Studios, 4024 Redford Avenue, No. Hollywood, Calif.

Please give me a brief biography of Merle Oberon, also please list a few pictures she has appeared in.—A. C. R.

Her real name is Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson and she was born on the French-Dutch Island of Tasmania. The event took place on a Sunday morning, February 19, 1911. She is dark skinned, with dark brown hair, hazel-colored eyes and a neat figure. She is 5 feet 2½ inches tall. One of her first roles was in *Service For Ladies.* Other pictures are: *Harry the Eighth, The Scarlet Pimpernel, Wedding Rehearsal* and *These Three.*



Ermine-clad Irene Dunne attracted all eyes as she attended the memorable premiere of the Los Angeles opera

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Prevent Winter Roughness

Lavena protects skin against dryness, chapping and roughness due to cold winter winds by its neutral cleansing, gentle softening and soothing properties. Use daily and keep skin clean, fresh and smooth all year 'round. No soap or cold cream needed. Delightfully fragrant! Amazingly economical to use!

Sprinkle Lavena in the bath water to help prevent distressing skin irritation known as "winter itch."

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Over 4 million packages already sold! Get Lavena from drug, department or 10c stores. Or write Lavena, Dept. 50, 141 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, for liberal trial package, *absolutely free.* *Copyright 1937, by the Lavena Corporation*

Relieves **TEETHING PAINS** *within 1 minute*

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 17]

AS A rule when Hollywood movie stars want to get away from it all, they immediately head for New York. In a suite at one of the swanky metropolitan hotels they manage to hide themselves—for a moment or two. Then they begin to wonder if they are being missed. But this isn't so with Fred Astaire. Fred Astaire goes for rest in a tiny town of quiet living folk. Aiken, South Carolina, doesn't know that one of the world's most important personages walks its streets daily, and Fred *couldn't* be more pleased!

TWO of the happiest persons in Hollywood are Sally Blane and Norman Foster. Just recently they moved into their new home. They built it themselves and their baby, Gretchen, has a suite all her own. But theirs is no lavish Hollywood show-place with fur-lined swimming pools and private projection room. Instead, Sally and Norman, who are two of the nicest and most practical of Hollywood celebrities, readily admit that they have taken advantage of the Government's house building plan. What's more, they moved into the place before it was even half-way furnished. All of which goes to show that it doesn't take a miracle and a million dollar's worth of fame to find happiness in Hollywood.

THE stories of Barbara Stanwyck's generosities are legion. But even hardboiled Hollywood was touched at Barbara's recent demonstration of friendship for her hairdresser. Holly Barnes, who accompanied Barbara on her last vacation trip to New York, had a severe attack of appendicitis soon after her return. She kept the news from Barbara and refused to go to the hospital. But Barbara accidentally found out and went dashing over to Holly's house. In no uncertain terms Barbara warned Holly that unless she submitted to the much-needed medical attention, she could never work for her again. Holly naturally gave in. Then Barbara made all the arrangements. When Holly was wheeled into the operating room, Barbara Stanwyck, wearing cap, apron and mask, stood holding Holly's hand until the operation was over.

WONDER if Fred MacMurray knows how much Hollywood really admires him? Almost since the first week of their marriage, Mrs. MacMurray has been confined to a sick bed. Fred has been the last word in kindness, consideration and devotion. At the end of a hard day he rushes home to run movies for his wife. Usually he brings her a pet, a gift or some tiny remembrance to cheer her up. And after finishing two pictures in a row, instead of going away for a much-needed rest, Fred refused to budge from the bedside of the one he loves.

JIMMY STEWART has finally recovered from his long illness, but so far he hasn't gained back enough weight to cast a good shadow.

IF EVER a talent has been wasted, it is that of Louis Hayward. The young English actor who gave such a brilliant performance in his first picture, *The Flame Within,* is under contract to Universal. That

Why so sorrowful, Joan Crawford? You can't be angry at Frank Borzage, who is directing your new picture, *Mannequin,* for we hear it's a humdinger. And you personally chose Alan Curtis, the handsome young man at your right, for the important leading role opposite you

Ann Dvorak is one of the many reasons why fans will want to see the elaborate Republic musical, *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.* She plays opposite Phil Regan

studio has gone through so many recent readjustments, that no one has bothered very much about developing its players. Louis has begged for his release, before he gets too discouraged at his inactivity. But the studio holds to him and in the meantime he is being sacrificed in Class B pictures that are never very happily received.

FURTHER proof, comments Irving Hoffman in his bright column in the *Hollywood Reporter*, that film directors are finally coming into their own was evidenced by an examination of a Manhattan theatre marquee recently. The film was *Lost Horizon*, and the management billed Frank Capra, its megaphonist, above star Ronald Colman!

BEFORE they came to Hollywood Priscilla Lawson and Alan Curtin were models for commercial artists. Now that they are both under contract to M-G-M, it is only fitting that they should start going around together. Phyllis is handsome in a dusky Estelle fashion and Alan is tall, dark and handsome, too—they're a striking couple.

A LITTLE over a year ago, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy got $260 for doing a week's stint at the Los Angeles Orpheum. Recently the little woodenhead and his pal opened at the Los Angeles Paramount—drawing down $5,000, with a percentage of the gross, guaranteed to make them $6,500 for the week! How's that for a success story?

CERTAIN Hollywood folk were startled to discover that since Shirley Temple cropped off her famous curls, she and Sonja Henie look about the same age, legs and all—but definitely! . . . Just before Garbo the great left for New York, Europe-bound, she was spotted lunching secretly with Director William Wyler at a modest little chop house on a Los Angeles side street—and all Hollywood was buzzing with the news not an hour afterward! . . . When Fred Astaire got his first peek at *Damsel In Distress,* during his recent New York vacation, he wired Ginger Rogers the single word, "Ouch!" . . .

?
LIKE THIS?
OR THIS?
Posed by professional models

HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT

SKINNY ? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW EASY WAY

NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS

—gives thousands natural sex-appealing curves

ARE you ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit, because you're too skinny and scrawny-looking? Then here's wonderful news! Thousands of the skinniest, most rundown men and women have gained 10 to 25 pounds of firm flesh, the women naturally alluring curves, with this new, scientific formula, Ironized Yeast.

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Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new costly process this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements, quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds, pep and charm.

Try it without risking a cent

To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a FULL SIZE package, and you don't risk a penny. For if with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

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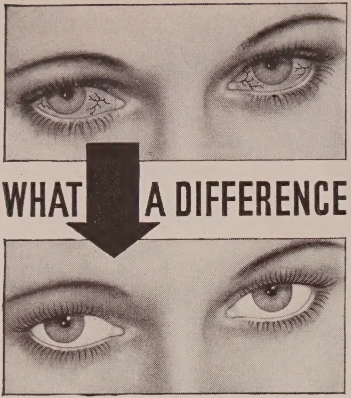

IN EYE MAKE-UP

DULL, "tired-looking" eyes ruin the most perfect "eye make-up." You can't hide them with arched brows or mascara. But when eyes become red, veined, tired-looking due to late hours, reading, fatigue, exposure—a few drops of Eye-Gene can make them clearer, whiter, in seconds! Eyes look larger, sparkling, refreshed. Utterly different in action from boric acid or old-style lotions. A new formula of two noted eye specialists. Especially soothing to those who wear glasses. Fastest selling eye lotion of its kind. Get the large economy bottle at any drug or department store—money refunded if not satisfied. Or get purse size at any 10c store.

EYE-GENE

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Here at last is what women have been dreaming about for years. A GLORIOUS "professional" permanent wave at home. A genuine croquignole oil wave that will last from 4 to 6 months. EZY-KURL is simple to use, easy to apply and has a professional heat pad applicator. No machines, no electricity, ideal for children. Gives complete satisfaction on all types of hair. Priced astonishingly low, only $1.00 for the entire set with full instructions. Send for our limited FREE offer test curl kit today. Enclose 10c to cover handling costs. Check hair (coarse) (fine) (dyed or bleached).

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EZY-KURL
HOME PERMANENT WAVE

Anna Sten—American Citizen!

[*Continued from page* 42]

these things—her successes abroad, her American downfall, the chance to travel along the come-back trail—all fade into insignificance when you listen to her.

"What has happened before," she told us, "is important, yes. But not half so important as the fact that now I am an American citizen. And my husband, too. And we'll be good, solid citizens. You've been a citizen all your life. My husband and I? Only a short time. You'll pardon me if I use the word so often—but it's like a bright badge I want everyone to see. Even if I fail again in pictures, if I can't do any better than I did in 1933, it won't hurt me so much inside as it did then. I'm an American you see. I live here for good, now. It's my home. I can take it. You see, I know your slang. My husband feels the same way. We are very happy."

Anna said all this in a low, intense tone of voice. Her hands were clasped tightly in her lap. She is an American citizen, now—she and her director-producer husband, Dr. Eugen Frenke. And as she said—both are going to be good, solid citizens, too. Nothing mattered but this. Career, fame, fortune were of secondary importance.

"If I make good this time," Anna went on, "I make money. And I shall spend it here in my country. Others should do as I do. They would feel better. But whether I make good or not—I live here always."

She went on and on and we began to realize that we'd been listening to a lecture on patriotism—that we had been taking our birthright altogether too lightly. We felt slightly ashamed of ourself.

"Please believe me," she ended, "it isn't a publicity stunt arranged to help me in my next pictures. I am not a fool. I know that the only way I can succeed *this* time is to prove on the screen that I can act—and that is what I am going to do. You watch. I am an American now. I will never forget this year of 1937."

ANNA will never forget the year 1922, either. That was the year her father died, leaving a wife and two daughters, a long list of debts and not a single kopeck in cash. Anna was twelve, then, and had played her first acting role—the principal part in a school pantomime of one of the Hans Christian Andersen fables.

Anna was so enthusiastic about its success that she organized a group of her school friends to continue rehearsals in other works, but money matters interfered. Her ailing mother and little sister were badly in want and whatever spare time Anna had was spent in selling off the family possessions. With something worse than poverty just around the corner, she finally had to give up her school work for a job in a restaurant so that her mother might obtain the special food she required.

"When mother recovered," Anna says, "and we were able to keep the wolf from the door, I went back to school and before long had resumed rehearsals. One of the state-endowed theatre companies chanced to visit Kiev and I talked fast and seriously enough to interest the director in my work so that he consented to coach us in a play. It turned out so well that I was admitted into the Film Academy where I studied and worked with the famous Russian actor-director Inkijinoff."

In 1928, although but 18, she was an experienced stage and screen player. Her next step up the ladder was to conquer Moscow where she joined a small company and appeared in plays by Pirandello, Ibsen, and Maeterlinck.

"I was interested in the movies by then," she relates, "but all I could get in Moscow was tests. There were no roles for me unless I wanted to go to the Crimea where a film company was working. So I went to the Crimea. It was terribly cold and I was bundled up in shawls, petticoats and overcoats when I got there. The director gave me one look and said, 'Impossible! you're fat as a beer barrel!' and then I began to peel off my garments. He took another look at me, apologized, and gave me a job."

Back from her Crimean adventure she obtained work in the Moscow studios, took parts in a number of pictures with little, if any success, until *The Yellow Ticket* was screened. That picture stamped her as a comer and later when *The Brothers Karamazov,* the most famous of the Russian classics, was filmed, her success spread throughout Europe and America. It was the picture that finally drew her to Hollywood in 1933 to appear in *Nana, We Live Today* and *The Wedding Night.*

"I'm starting from what you call 'scratch,'" Anna smiled. "I'm completely divorced from the tragic Muse this time. I'm going to sing and dance and have bright, laugh-making lines in *Love Me Again,* my first picture. Victor Schertzinger wrote the story and the songs and will produce and direct the film. My second one will be *Don't Lead With Your Heart,* a story to be produced and directed by my husband. This one, too, will have music, dancing, and comedy. I don't know about the third. Maybe it will be *The Brothers Karamazov.* I hope so for it is better, I think, not to appear in too many of the same type. I think, too, that being so happy now that I am a part of this country I shall be able to work better in front of the cameras. But whether the pictures are good or not—I live here always. I am going to be a good, solid American citizen. And my husband, he is too."

There it was again, cropping out unconsciously—the most vital, most important thing in her life and we, for one, hope that Anna Sten, the "good, solid American citizen" she hopes to be, makes a good, solid comeback in her second American screen debut.

WRITE JANET LYNN

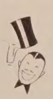
If you're perplexed about your beauty problems. Miss Lynn's expert advice is a regular feature of SCREEN BOOK Combined With Screen Play—and she will be delighted to give you personal replies to your questions.

OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

READ THE RATINGS IN THE TOPPER'S FACE!

TOVARICH
Warner Brothers

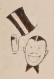
Thoroughly delightful entertainment is this film version of the distinguished Jacques Deval play. With a cast headed by Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer, *Tovarich* is suave and sophisticated, yet has many elements that will entertain audiences of all types.



Miss Colbert and Boyer are an exiled Russian Grand Duke and Duchess who take positions as house servants rather than touch the millions of dollars left in trust with them by the late Tsar. They are discovered by the Bolshevik commissar (Basil Rathbone) who was responsible for their downfall, and together perform a great deed for the good of their fatherland. The work of Rathbone, Melville Cooper, Isabel Jeans, Anita Louise and Maurice Murphy is above reproach, and you will admire the direction of continental Anatole Litvak.

HURRICANE
United Artists

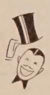
One of the year's best adventure-romances with grand performances, a thrilling story and the most spectacular hurricane scene ever photographed. No fan will want to miss this new Samuel Goldwyn production; it should break box-office records all over the world.



Feminine fans will do nip-ups about handsome Jon Hall, the torso boy who plays the native hero. Dorothy Lamour, as his wife, does a swell job, as do all the others in the small but outstanding cast—Thomas Mitchell, Mary Astor, Raymond Massey, John Carradine and Jerome Cowan. You'll admire the superfine direction of John Ford and the brilliant musical score of Alfred Newman, which adds to the effectiveness of the picture.

TRUE CONFESSION
Paramount

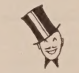
Another screwball picture that will send audiences out of the theatres happily exhausted (from laughing). Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray prove once more what a grand co-starring combination they make, and the supporting cast is headed by John Barrymore in a pixilated role (he comes near to stealing the picture), Una Merkel as Carole's girl friend and Edgar Kennedy as a baffled detective.



Carole plays a young housewife who is a congenital liar, and who is constantly getting into trouble because she can't tell the truth. Her biggest whopper of all comes when she admits to a murder she didn't commit, so that her lawyer husband, MacMurray, can defend her in court and thus win fame and glory. The court scene is one of the funniest we've ever seen. You'll find *True Confession* elegant fun.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND
Republic

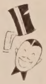
Bright, breezy filmusical that should please everyone who likes such pictures. It is virtually studded with stellar names to suit all types of fans, and specialties from many of the brightest stars in radio and the stage.



Leo Carrillo plays a racketeer who buys a phonograph record company, and runs the business as he would his other affairs. With the aid of his strong-arm men, he is able to get the services of such artists as Cab Calloway, Kay Thompson and Ted Lewis. Phil Regan, an aspiring tenor, gets a job through his sweetheart, Carrillo's secretary—Ann Dvorak. Their romance is shattered when Leo orders Phil to persuade a great operatic star, Tamara Geva, to make a record. Miss Geva, incidentally, is a standout in her role, and we hope to see her in more pictures. You'll like all the cast, which includes Luis Alberni and Henry Armetta, and there's a glimpse of the famous western star, Gene Autry.

NOTHING SACRED
United Artists

Not content with establishing herself as the screen's leading comedienne in *True Confession*, Missy Carole Lombard also appears in another dizzy role in *Nothing Sacred*—and gives just as good a performance. As a matter of fact, both pictures are equally good—you're not going to get us into any arguments.



The premise of *Nothing Sacred* is really a bit gruesome (Carole is supposed to be dying of radium poisoning and is brought to New York to spend her last few weeks on earth having a good time) but the dialogue and comedy touches are so uproarious that you're apt to forget the background. Fredric March is an earnest and sympathetic hero—until he discovers that Carole is a fraud (then he knocks her cold). You'll like Miss Lombard's blonde beauty in Technicolor, as well as the performances of Charles Winninger, Walter Connolly, Maxie Rosenbloom and Margaret Hamilton.

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"It's brisk — it's tangy! Refreshing as a hasty shower! And good? You never tasted anything smoother, more luscious! Beeman's flavor has something mighty special about it, if you ask me!"

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PEPSIN GUM
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GOOD FOR DIGESTION

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Beeman's

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MEN LOVE Peppy GIRLS!

IF you are happy and peppy and full of fun, men will take you places. If you are lively, they will invite you to dances and parties.

BUT, if you are cross and lifeless and always tired out, men won't be interested in you. Men don't like "quiet" girls. Men go to parties to enjoy themselves. They want girls along who are full of pep.

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A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS
RKO-Radio

Fred Astaire asked for it—and got—a solo starring picture in *A Damsel in Distress*. It's a good picture, too, with Astaire at his most ingratiating; Burns and Allen at their comedy best, and Joan Fontaine, a lovely heroine. But we kept missing something all during the picture—and we'll bet you will, too. Yep, we missed Ginger Rogers, with her crisp banter and twinkling toes. Fred without Ginger isn't quite the same.

The lightweight story is amusing enough; P. G. Wodehouse stories always are. Astaire plays an American dancer on vacation in England, who meets and falls for the lovely daughter of an English nobleman. There are the usual complications, but it all ends happily enough, after Fred has given forth with several grand dances (in two of them accompanied by Burns and Allen). Constance Collier, Montagu Love and Reginald Gardiner head the supporting cast.

NAVY BLUE AND GOLD
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Annapolis is a familiar background for movies—but in this new film, life at the navy training school is presented in a refreshingly new and delightful fashion, without all the flag-waving and hokum that has characterized previous navy pictures. You'll like it.

Story tells of the careers of three youths, all different in temperament, and the effect Annapolis has on their lives. Robert Young is at the academy for purely selfish reasons; James Stewart because he loves the navy traditions, and Tom Brown is the aristocratic son of a wealthy family. Each of the lads comes through with colors flying, especially Young.

Florence Rice is a charming heroine, and the dependable cast includes Lionel Barrymore, Billie Burke, Paul Kelly and Frank Albertson.

THE LAST GANGSTER
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

We hope that the title of this picture is prophetic, and that we don't have any more gangster pictures, even if they *do* star the always admirable Edward G. Robinson.

This one again finds Robinson playing a big shot racketeer, who believes himself even more powerful than the Government. When he's sentenced to Alcatraz Island for non-payment of income taxes, he pins all his hopes on his son, whom he determines will grow up and take over his reins of power and destruction. However, his wife re-marries and hides out with the child. When Robinson gets out of prison, he traces her and meets his boy. From then on, the picture is dramatic and powerful.

We did not care for the highly-touted Rose Stradner, as the wife, although James Stewart plays with directness and charm as her second husband. Douglas Scott is splendid as the son, and there are excellent performances by Lionel Stander, John Carradine, Sidney Blackmer and Grant Mitchell.

HITTING A NEW HIGH
RKO-Radio

The obvious name for this picture is "Hitting a New Low"—for it's the weakest picture Lily Pons has had in her entire screen career. Personally, we felt a bit embarrassed about it all, especially for the petite opera star, who goes around most of the time all done up in feathers pretending to be a bird girl. Honestly!

Even Edward Everett Horton and Jack Oakie, those usually dependable comedians, seem a bit depressed about the sad plot, and John Howard, who usually impresses as one of the brightest young actors in the movies, is completely submerged in a thankless role. Eric Blore has a few really hilarious moments as a screwloose oboe player, but the only really enjoyable parts of the film are those when Miss Pons is allowed to sing. She is particularly wonderful when she sings the Mad Scene from *Lucia*. Better luck next time, Lily.

BOY OF THE STREETS
Monogram

An honest and straightforward little picture that will please the typical family audience. It demonstrates that an enjoyable picture can be made at a small cost, as long as it has an appealing story, good direction and a capable cast.

Jackie Cooper, who has graduated from little boy roles to more mature assignments, is excellent in the title role. He plays a tenement lad, the leader of a gang of young hoodlums, who worships his father, whom he believes to be a big shot politician. A youngster named Maureen O'Connor sings Irish ballads in a surprisingly sweet voice. An outstanding performance is delivered by Marjorie Main (remember her weary voice as the mother of the gangster in *Dead End*?) and others worthy of mention are Kathleen Burke, Gordon Oliver, Matty Fain and Guy Usher.

PUZZLE SOLUTION

H	U	R	R	I	C	A	N	E		B	I	G
O	▨	D	U	N	A	S	▨	D	I	M	▨	H
W	O	▨	B	E	N	▨	B	I	T	▨	G	O
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D	▨	N	E	W	I	L	L	▨	O	L	E	S
	S	C	A	R	▨	D	▨	I	V	A	N	
R	E	E	D	▨	S	I	D	N	E	Y	▨	F
A	I	R	▨	S	T	E	N	▨	R	E	E	L
I	T	▨	S	T	A	R	▨	P	▨	R	A	Y
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Screen Book Takes a Bow on Marjorie Weaver!

[*Continued from page* 35]

times had won beauty contests at the university. Without mentioning it, Judy sent her "roomy's" picture to the editor, and then awaited results.

A few weeks later school was out and the pair returned to Louisville. In that city W. G. Simpson, general manager of SCREEN BOOK's printing plant, was called by long distance telephone and asked to interview Marjorie to determine if she had personality and ambition worthy of the honor awarded the winner. The magazine had eliminated thousands of contestants before, and now had but few remaining photos. Individual check-ups were being made on all the finalists.

Simpson, who had never seen Marjorie in his life, phoned her at home and asked her to come to his office at once.

"I can't do it," Marjorie replied. "I'm sorry, but I am leaving by train for Indiana in 45 minutes."

"How long will you be gone?" Mr. Simpson inquired.

"Probably three weeks. What do you want?"

"I want you to come down here at once and forget about that train," the energetic Mr. Simpson replied. Curiosity got the best of Marjorie.

IT TOOK only a few minutes for her to make up her mind. She went to his office. The fast-moving Mr. Simpson talked with her briefly, discovered that she was an experienced dancer and actress from college days—and reached for the phone. Ten minutes later he had reported in full to the New York office.

Meantime the editor was studying reports on other finalists, and finally concluded that the Louisville girl should be the winner. Within a week Marjorie was on her way to Manhattan.

A month passed. Then one day Judy Parks, who had remained behind in Louisville after confessing to Marge how it had all occurred, received a telegram. It read:

"YOU GOT ME INTO THIS STOP COME ON TO NEW YORK AND HELP ME SEE IT THROUGH."

Judy climbed on a train and joined her friend in New York where SCREEN BOOK was supervising the dancing training and aiding her in getting screen tests.

Marjorie's first test for Warner Brothers was a flop. She was told that her southern accent was a great handicap, and there was no use considering her further until she had eliminated it. But she persisted, and begged to be given another chance if she could get rid of her accent. They dubiously consented.

The next few months were just about the busiest Marjorie had ever spent. Not wanting to appeal to her family for help, she supported herself by working as a commercial photographer's model (you probably saw her featured for an entire year in a series of Lux Soap ads). Nights she studied furiously in a Manhattan school of the drama, struggling to get rid of the accent.

Then she went back to Warners, took a second screen test which won her an immediate contract. On April 13, 1936

DRY, FLAKY SKIN? HERE'S NEW BEAUTY

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DRY, flaky skin is faded-looking—lacks lustre—makes you appear much older. That's why thousands of women are welcoming this unusual new cream, made especially to lubricate dry skin—quickly make it softer, smoother, lovelier looking!

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POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

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Truly, proper elimination is all-important to your well-being. So if more than one day goes by without it, assist Nature. Use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is extremely mild. And Olive Tablets are marvelously effective *because they stimulate the liver's secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.*

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—a significant date—she received a wire telling her to report immediately in Hollywood.

"So I made Judy pack her trunk, too," Marjorie said, a reminiscent smile on her face, "and we got into a new flivver my folks gave me and started west."

In the succeeding months, Marjorie played six small roles in various Warner Brothers films. Then the studio, apparently concluding Marjorie didn't have what it takes, released her from her contract.

The following weeks were discouraging. They lengthened into months, and she seemed to be making no headway. Marjorie and Judy, facing what they considered to be the inevitable, concluded that they had better return to Louisville and home.

But Marge had not reckoned on a casual friendship which she had made. Probably because she made friends for the fun of it, not what her acquaintances might do for her. At any rate, Louis Gould, an actors' agent, called her up when he heard Marge was leaving for Louisville. He asked her to stay over a day or two. Marge did.

The next day the casting director at 20th Century phoned her and told her to unpack her bags. She would get a screen test within a week. Marjorie was skeptical. She kept her trunks packed and wore her traveling suit for eight straight days. Even the tickets were bought. Finally they summoned her to Fox Hills for the test, and on Friday, Dec. 13th—of all days—she was given a new contract for a Christmas present.

LUCKY THIRTEEN!

Marjorie Weaver was born in 1913.
Her mother was born on December 13.
Her father was born on January 13.
She was hired for films on April 13.
Her present success began on December 13 (Friday).
She was cast in *Second Honeymoon* on May 13!

In six months time she had played eleven roles in different pictures. She danced in *On the Avenue* as her first job. But she was mildly disappointed in this, because she wanted to act, not sing. So when Sidney Lanfield, 20th-Fox official, put her with several other girls in a trucking dance for *Wake Up and Live,* Marjorie did some fast thinking.

Most beginners in Hollywood, thankful for any kind of a break, would not take a chance on juggling with their careers. But Marjorie always has been given toward acting on the spur of the moment. So after she had spent all morning rehearsing with the other girls in the art of trucking, she danced out into the scene that afternoon doing a Charleston.

"Hey, you!" shouted the dance director. "You're supposed to be trucking!"

"I'm sorry, but I just can't truck," Marjorie replied.

After arguing with her vainly for several minutes, the dance director told her to turn in her wardrobe and report back to the producer.

Judy was shocked. "You know darned well you can truck," she said, reprovingly. "I've seen you do it many times."

"Of course I can," Marjorie told her friend. "But if I keep on letting them do this to me, I'll get nowhere very fast. We might as well be back in Louisville as

A SLAVE TO HIS CARESSES

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A SLAVE TO HIS CARESSES

True Confessions

dancing in a chorus. I might as well protest now."

Director Lanfield, meeting her on the street of the studio a few moments later, said sadly, "My life would be complete if it weren't for you."

BUT the One Girl Revolt got results. Miraculously, a few days' rest brought her another chance—a small speaking bit in *This Is My Affair,* which starred Bob Taylor. She got many others in quick succession. About this time the studio was busy finding a cast for its new triangle love picture, *Second Honeymoon.* The stars had been selected, and all went well until the studio tried to fill the role of "Joy." The role was terribly important to the picture. The script spoke of Joy in countless places as a "platinum blonde." In addition the script demanded that Joy be the sort of girl who would attract Tyrone Power. In short, the film made Joy one of its interesting characters.

The studio tested every blonde possibility on the lot—and a half dozen free lance blondes from all over Hollywood. Then, after many a studio hair had turned to silver, someone thought of Marjorie Weaver.

With some trepidation she took the test. A few days later those who saw it on the screen, testified that Marjorie was "a find."

The role was important enough to warrant Marge having a stand-in. The lucky girl, realizing that Judy Parks must be getting very bored with being just a companion, immediately suggested her for the position. Judy, whose parents are well enough off, didn't need it except for a diversion. The studio rebelled. Judy was at least two inches shorter, of an entirely different complexion, and of a different build. Stand-ins are supposed to resemble a star!

But Marjorie was determined. Inevitably, she won out. Now Judy stands on a two-inch block and does the job so she can be with her pal as a companion as well as a co-worker.

By the time *Second Honeymoon* was well under way, Director Walter Lang, Darryl Zanuck, and Associate Producer Raymond Griffith all realized that this new actress seemed destined for a great career. They changed the script to eliminate mention of a platinum blonde, and they built up Marjorie's role so that it might serve as a springboard to launch her on the way up.

It is not new to Hollywood to hear of a star deliberately demanding that a lesser person's role be butchered to eliminate possible competition. But these stars wanted her to have all the success she could attain. They're that kind of people.

"Loretta was simply swell," Marjorie remarked. "She gave me more encouragement than anyone can possibly suspect. The same thing is true of Tyrone and Claire Trevor. And all the others. I shall always be grateful to them."

The preview of the film should have left a tremendous impression on Marjorie. It didn't. For one thing, she had worked six hours that very day rehearsing her role in *Sally, Irene and Mary.* She was worn out. More than that, she had hit her nose on a door at home, and had badly bruised it. Her face even bore two suspiciously dark spots under the eyes. But she went to the affair anyway. It all seems rather dim to her.

Dim, did I say? Well, one thing she remembers well. Coming out of the

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FULL SIZE
Share the thrill of Basketball. Now a major sport. Given for the sale of 30 pkts. of seeds at 10c a pkt.
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In Attractive Colors
A glorious surprise. It surely is a beauty and always popular because it is so practical. The crinkled stripes are neatly woven in contrasting colors of rose, gold, or blue, the same on both sides, and stand the wash tub well. No ironing--just let it dry and it is ready for use. Size 80x90 inches, big enough to cover over pillows and bolster, giving effect of a two-piece set. Given for selling only 30 pkts. of Garden Seeds at 10c.
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Save 2 cents by filling-in, pasting and Mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY
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At Reno so many women are getting divorces because they have been in misery for years! Many women, too, have found new independence and happiness after taking an old physician's prescription called "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," which stimulates the appetite and this in turn increases the intake of food, helping to build up the body.

Then, too, there is the dreaded "change of life" period, called by physicians "menopause." Women of any age who suffer from periodic pains, headache, pains in back, associated with functional disturbances, would do well to try that vegetable tonic, made without alcohol, and favorably known for seventy years as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Buy of your druggist today. New size, tablets 50c. Liquid $1.00 and $1.35.

Sensational BARGAINS
Guaranteed
$102.50 Model
NOW Only
$44.90 Cash or
On Easy Terms
SMALL CARRYING CHARGE
10 Day Trial
No Money Down
Fully Guaranteed
Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full sized $102.50 office model refinished Underwood No. 5 for only $44.90 (cash) or on easy terms. Has up-to-date improvements including standard 4-row keyboard, backspacer, automatic ribbon reverse, shift-lock key, 2-color ribbon, etc. The perfect all purpose typewriter. Completely rebuilt and FULLY GUARANTEED.

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Complete (Home Study) Course of the famous Van Sant Speed Typewriting System—fully illustrated, easily learned given during this offer.

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Send coupon for 10-day trial—if you decide to keep it pay only $3.00 a month until $49.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once.

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Send Underwood No. 5 (F.O.B. Chicago) at once for 10 days trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay $3.00 a month until I have paid $49.90 (term price) in full. **For quick shipment give references and occupation.**
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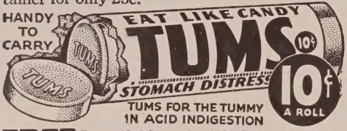
YOU MUST HAVE A CAST-IRON STOMACH TO EAT THE RICH FOODS YOU DO.
NOT AT ALL. I EAT THINGS I LIKE. THEN IF I GET ACID INDIGESTION, I CHEW TUMS AND THEY FIX ME UP QUICK.

HERE'S PROVED RELIEF FROM ACID INDIGESTION

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. *Guaranteed to contain no soda.* Over 1½ billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.



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NEW CINEMA CREAM METHOD

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SENT POSTPAID IN PLAIN SEALED WRAPPER FOR $1

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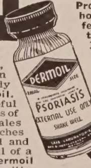

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non staining Dermoil. Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Walgreen Drug Stores.

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theatre she met Zanuck, who waved his finger gaily at her and said, "I told you so. I told you so."

MARJORIE had planned on a visit to Louisville when this film opened there. The man who gave her her first boost, Bill Simpson of the printing plant, had arranged for her triumphant return home to be a great occasion. She was to do a personal appearance at a local theatre. Everything seemed arranged, and then Zanuck tossed her into *Sally, Et Al.*

Everyone in Louisville was terribly disappointed. Simpson had had 50,000 pictures of her printed up for free distribution, and an equal number of throw-away advertisements. When *Second Honeymoon* opened there, he gave the pictures away anyhow. By way of consoling the disappointed Marjorie, who by now had an acute nostalgia for the rolling hills of Louisville, he sent her in one huge shipment all the advertisements he had printed! The delivery man filled her small apartment with them, and now Marjorie is wondering what she can do about it.

Although she isn't a full-fledged star yet, she has had top billing at one theatre in every single film she has appeared in. It's the Mecca Theatre, in Crossville, Tenn. Marge's grandmother owns the movie house, and Crossville never failed to jam the place by way of tribute. Down there they'll fight, suh, with Louisvillains who try to claim Marjorie as their own!

So far you can't associate any romances with her. She is waiting, perhaps, for the right man to come along.

On the set one day, while she was doing a romantic scene with Tyrone, someone asked her what she thought of marriage. Making sure that Power was out of ear-shot, she replied with a grin, "I think it's impossible. Imagine me, kissing Tyrone ten different times as I have today, and then going home to a mere husband!"

That, incidentally, isn't a romance. It's a wisecrack, or maybe a touch of philosophy.

What has she got to make her such a big bet? Well, for one thing she is a real southern lady. That's important—more than it sounds. It implies poise, good breeding, good sense. She is a grand comedienne, with an innate sense of humor. She can act without being directed to death. She works harder than two other average actresses. She has a good disposition. And she has plenty of beauty.

That's enough to satisfy most of us. Zanuck is pleased. What more is necessary? Keep an eye on SCREEN BOOK's girl—she's going to be a sure winner in Hollywood's perennial race for fame.

GIRLS!

Now that you've read the amazing life story of one SCREEN BOOK contest winner, Marjorie Weaver, you'd better turn to page 28 and find out how you, too, may have an opportunity to find fame and fortune in the Hollywood of your dreams! With the aid of SCREEN BOOK and Monogram Pictures you may suddenly find yourself standing on the threshold of great fame—just like Marjorie Weaver! Better read the contest rules carefully and send in your entry coupon immediately!

FREE FOR ASTHMA DURING WINTER

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address: Frontier Asthma Co., 62-C, Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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INDELIBLE DARKENER
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One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks, easy to apply, no daily eye make-up necessary. Over 2,000,000 applications sold. If your drug or department store cannot supply you, send 25c for a generous trial size today to "DARK EYES," 2115 S. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Dept. F-28.

AND A LITTLE CHILD STILL LEADS THEM

Meaning Shirley Temple

10 Cents

Read it in February MOTION PICTURE

Motion Picture

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SEND NO MONEY! Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days postman will deliver beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay only 49c plus postage or send 50c—3 for $1.00, and we will pay postage ourselves.

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11 E. HURON STREET, DEPT. 733, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Perfect Wife Has a Past!

[*Continued from page 24*]

Men dislike monotony, especially, in love affairs.

"With their hard-to-catalogue emotional reactions, women always fascinate me," continued Myrna. "Mentally, I adjust myself to the character I am to play in a picture and study her background in order to get her viewpoint in meeting the situations of the drama. While I was playing those Oriental roles I discovered that the mystery of the Eastern races lay in their repression; outwardly they give so little. There are no kisses, no caresses, but through a powerful imagination they suggest all things with their eyes, and with slow, paced movements.

"Europeans are reared in the graces of allurement and they express love in its various phases better than any other people. Americans take love more frankly and with a generous dash of camaraderie mixed with their romances. They are too impatient for a long pursuit, it is a quick conquest they demand. Then, when it is all over they realize they have missed some of the thrills."

DOUBTLESS, this is the reason for the sweeping success of *The Thin Man;* everybody welcomed the idea that romance need not vanish at the altar but can go on through the married years. With her emotional flexibility, Myrna created the unforgettable *Nora,* wife of William Powell's gallant *Nick Charles,* in a mature romance that was richer in understanding than the courtship days could possibly be. She was the compliment to her dashing husband, his sweetheart, his playmate, and with a sure sense of humor and dignity that surmounted every situation. In fact, she made this charming character so warmly human, so adorable, that every bachelor immediately began yearning for a *Nora* of his very own.

The big role for every actress must be sympathetic. No audience will continue to applaud a player unless the heart strings are touched, for people are sentimentalists. Myrna's beautifully portrayed *Nora* not only gave an impetus to her career but it established a new standard in wives. I believe this amuses her a little, while it also brings a satisfaction, for after all, *Nora* is her visualized idea of what a wife should be.

"Naturally, all my former roles—vamps, 'other women,' and frivolous wives, aided me in sounding out *Nora's* psychology," explained Myrna. "She was sophisticated, tolerant and gay, and she maintained the romance and glamour that first attracted *Nick.* I don't think she took her marriage too casually, she gave it a lot of thought and she always played a square game, never demanding more than she was willing to give. Surely, this is a good marriage rule.

"*Nora* didn't try to make her husband over. She didn't monopolize his time, and she never, never nagged. She responded to all his moods, even to hostessing his amusing but low-brow pals, and sharing in a hilarious jamboree without rebukes. They were very modern and didn't parade their devotion, yet no one doubted their complete loyalty.

"Oh yes, *Nick* and *Nora* will continue, at intervals, in adventures of *The Thin Man* to answer the great question of today of how to be happy though married. The answer is simple; a fifty-fifty basis of give and take, a congeniality of tastes, as well as love, and all must be highlighted with a humor that will dwarf the petty annoyances that threaten married happiness. I've laid away my film wifely roles for a time, and right now I'm playing a very young girl in *Man Proof*—she's at the analytical stage, suffering agonies in trying to find the answers to all the baffling questions about love and life. I'm getting a real kick out of her because, like all girls, I too, went through that very same period."

It must prove something or other that Myrna could create her desirable married heroine before she ever wore a wedding ring of her own. Too, she portrayed Chinese, Javanese, French, Hungarian, and other foreign charmers long before she ever stepped beyond the states of Montana and California. She says she felt as if she were treading familiar ground during her first European trip, a couple of years ago, when she walked the streets of Paris, visited Monte Carlo, and watched the sunset from a Budapest bridge, for she had played so many dramas set against these very backgrounds. She expected at any moment to hear a director shout *"Camera!"* and jump into a scene.

Always, since she was a very little girl, Myrna's interests have been centered on acting. After she came to the screen she passed up fads, social gaieties, had few intimate friends, and didn't bother with love-affairs—she didn't want the complications of marriage to intrude on her career. That is, not until she met Arthur Hornblow. This occurred several years ago. She admits it was romance from the beginning, that they never went through a pal-ship period to suddenly discover they were in love. They knew at once, that their Big Romance had caught up with them.

It was Hornblow who first convinced her she could project her own personality on the screen and play other roles than slant-eyed sirens, and her first sympathetic part was in *The Devil to Pay* which he produced. Later, he cast her in the Goldwyn picture *Arrowsmith* which definitely paved the way for her success.

THE Hornblow-Loy romance was Hollywood's favorite idyl for several years, then one June morning in 1936, they slipped over the Mexican border to the picturesque village of Ensenada, and were quietly married. Today they live in a beautiful rambling home they built on several acres in the outskirts of Beverly Hills, and Myrna continues her "perfect wife" role in real life, reflecting the same glamour, the same innate mysterious glow as Mrs. Hornblow, that she does on the screen. There is something very sane and substantial about her, which comes from a quiet strength and serenity, and with her vast training in feminine reactions, she is ready for every emergency.

"I've never been excitable nor quick tempered," she calmly explained, "and as the years pass I find less and less to worry about. I can honestly say I have everything I desire!"

Hornblow is a prominent producer at the Paramount studio and their interests

74,000,000
INNOCENT VICTIMS

Each Fated for
2 COLDS THIS YEAR!

ACCORDING to eminent medical authority, 60% of all the people in the United States suffer from at least *two* colds every year.

The best time to prevent trouble is right at the start. If you're nursing a cold—*see a doctor!* Curing a cold is the doctor's business.

But the doctor, himself, will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Moreover, it will do much to make you *less susceptible* to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help . . . use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so mild and gentle, Ex-Lax will not shock your eliminative system.

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SENSATIONAL! The 4-STAR HIT of the season...

RUN-R-STOP

This compact little purse-size tube is *saving* women *money.* It's halting that most exasperating enemy of attractiveness—*stocking runs.* RUN-R-STOP stops runs or snags *permanently.* Carry it with you. Look for the HANDSOME RED & BLACK VANITY, that protects tube in purse. *Only* 10c —ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores.

Guaranteed By GOOD HOUSEKEEPING as advertised therein.

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BEECH-NUT
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can give blessed relief from "throat tickle" that comes from a cold.

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GRAY HAIR
AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

AT HOME, without risk, you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved — for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. With amazing speed BROWNATONE imparts rich, beautiful color of natural appearance. Just brush or comb it in.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

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Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover, partly, cost of packing and mailing.
Check shade wanted:
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flow along the same channels. They live quietly, absorbed in each other, in their work, and their home.

To their surprise, they have both discovered they are definitely domestic and nothing is too trivial about the house or gardens to interest them. Coming from sturdy pioneer stock, Myrna insists she gets a thrill every time she feels the soft earth under her feet and she spends much of her leisure "planting things." Someday, she'll have a wonderful garden.

The Hornblows spend many evenings happily discussing wall papers, selecting drapes, or perhaps, re-arranging the furniture. Already they have enlarged the terrace leading to the patio, and replaced the French doors in the library with deep windows to catch the entire beauty of the view down the canyon; this view is a major attraction in their day and they feast on its grandeur. They read a great deal, attend all the concerts, see many pictures, and sometimes, though not often, they attend social affairs. But their home is the center of their lives.

"Combining marriage with a career has been no problem," said Myrna, "and if there should be children, I'm sure I could arrange all these interests harmoniously and with no sacrifices. I've worked too long, too hard, to get where I am in my career to ever give it up; there is no limit to the acting art and a new goal is always beckoning. I have much to do—yet."

So, the ideal wife—the champ of them all, is making marriage, both off and on the screen, the beginning, not the end, of Great Romance!

The rumors persist that Paulette Goddard will get that "Scarlett" role in *Gone with the Wind*—but neither she nor Charlie Butterworth seem to care as they pose in the Palm Springs sun

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Obtain trim, slender ankles at once. Relieves swelling, varicose veins and they fit like a glove.
Bust Reducers ________ $2.50
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Send measures. Pay by check or money order—no cash. Write for literature.
Dr. Jeanne S. B. Walter
389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

SPECIAL 14" Ankle Reducers

Having Wonderful Time with Ginger!

[*Continued from page* 44]

who is serving as a camp waiter for the summer. Then the millionaire does enter the scene—and there's a terrific storm to help complicate matters—and life on the whole gets pretty involved at old Karefree—

But it was nothing to life behind-the-scenes! As the wardrobe woman said, "It's got everything just like a movie script." And it had—including Romantic Interest!

You should have been there the day Jimmy Stewart drove all the way up to see her—and found Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Lee Bowman very much on deck. Doug, of course, is playing opposite her (he's the "waiter" to her "Teddy Shaw.") And since Ginger had talked the producers into giving handsome Lee Bowman a part in the picture, Hollywood thought it knew the answer to *that*.

Then Jimmy arrived to square off the well-known triangle . . . He was only up there for a few hours but that's all a Stewart needs! Ginger went behind her soda fountain and jerked sodas for the boys (her chocolate almond specials) and before the afternoon was over she had them harmonizing together on "Remember Me?" That's technique for you!

A funny thing had occurred the first day Doug appeared on location. They'd cabled him in England to do the role and just five and a half days later he strolled into camp. Hollywood's crown prince of yesterday and un-prodigal son of today. Much better-looking now he's older.

HE AND Ginger had never met before. And the very first sequence called for them to go into their Big Scene. The one on the water's edge where he gives her a super colossal No. 1 Kiss. They had to shoot that scene nine times, what with the different camera angles and all. And by the ninth time that kiss really had something. When it was over Doug said, mopping his brow, "It's been nice meeting you, Miss Rogers!" He meant it naturally, as a pleasantry for her ear alone. BUT—they didn't know they had wandered over to the loud speaker system. That "IT'S BEEN NICE MEETING YOU, MISS ROGERS!" boomed clear across the lake. Everybody roared—including Ginger. When it comes to good sports, she's the tops.

That sort of started things, romantically speaking. Oh yes, Marlene Dietrich long-distanced Doug from Austria but she did it only once. He was a little busy teaching Ginger the fine art of archery and so on.

And then there was the evening that the two of them, along with Florence Lake and a couple of others in the cast, got lost. Doug had said, "Let's go horseback riding on the old trail." It sounded like a grand idea—until the moon disappeared behind a cloud bank and you couldn't see the trail. "I think the camp is back *that* way," said Ginger.

"No, *this* way," said Florence. And a hoot owl screeched derision and the horses refused to be heroes and head for home. Doug felt his way out on a boulder and began systematically to flash S. O. S. with his flashlight. An hour passed and nothing happened. Two hours. The camp would be in bed by this time. Meanwhile they were getting so cold their teeth chattered. Then there was a shout from below. One of the sound men with the company had spotted the signals and rounded up a rescue party. "H-h-home was n-n-never like t-t-this!" shivered Ginger.

When a movie company goes on location these days, it moves a city right with it! The *Having Wonderful Time* company had a fully equipped hospital with a doctor and nurse on duty, and an electric plant capable of operating a 100,000,000 candle power machine for the "lightning" sequences. And a dry cleaning establishment, with a two hour service system!

And when it undertakes to cart along forty girls—! They call the young actresses the "Sorority sisters." And no boarding school buds were ever more carefully tended. They had three "house mothers" to chaperon them and to see that they left the dances at Pineknot Lodge every night sharp at eleven—*eleven*, mind you! (And this, little kiddies, is the bad, bad movies.) None of the girls was permitted to have her own car so that she couldn't trek off when she was wanted for a scene. Some of the "gang," like Lucille Ball and Eve Arden and Ann Miller, had worked together in *Stage Door* with Ginger and they kept things humming. Howling, in fact. Especially when they all piled into the truck to get their mail at Pineknot. That was the Event of the day.

"Whoops! Look what I got!" Lucille would shout. And it would be a pair of red fox earmuffs that Eddie Stevenson, RKO-Radio dress designer, had sent from New York! He sent Maxine Jennings a tiny hot water bottle full of scotch, telling her to share it with the other girls. Eddie must have known what those 18-above-zero evenings were like at old Lake Bartlett!

A QUEER little incident happened in connection with Maxine Jennings. She hadn't seen her brother in eight years and while she was up there on location he brought his bride to meet her. Maxine introduced the girl to Ginger. "But—I know you, don't I?" said Ginger, puzzled. The new Mrs. Jennings smiled. "I think so. I'm Babe Cowart—" *The girl Ginger had beaten in that Charleston contest back in Texas eleven years ago.* If Babe had won there probably would be no Ginger Rogers, screen star, today.

But the funniest thing was Babe's remark after she had watched Ginger and Doug swimming about in that icy water and pretending to enjoy it—for the camera's sake. The nurse had hot blankets and steaming chocolate ready for them after each "take." Even so, Ginger was blue with cold. "Well," said Babe, snuggling her chin down further into her fur coat, "looks as if you freeze one way or another in this picture business! I guess I'd rather be just Mrs. Jennings!"

The night of the "big storm" sequence was the coldest yet. They pumped that arctic water out of the lake for the "rain" and gave it driving force with ten giant wind machines. "You know what everyone of us has got on?" chuckled Ginger. "*Long union underwear!* And over that we have a cellophane union suit so we

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can't possibly get wet even if our clothes do. Studio orders to wear 'em." Picture companies are taking no chances these days.

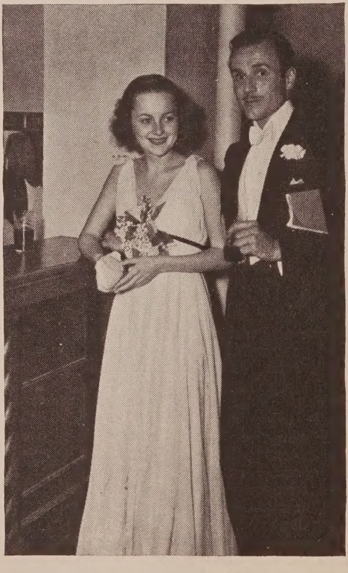
Afterwards they gathered in the big recreation hall of Kare-free for coffee and hamburgers and an impromptu dance. Director Al Santell put on a rhumba with one of the crew that literally "brought down the house." Two of the ceiling planks fell off—

I think it was that night too, that folks began to notice the friendship between Russell Gleason and Cynthia Hobart was warming up. Russell, the hope and heir of Jimmy and Lucille Gleason, has been rumored engaged to numerous Hollywood honeys such as Mary Brian and Mary Carlisle. But when the moon came up over those mountains—well, he was hovering pretty close to Cynthia. She is a newcomer to the screen and cute as they come. Nobody was very surprised when they announced their engagement before the location ended!

Al Hall had taken a cottage up there to be near *his* fiancee, Lucille Ball, and Nate Barragar, former U. S. C. football star and now a property man, had brought his bride of a week along. So the air dripped romance. "Tell you what you do," Doug, Jr., said to Nate. "When you go on your European honeymoon, why not use my apartment in London as your headquarters? I won't be needing it for some time." And he gave him the key.

Doug's idea is to remain here for six months and act before he returns to England as a producer. (Wonder if Ginger has anything to do with that decision?)

"This is one time I'm going to be sorry when a location trip ends," she told me, looking up from the desk where she was writing a postal card to her chum, Margaret Sullavan. On it she had written in big black letters—*"Having Wonderful Time!"*



It's not news when Olivia De Havilland appears publicly with a new swain. This month William Bakewell is her favored escort

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51				52								

ACROSS

1. Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour had leads in THE ———.
8. Claire Trevor has title role in ——— TOWN GIRL.
10. Steffi's surname (poss.).
11. Descriptive of theatre interiors while movie is being shown.
13. Initials of portrayer of CHARLIE CHAN.
15. He is teamed with Judy Canova in THRILL OF A LIFETIME.
16. Small part in a screen play.
17. ——— WEST YOUNG MAN.
18. NAVY BLUE ——— GOLD.
20. Artificial settings for movie scenes.
21. Initials of Mr. Scott.
22. CLARICE in MERRY-GO-ROUND of 1938.
24. First name of hero of TROUBLE AT MIDNIGHT.
25. LUCY and JERRY WARRINER have a canine ——— in THE AWFUL TRUTH.
26. He had title role in RENFREW OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED.
28. Chic Johnson's co-star (poss.).
29. Make up gave Muni this for SCARFACE.
30. The baron in ATLANTIC FLIGHT.
31. Jean in MADAME X.
32. She's divorced from Bennett Cerf.
35. LARCENY ON THE ———.
36. Glamorous Russian star.
37. Measure of film.
39. ——— HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD.
40. Robert Taylor is one.
42. First name of hero of EBB TIDE.
43. Nola Luxford's birthplace (abbr.).
44. He rides Tarzan, the wonder horse.
45. Ginger Rogers' estranged husband.
47. Initials of Director Enright.
48. There's a Seeing ——— dog in ESCAPE BY NIGHT.
49. Crosby sometimes whistles them.
51. Color of Dick Foran's hair.
52. Whose role was that of THE LAST GANGSTER?

DOWN

1. A star of STAND IN.
2. Mr. Denny's initials.
3. The baker in HEIDI.
4. First name of feminine lead in THE 13TH MAN.
5. Receptacle for storing a film.
6. ——— GOOD ——— MARRIED.
7. Orphan problem child in LIFE BEGINS WITH LOVE.
8. Initials of Mr. Meredith.
9. Grant-Bennett roles in TOPPER.
12. ——— LOVE I'M AFTER.
14. Date in February on which Gable celebrates birth.
16. Gladys George's screen son in MADAME X.
17. Director of MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR.
19. Bill Robinson is one.
20. THE ——— AND THE LADY.
23. ——— END.
24. Symbol for nickel.
25. One who acts in screen plays.
27. Williard Robertson (init.).
28. ——— THE GOAL.
29. He directed MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH.
30. DAMSEL ——— DISTRESS.
31. Wife of Playwright Clifford Odets.
32. Half the Laural-Hardy combination.
33. Mr. Niven's initials.
34. Wheeler and Woolsey star in HIGH ———.
36. Bovine animal of westerns.
38. Gladys Swarthout's singing is pleasing to this.
40. FUGITIVE IN THE ———.
41. Actor married to Gladys George.
45. Muni's screen son in THE GOOD EARTH.
46. Short for Wesley Ruggles.
48. Gargan but not Bill.
49. Initials of Mr. Beck.
50. ——— RED THE ROSE.

[Solution on page 78]

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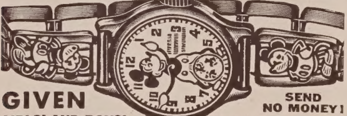

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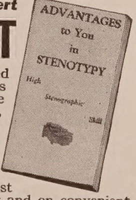
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Win a Picture Role!

[*Continued from page* 28]

After arriving in Hollywood via American Airlines, Miss Monogram will be greeted by executives of both Monogram Pictures and Fawcett Publications. Fawcett Publications will attend to her social life in the film town—she'll be whisked to previews, all the smart Hollywood gathering places where she will see the stars in person, and, in short, do all the glamorous things she has dreamed of. Of course, once she begins work on *Romance of the Limberlost,* there won't be much time for social activity!

Ten days after the completion of her Monogram contract, the lucky winner will be required to pick up her return ticket, unless she lands other film roles during this time.

About that picture—it doesn't have to be an expensive "cabinet" photograph, but be sure it is clear and reveals your features. Photographs that have not been "retouched" are preferred, and for that reason a snapshot (although you may think it does not flatter) is the best indication of your real appearance. Another reason for not sending a cabinet photograph is that *photographs will not be returned under any circumstances!*

IMPORTANT—In case you are not eligible to enter this contest yourself, help anyway in SCREEN BOOK's search for Miss Monogram. Surely you know someone who would like to enter if she knew about the chance for Hollywood fame and fortune!

Now for the other prizes—all of them worth striving for! First prize is a superb Elizabeth Arden Makeup Box, fully equipped with all the famous Arden beauty preparations that every girl loves. With it Miss Arden offers a course in make-up lessons, which may be had in any of her three salons: New York salon at 691 Fifth Avenue; Chicago salon at 70 East Walton Place; Los Angeles make-up studio at 3933 Wilshire Boulevard.

Second prize is a valuable Underwood portable typewriter, complete with carrying case—surely a prize to be proud of!

Third prize is a beautiful Richelieu pearl necklace, of Super-Cult quality with diamond clasp. The exquisite luster and iridescence of costly oriental pearls are reproduced in this exquisite necklace.

Fourth prize is an elegantly fitted Dale traveling case, of black lizard grain hide, complete with handsomely mounted toilet articles.

Fifth prize is a Univex Movie camera with case and film. The lucky winner of this prize will be able to have movies made of herself, even if she can't be Miss Monogram!

Sixth prize is a beautiful and elaborate Royal Robe—a hostess gown model, and the winner may pick her own color scheme.

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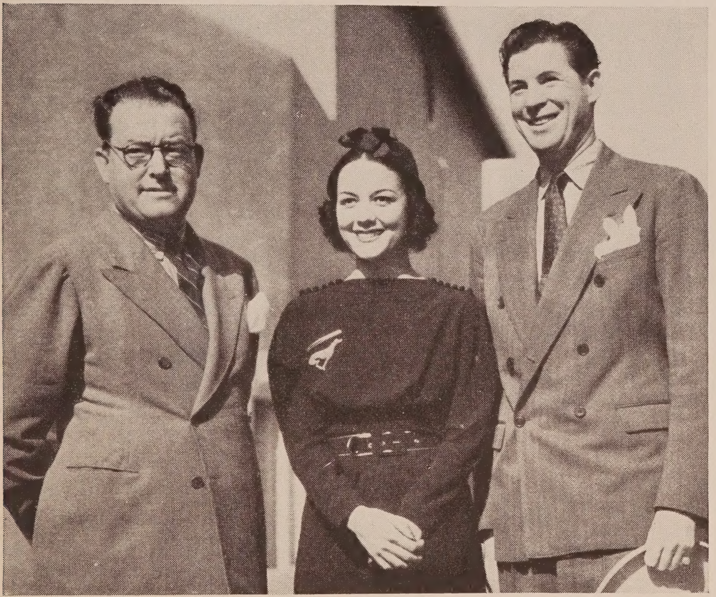
IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Monogram Pictures reserves the right to send as many contestants to Hollywood, for chances at a screen career, as they desire. Runners-up may have just as much chance for a Hollywood trip as "Miss Monogram" herself!



Scott Dunlap, one of the judges in SCREEN BOOK'S contest to choose "Miss Monogram," with two of his stellar discoveries, Movita, the luscious Mexican actress, and Jack Randall, rapidly-rising Western star

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Color of eyes........................ Bust measurement.................... Hip measurement....................

Do you participate in sports such as swimming, tennis, golf, riding?....................................

Have you ever participated in amateur or professional stage performances?..........................

What is your occupation?.. Are you ambitious?..........................

Name ....

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MISS BROWN I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THAT PART. IT CALLS FOR FLASHING WHITE TEETH
OH THANK YOU, MR. EGLI—(IT WAS IODENT THAT LANDED ME THIS JOB I KNOW!)
No. 1 FOR TEETH Easy TO BRYTEN
IODENT
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UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

OUR English cousins take their movies seriously—far more seriously than we do in this country. One of their current literary successes is a handsome volume (now published in this country*) called *Footnotes to the Film*, with contributions from many leading English film and literary lights such as Alfred Hitchcock, Robert Donat, Alexander Korda, Basil Dean and Elizabeth Bowen.

We were particularly interested in Robert Donat's article on film acting. Interested because Donat's views on the subject are alert, stimulating and a welcome change from those of certain of our Hollywood stars who are always moaning that their talents are stifled in the factory atmosphere of the film town; that they feel they simply *must* return to the legitimate stage where one can really *act*.

Says actor Donat: "Good scenarios are far more plentiful than good plays—by which I mean good entertainment; and I am not ashamed of being voted at the box-office as a good entertainer. In seven years the Theatre has offered me one great play, half a dozen possible plays, two exciting gambles and innumerable duds. Until something really exciting comes along, I go on making films—and enjoy making them enormously. I make my film, seeing it grow day by day until it is finished; then I have shot my bolt and I can look around for new doors to fasten. On the stage one has to try to shoot the same bolt eight times a week for as long as the door will remain on its hinges. Few plays are worth that dreadful grind . . .

"There is a certain snobbery among stage actors where filming is concerned; they look upon it as a rather boring, well-paid joke. Their performances in front of the camera, if also rather boring, are not quite so much of a joke. They give rise to the oft-repeated cry: 'Where *are* our actors?' Then, too late, they discover they have not gone quite the right way about it. Instead of acting 'a little less' they find out that they must act a little better. That is why actors who are successful on both stage and screen are few and far between.

"Of this I am quite certain: I am a better actor for my film experience. Two qualities—concentration and sincerity—are even more necessary on the screen than on the stage, and one's work cannot fail to be the richer for their exercise."

Well spoken, Robert Donat. Yours are words that should be listened to with avid interest by the world-weary Hollywood stars who collect mammoth salaries from the movies they secretly or publicly scorn, all the time muttering about going back to the stage and "forgetting all this." A good actor is a good actor, whether on the stage or on the screen, and he should never forget that fact.

●

Last month we mentioned the crusade begun by the *Variety* editor, Arthur Ungar against the dirt-slinging radio columnists, who have been biting, with extra-long fangs, the hand that feeds them. So it's a pleasure to record that his battle has been taken up, with keen enthusiasm, by the powerful Hays office and most of the major studios.

These columnists and their "leg men" have been taken sharply to task and warned that they must expect no co-operation whatever unless their material was greatly toned down. Already two of the columnists have bitten the dust, and the others have begun to pull their punches.

It is a well-known fact that studio employees have been—and still are—on the personal payrolls of the air chatterers, and have been responsible for many choice morsels of gossip finding their way through the microphones. Any other business than motion pictures would have set an immediate example of firing and hiring that would necessarily have a salutary effect upon the insiders so willing and eager to grab off easy money by the two-payroll method. It isn't too late, for that matter.

And since we're on this "putting-your-house-in-order" campaign, we should like to point out a contradiction in studio publicity methods that doesn't sound logical to us. Front offices can complain to the high heavens about the dirt-dishers of the air destroying the glamour of the stars. And the complaints are justified. But these very same front offices will spend fortunes in publicizing their stars—with the accent, as always, on glamour—and then turn right around and co-operate with advertising agencies that do the exact opposite!

There isn't a studio in Hollywood that doesn't lend aid and assistance to a host of cameramen hired to supply magazines of national distribution with candid-camera shots of actors and actresses in poses that possess little, if any, studio promotional value. Not from the glamour angle, at least. If this isn't an instance of left-handed publicity, we don't know what is.

W. H. FAWCETT,
Publisher.

---

*Oxford University Press

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"It is a real compliment, Mr. Walker, that you thought me a college girl.

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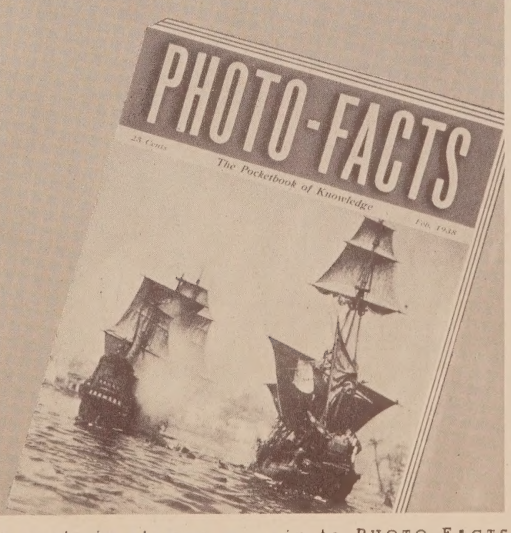

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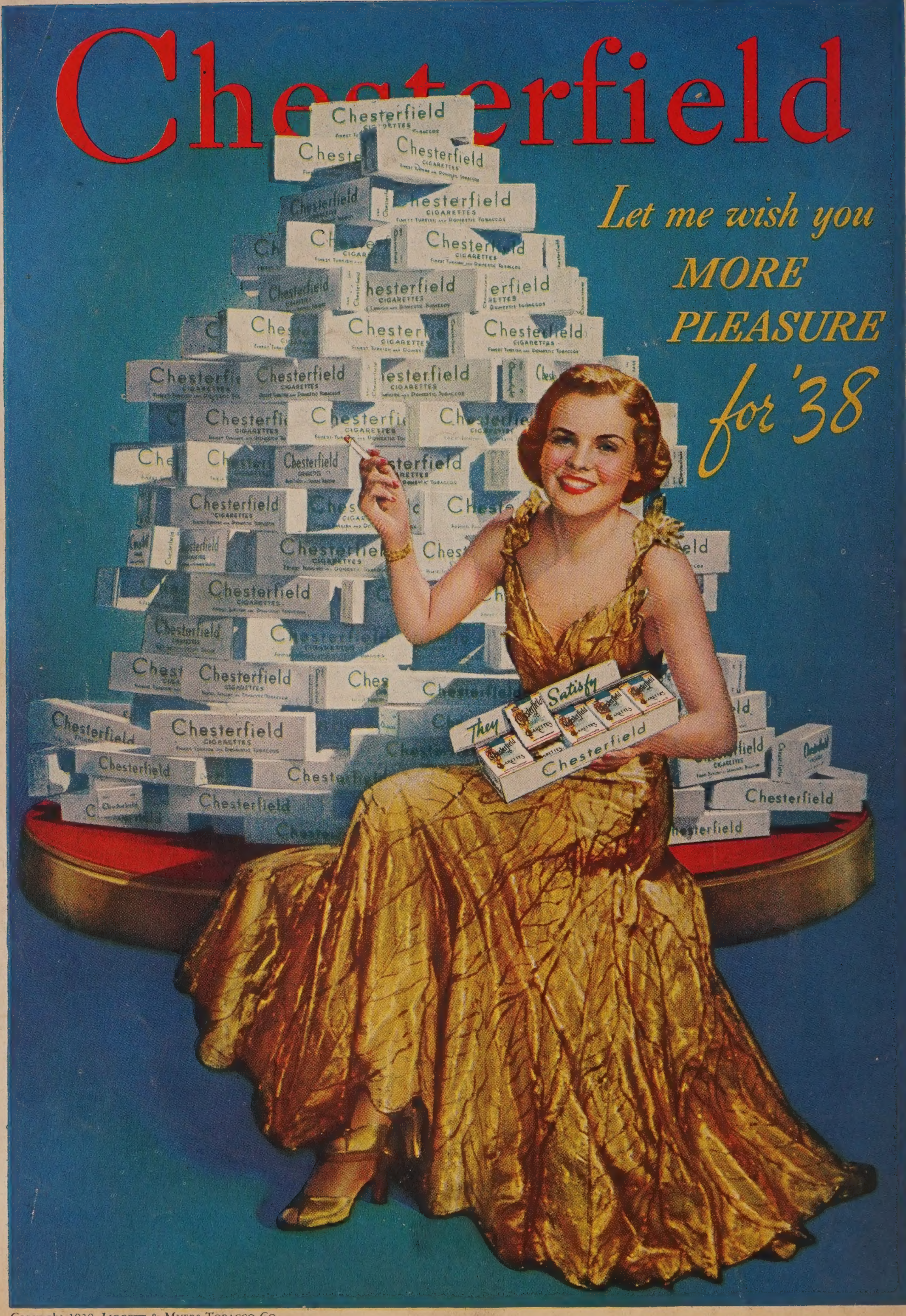
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A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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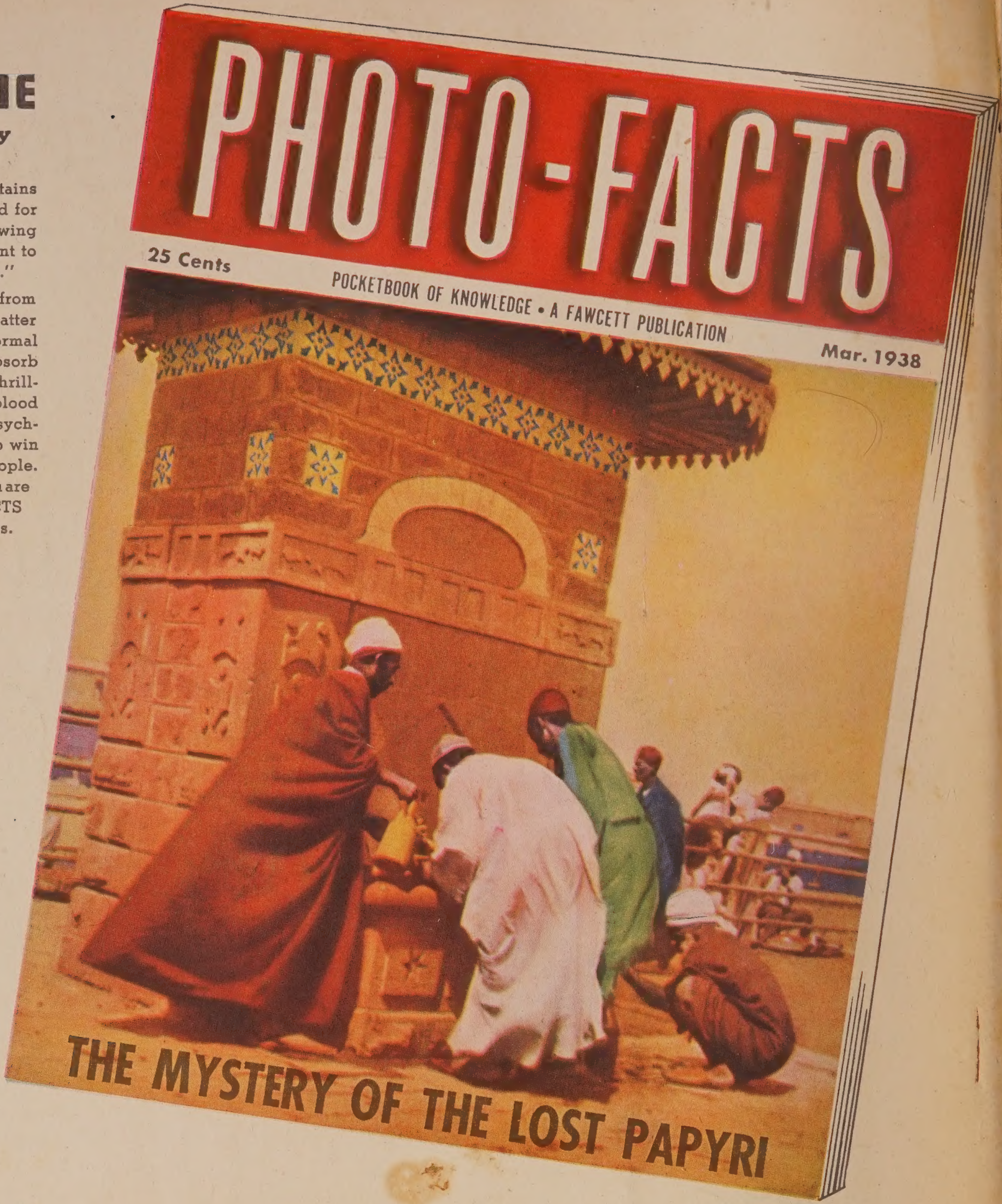
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TO BE A SCREEN STAR
MISS EVANS"

—said pretty little Barbara B. **HERE'S WHAT MADGE EVANS REPLIED**

WELL, BARBARA, IT'S NICE TO BE SUCCESSFUL AT **ANYTHING** YOU UNDERTAKE—HOME LIFE OR A CAREER
THAT'S WHY IT'S FOOLISH FOR ANY GIRL TO RISK LOSING HER GOOD LOOKS
SCREEN STARS REMOVE COSMETICS WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP** BECAUSE THEY DAREN'T RISK **COSMETIC SKIN.** EVERY GIRL SHOULD GUARD AGAINST IT
LUX TOILET SOAP

"I always use Lux Toilet Soap," says this charming screen star, and tells you why. It's when pores are *choked* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly* from the pores. Keeps skin smooth, soft, *appealing!* Use cosmetics all you like! But use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars Use Lux Toilet Soap

Two-fisted American college student goes to Oxford! Oh, boy, here's a drama that packs a wallop every minute of the way!

Robert Taylor

in

A YANK AT OXFORD

with LIONEL BARRYMORE

Maureen O'Sullivan • Vivien Leigh

Edmund Gwenn • Griffith Jones • From an Original Story by John Monk Saunders

Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by MICHAEL BALCON

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

SCREEN BOOK

VOLUME XX No. 2 MARCH, 1938

TOM DeVANE
EDITOR

W. H. FAWCETT
PUBLISHER

RALPH DAIGH
MANAGING EDITOR

AL ALLARD
ART DIRECTOR

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CHARLES RHODES, Photographer .... Top photo: Mary Carlisle

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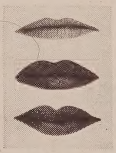

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ACROSS

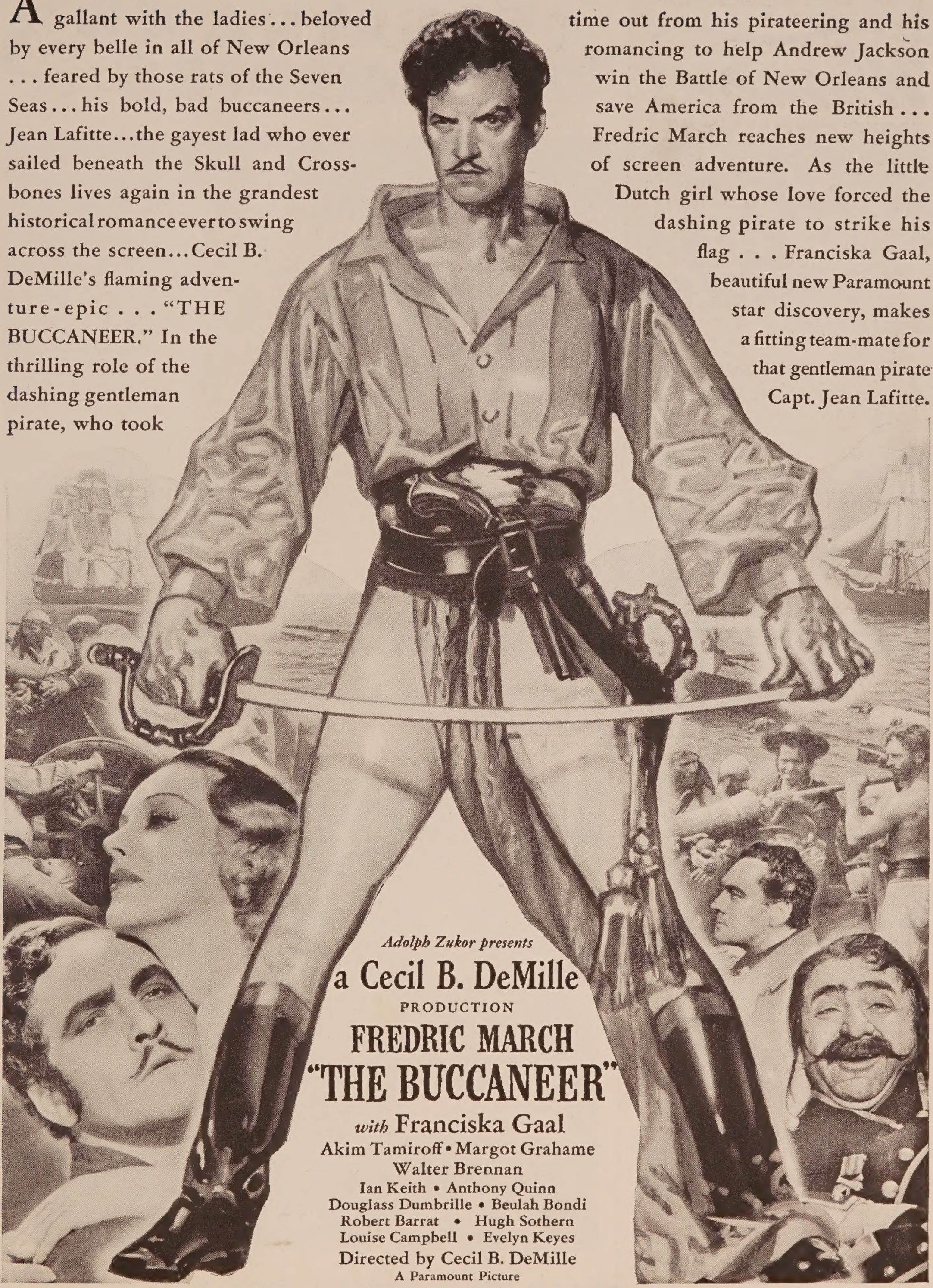
1. Film starring Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer.
7. FIGHT FOR ——— LADY.
10. MURDER ——— GREENWICH VILLAGE.
11. Star of ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO.
13. He was Bette's employer in THAT CERTAIN WOMAN.
15. SCIPIO in MADAME X.
16. Initials of Fred Stone.
17. ON ——— A NIGHT.
18. Robinson's screen wife in THE LAST GANGSTER.
19. SOULS AT ———.
20. Edward Ellis (init.).
21. THE BRIDE ——— RED.
22. PHILIP DE BEAUFORT in DINNER AT THE RITZ.
23. Mr. Romero's initials.
24. MY DEAR ——— ALDRICH.
25. Victor Moore's screen wife in MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW.
26. Successful screen plays.
27. William V. ———.
28. He produced TOPPER.
30. What the Mauch twins are.
31. Steffi's initials.
32. Joe E. Brown's feminine rival.
33. Charles Quigley and Rosalind Keith had leads in ——— THE WITNESS.
34. Initials of star of TRAPPED BY G-MEN.
35. ——— ALL YOURS.
36. Servant of ATTWATER in EBB TIDE.
37. He played opposite Sally Eilers in DANGER PATROL.
39. Mr. Stander's initials.
40. ——— RECKLESS.
41. ——— MINUTES TO PLAY.
42. First name of Miss Love, former star.
44. DANGER, LOVE ——— WORK.
45. TALLEYRAND in CONQUEST.
46. Mrs. Adolphe Menjou.

DOWN

1. ——— WAY PLEASE.
2. His last name is Barnett.
3. SHE MARRIED ——— ARTIST.
4. Inez Courtney's initials.
5. EBB TIDE was filmed in this (pl.).
6. He does a female impersonation in MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938.
7. Is Betty Grable married?
8. BEG, BORROW ——— STEAL.
9. She played opposite Robert Montgomery in LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN.
12. Dessert most familiar to slapstick comedians.
14. He posed as a swami in MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938.
16. There's supposed to be one between Winchell and Bernie.
18. Feminine star of BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY.
19. What Cagney did in SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT.
21. LIFE BEGINS ——— LOVE.
22. Star of HITTING A NEW HIGH.
23. POLEON DORET in THE BARRIER.
24. What Disney's Mickey and Minnie are.
25. Hero of Hopalong Cassidy series.
26. He has been termed Hollywood's movie czar.
27. Her last name is Barrie.
29. Food for Smoky, Foran's horse.
30. Walburn's screen wife in BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938.
31. She often sings in Warner musicals.
33. Kay Francis starred in ——— LADY.
34. Remember ——— Goudal?
36. Charles Ruggles was born in ——— Angeles.
38. LIVING ON ———.
40. Orchestra leader in LOVE AND HISSES.
42. SING AND ——— HAPPY.
43. Initials of a star of BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY.
44. Notice of what is playing at your favorite theater (abbr.).

(Solution on page 81)

A gallant with the ladies . . . beloved by every belle in all of New Orleans . . . feared by those rats of the Seven Seas . . . his bold, bad buccaneers . . . Jean Lafitte . . . the gayest lad who ever sailed beneath the Skull and Crossbones lives again in the grandest historical romance ever to swing across the screen . . . Cecil B. DeMille's flaming adventure-epic . . . "THE BUCCANEER." In the thrilling role of the dashing gentleman pirate, who took time out from his pirateering and his romancing to help Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and save America from the British . . . Fredric March reaches new heights of screen adventure. As the little Dutch girl whose love forced the dashing pirate to strike his flag . . . Franciska Gaal, beautiful new Paramount star discovery, makes a fitting team-mate for that gentleman pirate Capt. Jean Lafitte.



Adolph Zukor presents
a Cecil B. DeMille
PRODUCTION
FREDRIC MARCH
"THE BUCCANEER"
with Franciska Gaal
Akim Tamiroff • Margot Grahame
Walter Brennan
Ian Keith • Anthony Quinn
Douglass Dumbrille • Beulah Bondi
Robert Barrat • Hugh Sothern
Louise Campbell • Evelyn Keyes
Directed by Cecil B. DeMille
A Paramount Picture

Screen Play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb and C. Gardner Sullivan • Based on an Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson of "Lafitte the Pirate" by Lyle Saxon

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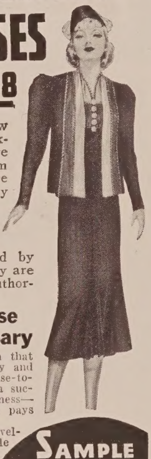

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

FANS please take notice. Hollywood mailmen will no longer be required to decipher those strangely addressed envelopes, that spell out the stars' names with pictures instead of letters. It became such a problem the poor postman began to feel more like a puzzle contest editor. Now a ban has been placed on the unnecessary procedure. If you expect to get an answer when you write to your favorite star, you'll have to fall back on good old every day English.

REMEMBER a long time ago when Carole Lombard sent a bear to Director Norman Taurog for a joke? Stories followed that Francis Lederer or someone had purchased the bear and sent it back to Alaska. But that was all ye good ole' publicity. The bear remained right in Hollywood. And now, years later, the bear has been bleached and is being used in the long shots for the studio scenes of *Spawn of the North*. When the company goes to Alaska for the actual filming of the picture, a really, real polar bear will be selected from a bevy of polar contest winners!

PRODUCER SAMUEL GOLDWYN may murder the English language. But no one could ever accuse him of not being a good sport. For almost two years Goldwyn has kept the handsome Frank Shields under contract. In the former tennis star, Goldwyn hoped to find another Gary Cooper. Shields did get a few small parts to do, but that magic thing that sometimes happens in front of a camera, somehow failed to click. It may not have been Shields' fault. Maybe he was never quite given the right thing to do. But Goldwyn usually leaves no stone unturned when he is out to build a star. With Goldwyn suffering the financial loss, he parted business relations with Shields recently.

FRANK MILAN, a comparative newcomer to the screen, is always being confused with Raymond Milland, a well established player. Recently Frank went to a dinner party. He was introduced to Groucho Marx as Mr. Milan. Later on Ray Milland arrived. He also was introduced to Groucho as Mr. Milland. Just as the evening was ending, Groucho came up to the two actors. Turning to Frank first, Groucho said, "If you're the one my wife likes—would you come over and meet her?"

MRS. HAROLD LLOYD didn't realize just how many friends her famous husband had, until the recent holidays. As a surprise to Harold, Mrs. Lloyd called up the various studios and asked them to have their stars autograph photographs to eventually hang in Harold's new play room. When the pictures began to pour in, everyone was autographed with some endearing term or referred to Harold as "the grandest guy in the world."

DIXIE LEE, who is Mrs. Bing Crosby in private life, has delivered an ultimatum to the famous crooner. When their fourth baby arrives, if it isn't a girl this time, Dixie says she is going to divorce Bing and marry Eddie Cantor. Personal to Dixie: Don't you think you ought to talk it over with "Ida" first?

[*Continued on page* 10]

—Wide World

The great Garbo, who seldom bothers talking to the American press, waxes gay and loquacious with journalists on returning for a vacation in her native Sweden

A DREAM *Walking*

FOOLISH words of a popular song. But there's truth in them. In his heart, every man idealizes the woman he loves. He likes to think of her as sweetly wholesome, fragrant, clean the way flowers are clean.

Much of the glamour that surrounds the loved woman in her *man's eyes, springs from the complete freshness and utter exquisiteness of her person.* Keep yourself wholesomely, sweetly clean!

Your hair, and skin, your teeth—of course you care for them faithfully. But are you attending to that more intimate phase of cleanliness, that of "Feminine Hygiene"? Truly nice women practice Feminine Hygiene regularly, as a habit of personal grooming. Do you? It will help to give you that poise, that *sureness of yourself*, that is a part of charm.

The practice of intimate Feminine Hygiene is so simple and so easy. As an effective cleansing douche we recommend "Lysol" in the proper dilution with water. "Lysol" cleanses and deodorizes gently but thoroughly.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions . . . effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Penetration . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for Feminine Hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability. . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

For your cleansing douche

TUNE IN on Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 4:45 P. M., E. S. T., Columbia Network.

What Every Woman Should Know . . .

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Send me your free booklet "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 8]

GERTRUDE NEISEN'S neighbors enjoy her singing very much. In fact, they leave their windows open sometimes to be sure of catching every note. But it's a different story when the Neisen pet pooch goes to town on a few lost chords. Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne are two of the many who would like to set up a howl of disapproval. Being dog owners and dog lovers they just wouldn't dare.

CHRISTMAS eve served a double purpose for Claudette Colbert. She used this occasion as an excuse to throw open wide the doors of her new play room. For over a year Claudette has worked on the decoration, refusing to show it until the last stitch was done to a turn. Her guests gave out with gasps of amazement. The room was fashioned after an English "Pub," more elaborate of course. But done authentically and with the usual perfect Colbert manner.

DIRECTOR MITCH LEISEN has a clock complex. If it ticks Mitch just can't resist it. He has over fifty watches and clocks in his collection. He has them in all sizes and wears them in all kinds of places. His newest is a watch set in the center of a leather padlock. This is worn on the front of his belt—in place of the usual belt buckle. He also has watches set in tie pins, cuff links, cigarette cases, cigarette holders, lighters, bill folds, and recently he designed a whistle for assistant directors to use. And you guessed it. The whistle has a watch that tells the owner when it's time to make a noise.

ROBERT TAYLOR loves all things made of leather. The new home that Barbara Stanwyck selected furnishings for, while Bob was making movies in England, has some very novel leather effects. For one thing, Bob's drapes in his living room are made of beige suede. They are cut in huge squares, laced together with brown suede to create a contrasting artistic effect.

IN THE picture Irene Dunne is making with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the four year old Steiner twins are being used. Alice Brady, who is also in the picture, de-

[*Continued on page* 12]

ORDERS is orders to at least one doorman in Hollywood. When Carole Lombard went on a radio program, she showed up alone for a rehearsal. In the meantime, the doorman at the theatre where the rehearsal was held, was instructed not to let a single person come inside. As a surprise to Carole, Clark Gable planned to slip into the theatre, sit in the back row and then take Carole home when she was through. But no amount of talking would convince the young man on the door that he could make this one exception. Yes, he knew who Clark Gable was. But Clark didn't pay his salary. Finally, Clark had to sheepishly give in and send a note around to Carole and ask her to okay him through. But if you think it spoiled Carole's surprise and pleasure—then you don't know your Lombard.

ROBERT FLOREY the director can dish it out. But he finds it rather hard to take it. For a serious scene at a piano, Florey put walnuts on the strings, while Anna May Wong and Anthony Quinn tried to read their lines. Finally, Tony decided to get even. He sent over to the publicity department for a photograph of Florey. Then he sent to the prop room and framed the picture with a most unusual kind of picture frame. The effect was startling to say the least. But so were Florey's jokes. However, when the director saw what had happened to his likeness, he stalked off the set in a pet.

CESAR ROMERO vows that he will never have another dog. When he gave a dinner party for Ethel Merman, one of his guests forgot to close the gate that leads to the street. In the middle of the meal, Cesar missed his pet Scotty. He went outside to look for him and found him in the street—dead. The dog had been hit by a passing motorist.

Ever wonder what a horse owner thinks about during a race of one of his entries? Here, in unposed candid camera snaps, are Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor registering hope, despair and disgust during a recent Santa Anita handicap in which they had entered a pony from their Marwyck stables. Evidently owner Stanwyck was a bit more optimistic than investor Taylor, because she kept rooting for the pony long after Bob had given up hope. In bottom picture, Hedda Hopper tries to console the disconsolate couple, but in vain

LOOK YOUR BEST IN *ANY* LIGHT

You Can If You Use *light-proof* Powder

● Does your make-up flatter you at certain times—and betray you at others? *You can now get powder that is light-proof.*

Luxor face powder modifies the light rays that powder particles ordinarily reflect. The use of this powder solves the old problem of "shine." Your complexion is not constantly being light-struck. Those unbecoming highlights of cheekbones, chin and nose are all subdued—in *any* light.

An important discovery

More important than matching your complexion, is powder that is a match for any light!

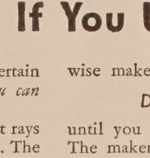
Any shade of light-proof powder will do more for your appearance than the most carefully selected shade of powder that picks up every ray of light. It will keep that lovely softness under lights that would otherwise make your face shine like an apple.

Don't buy any powder

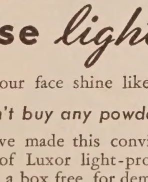
until you have made this convincing test. The makers of Luxor light-proof powder will send you a box free, for demonstration. Make up as usual, in any light, but finish with this new powder. Then stand at a glaring window; or under the strongest electric light; in cross-lights. See if you can find *any* light that this remarkable powder does not soften and subdue!

Get a large box at any drug or department store for 55c. Or a 10c box at the five-and-ten. Or—here is coupon which brings trial box free.

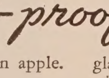
LUXOR *LIGHT PROOF* FACE POWDER



THIS is what happens when make-up reflects every ray of light.



SEE the effect of powder that is light-proof — modifies light rays.



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago FAW-3-38

Please send trial box of Luxor light-proof face powder free and prepaid.

☐ Flesh ☐ Rose Rachel

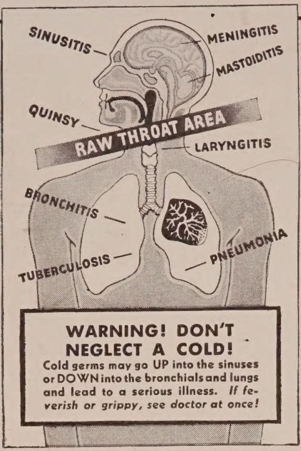
☐ Rachel ☐ Rachel No. 2

Name ______________________

Street ______________________

City ______________ State ______________

Feverish? Grippy?
SEE DOCTOR AT ONCE



WARNING! DON'T NEGLECT A COLD!
Cold germs may go UP into the sinuses or DOWN into the bronchials and lungs and lead to a serious illness. *If feverish or grippy, see doctor at once!*

FOR "RAW" THROAT USE THIS "FIRST AID"

Doctors warn that colds can lead to serious illness—to ear and sinus infection, and even pneumonia. So don't take a chance. Treat the symptoms of a coming cold effectively and without delay! *If you feel feverish or grippy see your doctor at once!*

TAKE THIS SIMPLE PRECAUTION

For the most effective "first aid," kill the cold germs that cause raw, dry throat. At the first sign of a raw throat cold, gargle with Zonite. Zonite does 3 jobs for you: (1) Cleanses mucous membranes. (2) Increases normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. (3) Kills cold germs present in the throat as soon as it comes in actual contact with them

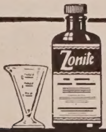
In a test to find out the germ-killing powers of the nine most popular, non-poisonous antiseptics on the market, Zonite proved to be actually 9.3 *times more active* (by standard laboratory tests) than the *next best* antiseptic compared! This means economy because you use Zonite diluted! Zonite goes farther—saves you money.

Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is. Soon your throat feels better.

DON'T DELAY—BE PREPARED

Get Zonite at your druggist now. And at the first sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. But remember: If you are feverish, consult your doctor! Don't risk a serious illness.

ZONITE IS 9.3 TIMES MORE ACTIVE THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR *non-poisonous* ANTISEPTIC *by standard laboratory tests*



GARGLE WITH ZONITE AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD!

Gargle with Zonite

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 10]

cided that as long as she had to work with the twins, she ought to make friends with them first. So she went up to them, waved her hands, tickled them and carried on in typical Brady fashion. The twins eyed her intently. Then the most courageous of the two disdainfully remarked, "I think you're awfully silly." Alice, just kiddingly, of course, returned the disdainful look and cracked, "Well, I don't think you're so hot yourself!"

A GIFT that simply delighted Katharine Hepburn was presented to her by Walter Plunkett, former designer of the Hepburn screen wardrobe. After completing the sketches on *Gone With the Wind*, Plunkett treated himself to a trip through Europe. In the Tyrol he found a hand made white sweater with peasant embroidery and tiny bells used instead of buttons. This he presented to Hepburn upon his return. Just to show the wide spread fame of Hollywood publicity, in almost every country, Plunkett was asked who was going to play "Scarlett O' Hara." Five months later when he returned to Hollywood, Plunkett discovered that even Producer David Selznick *still* couldn't answer that one!

CAROLE LOMBARD may get all the glory, but her intimate friends know just how much she depends on the inimitable Madeline Fields. When she gave up her screen career to become Carole's best friend and secretary, "Fieldsie" really took a job upon herself. This Christmas she had all Carole's shopping to do. Clark Gable asked her to do his. "Fieldsie" has always done William Powell's. There is also the shopping for her boy friend director Walter Lang. And then too, "Fieldsie" did have a trinket or two, she had to buy for herself. Together with all this, there was the little job of watching out for "Missy" Lombard, who appreciates her Secretary in a very large way.

JOAN CRAWFORD was highly amused at the publicity story given out when she recently trained to New York. Joan left at ten-thirty in the morning on the Chief. The story given out that the John Beals, the Ray Millands, the George Murphys, Jerry Asher and Della Lind being at the train, was all quite true. But it wasn't true that it was a field day for the fans. As a matter of fact, it was pouring so hard, not only did every single fan stay away—but it took all of the Crawford's persuasive beauty, to get the baggage man to come out and get himself soaked.

IF THIS keeps up Anna May Wong and John Beal should get together and incorporate their puns. When Anna May gave a party recently, she sent notes to her friends that started off like this: "I am giving a dinner in China Town for a few of my Chowmein friends." Now Anna May—re-e-e-ally!

IT WAS to be expected that those snoopy ones would immediately rumor a separation, when Joan Crawford went on alone to New York. And this is the reason the busybodies got themselves all worked up. Franchot was delayed in finishing his picture because Gladys George was sick. Joan

Preston Foster and his charming blonde wife are seldom seen at the Hollywood night spots, but naturally they'd have to be on hand for the preview of his new picture wanted to do shopping in New York. She planned to proceed Franchot with Mrs. Irving Berlin, who was returning home for the holidays. At the last minute Mrs. Berlin had to go to Phoenix, where Irving goes to quietly compose his music. Joan's trunks were all packed so she went on ahead. Franchot followed in five days. But those five days gave the gossips some nice juicy moments, while they chortled and drooled over another lost romance. Fortunately for Joan, she has learned not to allow them to destroy her happiness, as they used to do with their snoopy speculations.

WHAT a lucky young man is David Hobbs! When all necessary legal steps have been taken, he will be the adopted son of Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor. It all happened this way. Ann was visiting Roger in Dallas, Texas, where his band was playing at the Baker Hotel. Because she does not believe in organized charity, Ann herself set out on Thanksgiving day, with a carload of baskets. In a tiny little one room shack, she found David's family. Ten of them were huddled together, living on a few dollars handed out weekly by the city relief. Ann was so captivated with young David, who answered her knock at the door, she took him back to the hotel with her.

After all the untidiness had been washed away, his amazing personality sparkled like a diamond in the rough. The father, who is too ill to work and

Carole Lombard seems to find the humor of the new publication, *For Men Only*, greatly to her liking. Mervyn Le Roy, who's directing her in *Food For Scandal*, does too

HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE...

No girl who offends with underarm odor succeeds in her job—or with men...

A new job—new friends—new chances for romance! How Ann did want her new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as Bill S—— were very hard to find!

Ann was pretty—Ann was smart! "Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought. So he asked Ann out to his club.

The night was glamorous and the music was good—but Bill's interest died with the very first dance. Ann had thought a *bath alone* could keep her sweet—and one hint of underarm odor was enough for Bill. Others in the office noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted—the job that *might* have led to love.

It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—ever to risk offending! It's so easy to stay fresh with Mum! Remember, a bath only takes care of odor that's *past*—but Mum prevents odor *to come!*

MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute, Mum gives you *all-day-long* protection.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop *every trace of odor*. Remember, no girl who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men. Always use Mum!

NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM

MY BATH ONLY TAKES CARE OF PAST PERSPIRATION BUT MUM PREVENTS ODOR TO COME!
TO HERSELF: NO WORRIES FOR ME AROUND THE BOSS. IT'S HOURS SINCE MY BATH, BUT MUM STILL KEEPS ME FRESH!
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Throat ailed...
Friend prevailed...
Never failed!
"To help keep nasty colds away use PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC every day"
IN GERM-KILLING POWER...
1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC equals 3 bottles of ordinary kinds
Even when diluted with 2 parts water . . . still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long.
Makes your money go 3 times as far!
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC helps prevent COLDS and BAD BREATH!

the mother, who has more than her share of it, consented to Ann's taking David back to Hollywood. He is being enrolled in the famous Black Fox Military Academy and will be given every chance in the world. His first day in Hollywood just happened to fall on Christmas Eve. Imagine how thrilled David was when his famous new "mother" took him riding down Hollywood Boulevard. For the first time in his ten year existence, he heard of and saw Santa Claus.

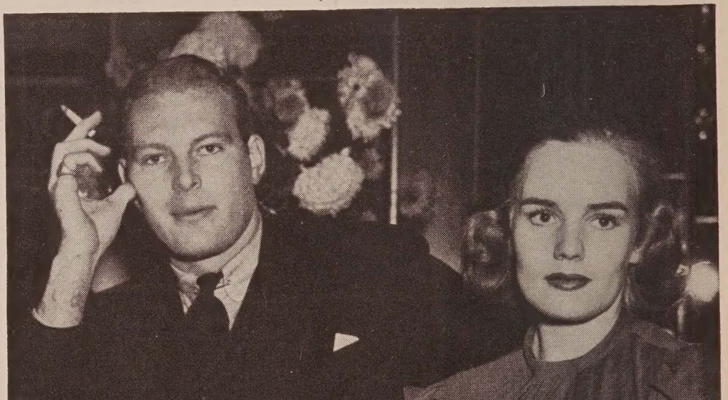
YOU wouldn't think it to look at her alabaster beauty, but Madeleine Carroll tells naughty stories with charming delicacy. When she was on a recent broadcast with Raymond Milland, she amused Ray and the rest of the company and incidentally saved them from that extreme nervousness that grips the movie stars, just before they go on the air. Of course don't get us wrong. Madeline's stories could be told in any drawing room. But they're just—not for children!

THE M-G-M officials are holding their expensive breaths and offering up silent prayers. Freddie Bartholomew's voice is beginning to give out with those tell-tale warnings that it will soon start to change. Metro just has to get one picture out, after Freddie's long absence from the screen, due to his legal difficulties. And wouldn't it be ironical if Ronald Sinclair, the little boy signed to replace Freddie, would actually get the break he was supposed to get, when it looked like Freddie would never be on peaceful terms again with his sponsors.

WHEN you stop to think about it, just *how* do you sleep? The studio never took this into consideration when they built the bedroom set for scenes to take place with Bob Burns and Jack Oakie. Director Ben Stoloff wanted the scene shot from a certain angle. But Bob Burns could only lie on his right side. And when Bob was on his right side, a certain portion of his anatomy blocked out Jack Oakie—who could only lie next to Burns—flat on his back! When the actors had been juggled around and the scene finally shot, Oakie turned to Burns and said, "Bob, the next time I sleep with you, remind me to bring my own bed."

THE newest Hollywood game is to act out slogans or quotations. There are two sides and one side must guess what one member of the other side is trying to convey through pantomime. No words can be spoken and each word of the slogan or quotation must be acted out separately. At Barbara Stanwyck's ranch, Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, the Ray Millands and the Fred MacMurrays played the new game. And you've really never lived until you see how hard actors really work—away from the camera. Fred MacMurray had to do "Into the valley of death rode the six hundred." And Fred was so serious about it, he actually gave out with a great acting performance.

WHEN Lee Bowman was released from his Paramount contract, the most surprised person was—Lee Bowman himself. There isn't a newcomer in the business who has made the rapid strides or shown the promise that Lee has. What's more, all the



Frances Farmer and her husband, Leif Erikson, both of whom have temporarily deserted Hollywood for Manhattan and the legitimate stage, glimpsed at the smart Rainbow Room atop the RCA Building. Frances is a hit in the Clifford Odets play, *Golden Boy* stars Lee has worked with are his most ardent boosters. Hollywood is inclined to believe that a personal grudge may have had something to do with Lee's release. But no matter. Outside of spoiling Lee's contemplated trip home to see his family, no damage has been done. Every studio in town is after Lee. With the scarcity of leading men, his future in Hollywood is assured.

ANTHONY AVERILL, whom Warner Brothers will tell you is their next glamor boy, is starting out on the right track. According to the rules and regulations of ye Hollywood publicity racket, new leading men are immediately expected to have a hobby and a hot romance. Well, Anthony has been seen out a bit with lovely Anne Nagel. But regardless of who he is with or where he goes, Anthony is never without his twenty lucky dimes. He sits and counts them while he carries on his conversations. Dames or dimes—Anthony is good looking enough to attract both.

That romancing young couple, June Travis and Allan Lane, were among the notables at the opening of the Santa Anita races

WHEN the Lloyd Bacons had their baby recently, the first person to know it was Mrs. Bacon's hairdresser at the House of Westmore. Instead of calling her famous Hollywood friends, the director's wife called the beauty parlor and asked her hairdresser to tell all the other girls. And speaking of the House of Westmore, there are two rumors afloat in Hollywood. The first is that the famous establishment has been taken over by the Weaver-Jackson Enterprises. The second rumor is that the 20th Century-Fox money is now backing the beauty boy's business.

HOLLYWOOD and Santa Claus Lane makes for strange bed fellows. Every year the different studios are asked

Make a *FRESH* start

and swing over to a *FRESH* cigarette

A Fresh Start made a Fresh Star

Salesgirl in a department store, Joy Hodges made a fresh start. Landed in the movies! Starred in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"! Now charms Broadway in "I'd Rather Be Right"! Joy's fresh start made a new star who brought fresh joy to millions.

YOU'LL miss a lot in life if you stay in the rut of old habits and never risk a FRESH start. Take your cigarette, for instance. If your present brand is often dry or soggy, don't stay "spliced" to that stale number just because you're used to it.

Make a fresh start by swinging over to FRESH, Double-Mellow Old Golds . . . the cigarette that's tops in tobacco quality . . . brought to you in the pink of smoking condition by Old Gold's weather-tight, double Cellophane package.

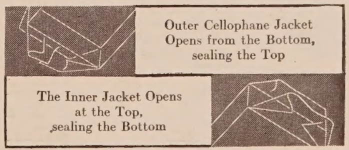
That extra jacket of Cellophane brings you Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos with all their rich, full flavor intact. Those two gate crashers, dampness and dryness, can never muscle in on that *double*-sealed, climate-proof O.G. package.

It's never too late for better smoking! Make a FRESH start with those always FRESH Double-Mellow Old Golds.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold

Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em *fresh*



Outer Cellophane Jacket Opens from the Bottom, sealing the Top
The Inner Jacket Opens at the Top, sealing the Bottom

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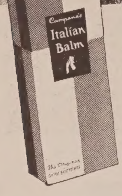
Love
AT FIRST
SIGHT!



• That's what happens to 4 out of 5 women—*"Love at First Sight"*—when they try Italian Balm. They continue using this famous skin softener in preference to anything they've ever used before. It's a lasting attraction.

And little wonder. Italian Balm has a genuine right to a warm place in a woman's heart. It's a very *INexpensive* skin protector to *use*—yet tests of the largest selling lotions prove that Italian Balm contains the *MOST expensive ingredients* of any other of these popular brands.

Try Italian Balm yourself—as a protection against chapping and dry, coarse skin texture. See how quickly it softens and smooths your skin. You'll feel the difference in ONE MINUTE after applying it.

Test Italian Balm *before* you *buy* it. Send for FREE Vanity Bottle. Mail coupon *today*.

Campana's
Italian Balm
Famous for Skin Protection and Economy

FREE
CAMPANA SALES CO.
194 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., F-194 Caledonia Road, Toronto

to contribute stars to ride down Hollywood Boulevard with Santa Claus. It's purely publicity of course. And good or bad, all according to how much a star needs it. But one never knows who one is going to meet in Santa Claus' sleigh. For example, one night when the various studios sent little Douglas Scott, Fritz Leiber, the famous Shakespearean actor and Dixie Dunbar, who specializes in "bumps."

RUMOR has it that Carole Lombard isn't so pleased with the script on the new Fernand Gravet picture. According to inside studio information, the script that Carole read first and okayed, is not the one they are finally shooting. Being a good sport and not the type who holds up production, Carole is trying to make the best of it.

BEE LILLIE and Fannie Brice may have their gay moments, but you should get a load of these two brilliant comediennes in Hollywood. People on the set working with Bee, are frankly disappointed because she doesn't keep them amused with her merry quips. But Bee is just intelligent enough to save her best for the camera. On week ends Bee and Fannie get together. But don't think they make the rounds of all the parties they are invited to. Instead, they wisely remain at home. And of all things these two super-sophisticated ladies dabble in oil. Bee paints flowers and admits that she is just ka-r-a-a-azy over her pet pastime.

NORMA SHEARER'S long delay in starting *Marie Antoinette* has resulted in at least one person getting a nice break. In the silent days Mae Busch was one of the most popular stars. Came the talkies, a few jobs in the Laurel and Hardy comedies, then Mae was dropped by the wayside. Like so many other capable players, she never was quite able to make the road back. Now Norma Shearer is going to help Mae get started again. Norma knows that Mae has all the ability to make good on her own. So all Norma is doing is seeing to it that Mae gets the very best in photography, makeup and clothes, when she makes the test that should bring her back in the limelight.

SHE hasn't a sense of humor, so we can't reveal her name. But the story is too good to keep. If she reads it here, she will know we mean her. She will also know how delighted the other persons on the set were, because they resent the way she treats her fellow workers. She had just finished a long shot of a scene where she sits down at a table and goes through the pantomime of smelling the food that is cooking on the stove in the next room. The director ordered the camera setup for a closeup of the same shot. "Let's see," said the director, "Where were you sitting Miss So and So when you smelled in the last scene?" Without batting an eyelash, the lady in question seriously pointed out the spot.

THOSE fashion pictures of Dorothy Lamour will never be released for a very good reason. Up to there in ermine and sable, Dorothy re-eally dreamed it up for the stillman. The pictures were for a special layout and supposed to carry a caption that told all the little fans that these coats were fresh out of Dorothy's personal wardrobe. But when the prints came through, for the first time it was noted that all the price tags were dangling out and each amount had been photographed by the camera.

GENE RAYMOND doesn't have very good luck with our fine feathered friends. Recently he was singing a song out in a German beer garden. It was all very pictorial with pigeons flying over his head and things. Every time they'd get in the middle of a scene, a pigeon would fly too close to Gene, too close to the camera or flap its wings so loudly,

Cecil B. De Mille was especially delighted to have Don Ameche, Ginger Rogers and Charles Winninger as guest stars on his famous *Lux Theatre of the Air*. Ginger surprised her fans by playing the difficult dramatic lead in *A Free Soul*

it would spoil the sound. Finally, when a pigeon spoiled the scene again, the birds were put back in a cage by their trainer. Then Gene looked up at the heavens and sang without fear of being interrupted.

THE death of Ted Healy was a blow to Hollywood. Ted's humor was biting at times, but never at another person's expense. Whenever he liked a person real well, Ted gave that person a special name. Joan Crawford was known to him, as "Annie." Barbara Stanwyck he always called "Mitzi." And believe it or not, there was a very nice friendship between the rollicking Ted and the more sombre Franchot Tone. It was Franchot who made Ted feel that he did not have to play the clown. On their last picture together, Ted and Franchot enjoyed several serious talks. Ted appreciated not having to live up to his reputation of being a funny man, every single second. Yet, whenever any other person would ask Ted about Franchot, very humorously he would reply that he liked Franchot because he had a "mental brain."

HOLLYWOOD merchants and especially those who sell jewelry to the stars, are going to lose out on the major portion of the expansive holiday business next year. No less than six different secrets were given away by air chatterers and local columnists, who make it their business to make the rounds of the shops and ask the salespeople what the stars are giving each other. The topper was reached however, when Cary Grant went calling on Phyllis Brooks one night. Over the air a not too well informed authority on Hollywood news, announced that Cary had already presented Phyllis with a magnificent solitaire. Of course it wasn't true and the two most surprised persons were Cary and Phyllis who heard it then for the first time.

Cycling is a popular sport at Palm Springs, but Glenda Farrell attained extra speed—and more fun—on a motorcycle

SCREEN BOOK
SCREEN PLAY

Whimsical Jean Parker, currently appearing in Columbia's powerful drama, *Penitentiary*, glances over a new copy of SCREEN BOOK, and judging from her smile, she likes it almost as much as we like her!

AND it's Joe Penner who reports that things are so bad in Russia, they're using borsht for blood transfusions!

NOW that her mother is married, no doubt Anita Louise will eliminate her custom of the two of them dressing exactly alike.

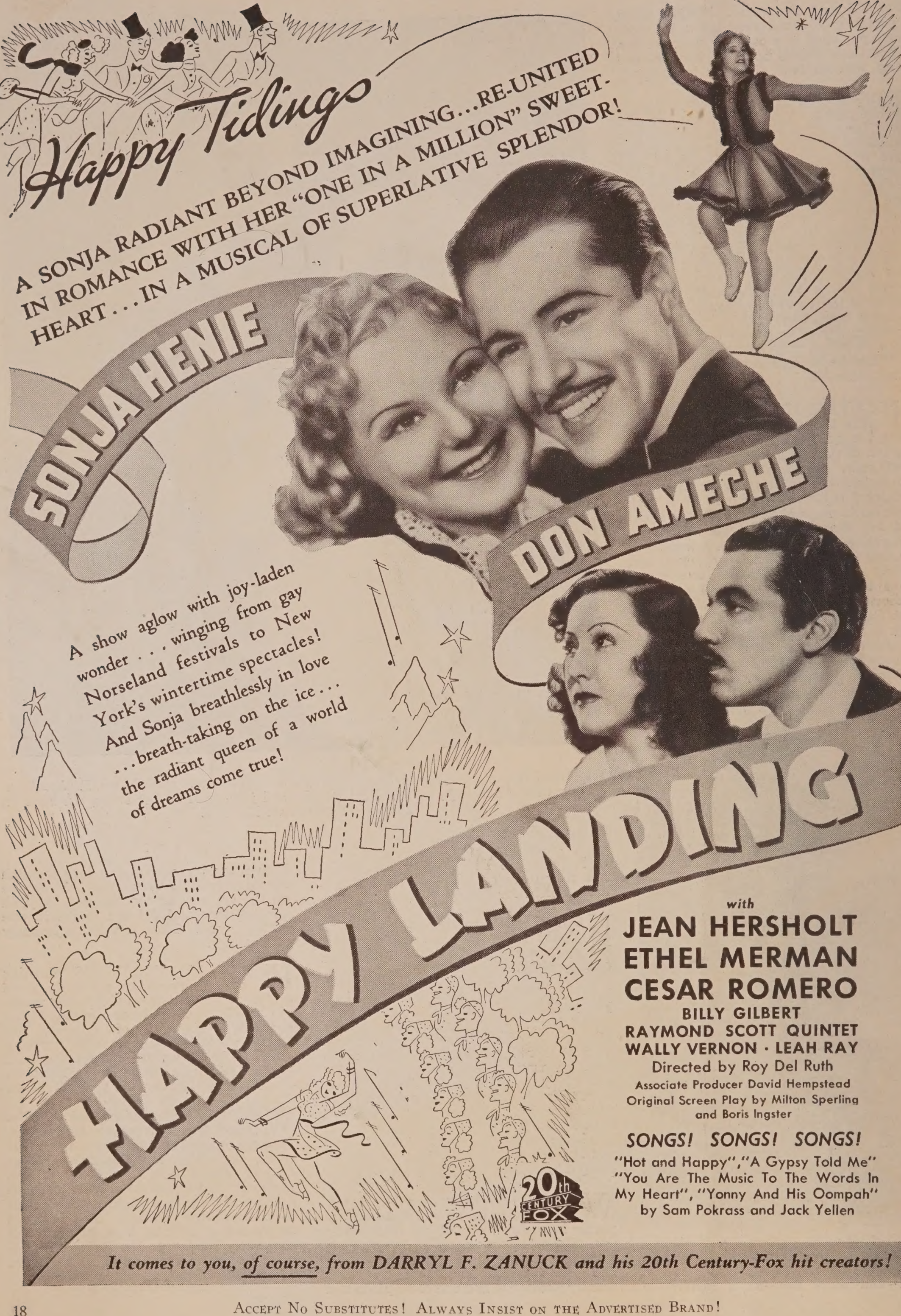
NO SOONER did Bob Taylor get back in Hollywood than a new problem presented itself. A young lady appeared at Bob's Beverly Hills home and insisted that he was her legal brother. Even Bob's mother's word didn't count, because the young lady insisted that Bob's mother really *wasn't* his mother. Even though it was an extremely annoying experience, Bob didn't have the heart to swear out a warrant. Instead, the young lady was just taken away and Bob hopes this will be the last of her escapades, as far as he is concerned.

WHEN Jane Withers was detained at the studio to do an added scene, the young lady threw one of her rare crying fits. Everyone was completely surprised until Jane explained the reason why. She had just received her twenty-five cent weekly allowance and elaborate plans had been made for a shopping tour through the Beverly Hills five and ten. Everyone on the set was so sympathetic, they all got together and did the retake in one perfect scene. Then Jane went joyously on her way.

IN NORMA SHEARER'S dressing room there stands an old apple green dressing table. It shows plainly the marks of excessive use. Its decorative possibilities add little to the beauty of the room. But Norma wouldn't part with it for anything in this world. It was the first dressing table she used, given to her by Irving Thalberg, when Norma made her first picture for him.

WHEN Jean Hersholt heard that Dr. Dafoe was coming to Hollywood, Jean set to work on building a new guest room, especially for Canada's famous doctor. Plans were changed and Dr. Dafoe decided not to make the trip, when he learned that Jean might go to Canada to make another picture. The room in Jean's home will be kept in readiness however. Whenever Dr. Dafoe does decide to come to Hollywood, he will have a home all waiting for him.

[*Continued on page* 87]



Happy Tidings

A SONJA RADIANT BEYOND IMAGINING... RE-UNITED IN ROMANCE WITH HER "ONE IN A MILLION" SWEETHEART... IN A MUSICAL OF SUPERLATIVE SPLENDOR!

SONJA HENIE

DON AMECHE

A show aglow with joy-laden wonder . . . winging from gay Norseland festivals to New York's wintertime spectacles! And Sonja breathlessly in love . . . breath-taking on the ice . . . the radiant queen of a world of dreams come true!

HAPPY LANDING

with

JEAN HERSHOLT
ETHEL MERMAN
CESAR ROMERO
BILLY GILBERT
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
WALLY VERNON · LEAH RAY
Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer David Hempstead
Original Screen Play by Milton Sperling and Boris Ingster

SONGS! SONGS! SONGS!

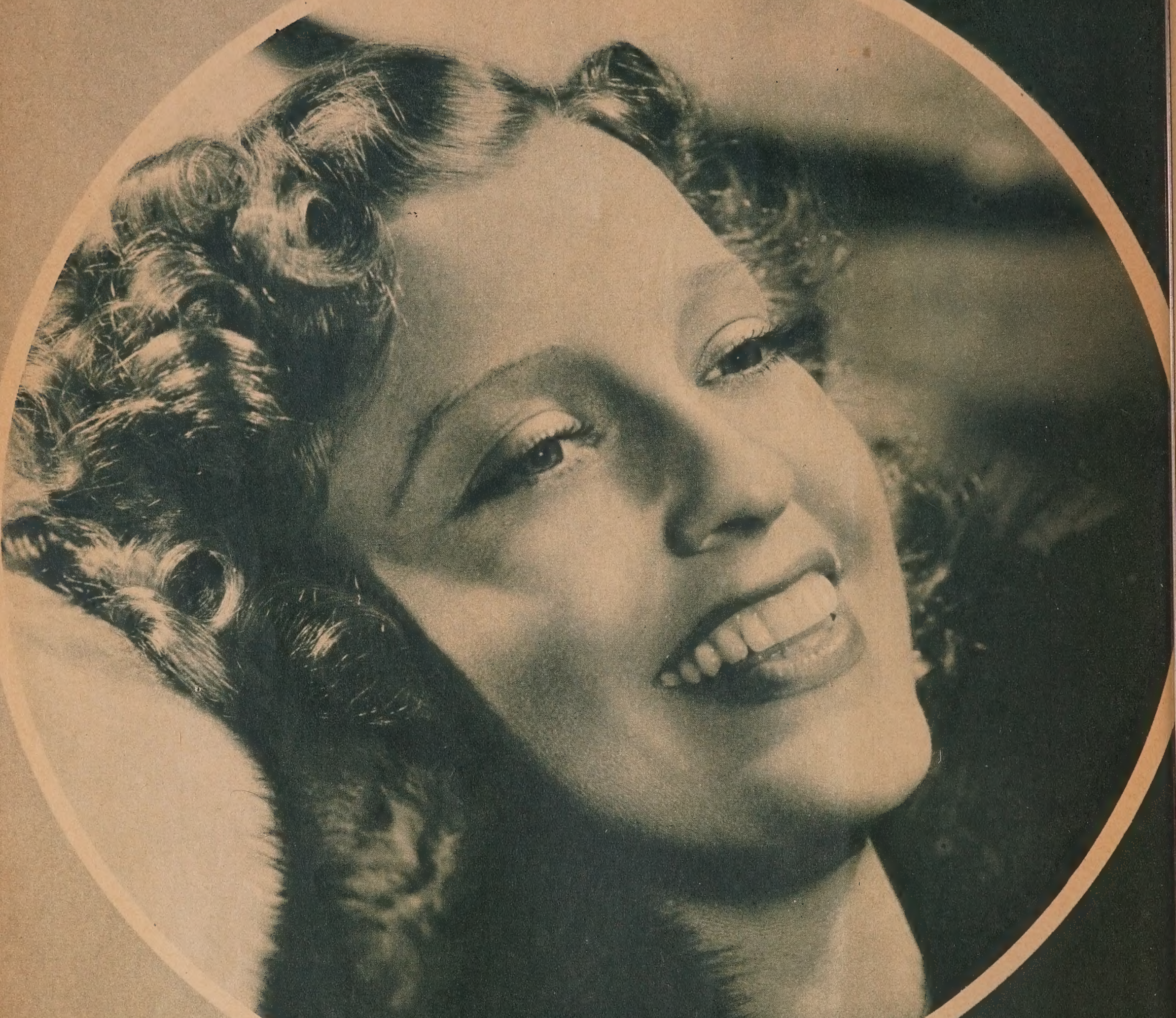
"Hot and Happy", "A Gypsy Told Me" "You Are The Music To The Words In My Heart", "Yonny And His Oompah" by Sam Pokrass and Jack Yellen

20th CENTURY FOX

It comes to you, of course, from DARRYL F. ZANUCK and his 20th Century-Fox hit creators!

FRANCES DEE

Frances Dee's charmingly youthful performance in "Wells Fargo" makes us glad that Paramount has glowing plans for her future



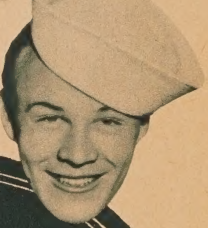
JEANETTE MacDONALD

The golden voice of Jeanette MacDonald will next be presented, in super-spectacle form, in M-G-M's "The Girl of the Golden West," adapted from the famed David Belasco play

—*Photo by Bull*

"THE KID COMES BACK"

The laughing, larruping hero of **"Kid Galahad"!**



The heart-breaking, chin-busting gob of **"Submarine D-1"!**

Speeding to stardom faster than any other screen hero in years! Here's the daring, dashing new thrill in boy friends, with the devil in his eyes, a wallop in his mitt and heaven in his arms! Winning millions of hearts in every role he plays! See him now—more exciting than ever—in the tingling romance of a fightin' fool who knew how to love!

●

Shooting another love punch straight to your heart in "The Kid Comes Back"!

with

WAYNE

MORRIS

A WARNER BROS.
PICTURE

MEET DANIELLE

Hollywood's newest million dollar glamor girl, ready to repeat her European triumphs in American films

By
MURIEL
BABCOCK

Natural and unassuming Danielle Darrieux (at top of page) has been transformed into the glamor girl you see at the right

DARRIEUX!

TO THE tune of one million dollars, a few hundred makeup tests, a newly shaped mouth and eyebrows, a freshly created coiffure, (blend of French and American sophistication) and an extravagantly designed and expensive wardrobe, Danielle Darrieux is Hollywood's newest glamour girl.

The brown-eyed French flash, a curious mixture of warm beauty and Gallic dash when she stepped off the *S. S. Normandie* in New York last fall, is no more.

She's been rebuilt along 1938 Hollywood glamour girl streamlines, from the tip of her head to her toes.

So—meet the new Darrieux, a lovely creature who has retained all her old world fascination and gained some Hollywood charm features. You'll find she has:

1. A brand new mouth with soft lips in provocative curves, something of a cross between the daring and sensuous Crawford exaggeration and the petulance of a Simone Simon. But what luscious appeal!

2. A new hair-do. Her brown locks are pulled high onto the head and crowned with little soft curls. A unique and softly sophisticated achievement. *Tres chic!*

[*Continued on page* 80]

Mlle. Darrieux is glimpsed above with her handsome author-husband Henri Decoin. Above, the lovely Danielle with Charles Boyer in *Mayerling*, and at left, two scenes from French pictures that made her famous abroad

FILMLAND'S LOVELIEST BRIDE!

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There's nothing that Hollywood likes better than a marriage—especially if the bride is radiant Virginia Bruce! After the photographers had recorded her marriage to J. Walter Ruben (pictures 1 & 2) the couple were guests at a reception given by the Jack Warners and Kay Francis. Guests included Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Marlene Dietrich and Fritz Lang (3); Maureen O'Sullivan and her husband, John Farrow (4); the distinguished reception party (5) included (back row, left to right) the Countess di Frasso, Kay Francis, Jack and Mrs. Warner, (front row) Mrs. Bert Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Ruben and Mr. Taylor; other guests (6) were Stephen Ames, Claire Windsor, Raquel Torres, Gertrude Niesen and Jon Hall

CANDID FILMLAND FLASHES

A busy winter season finds our Hollywood stars busier than ever—and the Fawcett candid cameraman trailed their every move! At top of page (1) Allan Jones and Jeanette MacDonald rehearse for the new M-G-M radio program; Claudette Colbert and her handsome mother (2) arrive for the *Tovarich* preview; Gail Patrick and hubby Bob Cobb (3) on the same occasion; stunning Ruth Hilliard and Jimmy Ritz (4) at the Clover Club; Arthur Treacher and Herbert Marshall (5) were guests at Deanna Durbin's fifteenth birthday party; Anita Louise, with Mr. and Mrs. James Ellison (6) at Hollywood's new Waikiki club

MY DAUGHTER SONJA

At left, Sonja Henie when she was first beginning to win skating honors at the age of twelve. Below, Sonja with her new leading man, Cesar Romero, in the forthcoming *Happy Landing*, and at bottom, Sonja with her youthful mother

Never before has Sonja Henie's mother been interviewed about her famous daughter! You'll like this revealing chat

By MRS. SELMA NILSEN HENIE

(As Told to Leon Surmelian)

MUCH has been written about Sonja Henie's skating career—and her amazing achievements on the competitive ice-rinks of the world fill fifteen huge scrapbooks, but very little is known about Sonja herself. She is one of the least known personalities in Hollywood. No color writer has yet invaded her home. She doesn't live in a fish bowl.

We were fortunate to secure for SCREEN BOOK the following intimate portrait of the little Nordic queen of the silver blades by one who knows her best—her own mother. *This is the first interview she has given about her famed daughter, either here or in Europe.* Mrs. Henie is distinctly a European lady, cultured, modest and low-voiced, and there is nothing about her to suggest a "movie mother," if you know what we mean.

The vast 20th Century-Fox plant glowed in a blazing midwinter sun (L. A. Chamber of Commerce, please note) and the boy who scurried around selling cold drinks to studio employees was doing a brisk business. But we put on our overcoats and wrapped thick mufflers around our necks as we went to stage 15, where we found ourselves on the Central Park rink in New York at the height of the winter season.

We never cease to wonder at the miracles performed by those unsung heroes of movie magic, the studio technicians. Stark trees, laden with synthetic snow (which is undistinguishable from the real article), spread out their gaunt branches, while in the background loomed the panorama of the New York skyline, built to scale, with red and blue neon signs twinkling and dancing in the wintry darkness. The rink itself, however, was of real ice. Dance Director Harry Losee, who looks like a Greenwich Village poet, was shouting directions through [*Continued on page* 82]

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HOLLYWOOD
ON THE RIVIERA

6

The Countess di Frasso, Hollywood's champion party giver, livened up the movie social season with a delightfully informal party at the Trocadero. Her guests were asked to come in beach attire, just as they would at Cap d'Antibes and other Riviera resorts. At top left (1) we find the charming hostess and popular Cary Grant; (2) an interesting foursome included Marlene Dietrich, Michael Brooke (the Earl of Warwick), Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks; (3) Kay Francis and Anderson Lawlor; (4) that engaging young couple, Anne Shirley and John Payne; (5) on the dance floor are glimpsed Dorothy di Frasso and Cary Grant, Phyllis Brooks and Ray Bolger; (6) another newlywed pair, Tom Brown and Natalie Draper. Looks like a swell party!
—Fawcett Photos

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WILLIAM POWELL

Welcome back to the fold, Bill Powell, after your lengthy European vacation. We're happy to hear that you'll play opposite Annabella in "The Baroness and the Butler" for 20th Century-Fox

—*Photo by Hurrell*

IT'S A SCREAM!

By JESSIE HENDERSON

—Photo by Hurrell

Among Hollywood's most accomplished screamers are (above, left to right) Barbara Stanwyck, Patsy Kelly and Una Merkel. At right, Lupe Velez, whose screeches can rattle the back teeth of any moviegoer

WHEN Simone Simon was called upon to scream in a sequence of the Walter Winchell-Ben Bernie picture, *Love and Hisses,* she opened those pouty lips and sent forth a shriek that nearly knocked Director Sidney Lanfield from his chair. "Fine!" he beamed. Yet when the elevator-falling sequence was run off, the image of Simone on the film contorted its mouth, flung back its head, and delivered—a gentle sizz-zzz like a steam radiator talking in its sleep. They had to take the scream all over again.

Thanks to this and that, practically everybody these days can screen well. But (joy of the sound track) among those rare souls who can scream well are Claudette Colbert, Fay Wray, Joan Bennett, Lupe Velez, Isabel Jewell, Una Merkel, Patsy Kelly and Barbara Stanwyck.

They have both the right technique and the right vocal cords. This doesn't mean, either, that a singer is always a good screamer

Fragile-looking Joan Bennett (at left) gets a nod for her screaming while (below, left to right) Simone Simon, Fay Wray and Isabel Jewell all merit similar recognition

Very few Hollywood actresses know how to scream properly on the screen—and you'd be surprised to know who they are!

from the sound track point of view. Simone sings, so do Jeanette MacDonald and Joan Crawford, yet none of these can scream in a way that thoroughly suits a sound technician.

No, a good, old-fashioned scream is as scarce in Hollywood as an icicle, and often quite as synthetic. The technicians say that not over one actress in twenty knows how to scream in the first place, and not over one in fifty has a scream worth recording, while only about a dozen can produce the sort of scream that really makes the listener sit up and take notice.

For in Hollywood, screaming rates as a separate Art, and brings good pay to several extras who do little else but scream on order. Screaming at the sound track requires something besides noise, or emotion. It requires a voice of well defined range, not too contralto, not too soprano. A voice, for instance, like Fay Wray's.

When Simone's scream turned out to be a sizz-zzz, everyone looked surprised, none more so than Simone. Everyone, that is, except the sound technician. "I knew it," observed that individual cryptically, "I *said* it'd run over 11,000."

He was talking of cycles and vibrations, as sound technicians do. He meant that while Simone had screamed excellently for the human ear, her voice had risen too high for the sound-mechanism to catch and that she'd have to scream over again in a lower key.

As a matter of fact, most screams uttered in front of the camera, even by the most talented picture stars, are plain duds; and the technicians shrug and let them ride. But if a real bloodcurdler looms in the script and none from the star is forthcoming, the technician pulls a good item from his library of shrieks. These "libraries" contain sound tracks made up of yells and screeches achieved either by stars that are good screamers or by the small group of professional howlers who can unleash cries of terror, horror or rage in the correct pitch and volume.

To go technical for a moment, a scream is a matter of vibrations, the perfect movie yell running 2500 cycles to the second. A scream may be wholly adequate in real life and yet miss the mark in a film because of the fact that [*Continued on page* 65]

DEANNA DURBIN

"Mad About Music" is the title of Deanna's new Universal picture, which will delight the millions who are mad about Deanna! The young star just celebrated her 15th birthday

SPENCER TRACY—
AS I KNOW HIM

BY S. R. MOOK

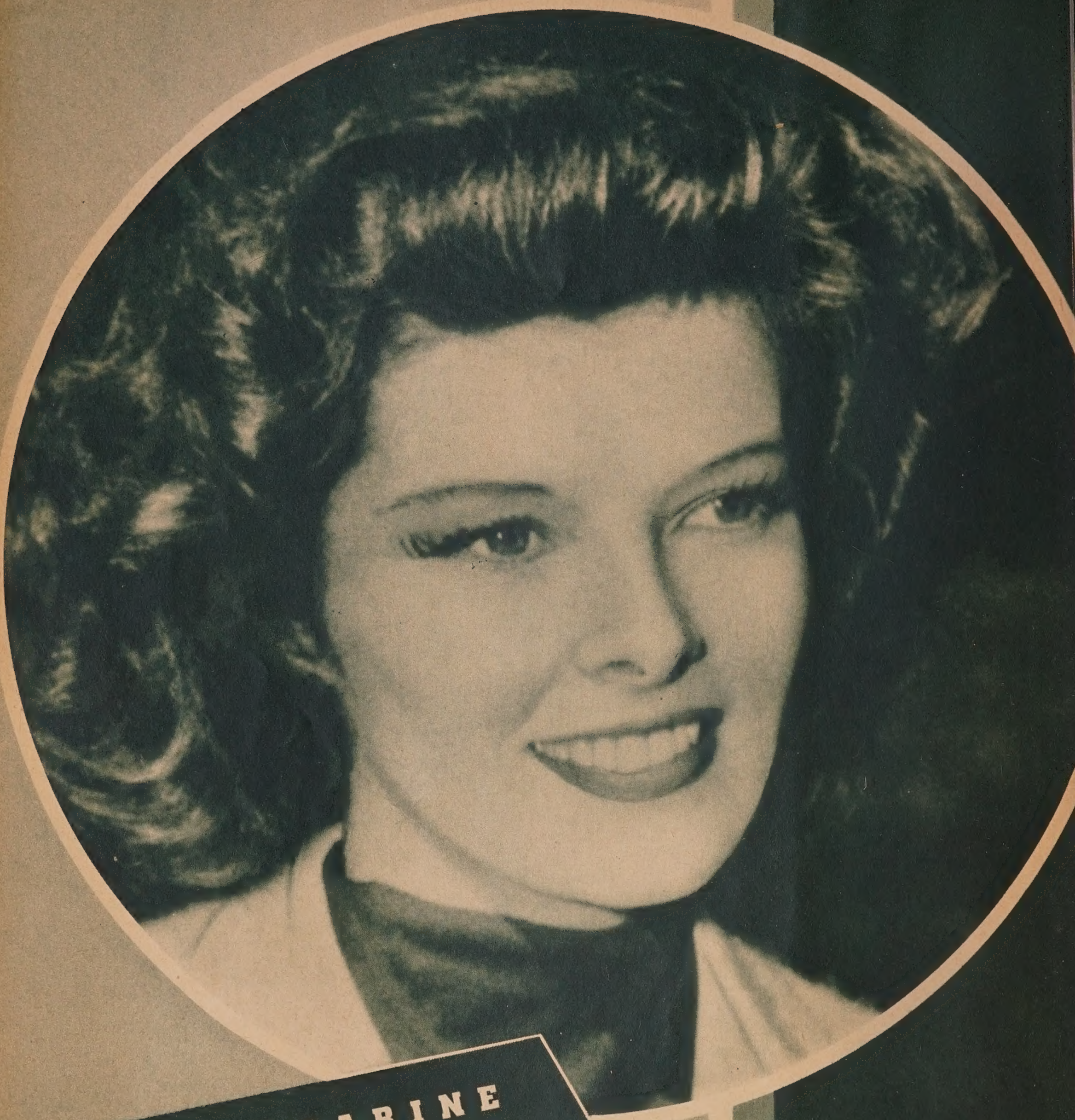
TO BORROW from a popular song of a few years ago, "When I Grow Too Old To Dream," I'll have some pretty swell memories of my stay in Hollywood. Not the least of these will be the recollections of my friendship with Spencer Tracy. I have known him almost since the day he first set foot in Hollywood and the friendship has rocked along on an even keel. Sometimes I don't see him for months at a time but when we do meet the friendship is resumed where it was left off—no guarded feeling each other out to see if one of us has changed or if we can still be "trusted."

I met him when he was playing in his first picture—*Up the River*. I had seen a few rushes of the opus and knew both Spence and the film were going to be sensational. Imagine my delight when Robert Montgomery brought him down to Neil Hamilton's beach home one Sunday when I was there. I sat back and confidently waited for the flow of wisecracks to start—wisecracks his film portrayal had led me to believe I might expect from him. I was doomed to disappointment. Beyond "Hello" when he came in and "'Bye" when he left I don't believe Spence uttered half dozen words during the afternoon. The meeting was a complete flop. Long afterwards, when I had got to know him well, I started jibing him about that day. "I didn't *know* any of you people," Spence muttered uncomfortably. "I just can't 'give out' with strangers."

But if Spence is [*Continued on page* 61]

A great actor—a great friend—is Spencer Tracy. You'll get a new and revealing slant on this appealingly human actor in this story, written by one of his best pals, Dick Mook

Lazlo Willinger, famed Viennese photographer, took the portrait of Spencer Tracy above. At left, with Joan Crawford in *Mannequin*



KATHARINE HEPBURN

From Hollywood comes the startling news that the quixotic Kate is no longer the aloof personality of yore—and will have a hilarious comedy role in RKO-Radio's "Bringing Up Baby"

—*Photo by Schoenbaum*

Refreshing Andrea Leeds is nearing stardom as a result of her work in *The Goldwyn Follies.* Lower right, with her off-screen romance, handsome Jack Dunn, also of the screen

THE GIRL SAID NO!

By SONIA LEE

When Andrea Leeds refused to play a part assigned to her, Hollywood predicted that her career was at an end. But she fooled it—and is now well on her way to stardom!

SHE stood slim, proud and defiant—a mere stripling of a girl—at the desk of the Great Goldwyn, the man of prophetic genius in disclosing *young* talents and *developing them into great talents!*

"No," insisted Andrea Leeds, the novice, the mendicant at the feet of Fame, "I'm not going to play that role. I won't! I don't know how a woman of that kind would behave. I'd be a failure!"

Goldwyn raised a quizzical eyebrow. This was something new under the Hollywood skies—a girl of no importance who should have jumped at the chance, turning down a juicy second lead in *Woman Chases Man* with Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea.

Andrea Leeds, whose sole claim to attention until now was the minor role of the girl in *Come and Get It,* was in Hollywood's figurative "dog-house." That's where all little stars and big stars too, are put temporarily when they refuse to play an assigned role. The only difference is that the important stars sometimes wins, but the newcomer NEVER!

Newspaper columnists, commentators took Andrea virulently to task for her temerity. Her friends pleaded with her to save her future—not to be stubborn, to do as she was told—not to sacrifice a probable brilliant career.

"All failure is alike," she would argue, "what difference does it make if I fail by acting a role

[*Continued on page* 63]

SCREEN BOOK'S Search for Talent!

Girls! Here's a golden opportunity to earn a screen contract and a free trip to Hollywood as the winner of the "Miss Monogram" search for a talented young actress! Read all the details—NOW—in the accompanying article!

WHO says it's impossible to have an opportunity to seek fame in Hollywood? SCREEN BOOK and Monogram Pictures are going to give some lucky girl a chance at a film career—with a contract to play a role in *Romance of the Limberlost,* all expenses paid to and from Hollywood, and transportation via American Airlines!

Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? But within the next few weeks, Miss Monogram will soon be chosen from among SCREEN BOOK readers. And besides, contestants will have chances to win one of eight additional valuable prizes.

Monogram Pictures, as most of you know, is one of the new vigorous Hollywood companies. And, like all up-and-coming organizations, it is anxious to discover new talent—with special emphasis on talented girls who appear worthy of stellar grooming.

You don't have to be a raving beauty to enter the Miss Monogram contest—the make-up artists of the film studios can attend to that! But if you have imagination, poise, charm and ambition, you have a great opportunity to discover whether your dreams for a film career can come true.

Rules for entering the Miss Monogram contest are extremely simple. All you have to do is fill out the coupon on page 76 and send it to Miss Monogram Contest Editor, Fawcett Publications, 1501 Broadway, New York City, together with a photograph of yourself (snapshot or unretouched photograph preferred). You must be between the ages of eighteen and twenty-seven, and an American citizen.

The judges? There's another surprise—for James Montgomery Flagg, one of America's foremost artists and

[*Continued on page 76*]

Monogram stars who will greet SCREEN BOOK's "Miss Monogram" include (top to bottom) Movita, exotic Mexican star; popular Warren Hull; Jack Randall, outdoor star, and charming Anne Nagel. Hull and Miss Nagel are currently co-starring in the drama, *Saleslady*

FUNNY FEMMES!

Two famous stage comediennes and one brilliant newcomer are competing for laugh laurels out Hollywood way. The beloved Fanny Brice (large picture) will soon appear with Allan Jones in M-G-M's "Everybody Sing," while her friend, Beatrice Lillie (at left), is Bing Crosby's comedy playmate in "Doctor Rhythm." Above is hilarious Joan Davis, whom 20th Century-Fox is grooming for stellar billing in "Sally, Irene and Mary" (Joan plays the role of Irene)

THEY HAVE

Don't be skeptical when you read a star's endorsement of a commercial product. The stars are scrupulous about endorsing only articles they personally approve

Greta Garbo (left) could make a fortune if she would endorse any one of a dozen products—but the Elusive Swede, when asked, always refuses

Claudette Colbert (above) is very firm about not recommending products she does not personally use. Quixotic Francis Lederer (right) refuses to accept money for endorsements, but Shirley Temple makes $100,000 a year through the sale of products bearing her famous name!

A SENSE OF HONOR

By

EDWARD CHURCHILL

THE representative of one of the largest breakfast food manufacturing companies in the United States approached Mrs. George Temple, mother of Shirley Temple, offering her the largest sum in the history of motion pictures if Shirley would endorse the breakfast food.

"But," replied Mrs. Temple, "Shirley doesn't use it, and we know nothing about it."

It took courage to say "no," when a man was dangling a contract for fifty thousand dollars a year for two years in front of her. But Mrs. Temple was adamant, and it wasn't until months later that she consented to allow the use of Shirley's name—after several things had happened.

First of all, at their own expense, the Temple family called in their attorney Lloyd Wright. Mrs. Temple explained the proposition, and asked him to make an investigation. In the meantime, the breakfast food was served many times in the Temple home, and Shirley liked it. Wright made a careful check on the company, the product, the methods of manufacturing and merchandizing. His report and the contract were then turned over to Twentieth Century-Fox studios for final ratification. It was not until then that the name of Shirley Temple became identified with the food.

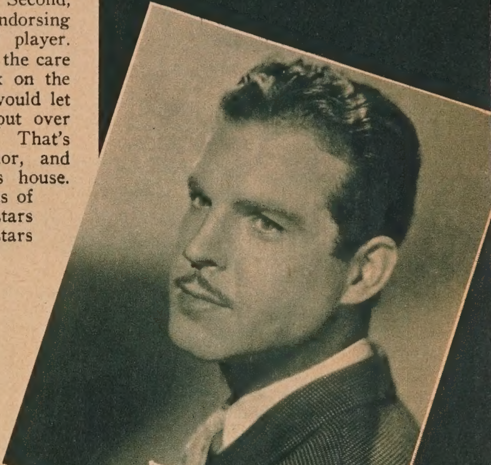
I cite this case for several reasons. First it shows the Hollywood sense of honor when it comes to approving things for you, and you, and you, who buy millions upon millions of dollars worth of radios, automobiles, breakfast foods, cigarettes, cosmetics, clothing and shoes because someone you like on the screen, and whose judgment you trust, has approved them for their own use. Second, Shirley Temple does more endorsing than any other Hollywood player. Third, the example is typical of the care shown by the stars, who work on the theory that no decent person would let his or her name be used to put over cheap and shoddy product. That's the Hollywood sense of honor, and it saves many a business house.

This business of endorsements of nationally known products by stars grows each year. But are the stars careful? Tremendously so. And so are the studios. My investigation shows that between ninety-five and ninety-nine per cent of all propositions for endorsement are rejected for several reasons, including the financial instability of the manufacturer, failure to live up to agreements on the part of the manufacturer, as well as specifications; moral scruples on the part of the stars, and undignified and cheap product.

There are articles which are definitely taboo at all times. One of these is liquor. Another classification includes intimate wearing apparel, depilatories, all types of patent medicines, certain kinds of cosmetics.

Why are there tie-ups between other businesses and the motion picture

[*Continued on page* 78]



Fred MacMurray (at top) will endorse but only after making sure he likes the product, differing from Paul Muni, who feels that tie-ups destroy illusion. Cary Grant and Constance Bennett (left) investigate all endorsements before signing

THE FIRST 24 YEARS ARE THE HARDEST!

Tyrone Power, youngest of the men to sky-rocket to great movieland fame, did not have an easy time crashing Hollywood, in spite of his parents' distinguished theatrical background. Here is the first installment of a two part life story

By SONIA LEE

HE WAS fifteen—a slight boy, with startling white teeth in contrast to the darkness of his face, to the deep brown of his eyes! There was a sparkling, vital, restless quality about the lad which gave him an intense air of waiting.

But he was not a dreamer, this young Tyrone Power, slated for stardom in the next few years. He was as certain of his Destiny as if it had been translated for him into words and paragraphs.

During those long hot summer afternoons when the soda fountain behind which he presided was a whirlpool of voices commanding sodas, sundaes and limeades, his hands worked automatically, swiftly—but his mind was intent on future and wider horizons.

His tutored wrist flung the orders down the counter so expertly that they varied not an inch from their purported destination. "I could stop 'em on a dime," he recalls today, with eyes wrinkling with amusing memory.

In the early evening there were long lulls. And then young Tyrone looked over the magazine racks, where row on row of the movie great stared at him from the covers. He would idle through the pages, reading of the foibles and idiosyncrasies—the histories and backgrounds of the men and women whose names were legends throughout the world. Not even to himself would he admit that his ambition bracketed his name with those he read. *Consciously* he wondered how it would seem to be famous; how it would feel to step outside the bounds of obscurity to achieve a Fame to match his heritage!

Actor he would be—that he knew! From childhood he had accepted it as a certain fact.

He belonged to the stage. His grandfather was Harold Power, one of England's greatest concert pianists. His father, Tyrone Power II, had been for years one of the significant names on the American stage. On his maternal side he had Patia Power, his mother, who had a fame-niche of her own.

And so by tradition and by birth, Tyrone Power III was dedicated to the theatre. The first was a great-grandfather, a renowned actor in the early 19th Century, who had been named after County Tyrone, the homeland of the Power family.

THE elevation of this boy to screen stardom in less than a year from his humble beginning is today one of the milestones in Hollywood's drama. His is all the fanfare of sensational stardom; his the accolade and importance of the anointed in this town of drama. Others before him had sprung to sudden Fame, but no one has traveled more valiantly, built more carefully, earned success more competently than Tyrone Power.

His story begins only twenty-four years ago, when on the late afternoon of May 5th, Patia Power was told that her first-born was a boy. At that moment this mother who has trained him so carefully, so painstakingly all these years—who today still is ever at his side, advising him in his diction, in his interpretation—who has always been perhaps the most important factor in his success—was confident that her son would be a great actor.

Tyrone's first years had all the shifts and changes to which theatrical children are heir. When the baby was three months old his parents were signed under contract to Famous Players, and worked in silent pictures in and about New York. A few months later they were transferred to Hollywood.

When eventually the Powers were recalled to New York and the stage, they discovered quickly that the climate was too rigorous for the delicate boy. And so Tyrone and his small sister, Ann—his junior by seventeen months—were brought back to California by their mother. They went directly to San Diego. There little Tyrone played on the sands of Coronado Beach, gaining health and strength in the sunshine; laying the foundation for that splendid physical vitality which is his today.

In the meanwhile, the United States had entered the war; San Diego was a mobilization point. Realizing the need for entertainment in the various camps, Patia Power organized a branch of the Stage Women's War Relief, a unit of the Red Cross. She formed a little stock company—the Power players—and for the duration of the war and through the demobilization period she staged plays, vaudeville shows and concerts for the men-at-arms. Later on she received national recognition for her service.

The youngsters had been left in the care of a competent nurse. But once the War was over, and her work was done, Patia Power rejoined her children and moved to Alhambra, in the San Gabriel Valley, not far from Los Angeles. She had been engaged to play the leading feminine role in John Steven McGroarty's celebrated *Mission Play,* staged annually at the old Mission San Gabriel.

Tyrone was literally brought up on the Mission Play as a child. In the five years in which mother was a member of the company, his mother's dressing-room was first his play-room, and later his classroom. Here he developed his inherited love of the theatre.

Tyrone and Ann were watched as carefully as royal children, not alone by their mother and their nurse, but by the others in the cast; by the Indians who adopted them as their own.

"When will I be growed up enough to be an actor?" Tyrone would implore his mother from season to season. And so it was a red-letter day in his life, when Mr. McGroarty assigned him to the role of Pablo, a neophyte of the Franciscan Padres. The young boy's natural aptitude for the theatre, for the stage, for all the mimicries of the make-believe world, was readily discernible in this small role. So much so, that when Mr. McGroarty staged his next play *La Golondrina,* he gave the boy, then seven, an important role.

He made a miniature hit. The critics recognized his ability and prophesied great things for him in the near years.

In 1923 Patia Power was engaged by the Schuster-Martin School of the Drama in Cincinnati to take over the chair of voice and dramatic expression. With the children she moved to the Ohio City and again established a home. The two were enrolled at the Sisters of Mercy Academy.

At the sixth grade, Tyrone was sent to St. Xavier Academy where he completed his elementary school work. Two semesters at the preparatory school of the University of Dayton followed. He

Portrait by Gene Kornman

returned to Cincinnati and was entered in the Purcell High School.

Correlating with his school training, with his acquisition of geography and geometry and English—and the acquirement of formal knowledge—there was a deeper training he was receiving—training at the hands of his mother which was to prepare him not only for living, but also for his profession.

From the time he was eight he began to understand that acting was something more than saying words in succession—that it required development of a different sort.

He recalls today the breathing exercises; exercises for muscular control; the learning of the difficult art of relaxation—all things which now are contributing to his progress and stature as an actor.

THERE was a definite program. Each night, for fifteen minutes after dinner the two children were required to sit quietly; to try to relax and breathe deeply. That was a lesson in patience. Trying and difficult, but worthwhile. Patia Power knew the value of concentration in later years. Until Tyrone was fourteen this was a regular routine of the day.

He was an active and ambitious youngster. He loathed inactivity of any sort. From the time he was thirteen he began demanding the right to work. The Board of Education was in a quandary, and after months of insistent cajoling, they finally gave him permission to get a job.

And so Tyrone worked—summers in the drug-store where his first dreams gained impetus; winters ushering in the Orpheum—a motion picture house.

Those two winters of ushering were in effect an intensive course in acting for Tyrone Power. From observing the reactions of audiences to the various stars, to bits of business, to situations—he learned much, not only about acting, but about the intricate business of presenting drama for public consumption.

He bought a five-cent note book, invented a system for grading the technique and dramatic ability of the players, and for months on end compared his own personal findings with the results at the box-office.

He learned not only what to do, but also what *not to do* in interpreting a character or a situation.

He was impatient to begin his acting career. In his Junior year at High School he begged his mother's permission to stop school so that he might inaugurate his theatre apprenticeship.

It was one of the few times that Mrs. Power imposed her will upon her son. She insisted that he at least finish high school. And to her wishes he deferred.

For Tyrone Power at this time there was no other world but that of the theatre. His mother's home had been more or less of a salon all his life. Here he had met the glamorous figures of the theatre; had listened to their talk; had absorbed their experiences, and vicariously participated in their triumphs. To him, actors were the only people in the world—there were no others!

And so the delay in entering that beckoning, glamorous procession [*Continued on page 67*]

ILONA MASSEY

Blue-eyed, blonde Ilona is currently proving her studio's faith in her as Nelson Eddy's co-star in the lilting "Rosalie." Her next M-G-M picture will be eagerly awaited

DOROTHY LAMOUR

What a furore Dorothy Lamour caused when she announced that she was going to give up stardom for motherhood! But not until her fans have a chance to see her in "Her Jungle Love"

YOU CAN'T MAKE ME A STAR!

By
L. ROBERT
JOSEPH

Jane Bryan is an out-of-the-ordinary young actress—she wants to remain an unimportant Hollywood "starlet" rather than take stellar roles

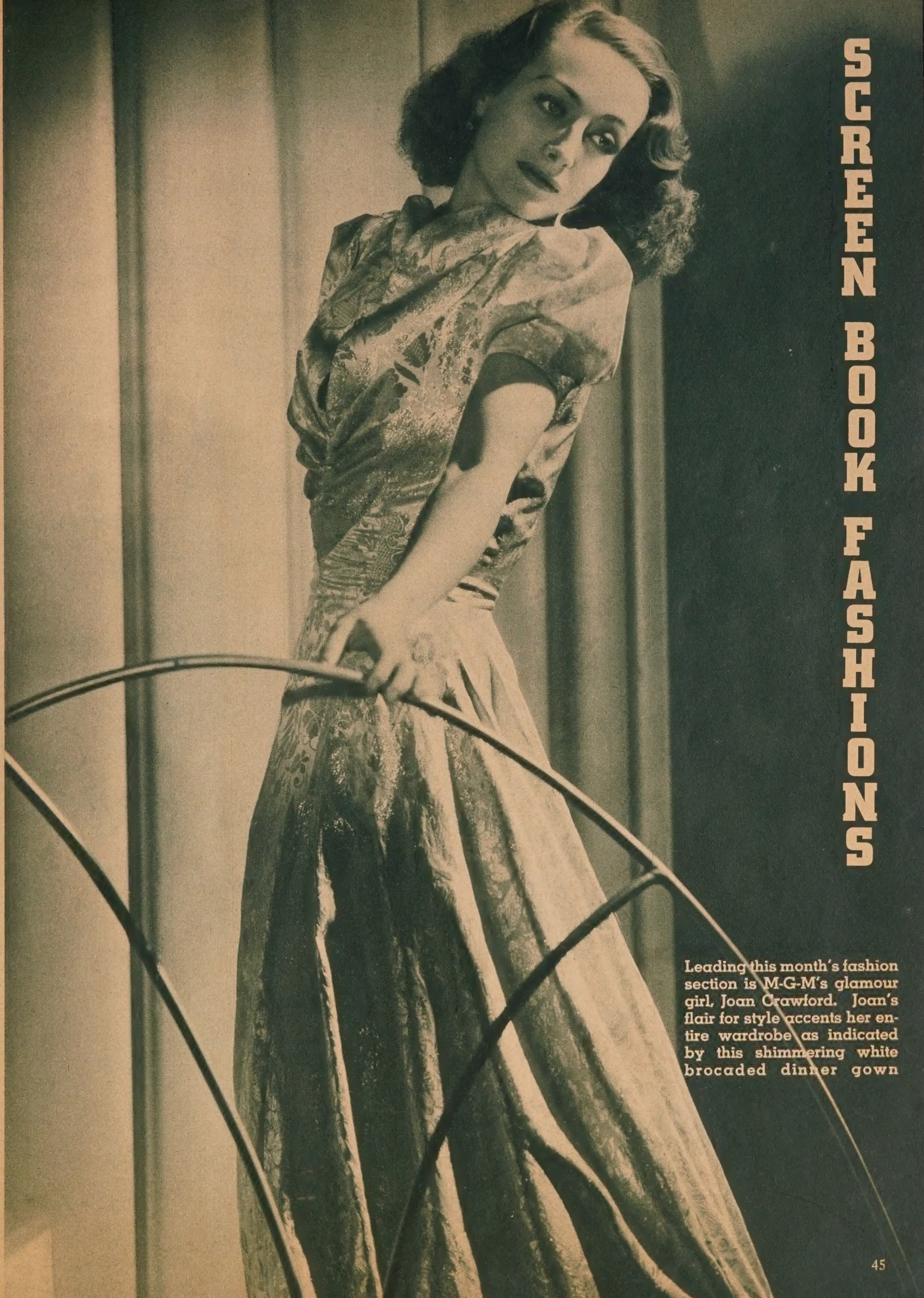
HOLLYWOOD, the home grounds for many oddities—from trained penguins to Charlie McCarthy—can boast of nothing more unusual and original than the actress who doesn't want to be a star. In that California nest of queer birds which is called Filmdom, pretty, vivacious Jane Bryan is such a "rara avis." She doesn't want to be a star. She doesn't want Warner Brothers to give her any film prominence. She doesn't want to be ballyhooed into fame. She doesn't want to scintillate or be glamorous.

In her own words: "Do I want to be a star? Oh, golly, no! I know what you think. You think I talk that way merely because I might attract attention. Well, whether I attract attention or not by refusing to be a star, I still sincerely mean what I said. After all, I've only been in pictures a little over a year, and I can think of no greater tragedy to myself than stardom. Honestly, if I had a chance to be starred in a picture this very minute I'd walk right out on it. I can't make that strong enough.

"Besides, it's more fun to be what I call a starlet than a star. A star has heavy responsibilities. A modern picture represents a large investment—and whether the studio gets its money back or not depends largely on the star. I haven't had enough background to assume that kind of risk for anyone—including myself."

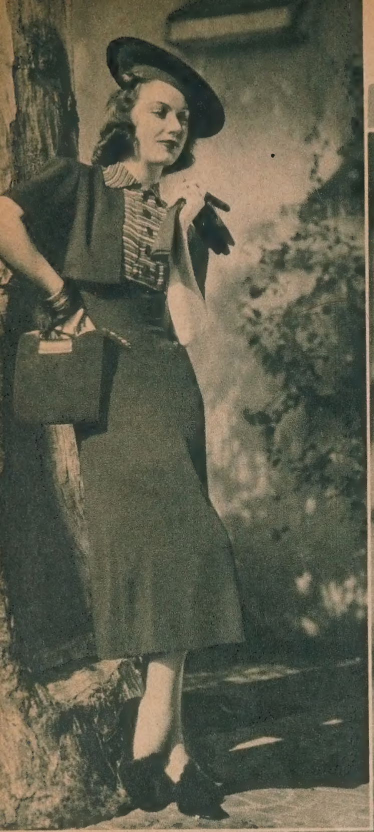
Jane Bryan, the starlet, was born Jane O'Brien in 1918. Her birth date is noteworthy [*Continued on page* 85]

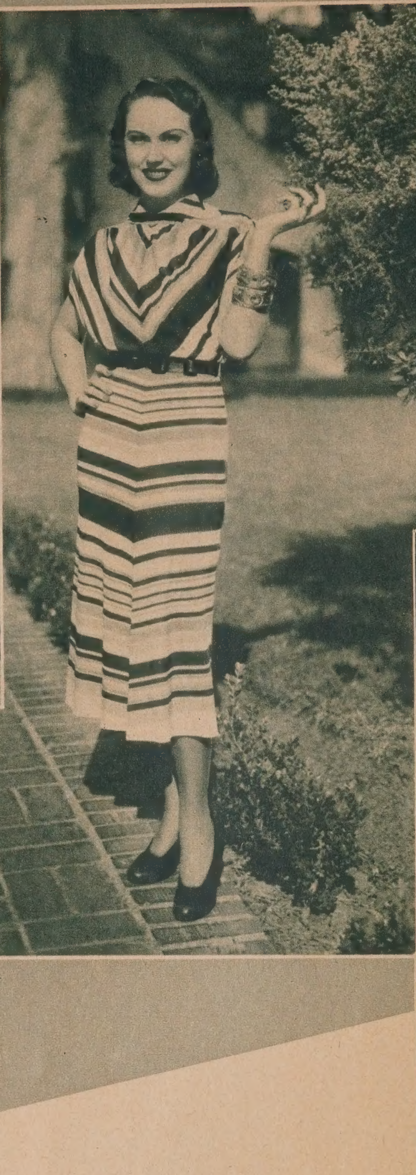
Jane Bryan brims over with Irish humor and American good spirits. Next she'll appear with Edward G. Robinson in *A Slight Case of Murder*

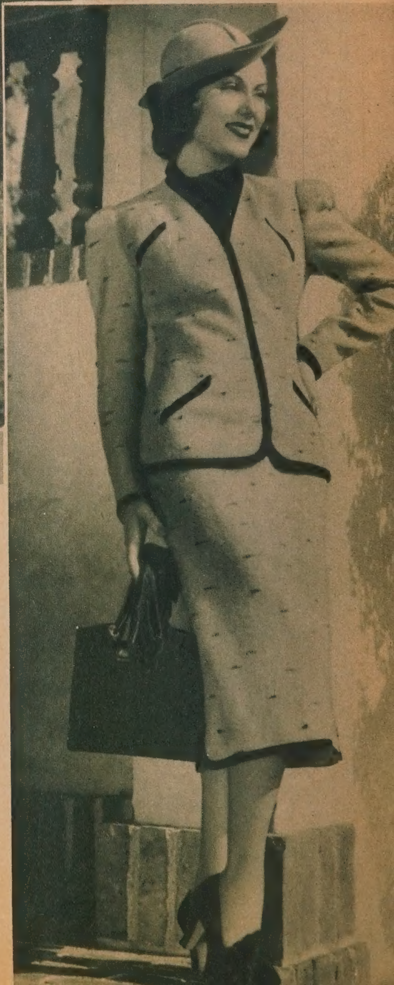


SCREEN BOOK FASHIONS

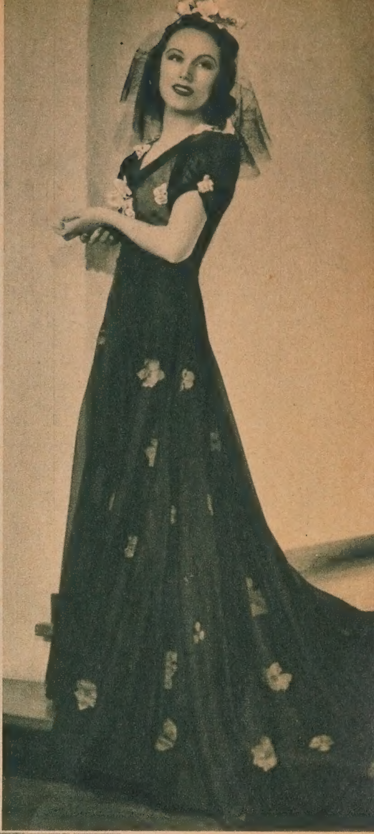
Leading this month's fashion section is M-G-M's glamour girl, Joan Crawford. Joan's flair for style accents her entire wardrobe as indicated by this shimmering white brocaded dinner gown

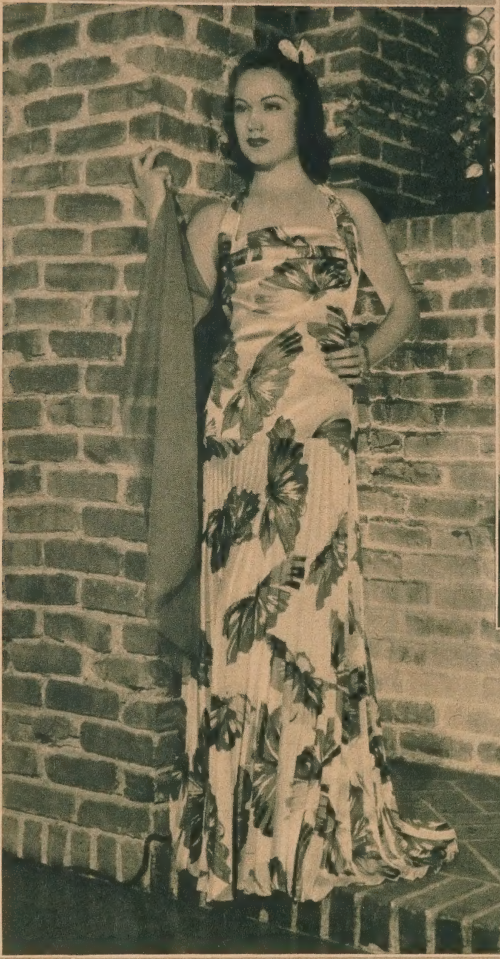


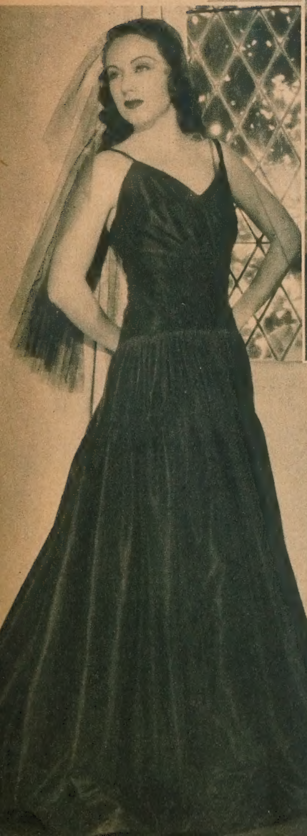




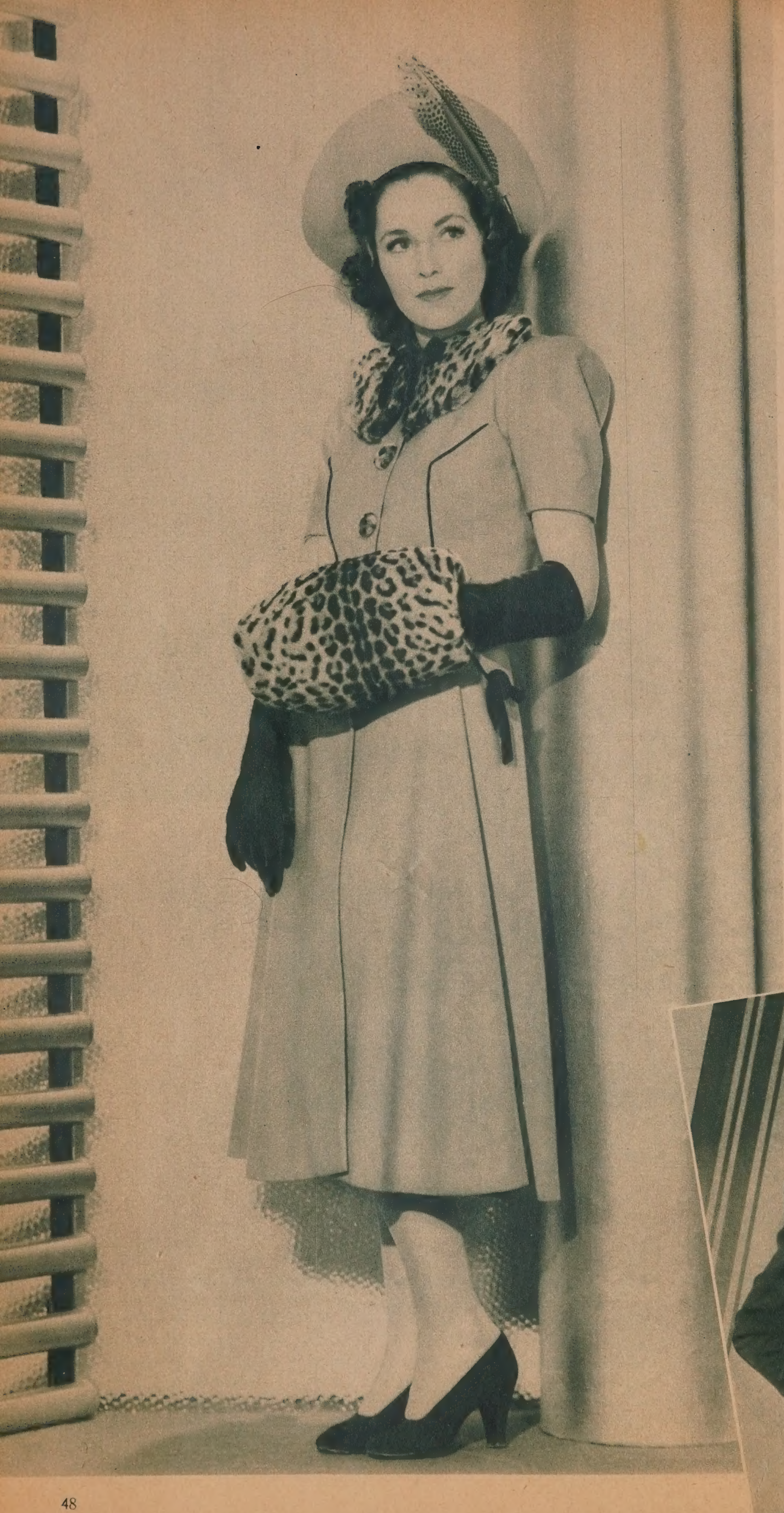
Top: Fay Wray, who has recently completed work in Universal's "The Jury's Secret," is shown here in one of her new selections for spring. It is of navy javol silk with a Roman striped corded silk blouse under the bolero. Center: Very striking is this silk jersey frock of wide black, white, green and yellow stripes. Bottom: Universal's designer, Vera West, designed this two-piece suit of powder blue Schiaparelli fabric of rodier wool and goat hair flecked with black. Dark blue lyons velvet banding edges the coat and hem of the skirt with rounding corners at the seams. Topping her costume is a powder blue sports hat with a dark blue band



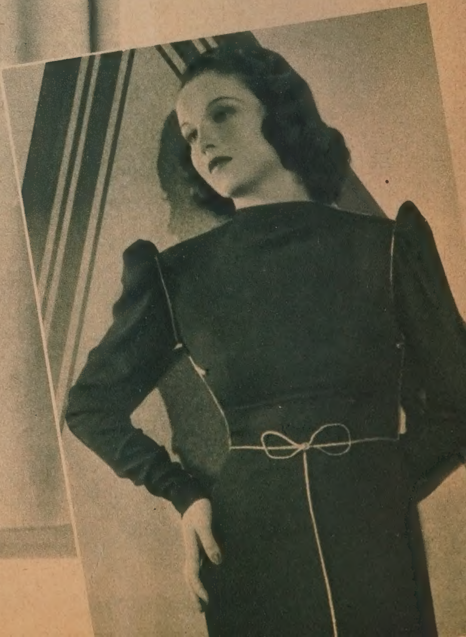


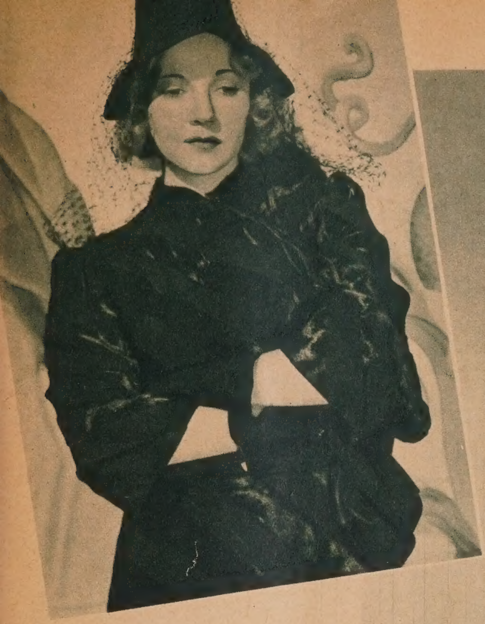


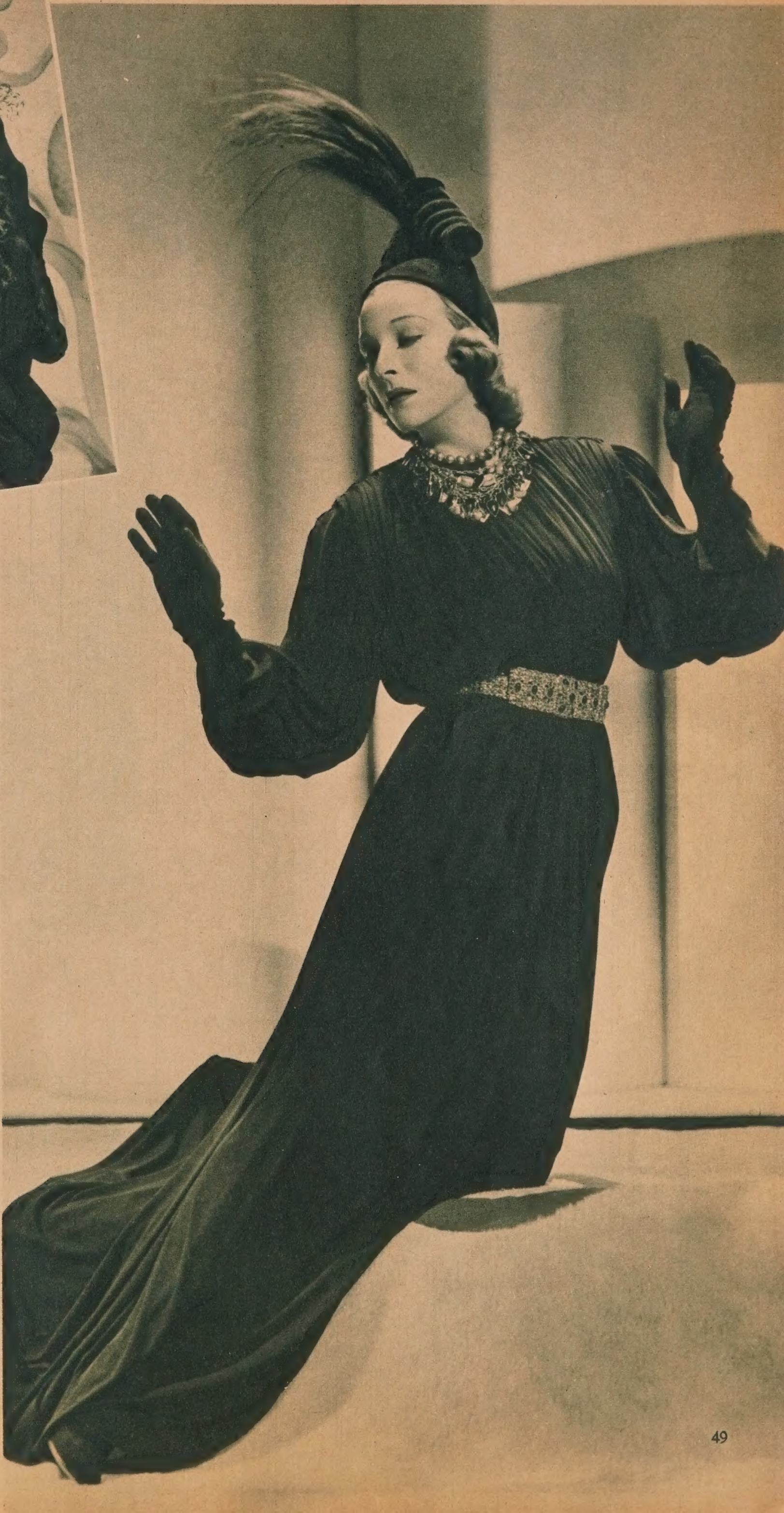
Top: Looking like a charming senorita of old, Fay Wray's black starched chiffon with full circular skirt is scattered with white dogwood blossoms. She wears a black veil with dogwood blossoms in her hair. Center: This colorful evening gown with halter neck is splashed with large butterflies in shades of magenta, peacock blue, sun gold and green on a white satin background. The spotted butterfly worn in the hair adds an interesting touch. Bottom: The high empire waistline of this black taffeta gown fits snugly to the hipline, upon which is gathered a wide band of wine-colored velvet. The long black tulle veil completes this fetching costume



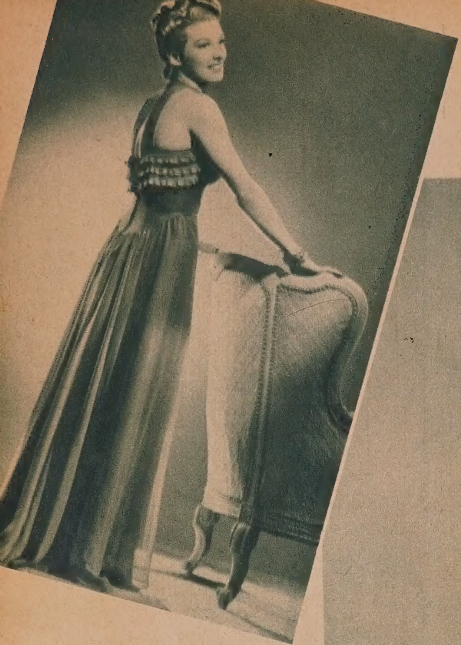
Left: Attractively setting off the brunette charm of Maureen O'Sullivan, star of M-G-M's "A Yank At Oxford," is this lime green "Leda" cloth coat trimmed with ocelot fur. Her chic hat is in matching felt with a brown quill. Below: The Warner Bros. player, June Travis, wears a youthful frock of black sheer wool showing a copper cord outlining the arm holes, bodice, waist and skirt

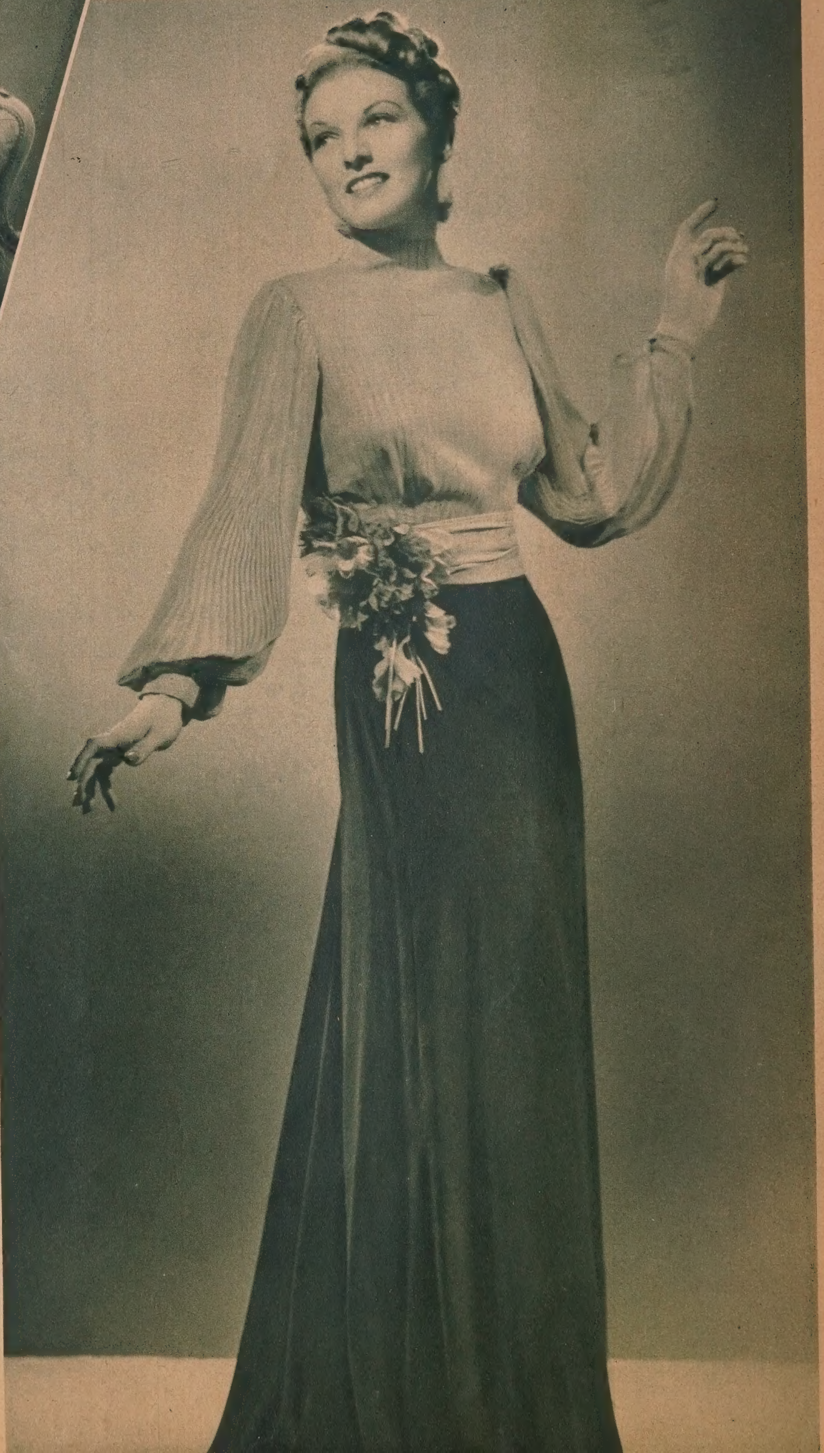




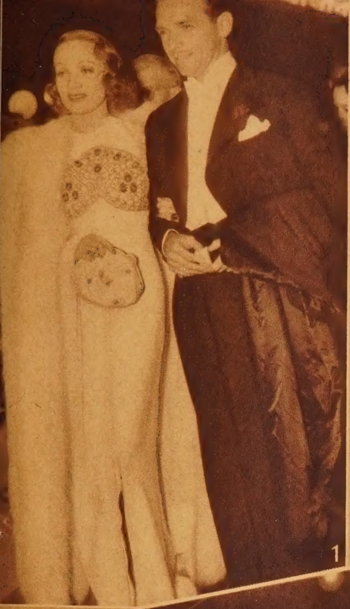


Above: Diagonal bands of black Galyak fur trim the smart frock worn by M-G-M's comedienne, Una Merkel. At right: Shirley Ross' black silk jersey gown with flowing lines, soft fullness, and all-over pleating personifies a dominating sophistication. The Paramount player's hat is a very daring affair of black suede velvet with a twisted crown and sweeping paradise feathers





Above: For evening sophistication Mary Russell, appearing in Columbia's "Campus Mystery," chooses this electric blue chiffon frock with varicolored pleating at the decolletage line. **Right:** Persimmon red crepe fashions the pleated blouse top of this dinner frock. The slim skirt is of black crepe, and the waist is girdled by a matching belt finished off with a cluster of flowers which complement in tone the brightness of the dressed-up blouse



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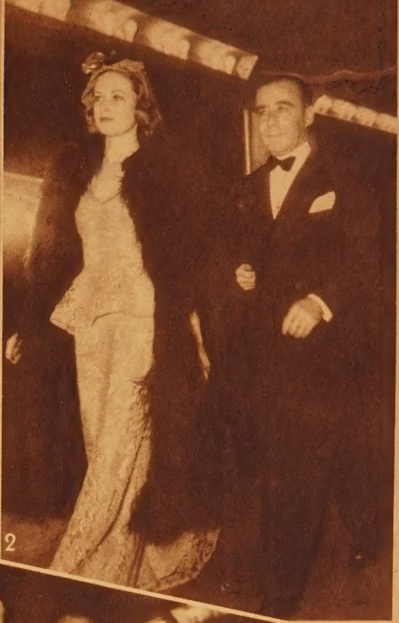
AT THE "SNOW WHITE" PREMIERE



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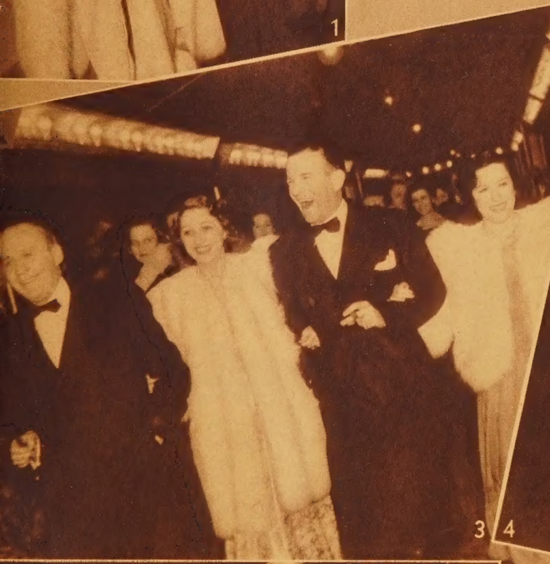

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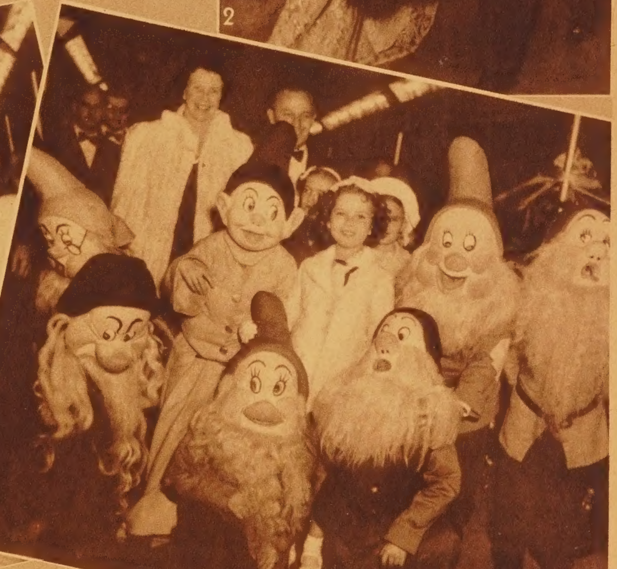

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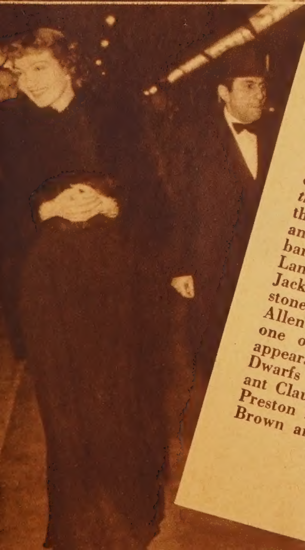

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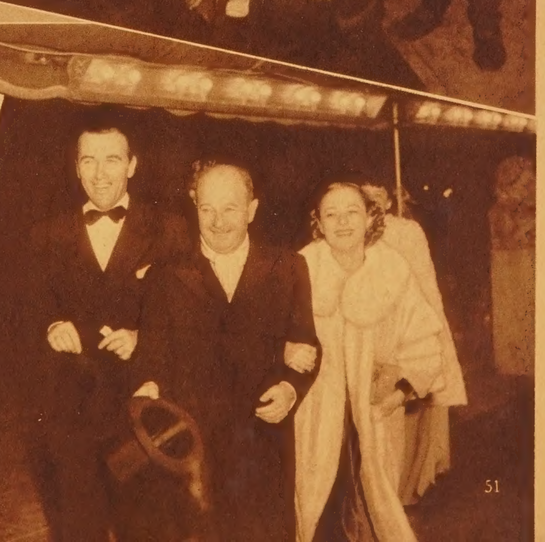

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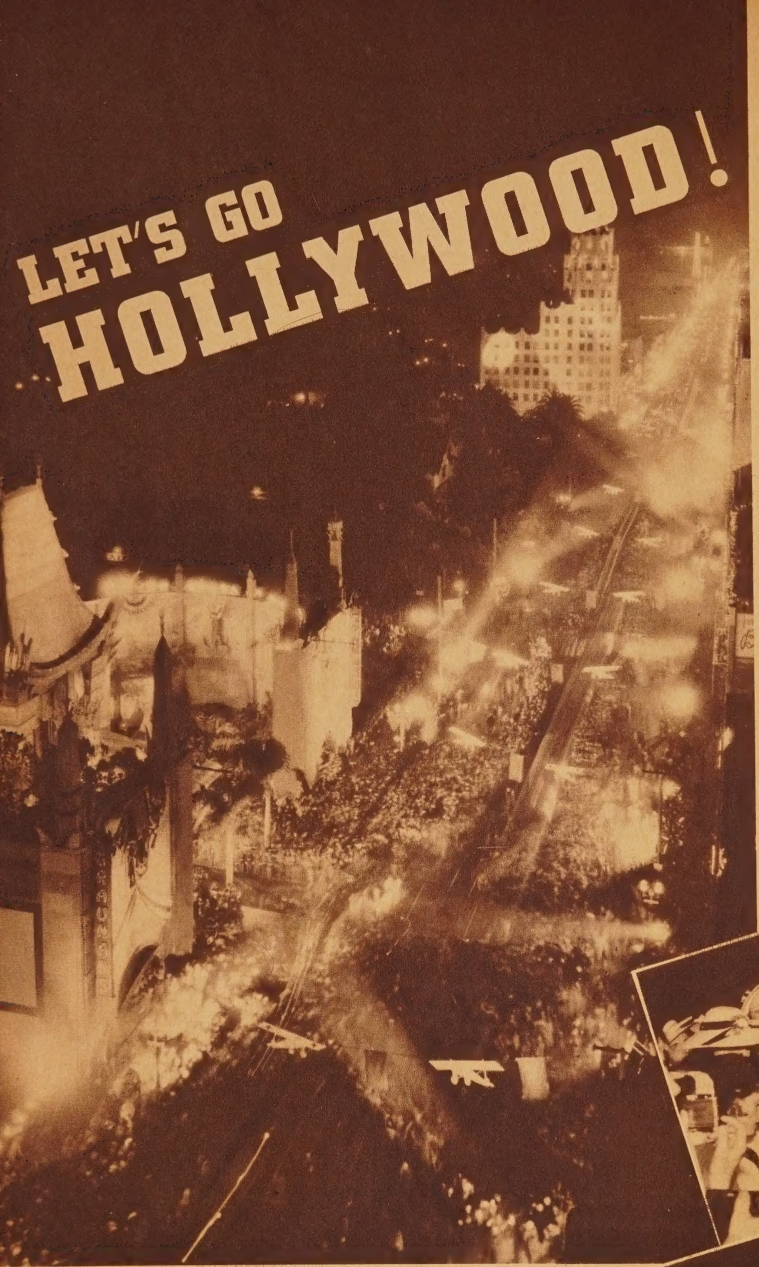
The long-awaited premiere of Walt Disney's first feature-length picture found all Hollywood in gala attire, waiting to do homage to *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.* In the stellar throng were Marlene Dietrich and the attentive Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (1); gorgeous June Lang and A. C. Blumenthal (2); Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, George Burns and Gracie Allen (3); Shirley Temple, on one of her infrequent public appearances, with the Seven Dwarfs themselves! (4); radiant Claudette Colbert (5); and Preston Foster, with Harry Joe Brown and Mrs. Brown (Sally Eilers)

—*Fawcett Photos*

LET'S GO HOLLYWOOD!



All aboard—for the most thrilling vacation ever and the chance to meet your favorite movie stars

A HOLLYWOOD vacation! Thrill-packed days of visiting the movie studios, meeting the stars you've always admired, seeing all the glamorous sights of the film capital, can be *yours* this summer. For again the phenomenally successful Fawcett Movieland Tours will give readers of SCREEN BOOK and affiliated Fawcett Publications an opportunity to have the vacation of their dreams!

In previous years, there have been two Movieland Tours. But this year, due to the success of other tours, there will be *Three* Tours, leaving from Chicago on July 3, July 24 and August 14. All three tours will follow the same routes and offer the same travel thrills, so that all Movieland Tourists will be assured of equally splendid vacations. And at an amazingly low cost, too! Just mail the coupon on this page and find out all details!

Hollywood isn't the only spot of interest you'll visit on the Movieland tour, either—for en route you'll see the magnificent Rocky Mountains, the great Pacific Northwest, including visits to Seattle and a Puget Sound cruise, historic old San Francisco and beautiful California sights. [*Continued on page* 88]

Last season's Movieland Tourists had the time of their lives when they met Anita Louise (above) and Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone (at left)

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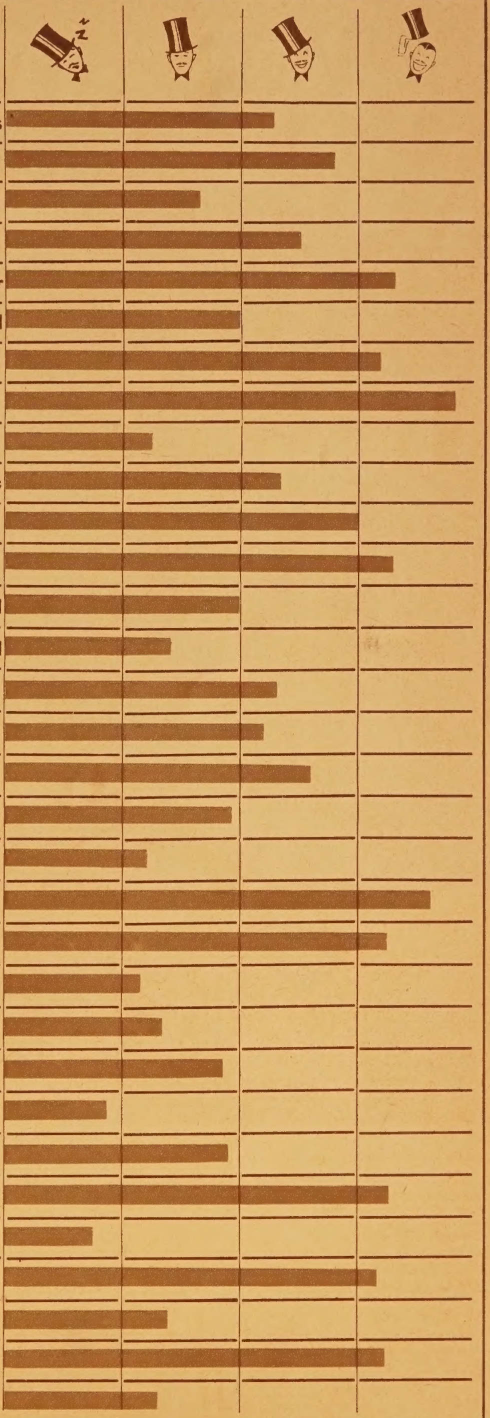
THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)

Picture Title	Who's In It
I'LL TAKE ROMANCE	Grace Moore-M. Douglas
EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY	Mae West-Edmund Lowe
LOVE ON TOAST	Stella Ardler-John Payne
MANNEQUIN	Crawford-S. Tracy
HURRICANE	Jon Hall-Dorothy Lamour
CHECKERS	Jane Withers-Una Merkel
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL	Dick Powell-Lane Sisters
SNOW WHITE AND 7 DWARFS	Snow White-Dopey
WISE GIRL	M. Hopkins-Ray Milland
THE KID COMES BACK	Wayne Morris-June Travis
WELLS FARGO	J. McCrea-F. Dee
NOTHING SACRED	Carole Lombard-March
DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI	Anna M. Wong-Bickford
SHE'S GOT EVERYTHING	Ann Sothern-G. Raymond
LADY BEHAVE	Sally Eilers-N. Hamilton
MAN-PROOF	Myrna Loy-F. Tone
YOU'RE A SWEETHEART	Alice Faye-G. Murphy
THE DUKE COMES BACK	Allan Lane-H. Angel
SH-H, THE OCTOPUS	H. Herbert-M. Ralston
TOVARICH	Colbert-C. Boyer
IN OLD CHICAGO	Tyrone Power-Alice Faye
SERGEANT MURPHY	R. Regan-M. Maguire
IDOL OF THE CROWDS	John Wayne-S. Bromley
PARADISE FOR TWO	Jack Hulbert-Pat Ellis
ALL AMERICAN SWEETHEART	Patricia Farr-S. Colton
CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO	Oland-Virginia Field
TRUE CONFESSION	Lombard-MacMurray
EXILED TO SHANGHAI	Wallace Ford-J. Travis
LOVE AND HISSES	Winchell-Bernie
CRASHING HOLLYWOOD	Lee Tracy-J. Woodbury
ROSALIE	Nelson Eddy-E. Powell
BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S REVENGE	John Barrymore



MARGOT GRAHAME'S Beauty Hints

Miss Grahame reveals her personal make-up tricks by giving her formula for acquiring the art of good grooming and perfect taste

By
JANET
LYNN

Margot Grahame, currently appearing in Cecil B. De Mille's awaited production, *The Buccaneer*, opposite handsome Fredric March

"TUSH, tush, my dear, I'm not beautiful," exclaimed Margot Grahame. "Why, my hair is mink colored—neither red nor blonde—and my front teeth gap a little and . . ."

But here I interrupted sternly and begged Miss Grahame to remember that I am a beauty expert and would not be interviewing her if I did not think she stacked up very well indeed. So she leaned back in bed (where she was forced to retire by a balky appendix), straightened her baby-blue maribou bed jacket, and smiled disarmingly, showing the nice white teeth she had maligned so.

It was true that there was a fraction of an inch of space between them, but this slight irregularity only seemed to add to the loveliness of her smile. Not so, she explained, when she faced the camera. Then she had to wear two porcelain caps over her front teeth, or the camera would have exaggerated that tiny space.

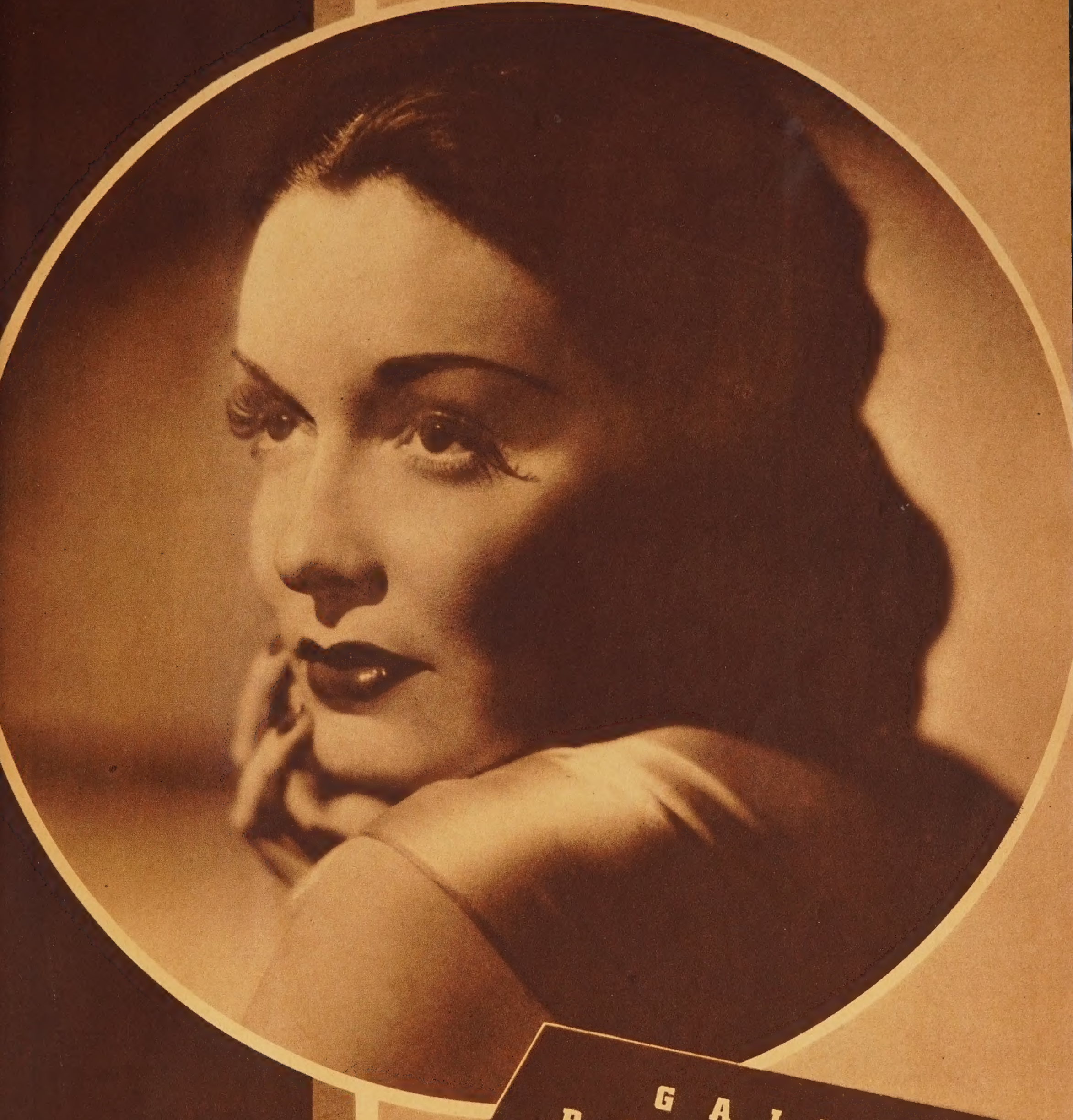
Margot said that her personal maid knew how much those fragile caps cost, and as a result treated them like the crown jewels.

"Every time I come off the set, my maid rushes up with an anxious look in her eye and in firm tones asks, 'Your teeth! Where are your teeth?' "

But Margot wasn't even embarrassed that day on the set of Paramount's *The Buccaneer* when, during a dramatic speech, her teeth flew out and landed in a group of astonished extras! Incidentally, in that picture, Margot's part as Annette de Remy demands a dark wig and the romantic, furbelowed gowns of the Empire period. Personally, I think she looks charming in the high-piled coiffure of Annette, but you may prefer her with her own long, "mink colored" curls.

Even self-deprecating Margot admitted quite freely that her skin was pretty nice, but she was inclined to credit it to heredity. "English complexions seem to run in our family," she said. No doubt, heritage did have something to do with that milky-white, satin-smooth skin, but much of it is due to Margot's sensible care in cleansing, stimulating and protecting her skin, as well as her deftness with make-up.

Of the many interesting make-up tricks Margot told me about, I have carefully recorded a few to pass on to you. [*Continued on page* 74]



GAIL PATRICK

"Dangerous To Know" is Gail's next Paramount picture—but don't let the title fool you. You won't find a more charming or lovelier girl in Hollywood!

—*Photo by Richee*

THE MILKY WAY TO HEALTH

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Follow the stars' simple method to glowing health, by using milk whenever and wherever possible

SWEET CREAM BUTTER

A smooth and delicious cream sauce will add greatly to such ordinary dishes as eggs and celery

The tried and true favorite, home-made ice cream, appeals to the grown-ups as well as the children

MILK, the nearly perfect food, is so familiar to most of us that we take it for granted without realizing its important values.

But scientists, doctors and child health experts are all prepared to advise us: milk contains proteins which the body is able to use rapidly and easily to make new muscular tissue (as witness the rapid growth of Little Moo-Calf on his diet of milk alone!); it contains that most precious mineral, calcium, needed for bones and teeth; some phosphorous, also important; and those indispensable magicians, the Vitamin A and B Boys, without which growth, health and sunny disposition are impossible.

We have heard the slogan "a quart of milk a day for every child" so often that we don't doubt it. But what about adults? Don't they too require milk? Yes, in most cases milk is as necessary in the adult diet as in that of the child, because it is one of the *protective* foods. That is, these valuable but elusive vitamins in milk do something to keep the body regulated and at its best in tone and pep. Indeed as people grow older, they frequently lay aside other foods in order to increase their milk quota, whether this be straight milk, buttermilk, cottage cheese or other form of this food-beverage.

Cooking with milk is one of the easiest ways for adults to get their daily milk quota. Or, when a child develops a prejudice against drinking milk it is possible to camouflage the needed amount in the form of milk soups, milk sauces or milk used in baking, simple desserts or flavored beverages. Cream soups are of course among the best forms of taking milk, and may form the staple dish at either the noon or evening meal. By adding milk to any pulped or sieved cooked vegetables, an infinite variety of delicious and nourishing soups are possible. Canned vegetables, such as asparagus, green peas or lima beans, or dried limas are all excellent as a foundation to which milk may be added. In this recipe, dried limas are employed:

[*Continued on page* 58]

In this New Cream the "Skin-Vitamin" the substance which helps to make Skin Beautiful

What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?

(ABOVE) *Mrs. Goelet at an informal musicale.*

(LOWER LEFT) *In the Museum of Modern Art, looking at the famous "Bird in Flight."*

Mrs. Goelet's home is in New York, where her appreciation of music and art is well known to her friends.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet

Blonde, petite, with a delicate fair skin. "Pond's Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' has done wonders for my skin. Now it's never rough or dry—seems to keep smoother and fresher looking always."

TODAY, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin *aids in keeping skin beautiful.* The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are learning more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly

Over four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits

Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it *does* make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

EXTRAORDINARY 1¢ OFFER

AT LOCAL STORES

While they last! With purchase of a regular 3½-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get for only 1¢ extra a large introductory bottle of DANYA, Pond's new-type preparation for hands.

POND'S
Cleansing
DANYA

BOTH CONTAIN THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN"

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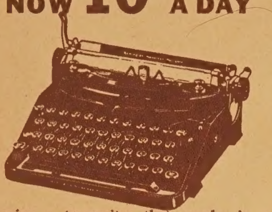

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If you want a gift—for Father, Mother, Sister or Brother, here's one that will be used for years to come. We will send it to anyone you wish, and you can pay for it at only 10c a day.

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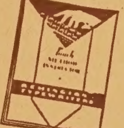

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The Milky Way to Health

[*Continued from page* 56]

CREAM OF LIMA BEAN SOUP

1	cup dried lima beans
5	cups water
3	tablespoons butter
3	tablespoons flour
2	slices onion
2	stalks celery
1	small carrot, sliced
1	tablespoon parsley, minced
1¾	cups evaporated milk
2¼	cups water
	Salt, pepper
	Croutons or toasted bread squares

Soak beans overnight, then drain. Simmer 1 hour in water to which seasonings have been added, or until beans are very soft. Force through fine sieve. Blend butter and flour with evaporated milk and water, and add, stirring well into soup. Season. Serve very hot with small squares of buttered toast. (Serves 6)

Of course, cream sauces are also familiar to the home-maker and it may be admitted that these are often overdone and that white sauce, when poorly made, is an abomination. But the use of such sauce properly prepared on such vegetables as cauliflower, cabbage, etc., removes part of their naturally strong flavor and gives a most pleasing contrast, as witness this hearty vegetable dish of cauliflower, bacon and cheese sauce:

CAULIFLOWER WITH BACON AND CHEESE SAUCE

1	large head cauliflower
3	tablespoons melted butter
1	tablespoon flour
2	cups milk
1	cup grated sharp cheese
12	slices bacon
	Salt, pepper

Remove all but the inner circle of green leaves on cauliflower. Soak in salted water 10 minutes. Cook in rapidly boiling salted water until tender, then drain. Blend butter and flour, and pour on milk, stirring constantly until smooth. Season, add cheese, and stir until melted. Have bacon strips cooked to a pleasing crispness. Arrange strips wheel fashion on hot platter and set cauliflower head in center. Pour over sauce and serve immediately. (Cut slice from bottom of head so it will stand upright on platter) (Serves 6)

MILK is so nutritious that when liberally used it can well replace a large proportion of the meat usually required at meals. And since Lent is almost upon us, every meat substitute offered should be taken advantage of. Many fish dishes, not hearty in themselves, can be made so by the addition of a well made milk gravy. Eggs too, another protein equivalent, can also be enriched when a milk gravy is served with them. The following extremely simple suggestion is nevertheless most tasty:

CODFISH IN POTATO SHELLS

2	large baking potatoes
½	cup evaporated milk
½	teaspoon salt
⅛	teaspoon pepper
¾	cup flaked (canned) codfish
½	teaspoon grated onion
2	tablespoons evaporated milk or melted butter

Wash, grease and bake potatoes until tender. Cut in halves lengthwise, and scoop out centers. Mash potato pulp, and combine with milk, seasonings and codfish, blending thoroughly. Replace mixture into potato shells. Brush tops with milk or butter and return to oven. Bake 15 minutes or until well browned at 375°F. (Serves 4)

Speaking of milk sauce or gravies, it may be worthwhile to pause and ask: "What kind of milk should I use for cooking?" For as every meal-planner knows, there is milk—and milk! What the milkman leaves at the doorstep in the early morning is bottled "fresh" milk, that is, milk direct from the cow with stops on the way to ensure sanitation as prescribed for dairies by the local sanitary code. It may be pasteurized (treated with heat for 30 minutes at 145°F) and either Grade A or B or some special grading. This bottled milk is the best to use as a beverage and is perfectly satisfactory for all cooking and baking.

Evaporated milk is pure fresh milk with some proportion of its original moisture or water removed, and that's all! To use it on the table or in cooking, it is generally necessary to replace the original moisture content by adding plain water. But in its thick rich canned form, evaporated milk is ideal for making creamy sauces, rich full-bodied cocoa and hundreds of other food delicacies, as there is more body to it than to bottled fresh milk, and the fat in it is better emulsified and less inclined to separate or curdle when combined with other ingredients. Many of the best cooks prefer the convenience of canned evaporated milk for making all sauces, confectionery, cream soups, etc.

AND what is condensed milk? Some persons fail to properly distinguish between this and the evaporated. But if you always remember that it is always *sweetened* condensed milk, it will not be hard to identify. Condensed milk has a considerable sugar content added to the original fresh milk, and when passed through special machinery the resulting product is thick, very creamy and almost too sweet. But again, when used in cooking, *no additional sugar is required,* and much less butter or other fat is needed.

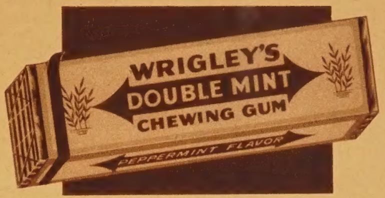
Sweetened condensed milk is the basis of many of the most choice desserts, cakes, custards and other foods where sugar is an essential ingredient. Owing to the whipping and emulsifying which has taken place before canning, the product is far smoother than any hand beating can attain. For this reason, condensed milk may replace usual milk and granulated sugar mixtures because of the superior creamy velvety consistency.

Refrigerator ice cream and other frozen desserts are most popular even in cold weather. In making these delights the use of condensed milk does much to create perfect texture and prevent unpleasant separation of ingredients while freezing. Take the following ice cream, for example, and after making it note the genuine richness:

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

1½	squares unsweetened chocolate
1	cup sweetened condensed milk
1	cup water
¼	teaspoon vanilla
½	cup heavy cream

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add milk, and stir over boiling water 5 minutes or until mixture thickens. Add water and mix well. Chill thoroughly. Add vanilla. Whip cream only to custard-like consistency, and fold into chilled mix-



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New **BLONDEX** THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

ture. Pour into refrigerator freezing tray. Freeze to stiff mush, scrape from bottom and sides of tray, and beat 2 minutes. Smooth out and replace in tray to finish freezing. (Serves 6)

The same point regarding texture is all-important in cakes and puddings, or salad dressings. In short, the use of condensed milk does away with much of the usual beating, mixing and whipping because of the premixing by powerful factory machinery. So if you would save time and trouble in securing a perfect blend for cake, dressing or dessert, use sweetened condensed milk in some of your cookery. (In the free set of special recipes is one for Applelicious Pudding, which every one will want to make—and eat!)

Milk in baking has always been known to add richness and soft texture to bread, buns or cake. That is because the oil or fat in milk tends to soften the other ingredients more than water would. Also, milk-bread or other baked goods holds its moisture and remains soft longer. And milk makes a good outside finish when brushed on the outer surface of breads or biscuits to give the pleasing glossy brown tone.

Of course, milk is the mother of cream and butter, and, shall we say, the father of cheese? Cream is not inexpensive in most localities, but a little, rightly used, goes a long way. Whipped cream adds a note of luxury to many plain foods such as hot gingerbread and desserts of the pudding type. However, evaporated milk, straight from the can, may be whipped to replace cream! Here's a trick on how to make whipped cream topping this way:

WHIPPED "CREAM" TOPPING

½ cup chilled evaporated milk
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon sugar

Put chilled milk in small bowl with sugar, and whip with rotary beater until fluffy. Add lemon juice and continue whipping until stiff. Serve at once.

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NOTICE TO THE MYSTERY RECIPE CONTESTANTS

Due to the tremendous response to the **Mystery Recipe Contest**, we regret that the winners will not be announced until the April issue of SCREEN BOOK.

You will find an authoritative and vivid word picture of that grand actor, Spencer Tracy, on page 33, written by his good friend, Dick Mook, pictured with him. Spencer's new picture is *Test Pilot*

Spencer Tracy—As I Know Him

[*Continued from page* 33]

reserved with strangers, he goes to the other extreme with people he knows well. He seems to feel you're his friend and his problems are yours.

I recall one morning right after he had finished *Disorderly Conduct* my phone rang. It was Spence asking if I could come out and have lunch with him. I could.

In the restaurant we chatted of unimportant things for awhile. Suddenly he faced me squarely. "Dick," he said, reddening slightly, "I want to ask you something. It's a typical 'ham' question but it's something I've got to know and you're the only one I know well enough out here to ask. Do you honestly think there's any place for me in pictures?"

I glanced at him suspiciously but he was dead serious. When Spence starts a picture he studies his character and gives all he has. That he stands 99% above the rest of the actors in Hollywood never occurs to him. He never draws comparisons. He only wonders if he's good enough!

After his first three pictures he sank back into a slough of mediocrity. The studio (he was under contract to the old Fox Company at the time) had apparently lost interest in him and he was playing in a series of run-of-the-mill stuff that would have taken the heart out of a less determined person. It is to his everlasting credit that even in that claptrap he managed to make himself stand out.

Once a year one of the magazines generously turns over a few pages to me and I have a Roman holiday, giving medals to everyone I like and razzberries to everyone I don't. On one of these occasions I gave Spence and Paul Muni a joint medal for being the two finest actors on the screen. A few days later Spence called again, asking me to meet him for lunch. As on that previous occasion he reddened a little as he broached the subject on his mind. "Dick," he began, "did you really mean what you said in your 'Medals and Birds' or was that out of friendship?"

I assured him I had meant every word of it. "You see," he continued, "I'm not getting anywhere out here. My option is coming up and I was thinking of asking them to let me out of my contract. I don't want to throw away dirty water until I have clean. But if I'm as good as you say, I should be able to find work at other studios, shouldn't I?"

It is an inviolable rule of mine never to advise anyone on a move that is going to vitally affect his life. I broke it that time to urge Spence to get away if he could. Less than twenty-four hours after he had got his release from Fox he was signed with M-G-M. It was the smartest move he ever made for he has gone on to heights he would never have attained under his old contract.

Memories of him crowd thick and fast. I remember one night he, his wife and I were going to a picture. He was telling me Warner Bros. had just borrowed him for the lead in *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*. "If this doesn't put me over," he said, "I'll just have to resign myself to playing character parts the rest of my life!"

The picture *should* have put him over.

"I DON'T CARE HOW PRETTY SHE IS —SHE'LL SPOIL THE SHOW!"

AW, YOU'RE JEALOUS 'CAUSE TEACHER WON'T LET YOU BE LITTLE SNOW-WHITE
POOH! BETTY DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE SNOW-WHITE IN THAT FUNNY, TATTLE-TALE GRAY SHEET!
BOO-HOO-HOO! I'M GOING HOME —
FORGET IT, BETTY, DON'T YOU MIND WHAT SHE SAYS!
IT'S NOTHING TO CRY ABOUT ANYWAY. MY MOMMY'S CLOTHES USED TO HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY SOMETHIN' AWFUL 'CAUSE HER SOAP WAS SO LAZY IT LEFT DIRT BEHIND
BUT THEN SHE SWITCHED TO FELS-NAPTHA AND BOY, OH BOY, DOES DIRT SKEEDADDLE! MOM SAYS FELS-NAPTHA'S RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF GENTLE NAPTHA JUST DON'T GIVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY A CHANCE!
OH, BILL, REALLY? I'LL TELL MY MOTHER RIGHT AWAY...
LISTEN TO THE CLAPPING! YOU WERE SILLY TO FRET ABOUT BETTY'S COSTUME. THAT SHEET CERTAINLY DOES SHINE LIKE SNOW. SNOW-WHITE'S THE VERY NAME FOR IT!
IT IS NOW — THANKS TO THE LITTLE BLOND DWARF ON THE END — AND FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
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It was a sensational success and Spence was even better than the picture. But when he returned to his own lot he returned to the tripe he had been making—*Shanghai Madness, Dante's Inferno* (which must have made Mr. Dante turn over in his grave), *Young America,* etc. A less determined person would have given up. Not Spence. It was then he called me to ask about getting his release.

SPEAKING of *Young America* brings up another mental picture of him. I had been asked out to his home for dinner one evening. Spence had to work late and dinner was over when he came in. Nothing had been put away for him as Mrs. Tracy had thought he would eat at the studio. The houseboy fixed him some bacon and eggs. As he brought them in he turned to Mrs. Tracy. "Can he have some cheese?" asked the houseboy.

Louise considered. I glanced at Spencer. His forehead was wrinkled with worry and from the expression on his face you would have thought the fate of the universe hinged on her decision. "I suppose so," she said finally. "He's been working hard. But only a little." She turned to me: "It's so fattening I only let him have it once a week."

She might as well have saved herself the trouble of trying to watch his diet. It was only a few days later (while he was still working on *Young America* in which Doris Kenyon played opposite him) we sat in the restaurant. At the far end sat Doris. He knew she was on a diet. As he watched her a devilish expression spread over his face. He called the waitress, ordered a banana split with three scoops of ice-cream, all sorts of syrups, whipped cream, and nuts spread over it. Then he had it sent to Doris. Doris returned it with a note: "You poor, undernourished dear (he weighed around 180 pounds at the time) you need this more than I. You *must* keep your strength up." Spence eyed it longingly, finally threw discretion to the winds and ate every drop of it, after threatening to kill me if I told Louise. To this day he can't pass a drugstore without going in and ordering a double malted milk.

It is a stock phrase to say of an actor, "He reminds me of a small boy." Spencer really does. He is the most naive person I have ever met. When he first started playing polo, Snowy Baker, the Australian polo player, was his idol. Snowy invited Spence to visit Australia with him. "Think of *that!*" Spence ejaculated as he told me about it. "He's a national figure over there. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be able to make a trip with a man like that?"

That he (Spencer) is an *inter*national figure and that it would be quite a *coup* for Snowy to bring him home as a guest never occurred to Spence.

There was another time—the night before the Olympic finals in 1932—when I was asked to his home for dinner. As we sat in the living room the bell rang. There stood Baron Nishi, a member of the Japanese Equestrian Team. I mentioned I had been unable to get tickets for the last day. The Baron generously gave me a couple. "Boy," Spence said to me later, "what a thrill you'll get out of being there, watching him ride and knowing all the time he gave you those tickets—that you're his guest!"

There was another time we went to the fights together. Baby Arizmendi and Young Tommy were fighting. It wasn't the fact they were evenly matched or that they were "mixing it" constantly that impressed me. At the most exciting moments he kept yelling at me, "They're fighting *clean!*"

At the time he was working on a picture with James Dunn called *Society Girl,* in which Jimmy played a prize-fighter. He had broken a couple of ribs during one of the fight scenes. Every time one of the fighters took a wallop, Spence winced, nudged me and pointed to Jimmy who was sitting in the row ahead of us. "I'll bet Jimmie felt that one," he'd say.

THE picture of Spence I cherish most is of a phase of his life in which I had no part. It was told me by his mother. When he was about ten or twelve and felt he was not being appreciated at home (which was often) he used to run away. But he didn't just walk out. This running away was serious business and not to be treated lightly. It had to be handled with a certain flair. An old suitcase was secretly hauled down from the attic and carefully packed. Then it was thrown out the back window and hidden in the garage. Later, he'd climb out his window, down a ladder, retrieve the suitcase and start out. As getting away was the important thing he never had any definite destination. So, after walking around the block a couple of times, he'd go home, have a grand reunion with the family and everyone who had affronted him was freely forgiven.

I said that was my favorite picture of him but, on second thought, it isn't. He hates night life of any description. Once when we were talking he said to me, "You know how I feel about night life. I hate it. But I'm at the studio all day and see a lot of people and have laughs, etc. Louise is home all day and never sees anyone. Why don't you take her to these previews with you?"

There was a period a few years ago when Spence had a pretty bad time of it. I think he was verging on a nervous breakdown. He realized he was difficult to live with so he took a place by himself for a time. But even then, wracked by worry and uncertainty as he was, every time he'd see me he'd ask, "Are you seeing to it that Louise has a good time?"

His outstanding trait, to my mind, is his sincerity—his genuineness. There is no glamour about him—nothing arty. I can't conceive of him stooping to dissemble or equivocate. He is as down to earth as you—your brother—your best friend. And it is this quality of realness that he gets into his screen portrayals and that makes him the best actor on the screen today.

NORMA SHEARER

Who remains one of the screen's greatest stars in spite of her long absence, is returning to films in the role of "Marie Antoinette." Read how Metro-Goldwyn is preparing to make it one of the greatest pictures of all time—and how Miss Shearer is earnestly going about preparing for her role—in the April issue of SCREEN BOOK

The Girl Said No!

[*Continued from page* 35]

which I know I can't do, or if I fail by not doing the part? It all adds up to the same thing."

For weeks, Andrea Leeds kept her little chin up, pretending not to care. Outwardly she was poised and confident; inwardly, a small girl very much frightened. Technically she was on the Goldwyn payroll; in reality, she was out of the movies.

There came a day when Andrea Leeds learned that Gregory LaCava was cast-*Stage Door* in which Hepburn and Ginger Rogers were linked as stars.

One role was giving the director considerable concern—that of a young girl, poignant in her disillusionment; heartbreaking in her strivings. The right actress could take this character and set the tempo and the mood of the entire production.

"If I could only get that part. I know I could play it," she thought to herself.

Now she had something definite that she felt she could do. Through mutual friends she arranged an interview with LaCava. "I want to play that role more than anything in the world," she told him. And so she was tested, as were a dozen more important screen names.

ANDREA went to Mr. Goldwyn and begged his permission to do the role if Mr. LaCava wanted her. Would he loan her to RKO, if the test was acceptable? And then, with that little flash of humor, she pointed out that to date she hadn't been exactly a good investment for him.

What *Stage Door* did for Andrea Leeds as an actress, today is cinema history. Within the space of two hours—between credit titles and fadeout—she became a great, new, vibrant personality—not the little girl who had walked out on Mr. Goldwyn—not the foolhardy, foolish youngster who had made a costly mistake. She had made the transition—brilliantly and effectively. The acclaim for her singular performance was almost hysterical. Hepburn and Rogers were the stars of the picture—but Andrea Leeds was the new-found miracle.

The forgiving and forgetting on the Goldwyn lot was the logical epilogue. Andrea Leeds wrote Hollywood history that night, not because she achieved fame in a few breathless moments on the screen —others have done that before—but because she had gambled with fame—and won!

Her future now, is well defined. Here is a girl of emotional dimensions. A girl as brilliant as sun on ice. Intelligent. Poised. Balanced.

She comes of stock which defies personal integrity—holds it above every other virtue. Her father, Charles Edward Lees, a mining engineer, taught her the simple code of the open—to be honest with herself, to be just, to face things unafraid and unashamed. Her Irish-French mother gave her that glint of humor, made her heiress to her own dreaming quality.

Andrea was born Antoinette Lees, in Butte, Montana, on a torrid August day in 1914. Even as an infant she was lovely, and she has since redeemed that promise of beauty with her dark, luminous eyes, with her piquant nose and sensitive mouth.

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First make the Linit Magic Beauty Mask: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is used for the bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the *cleansed* face and neck and then step into your tub into which a handful or so of Linit has been dissolved.

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She was an only child. In effect a son-daughter. And of her Mr. Lees made confidant and companion from her earliest baby days. Her elementary schooling was acquired as much through her close association with her father, as in the more formal classrooms of Globe, Arizona and Long Beach, California. She learned from books and from listening and experiencing as well.

She spent long summer days, weeks of her yearly vacation with Mr. Lees on his inspection tours of mining camps and mining properties.

The girl early evidenced talent for music, and when Andrea's high school days were over, she was sent East to the Chicago Conservatory of Music to study piano.

"But I realized very soon," she recalls today, "that my talent was insufficient for a career as a concert pianist. I remained a year, and then returned West to enter the University of California at Los Angeles. I didn't want to do anything unless I could do it at least passably well."

Perhaps the highlight of Andrea's life during those four years was the amateur movie produced by the students and in which she appeared. Critics singled her out and prophesied that professional movies would eventually claim her.

But Andrea's ambitions did not concern themselves with the theatre or its shadow. Rather, she dreamed of the insulated existence of a writer. She had a flare for phrasing, an appreciaiton for the nuances of words, a searching and thoughtful mind.

Perhaps even then destiny was chuckling softly, for it was fated that Andrea Leeds be neither dramatist nor poet—but an actress!

AFTER she received her Bachelor of Arts degrees, Andrea went home to the tiny mining town, in the state of Durango, in Mexico, where her father had been in charge of a large mining property for years.

"I want to be a writer," she announced to her parents. "After this vacation is over I'm going to begin writing in earnest."

She gave herself that one more summer for play!

Untoward events took a hand to rush her plans. Brooding labor troubles in her father's company broke out into the open. And one night a message came, crudely written and crudely phrased—but its meaning was unmistakable. It said in effect—"You will meet our demands or we will kidnap the beautiful senorita, your daughter."

That night a hastily summoned plane and pilot carried Andrea from Mexico to safety in California.

And so her chosen career was thrust on her a trifle early. She ached to be self-supporting. "If I were a boy," she argued, "I'd get a job and stand on my own feet, even if the family could very well afford to maintain me."

Under the slightly amused look of her aunt, with whom she lived, Andrea would start off each day, bright and early and hopeful, in search of a job.

All the editors of Los Angeles newspapers soon came to know the deep-eyed, intense, thoughtful young girl who wanted so desperately to be a writer. But newspapers, then, in that year of 1933, were also in the clutches of the depression. And all Andrea heard was—"We're sorry. We haven't a thing."

After many weary days which stretched into weeks, she did land a job of sorts with a local weekly magazine. Her salary was $3.50 a week. Her chore, a weekly article on the Mexico she had known and loved from childhood.

It didn't last long. After all, no subject is inexhaustible. And again Andrea was at a loose end.

How she ever maintained her single-minded purpose to become a writer in the face of suggestions from James Ryan, the casting director, and William K. Howard, the important director, is incredible! They were friends of the family—and in Andrea they saw a delicate, subtle quality they were both confident would take her far on the screen.

But she did want to earn some money—and finally succumbed to the suggestion. She was cast in *Eleanor Norton* with Norman Foster. Later she had a role in a Charlie Chase comedy, and following that she was Kermit Maynard's leading lady in one of those double-barrelled Westerns.

But not one of these roles were by any means pass-keys to fame. Not even to notice!

It was only in her first picture under the banner of the astute and brilliant Goldwyn—the Edna Ferber epic—that Andrea emerged from obscurity.

Now, of course, her place is assured. Soon you will see her in the *Goldwyn Follies*. And then there will be other roles carefully selected to frame her talents and her personality.

Certain it is that for the next few years, Andrea will have to forget her writing ambitions. For now she is in possession of a full-grown, full-fledged career as a motion-picture star!

"But someday," she says, "when the movies no longer want me, then I shall write, or at least try. But in addition to a career, I want a home, children—several at least; the life of an only child is very lonely.

"A husband, a home, children! That's really more important than *any* career! *That's what every woman wants in her heart!*"

THE AMAZING CHANGE IN LORETTA YOUNG!

All Hollywood is aware that something wonderful has come into Loretta Young's life, and you'll be surprised to discover what it is! Read Ted Magee's frank, timely story about the beautiful Loretta in the April issue of SCREEN BOOK

It's a Scream!

[*Continued from page* 31]

it runs into too many cycles; it's too good! So far, the top sound recorded by the talkie apparatus is the kind that runs around 9,500 cycles; and while this is considerably above the top note of a piano, yet the average woman easily screams that high. Her voice at such a pitch registers on the sound track as a mere squeak.

"High C or an octave above High C is about right for a scream that's going to register well," explains E. H. Hansen, Chief of Recording for 20th Century-Fox Studios, "but even if the pitch is good, there must be volume behind it and also quality to attain the psychological effect. A scream isn't one note, either. It's composed of several notes, and these give it body.

"Some of the best screaming I've ever heard was Joan Bennett's in *Private Worlds*. Nobody that heard her will forget it. One of the earliest screams, and one of the nicest"—by nice, he meant the sort that would scare you out of a year's growth—"was done by Dorothy Burgess. *In Old Arizona* was the picture, with Warner Baxter as the hero. I believe this was the first time a scream had been recorded outdoors.

"Barbara Stanwyck is a fine screamer. So is Claudette Colbert; an ideal voice. She can make your heart stand still. Lupe Velez has no superior. And here's a funny thing: Spaniards, Mexicans and Italians generally scream better than other nationalities, and they scream faster. They don't have to work up to it, as Nordics do. An English actress may scream four or five times before she hits the sound track right, but the Spanish or Italian will hit it the first try. I've wondered whether it's the climate or the food. Tamales or temperament?"

SOME of the outstanding screams in the 20th Century-Fox collection—"and we have as good screams here as anywhere in town"—were contributed by Catalina Barcena, a South American actress who played in several of their Spanish versions. Catalina is mentioned with awe whenever the talk of sound technicians turns toward vocal vibrations.

Fay Wray, however, also ranks as a champion. Though of English descent, and Canadian born, she has screams as colorful as any Spaniard or Italian, can produce. They proved this at Universal and at Warner Brothers Studios, where she shrieked through a number of mystery plots. At RKO, too, they treasure various sound tracks of Fay Wray sobs and cries and keenings.

Contrary to popular supposition, though, Fay did not do the heroine's screaming in *King Kong*. That film had more screams to the inch than most, and Fay was obliged to save her voice for a following picture. Frantically the studio hunted hither and yon for the proper voice with the proper cadence of sheer desperation.

On a day when they were beating their brows and calling the casting office bad names because no hundred per cent screecher had arrived to glut the gaping microphone, a scream rang out. No, not merely a scream; *the* scream. It rose at the very elbow of one of the executives, at least in his outer office, and it rose

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RACHEL
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HOW YOU CAN Attract MEN

OF course you have no men friends if you've let yourself become dull, cross, and nervous. Men like lively, peppy girls—girls with plenty of energy to go places and enjoy life.

Don't let love and romance pass you by. Help build up your pep and you, too, should have gay friends about you.

Here's good advice: start taking that time-proven, reliable Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and note the difference.

This world-famous Compound, made *especially for women* from wholesome herbs and roots, helps Nature tone up your system and thus soothes jumpy nerves and gives you more pep to really enjoy life.

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with a fervor of anguish and a mounting tensity of fear which made him shudder and exult. He flung open the door. "There was a spider on my neck," exclaimed Mary Shea, a member of the office staff.

"Listen," gulped the executive, "can you scream like that without a spider—for money?"

Mary could. And she did, so magnificently that her voice remains among the cherished possessions in the sound files.

Douglas Shearer—Norma's brother—Chief of the Sound Department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, says that some of their most reliable and hair-raising screams have been contributed by those delicate blondes, Isabel Jewell and Una Merkel. Both girls, incidentally, are from the South; so perhaps there's something to climate, at that.

The favorite shriek at this studio, the scream over which technicians glow, is Isabel Jewell's in the mystery film, *The Casino Murder*. Here's a scream of such pure horror that the man who first tested the sound track admits he leaped from his chair when the cry unexpectedly burst forth. "A honey!" he says with reverence.

Few players can match the Jewell success in this line, but at all the studios they save any good screams that come along, whatever the source. They hoard them partly in case a mystery film or a mob scene should demand additional voices, in which circumstance they "dub" them in as needed; partly to have a standard of comparison. Listening to some of these scream reels in a dark projection room is enough to turn young heads gray.

Ghost shrieks are the most complicated and ingenious. The pet exhibit at 20th Century-Fox, for instance, is a prolonged screech calculated to jar loose the back teeth of any listening. It's the work of an Hungarian ex-opera diva. They run the record backward to gain the full eerie effect.

WHILE, as the technicians point out, every scream is composed of several notes or tones and overtones, there are some screams made up likewise of several voices. Now and then the sound effects department is ordered to put sounds into the jaws of prehistoric or even of mythical monsters, and no one voice, however exuberantly it gave tongue, would be sufficient.

Upon such occasions the sound effects men go into profound meditation and emerge with a general call for as many of the best screaming extras as can be mobilized, and possibly for strange mechanical doodads to help out. Various cries of antediluvian animals in *King Kong* were made by machinery, but among the most effective were those compounded of two or three human voices, male and female, all bellowing together. "Tarzan's" famous yell has four men's voices in it, two of them run backward for added emphasis.

For these requirements and for battle scenes, male screamers are in demand also. But the male voice does not soar to a pitch that bothers the sound track as the female does.

Technicians agree that in a ghost scream, a beast call or any other kind of cry, it isn't compulsory for the screamer to feel any real emotion. In fact, it's better if the screamer remains calm; otherwise, the voice is likely to go too shrill. The great trick is to inject fright or whatnot into the voice while remaining poised enough to keep the tones down within the range where they are effective—and it's quite a trick.

So much of a trick, indeed, that one girl was signed up by Sam Goldwyn largely because of her ability to scream. Evelyn Terry—really Billie Mulvihill of Pittsburgh, daughter of an attorney and granddaughter of a banker—can act, too, of course, but what first attracted the talent scout who saw her with the Stockbridge, Massachusetts, players in *The Octoroon* was her added ability to make his blood run cold with her vocal performance.

"—she's the greatest screamer I've ever heard," the scout reported, "I don't know how she'll photograph but if she electrifies a movie camera as she does an audience—"

The desirability of giving voice to emotion but at the same time controlling the voice was a fact underscored once when a sound effects assistant decided to help a lackadaisical screamer who held her tones down but put no feeling into them. The assistant turned a live mouse loose near the extra, with the sound track ready.

With the agility of an aroused fawn the extra leaped to the table top and her cry was so vibrant with feeling that it made the rafters ring. But the tones ascended to such a height that when the sound track was run off they were like the distant crow of a rooster.

Patsy Kelly, by contrast, needs neither mice nor other first aids to the dramatic. Starting at scratch, Patsy can deliver any kind, volume or pitch of scream that the plot requires. Just the same, she has to be constantly on the watch not to talk in too high a tone and not to scream so loudly or so high that she soars beyond the sound track altogether.

For Hollywood, as any sound technician knows, is the place where you can make a noise so loud that nobody can hear you. And that's a scream, too, in its way.

Harry Ritz may be a zany on the screen—but he certainly used his head when he picked out such a beautiful young wife!

The First 24 Years Are The Hardest!

[*Continued from page* 41]

in answering that urge bred into his bone, poured into his blood by his forebears, irked him endlessly.

At last school was over for him. His high school diploma reposed comfortably in a drawer of his bureau. School was done—and now the business of living which to him was synonymous with the business of acting, would begin in earnest!

The summer following his graduation from high school was a memorable one for him. His father had said to him: "If you are to be an actor, see that you are a very good one." And so that summer he had taken his seventeen-year-old son with him to Quebec—into the peaceful Canadian woods—where for several weeks the two were together constantly.

The elder Power was a master in the interpretation of Shakespearean drama. He believed that if a novice cut his teeth on the Bard's plays, then he would develop a sense of timing, a sense of drama, a sense of interplay of character which would eventually make of him a consummate actor.

POWER, the elder, had been engaged for a short season of Shakespearean repertoire in the Chicago Civic Auditorium for the early fall of 1931. Others in the notable cast were Fritz Lieber, William Faversham and Helen Mencken. His father had promised Tyrone that if he progressed satisfactorily during the summer he would be given a small role in each of his father's plays. The pledge was kept.

Tyrone accompanied his father to Chicago, and there received his first footlight baptism in a large theatre.

At the conclusion of the season, Mr. Power was contracted by Paramount studios in the talkie version of *The Miracle Man*. Tyrone was to have a small part too!

Hollywood was the synonym for Fame and Fortune to the boy. Here he would make a name for himself—for surely, surely his talent would be recognized!

But long before Fame and Fortune were his, tragedy tapped him on the shoulder. His father was taken ill at the studio at midnight of the 29th of December. Tyrone brought him home—summoned physicians. But at four o'clock that morning, death crowded in. He clung for a moment to his son's encircling arms, sighed gently, and began the long sleep.

It was grief and shock and tragedy mingled. To Tyrone his father had been an idol and an ideal—not only a father, but a great man who symbolized the greatness of the theatre.

And now began Tyrone's hunt for work. The small part he was to have had in *The Miracle Man* didn't materialize. Others seemed impossible to get. He did the usual things. Made the rounds of the casting offices and agents day after day.

But invariably there was only one answer for him—"nothing today"!—the one phrase that has broken more hearts in Hollywood than any other!

Tyrone Power's vivid life story, with details of his first failures, and his final triumphant success, will be concluded in next month's SCREEN BOOK.

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See your doctor regularly. Ask him about breast-shaped Hygeia Nipples and wide mouth Hygeia Bottles. New valve inside nipple helps prevent collapse. Tab keeps nipple germ-free. Smooth, rounded inner surface and wide mouth make cleaning bottle easy.

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THE POSTMAN RINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell (Joan Blondell) seem to be pouting at Bette Davis, the great drama girl, but it is nothing to be alarmed about. They're just emoting for art's sake on a recent Warner Brothers-Lucky Strike broadcast

$15.00 Prize Letter

Hail The Emperor!

DEAR EDITOR:
Hats off to Charles Boyer in *Conquest* on four counts:

First, because of his sharply etched characterization of the Emperor Napoleon. It is as though he had stepped out of the very pages of history to relive the romantic and dramatic moments of "The Little Emperor." Napoleon's conquest for power, his wild, fantastic dream to bring Europe under one government, his bold, assured confidence in himself, his cocksure charm—all are there in Boyer's forceful, vivid portrayal of Napoleon.

Second, because through him *Conquest* is the finest film of the Napoleonic era that we have yet been given.

Third, because through him, Greta Garbo becomes a radiant, vivid woman. As Marie Walewska, whose burning hope is to save the emperor from political destruction, and to find security and happiness in their flaming love, Garbo is spirited, intense. It is as though Boyer had challenged her to awaken and to find the Garbo who had thrilled to John Gilbert.

Fourth, because Charles Boyer has succeeded in doing what no actor has ever done: Steal the show from Garbo!—*Samcla Kay Parkhurst, 6220 - 37th N. W. Seattle, Wash.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

A Modern Knight!

DEAR EDITOR:
As an usher in a neighborhood movie theatre I have the opportunity to observe the pulse of our audiences. Tastes are so varied with grown-ups that it is impossible to state their preferences.

It is the children in whom I am most interested. They comprise almost a hundred per cent Saturday and Sunday matinee. If I were a modern knight, writing into our law books, I'd pen the following: "Theatres must run special pictures for children on matinee days." There are abundant pictures to work it out with. Westerns, children love. We have Shirley, Jane Withers, the Mauch Twins, Sybil Jason and other children whom they enjoy. Adult pictures inspire them to pet, cut-up and ape the Wests and Hovicks.

Our theatre, with a regular kid program, is quiet and orderly, and the ushers almost have a holiday. It is the opposite when love

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

and triangle films are showing. When Buck Jones and other western stars are playing we have plenty of peanut shells to clean up, but with Mae West it is just gum—gum—gum!— *John E. Thayer, 18 Creighton Street, Cambridge, Mass.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Undaunted Chivalry

DEAR EDITOR:
One of the finest and most stirring actors on the screen is Ronald Colman. Gifted with one of the most masculine of voices, he fairly breathes of action; of fine old castles and of maidens to rescue; of principles and of ideals; of the clash of sword on sword; of swift beats of horse's hoofs fading in the night; of red-blooded courage and undaunted spirit.

He is a fellow who quails at no task, fears no fog, no rain, no sun. He is a fellow who takes his fate in his hands at all times and molds it to suit his own desires. He is a fellow who comes out of any fray with a lovely maiden on one side and a kingdom on the other.

Long live the Colman!—*Thomas Nathan Pappas, 5336 Summer Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Forgotten Men?

DEAR EDITOR:
Have been reading THE POSTMAN RINGS now for some time, and I've read praise, blame, criticism and whatnot for everyone connected with the movie industry with the exception of the "forgotten men"—the men who actually put our pictures before our eyes. I'm speaking of those forgotten men who unreel the films in our theatres. Does anyone ever hear a word of praise for them—NO! Nobody even mentions them at all, people think pictures run themselves. But, let something happen that stops the film for two minutes—and everyone in the theatre will turn around and mutter and throw dirty looks. I think the least sign of courtesy we could show them, would be to keep our necks from turning around if a film should happen to stop for a few moments.

Let's give them a break—they earn it.—*Timothy F. Donovan, 168 Bartlett Street, Lewiston, Maine.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Gridiron Technique

DEAR EDITOR:
A bit of glory for your art department for the Joan Woodbury football photos in your January issue.

Miss Woodbury either has highly developed football talents or the photographer had the patience to direct his subject into action shots that would do justice to an All-American review. The stilled artificiality so noticeable in most publicity shots of stars, or would-be stars, was appreciably lacking. Especially striking was the view of Miss Woodbury moving toward the camera in full stride, the pigskin tucked under one arm as though she knew she "was lugging for dear ole Siwash," the only drawback to her bit of action being a grin that would attract guards and tackles with deterring result to her yardage onslaught. —*Howard Arnberg, 308 North 10th St., Kansas City, Kansas.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

"Piping Pan!"

DEAR EDITOR:
Movies make us discontented. They picture Life so glamorous, romantic and adventurous that the reality falls far short of its ballyhoo. They insist upon depicting the world as an enchanted land where handsome, wealthy men want nothing more than to marry some little Miss Nobody, and rich, attractive girls fall in love with pure but impoverished garage mechanics. They picture it a land where there are but few dark clouds; where ambition is quickly rewarded; desires easily satisfied and wealth rained down from heaven upon the needy.

Is it any wonder then that today we hear wives complaining about the meniality of housework; office clerks deploring the routine existence they must lead and even children dissatisfied because school continues to remain a very serious institution where most of the time must be spent in study.

Indeed, it is high time Hollywood began realizing the need for more realism in their films if they wish to remain the public's benefactor. They should accept their true identity as *artistic expression* and interpret Life rather than be content to manufacture a stereotype commodity that in use is much like smoking opium.—*Mrs. Edward Kisselt, 1970 Prospect, Cleveland, Ohio.*

IF IT'S LOVE SHE WANTS...
A girl is mighty foolish to risk "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
NO WONDER BOB STAYS SO IN LOVE WITH YOU! YOUR SKIN'S ALWAYS SO SMOOTH AND LOVELY, EVEN IN ALL THIS COLD. LOOK HOW ROUGH THE WIND MAKES MINE!
MAYBE IT'S NOT JUST THE WIND! PERHAPS YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! BEFORE I CHANGED TO PALMOLIVE, MY SKIN WAS TERRIBLE... DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING. I HAD "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
PALMOLIVE SOAP? HOW COULD IT MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, REFINES SKIN TEXTURE. ITS GENTLE LATHER CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO! LEAVES SKIN RADIANTLY CLEAR!
SO THAT'S YOUR SECRET! I'M CHANGING TO PALMOLIVE TODAY!
PALMOLIVE
YES! I'M GUARDING MY HAPPINESS! THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

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It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a *"counter-irritant"!* And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

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INFORMATION

INFORMATION PLEAS

Barbara Stanwyck and Errol Flynn argue good humoredly over their lines as they rehearse for Cecil B. DeMille's Lux Radio Theatre production of *These Three* heard recently over a nationwide network

I would be very grateful to you if you would let me know how I can get in touch with Joseph Ermoleiff. He was the assistant director of *The Soldier and a Lady*. I think he is my uncle.—Agnes.

If you will write to RKO Studios at 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif., they may be able to give you more detailed information. Good luck!

I would like a biography of Jack Randall.—Winnie.

Jack Randall, Monogram's singing cowboy, was born May 12, 1902, in San Fernando, Calif. He studied voice in Milan, Italy, and is a concert baritone. Randall has diversified talents, one of them being an expert cook of spaghetti, his favorite dish. He has visited France, England, Spain, Italy, Canary Islands, Madeira, Gibraltar and Egypt. He is the proud owner of two scotties, called, of all things, Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh. He is six feet one and one-half inches tall and weighs 170 pounds, has black hair and hazel eyes.

Who is the young, dark-complexioned man who played a small part in *Waikiki Wedding* and who also caused a fight in *Swing High, Swing Low* by knocking Carole Lombard's hat off?—J. H.

This new screen personality is Anthony Quinn, and he is now under contract to Paramount. He is an accomplished linguist who had to speak three distinct languages in that many pictures. He learned to speak Cheyenne for his role in *The Plainsman;* Spanish for the part you mention in *Swing High, Swing Low,* and Hawaiian for the character he portrayed in *Waikiki Wedding.* Paramount has great hopes for promoting Mr. Quinn as a leading character juvenile. His latest appearance on the screen is in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Buccaneer.*

What is Johnny Downs' real name, age and nationality?—C. C.

Johnny's official cognomen is John Morey Downs. He is 24 years old and was born in these United States, which should make him a 100% American.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Please list all the pictures that Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have played in together.—K. L. H.

Astaire and Ginger were last seen together in *Shall We Dance* and were also co-starred in *The Gay Divorcee, Roberta, Top Hat, Follow the Fleet* and *Swing Time.* After *Shall We Dance,* RKO-Radio decided to present these stars in separate vehicles. Astaire was given a co-starring part with the Burns-Allen comedy team in *A Damsel in Distress* and Ginger co-starred with Katharine Hepburn in *Stage Door.* However, the next RKO filmusical will co-star Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, with music by Irving Berlin.

Can you please tell me how to get pictures of Eleanor Powell, Jeanette MacDonald and Dorothy Lamour?—N. B.

Paramount Studios will send you a picture of Dorothy Lamour, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will send you pictures of both Jeanette MacDonald and Eleanor Powell. With these requests, you must enclose 25 cents to cover the cost of mailing, etc. The addresses of the studios are: Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.; M-G-M Studio, Culver City, Calif.

Please print the age, height, weight and birthplace of Humphrey Bogart, my favorite actor. I would also like the age and birthplace of Ian Hunter.—I. B.

Humphrey Bogart (his real name, by the way) seems to be everyone's favorite these days, and who can blame them, after that excellent performance in *Dead End.* Born in New York City on December 25, 1900, he is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 152 pounds, has dark hair and brown eyes. Humphrey's early ambition was to become a doctor like his father. Likes sports clothes and his favorite color is brown. Ian Hunter was born on June 13, 1900, in Capetown, South Africa.

I would like to know a few facts about Louise Campbell. Also, where may I send for a picture?—E. B.

Miss Campbell is a brunette, five feet four inches tall, weighs 103 pounds and has hazel eyes. Her birthday is May 30 and California is now her home. She has appeared in *Wild Money* and *Bulldog Drummond Comes Back* and will be seen shortly in *Bulldog Drummond's Revenge.* Paramount Studio, address listed elsewhere in column, will send you her photo.

Tell me, please, if my idol, Tyrone Power is as charming off screen as he is on. What is his next picture going to be and when will it be released in New York City?—Betty Jane.

Combining your request with hundreds of others, I am going to give all the possible information on this handsome young star. Quoting Ed Sullivan of the *New York Daily News*: "Tyrone Power is a swell kid, who, while knowing his new value, doesn't take himself at all seriously. Perhaps all the fuss will go to his head, but I doubt it, because he's the sensible kind of youngster." That's just what we think, too, Ed. Tyrone was born on May 5, 1913, in Cincinnati, Ohio. He is just a little over six feet tall and weighs 155 pounds. He has dark brown eyes, brown hair, a generous smile and a vital, boyish personality. His favorite sports are swimming, tennis and horseback riding, and amateur photography is his hobby. His next picture will be *In Old Chicago* with Alice Faye, and will have been released in New York City by the time we go to press. As for your first question, we can safely and definitely say that Tyrone's charm is even more pleasing off screen than on.

Is Gloria Blondell a sister of Joan Blondell? Where may I write for a photo of her?—J. V.

Gloria Blondell, sister of Joan, was born in New York on a certain August 16. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. She is under contract to Warner Bros., Burbank, Calif., and her current productions include, *Accidents Will Happen* and *Highway Pirates.* Her favorite stars are, strangely enough, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell.

I think Ann Sothern is one of the screen's best-dressed stars. Can you tell me something about Edward Stevenson, who generally gets credit for costuming her?—Muriel.

Designer Stevenson, before coming to RKO-Radio to gown Miss Sothern, Barbara Stanwyck, Ginger Rogers and other stars, ran his own exclusive shop which was widely patronized by many of Hollywood's best-known stars. He is 30, a native of Pocatello, Idaho, and a bachelor.

Now this new Cream with
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
does more for your skin than ever before

The "skin-vitamin" is now in a beauty cream!

Four years ago doctors barely suspected that a certain vitamin was a special aid to the skin. They applied this vitamin to wounds and burns. And found it actually healed them quicker!

This is the amazing "skin-vitamin" which is now in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Pond's Vanishing Cream was always great for smoothing your skin for powder, and overnight, too. Now the use of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream actually nourishes your skin!

The regular use of this cream will make your skin look richer, fresher, clearer.

Same jars, same labels, same price

This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Remember, the vitamin it contains is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the vitamin that especially aids skin health—the precious "skin-vitamin"!

Melts Roughness
Holds Powder

"NOW IT NOURISHES, TOO . . .
my skin looks richer . . ." says Miss Geraldine Spreckels

Miss Geraldine Spreckels

"I have always praised Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths skin so wonderfully after exposure. Now it is grand to know that it is doing more for your skin all the time you have it on. It certainly keeps my skin in perfect condition . . ."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!
Test it in 9 Treatments

Pond's, Dept. 6-VP, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Street____________________
City__________State__________

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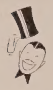
OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

READ THE RATINGS IN THE TOPPER'S FACE!

SNOW WHITE AND THE 7 DWARFS

Walt Disney-RKO-Radio



By the time this appears in print, many of you will have discovered for yourselves that the long-awaited and widely-publicized Walt Disney feature is truly a thing of beauty and joy forever. From first to last, its charm can't fail to captivate even the most hardened soul.

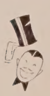
Everyone knows about the story, of course—of Princess Snow White, whose beauty arouses the jealousy of her wicked stepmother. When the Queen orders a huntsman to take Snow White in the woods and kill her, he is unable to obey, and deserts the Princess instead. Then she meets the seven dwarfs—what delightful dwarfs they are!—and becomes their housekeeper. They all succumb to Snow White's loveliness, even Grumpy, who is a woman hater.

Of all the dwarfs, Dopey is the one that appeals to most people, although they're all charming. Then there's the handsome Prince, whose kiss awakens Snow White after the wicked Queen has put her in a deathlike trance. Songs, color and the imagination that went into the making of the film all go toward making it one of the biggest events in the history of the movies.

***Rosalie* is just about the most elaborate musical ever produced, and Nelson Eddy's ardent fans will find him playing most romantically opposite blonde Ilona Massey**

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

Warner Brothers



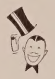
This new Warner musical may not offer anything radically new in the way of plot or performance—but it does offer the average fan the type of entertainment he likes. Patterned after the famous radio show (and presenting most of its stars), it is a brilliant kaleidoscope of hit songs, smartly staged dances and a bright cast of handsome young people. And what more can one want for a good evening's amusement?

Dick Powell, Rosemary and Lola Lane, Hugh Herbert, the late Ted Healy, Glenda Farrell and Alan Mowbray head the swelegant cast, and the radio stars include the gracious hostess herself, Louella Parsons (whom most fans will want to see), Frances Langford, Jerry Cooper, Mabel Todd, Ken Niles and Benny Goodman with his Band.

Dick Powell is a saxophone player who is helped to fame and fortune by the stand-in of a temperamental movie star, Lola Lane. Sister Rosemary (put her down on your list of stardom bets) is the stand-in. You'll have a grand time at *Hollywood Hotel.*

ROSALIE

Metro-Goldwyn



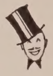
Just when we thought that super-musicals were becoming a thing of the past, along comes a super-super musical that tops all the others for grandeur and spectacle. Besides that, it has Nelson Eddy singing his handsome head off, and Eleanor Powell dancing to beat all get out, and a glittering supporting cast. So *Rosalie* is bound to be a box office sensation, even if it is a bit on the lightweight side from the story angle.

Nelson plays a West Point cadet (and we're not going to make a crack about *that,* either—the Eddy fans are awfully touchy) who falls for a Balkan princess attending Vassar (Miss Powell). When they make a date to meet at festival time in the good old Balkans, Nelson keeps it—even if he has to fly across the Atlantic. Arriving in Princess Rosalie's country, he helps save the royal family after revolution has broken out (but not until after the festival scenes, where Rosalie does a regal tap routine with ten thousand extras as a background).

For sheer spectacle, *Rosalie* is worth anyone's movie money.

MANNEQUIN

Metro-Goldwyn



Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy (a new and distinctly important co-starring combination), with the assistance of a fine cast, make *Mannequin* a splendid picture.

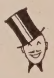
It's the old rags-to-riches plot, but with several new twists. Joan is a tenement lass who falls in love with a handsome wastrel (Alan Curtis) and marries him to escape her environment. When he tries to make her join him in a blackmail scheme, she walks out on him and into the conveniently waiting arms of Spencer Tracy. There's more villainy from Curtis and it all comes to a satisfactory if illogical conclusion.

Mannequin is Joan Crawford's best picture in ages, and she looks stunning in the many Adrian gowns. Spencer Tracy is his usual admirable self, and you'll be impressed by the fine performance of newcomer Alan Curtis. Others in the cast—Elizabeth Risdon, Ralph Morgan, Oscar O'Shea and Leo Gorsey—are deserving of mention, as is the direction of Frank Borzage.

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE

Columbia

Grace Moore pictures stick pretty close to formula, and *I'll Take Romance* is no exception. But it will please all admirers of the prima donna and offers more than its share of comedy moments.



Again Miss Moore is the pursued opera star, this time with Melvyn Douglas doing the pursuing. He wants Miss Moore to fulfill an operatic date she had made for Buenos Aires, while she wants to ditch it for a more profitable one in Paris. Of course, he gets his way, but not before the soprano has warbled numerous operatic arias as well as "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain" (really!).

Douglas is rapidly becoming one of the screen's best light comedians, after years of playing stodgy roles. He's grand. And all the others in the cast—Stuart Erwin, Helen Westley and Margaret Hamilton, especially—are individual stand-outs.

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY

Paramount

Come out of that dog house, Mae West—we know you. And even if you *are* in a bit of a spot at the moment, your new picture is one of your best. Fans who admired the robust, pungent flavor of Mae's earlier "Gay Nineties" pictures will find *Every Day's a Holiday* her best in years.

In the new picture Mae is a Bowery girl named Peaches O'Day, a pretty bad egg, but anything but dull company. She specializes in separating nice gentlemen with those green and white pieces of paper that buy diamonds and things, and is always in a jam with the law, represented by Edmund Lowe. It's not until Mae uses her wiles on the city political boss, Lloyd Nolan, to get Lowe elected mayor of the town, does Eddie stop trying to put her behind bars for keeps.

Mae sings and sways her hips and acts in the old-time Westian manner—and there are lots of us who still consider her tops as an entertainer.

WELLS FARGO

Paramount

One of the screen's better historical features is *Wells Fargo,* which Paramount has made along the same lavish lines as *The Plainsman.* Joel McCrea, Frances Dee and Bob Burns head the cast of this one, which has epic sweep, thrills and drama galore.

Historians may find fault with the film story of the rise to power of the great Wells Fargo Express Company, but dramatically it's okay. Story tells of the great vision of Wells (Henry O'Neill), and his trail-blazer, Joel McCrea, and their efforts to safely carry mails and passengers to the wilds of the West.

Joel McCrea has never given a better performance, and Frances Dee is delightful. Bob Burns isn't thrown in entirely for comic relief; he has a meaty, dramatic part that he makes the most of.

MAN-PROOF

Metro-Goldwyn

Temporarily shelving the giddy comedy roles that have brought Myrna Loy her greatest popularity, Metro-Goldwyn has given the star an excellent dramatic vehicle that proves her one of the screen's most adroit artists. With Franchot Tone, Rosalind Russell and Walter Pidgeon in other leading roles, *Man-Proof* is bound to click with most fans.

Miss Loy plays a young girl who loses the man she loves (Walter Pidgeon) to another woman (Miss Russell). After their honeymoon she sets about to break up the marriage, and darn near succeeds. But comes an awakening, and the discovery that she loves the newspaperman (Franchot Tone) who has been her confidant all the time.

The picture is handsomely mounted, and you'll find all the principals are at their very best, unless you're too used to seeing Myrna Loy as *Mrs. Thin Man.*

YOU'RE A SWEETHEART

Universal

It's a sweetheart of a picture, too, if you're not too fussy, with Alice Faye at her prettiest, George Murphy dancing and romancing with a great deal of charm, and Ken Murray with Oswald, Charles Winninger, Andy Devine and William Gargan topping the supporting cast.

The lightweight story deals with the tribulations of Ken Murray, Broadway producer, when he discovers that his new show is booked to open in competition with a Milk Fund Benefit. As a publicity gag, he hires busboy George Murphy to pose as an oil king from Oklahoma and buy up the theatre for a week, so that he alone has the benefit of Alice Faye's songs. And the first thing you know, Alice and George are "that way," and the publicity stunt turns out to be the real thing!

There are some swell songs, mostly warbled by Miss Faye in her delightful manner and several bright spectacle numbers. It's good fun.

Movie Stars Must
FIGHT FATIGUE!

Because slim, energetic people radiate charm and personality

Fat and Fatigue usually go together. Keeping weight down and energy up, however, depends merely on a sensible choice of foods. Baby Ruth is pure, delicious candy, rich in Dextrose, the sugar you need for energy. Pure Dextrose is utilized by the body as energy, when needed, rather than stored as fat. For enjoyment, for quick energy, make Baby Ruth your candy. It's good—and good for you.

IT'S HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE CANDY
N.R.C.
CURTISS
Baby Ruth
5¢
RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY
CURTISS CANDY CO.
E. ELFRIDA JOHNSON

I KEEP PARING THIS CORN, BUT IT ALWAYS COMES BACK

CORNS COME BACK
BIGGER-UGLIER

OLD-FASHIONED home paring is dangerous! It means risk of infection and only affects the surface of a corn—leaves the root* to come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever!

Don't take chances. Now you can remove corns quickly, safely and easily without dangerous paring or other unscientific methods. Follow the example of millions and play safe with new, double-action Blue-Jay. The tiny medicated Blue-Jay plaster stops pain instantly by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is easy to use—invisible. Safe—scientific—quick-acting. 25¢ for 6. At all drug and department stores. Same price in Canada.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

"Dark-Eyes"

THE EYELASH DARKNER OF LASTING BEAUTY

"Dark-Eyes" gives you that Glamorous and bewitching look that enhances your make-up, not for just a few hours —or a day—but *One Single* application LASTS FROM 4 to 5 WEEKS! Try this new darkner for permanent Eye Beauty—"Dark-Eyes" will not smudge or run!

Regular $1.00 size at your Drug or Department store or send 25c for a trial size today to

"DARK EYES," Dept. F-38, 2115 S. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—

Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
774 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

UGLY ADOLESCENT PIMPLES?

Let millions of tiny, living plants help cleanse your blood of poisons

Stop suffering the curse of youth—a pimply skin. Get at the root of your trouble, unclean blood.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, you are at a time of life when important glands are developing. Your system is upset. Poisons pollute your blood stream and bubble out on your skin in ugly pimples. You need to cleanse and purify your blood.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast help by removing these impurities the natural way. Millions of tiny, active, *living* yeast plants will help keep poisons from the blood and help to heal your broken-out skin. Many people get amazing results in 30 days or less. Neglect may ruin your skin for life. So start eating Fleischmann's Yeast at once. Buy some tomorrow!

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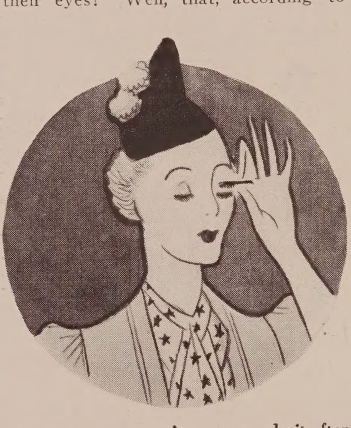
Beauty Hints

[*Continued from page* 54]

Margot applies face powder lavishly, dusting it on with cotton, then brushes off the excess. She uses dry or cake rouge, but never has any difficulty in getting it to look natural and well blended at the edges, because she *applies* it with a round make-up brush. This brush fits into the palm of the hand, has soft but firm white bristles about an inch long. Margot rubs the bristles across the cake of rouge, lightly swishes it back and forth across the palm of her hand, to remove excess rouge, then transfers the color to her cheeks.

Have you ever noticed that powdery, dusty look some women have around their eyes? Well, that, according to Margot, is something to avoid as you would avoid a lisp. Margot's method is simple, quick. She has another brush, slightly smaller than the one with which she applies rouge—just the right size, as a matter of fact, to fit snugly into the eye sockets. This she uses to whisk away all traces of face powder clinging to eyelashes, brows and eyelids, to prepare them for the eye make-up that will add to their color and glamour.


So your mascara won't smear, apply it after you are dressed

TO MATCH her reddish hair, Margot uses a brown-red eyebrow pencil and brown eyeshadow over-laid with gold shadow day and night. That may sound a bit too exotic for daytime wear, but you'd be surprised how lovely it looks on a mink-haired girl with pale skin and hazel eyes! The gold shadow can be blended so that it can scarcely be detected as shadow in the daylight, but under electric lights, its golden tone is emphasized, giving the lids a shimmering quality that is very effective. When you consider how much of the daytime you actually spend under electric lights—sometimes at the office, during your lunch hour, in stores and elsewhere, you will realize that a blend of make-up suitable for daytime and that suitable for night is called for.

Other make-up hints from Margot are these: rouge should always be employed where you want to play-down a feature. Margot thinks her cheeks are too wide, so she places her rouge quite low, in a long line at the outer edges of the cheek, to narrow them. Margot always removes mascara with a bit of cotton moistened in warm water. Thinks it does a thorough job, and prevents creams from entering the eye. Believes, too, that a beauty spot fetchingly placed on fair skin adds that certain z-z-zmph. Doesn't think they do well on dark skin, because there isn't enough contrast.

When a woman carries literally gallons of fine perfumes and toilet waters back and forth across the continent with her, as Margot did in travelling from Hollywood to Manhattan, then you can be pretty sure that she really does love scents with the devotion they deserve. Huge crystal flacons of lovely perfumes, delicately fluted columns of cologne, familiar decorative bottles were scattered all over Margot's charming bedroom, on every spot where there was not a vase of red roses!

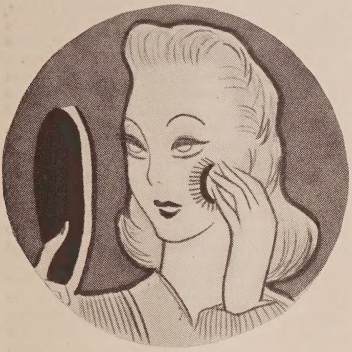
I SOON discovered that Margot's likes and dislikes in perfumery are most definite, and that she has her own special methods of applying scents. For daytime, she believes in saturating a bit of cotton with her favorite perfume, tucking it down the front of her dress. The scent permeates the fabric, forms a delicate aura that precedes her into a room, hovers about in a very effective way. For gala nights, Margot thinks that the French method of slapping a perfumed toilet water all over the body after the bath cannot be excelled. A touch of the same scent, in concentrated perfume form, after dressing, completes the business of making a glamour girl for dancing hours. As the body becomes warm, while dancing, the fragrance of the toilet water is released evenly and seductively. Try it.

Not all of us can afford the de luxe perfumes and out-size scent bottles I saw in Margot's boudoir—but that doesn't mean that we must do without the indescribable lift and pleasure of colognes, perfumes and bath luxuries . . . One of the loveliest scents I have ever sniffed—and one that is in exquisite taste—is in such a moderate price range, that it can be included in the slimmest beauty budget. It is made by a famous French perfumer who has many more expensive scents, but could well consider this his masterpiece.

The cologne comes in modern "slip proof" bottles with vertical ribs, designed to make gripping and handling easier, and a convenient sprinkler top. A colorful label in lavender and pale green seems to express the light but lovely floral scent that distinguishes the cologne. A two ounce bottle costs 50 cents; four ounces, 90 cents, and an eight ounce bottle, $1.50. You can do an awful lot of after-bath perfuming even with the smallest size. In case you want to carry this delightful fragrance over into other toiletries there are effervescent bath tablets, dusting powder, bath salts, sachet and talcum powder—all harmonizing in scent and package design. There's even a perfume in this eternally springlike scent, for $1.

If you are intrigued by the idea of having round make-up brushes to blend your powder and rouge, I can send you the name of some nice ones that aren't too expensive. The bristles are soft but firm, and securely embedded in the round plastic backs. You'll find that you can achieve a much more masterful make-up with these brushes.

Recently I spent a most fascinating afternoon at the offices of a firm that has been making theatrical cosmetics since the Civil War. I saw all the tins of theatrical cold cream, the sticks of grease paint, the bright rouges and shadows that make actors and actresses so glamorous looking behind the footlights. But the most interesting phase of the visit was my introduction to a new theatrical make-up adapted for street wear by you and me and other gals who will never face the footlights. It is in stick form, looking somewhat like a fat lipstick until you remove the cover and see the make-up in luscious shades of peach, rachel, brunette and suntan. These four shades blend beautifully with any skin coloring, and create that satiny smoothness that you've noticed on stage and movie sirens. The nicest part is that the price of this make-up is only 10 cents. You should have one to carry in your purse, another for your dressing table.


Use a new rouge brush to gain that smooth and natural effect

When you've watched the gals of the chorus swinging their bare arms and legs, haven't you often wondered how in the world they got them to look so smooth and creamy-white? Well, they do it by applying a theatrical liquid make-up that stays on until it is removed with cream. The firm that makes the stick make-up for your face has a liquid, in the same shades, for your arms, legs and back. It is a grand help during the party season when you are going out formally, and also during the summer when you are wearing sleeveless, backless tennis shorts. It comes in several sizes—at 10, 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Want the name?

If your skin has a kind of end-of-winter dullness and roughness, you should investigate the grand oatmeal skin cleanser and picker-upper that is now out in a new package. Blue and white, delicately feminine looking, this convenient container holds enough of the perfumed white powder to give your face several cleansings.

Lanky Gary Cooper and his attractive wife were present at the cocktail party given for J. Walter Ruben and his bride, the lovely Virginia Bruce

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PARAMOUNT'S NEW STAR

Franciska Gaal

CHOOSES THIS

MAKE-UP

FRANCISKA GAAL *in Paramount's* "THE BUCCANEER"

A CECIL B. DE MILLE PRODUCTION

★ **THE POWDER...**
Created in original shades to beautify screen star types, this face powder will impart a lovely satin-smooth make-up that will be unusually flattering to your skin. Max Factor's Face Powder ...$1.00.

★ **THE ROUGE...**
Rouge must be the right red...a harmonizing shade that is lifelike. So Max Factor created color harmony shades for blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead...to dramatize the individuality of each type. Max Factor's Rouge...50¢.

★ **THE LIPSTICK...**
In Hollywood, lip make-up must look perfect for hours, so you can depend upon Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick to withstand every test. It's moisture-proof, too...and there's an alluring shade for your type. Max Factor's Lipstick...$1.00.

LIKE famous screen stars, you, too, will find that the color harmony shades of face powder, rouge and lipstick originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, will bring amazing new beauty to you. *Note coupon for special make-up test.*

NEW! Max Factor's *Invisible* Make-Up Foundation keeps your make-up smooth and lovely from morning till night.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*.......FREE
5-3-37

NAME__________

STREET__________

CITY__________ STATE__________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ... ☐	Blue ..... ☐	BLONDE
Fair .... ☐	Gray ..... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Creamy ..... ☐	Green .... ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium..... ☐	Hazel .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy ...... ☐	Brown ... ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ...... ☐	Black .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Freckled .... ☐	LASHES (*Color*)	REDHEAD
Olive .... ☐	Light .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark..... ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

Constant Allure with DON-A-CAP

PATENTED

HELEN MACK
in
"Fit for a King"
RKO Production

The Original
FORM-FITTING
WAVE PROTECTOR

Preserve the loveliness of your coiffure days longer this becoming way. Insist on the *original*, tailored **DON-A-CAP** ... fits perfectly, is comfortable and affords better wave protection.

Millions in use everywhere

Special Model at Ten Cent Stores Only
Look for Original DON-A Label

At stores and beauty shops everywhere ... If not obtainable write

DONA MANUFACTURING CO.
San Diego, California

DONA-MAID No. 800 25c
DON-A-CAP No. 300 25c
DON-A-BAN No. 500 50c

CHARM OF WOMAN

NOT infrequently a woman loses charm because her nerves are on edge. Strong nerves and good looks go together. If your day begins with backache, headache or periodic pains, with nerves on edge, irritability and discomforts associated with functional disturbances, you may need the tonic effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has for nearly seventy years been helping women in every state in the Union. Your favorite druggist can supply you with this old reliable vegetable tonic which increases the appetite and this increases the intake of food, thereby strengthening the body.

Buy now! New size, tablets 50 cents, liquid $1.00. Large size, tablets or liquid, $1.35.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. For a free sample of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also free book entitled "The Interesting Story of What Makes You Feel Good," address Carter's, 39 Park Place, N. Y. C. Or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 25¢. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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Screen Book's Search For Talent!

[*Continued from page 36*]

illustrators, will head the committee, which will include Scott Dunlap, Vice-President in Charge of Production for Monogram Pictures and the Editors of SCREEN BOOK Magazine.

Of course Miss Monogram can't expect a starring role in her first picture—but she can expect extensive screen tests and a chance to show Monogram officials whether she is worthy of further opportunities. *Romance of the Limberlost,* in which she will make her initial appearance before the cameras, is certain to be a big box office hit, for it is adapted from Gene Stratton Porter's world-famous best-seller, *Her Father's Daughter.* The cast is as yet unchosen, but *Miss Monogram* is certain to appear with stars she has always admired on the screen, and get the benefit of their friendly advice.

The Monogram-SCREEN BOOK contest officially closes February 28—and no entries will be accepted after that date. And—this is important—*no photographs will be returned, and the judges will not enter into correspondence regarding the contest.*

Upon arriving in Hollywood via American Airlines, Miss Monogram will be greeted by executives of both Monogram Pictures and Fawcett Publications. She will be whisked to a leading Hollywood hotel and then to the Monogram Studios for her first glimpse of studio life. Fawcett Publications will attend to her social life in the film town—she'll have plenty of opportunity to meet the players, mingle with the stars in smart Hollywood gathering places, and in short, do all the glamorous things she has dreamed of doing. Of course, once she begins work at Monogram Studios, there won't be much time for social activity!

At Monogram, while preparing for her first role, the winner will have fascinating inside glimpses of pictures in the making, such as the ones now in work —*Saleslady,* starring Judith Allen and Warren Hull, and *My Old Kentucky Home,* with Evelyn Venable, Grant Richards and the famous Hall Johnson Choir. She will be thoroughly tested for make-up, hair styling and voice recording, and best of all she will receive expert coaching so that her dramatic abilities can shine under best of circumstances. In between times, Miss Monogram can roam the studio lot to her heart's content—for she will be a bona fide contract player and be regarded as such. She can visit the many technical departments, go on location trips with the stars and learn all there is to know about the filming of movies. What an opportunity!

Ten days after the completion of her Monogram contract, the winner will be required to pick up her return tickets, unless studio officials decide that her work has merited further consideration as a contract player. This is a definitely important rule—for Fawcett Publications and Monogram Pictures can only undertake responsibility for the winner while she has a studio contract.

Incidentally, Monogram Pictures reserves the right to send as many contestants to Hollywood as they see fit—which means that "runners-up" will have an equally good opportunity for a screen career if they impress the judges!

Now get out your pens and pencils and answer the questions listed on the coupon page—accurately, neatly and honestly—and send them immediately to the MISS MONOGRAM CONTEST EDITORS, Fawcett Publications, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure and send a clear, truthful picture of yourself—and remember, *no pictures will be returned!*

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Monogram Pictures reserves the right to send as many contestants to Hollywood, for chances at a screen career, as they desire. Runners-up may have just as much chance for a Hollywood trip as "Miss Monogram" herself!

SEND THIS COUPON NOW!

Answer the following questions honestly. Answer "yes" and "no" if possible. Send this coupon with your photograph (snapshot or un-retouched photo preferred) to MISS MONOGRAM Contest Editors, Fawcett Publications, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Height.......................... Weight.......................... Age.......................... Color of hair..........................

Color of eyes...................... Bust measurement...................... Hip measurement......................

Do you participate in sports such as swimming, tennis, golf, riding?..............................

Have you ever participated in amateur or professional stage performances?......................

What is your occupation?.. Are you ambitious?......................

Name ....

Address ....

City.. State..

MISS MONOGRAM CONTEST RULES

1. To enter this contest it is only necessary to fill out the coupon on page 76, and send it with your photograph to MISS MONOGRAM CONTEST EDITOR, Fawcett Publications, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

2. The grand prize, a salaried contract with Monogram Pictures during the filming of *Romance of the Limberlost*, and a role in the picture will be awarded to the contestant considered most deserving in the opinion of the judges. Their decision is final. Eight other valuable prizes will be awarded to runners-up.

3. The grand prize will include free transportation, via American Airlines, to and from Hollywood; hotel expenses for the duration of the Monogram contract. Entertainment will be undertaken by Fawcett executives in Hollywood.

4. Contestants may enter this contest only once, and each entry must be made on the coupon provided for that purpose in this magazine. No contestant's photograph will be returned.

5. The winning contestant, Miss Monogram, will be required to pick up her return passage to her home within ten days after the expiration of her Monogram contract. By this time she will have had some indication as to whether her screen career will be successful.

6. Judges of this contest are James Montgomery Flagg, famous artist; Scott Dunlap, Vice-President in Charge of Production for Monogram Pictures, and the editors of SCREEN BOOK.

7. No employees of either Fawcett Publications or Monogram Pictures or members of their families are eligible to compete in this contest. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

8. This contest closes at midnight, February 28, and no entries postmarked later than this date will be considered. Entries will not be returned and correspondence will not be entered into with contestants regarding this contest. We reserve the right to use photographs of finalists in this contest for publicity purposes.

PRIZES

First prize is a superb Elizabeth Arden Make-up Box fully equipped with all the famous Arden beauty preparations that every girl loves. With it Miss Arden offers a course in make-up lessons, which may be had in any of her three salons: New York salon at 691 Fifth Avenue; Chicago salon at 70 East Walton Place; Los Angeles make-up studio at 3933 Wilshire Boulevard.

Second prize—An Underwood portable typewriter, complete with carrying case—a valuable and practical prize.

Third prize—A beautiful Richelieu pearl necklace, of Super-Cult quality with a diamond clasp. The iridescence and exquisite luster of costly oriental pearls are reproduced in this lovely necklace.

Fourth prize—A fitted Dale traveling case of black lizard grain hide, complete with handsomely mounted toilet articles, a prize any girl would be proud to possess.

Fifth prize—A Univex Movie camera with case and film. Even if she can't be Miss Monogram, the lucky winner of this prize will be able to have movies made of herself!

Sixth prize—A beautiful and luxurious Royal Robe—a hostess gown model, with the winner selecting her own style and color scheme.

Seventh prize—A large bottle of Lentheric's newest and most popular perfume—Numero 12, with its delicate scent of orange blossoms and clear freshness of lemon verbena.

Eighth prize—A beautiful Ritter handbag, the accessory that any girl would be pleased to own.

Now—aren't these prizes worth striving for? SCREEN BOOK in conjunction with Monogram Pictures is proud to be able to offer its readers this opportunity to win any one of these valuable prizes. So fill out the coupon and get your photograph off to the Miss Monogram Contest Editor—at once!

GIRL ON OATH TELLS HER SECRET OF GAINING WEIGHT

Many report gains of 5 to 15 pounds after taking new Ironized Yeast tablets

NO longer need thousands of girls remain skinny and unattractive, unable to win friends and popularity. For, with these amazing new Ironized Yeast tablets, thousands who never could gain before have put on 5 to 15 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh—gained new pep and charm—*often in just a few weeks!*

It sounds almost unbelievable. Yet listen to what Miss Anne Johnston, who is just one of many users, swears to before a Notary Public:

"Under the strain of working in several pictures in Hollywood, I became terribly rundown. I lost weight, my skin looked terrible, I suffered with headaches and my nerves were simply on edge. Of course I knew I couldn't stay in the pictures, looking so skinny and wornout. I was in despair until a friend recommended Ironized Yeast tablets and I bought a bottle. Almost at once I felt lots peppier and stronger. My skin cleared beautifully. All my headaches and nervousness disappeared, and in 2 months I gained 8 pounds. With my new pep and new figure I've gained loads of new friends, and the hard work of pictures never bothers me."

Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Sworn to before me
Donald M. McCready, Notary Public

Why they build up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new costly process, this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder, then, that these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds and new charm.

Make this money-back test

To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a FULL SIZE package, and you don't risk a penny. For if with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

Miss Anne Johnston swears before Notary Public McCready

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 283, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes. Be sure you get the genuine original Ironized Yeast.

Throat tickle isn't funny when it comes from a cold. But try one 5¢ package of

BEECH-NUT
COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL

and get the quick relief that their soothing ingredients can give you.

FREE FOR ASTHMA DURING WINTER

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address: Frontier Asthma Co., 62-C, Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
Use **DERMOIL**

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results also **FREE.**

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining **Dermoil.** Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil** is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write **today** for your test bottle. Results may surprise you. **Don't delay.** Sold by Walgreen Drug Stores.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

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LAKE LABORATORIES,
Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. F-28, Detroit, Mich.

They Have A Sense of Honor

[*Continued from page* 39]

business? Because the studios and the stars, through billboards, newspapers, magazines, radio and other mediums receive publicity for pictures. On the other hand, the names of the stars help to sell goods. That's the foundation of this strange "industry within an industry."

But, to get back to Shirley Temple.

Mr. and Mrs. George Temple were confused when the first offers came in to give Shirley what amounts to a partnership in a number of businesses for the use of her name. But they never made a mistake, because they started, at the beginning, to test every product, to enforce iron clad agreements through Attorney Wright and the studio. Today we find that the list of products which Shirley endorses, and *actually uses*—yes, all stars actually use everything they approve, whether you believe it or not—covers two typewritten pages. It includes children's outer garments other than dresses, dolls and doll accessories, pens and pencils, soap, children's headwear, underwear, sleeping garments, bathrobes, hosiery, footwear, bathing suits, mittens, gloves, scarfs, handkerchiefs, handbags, children's jewelry, cereal products, hair ribbons, head band ribbons and garters, dresses, baby dresses, books, paper dolls, stationery, place and greeting cards and even a Shirley Temple annual.

The profits from these endorsements yield at least one hundred thousand dollars a year, and perhaps more. Jane Withers runs Shirley second, with twelve endorsements.

And Shirley's family and attorney accept only about one-percent of the commercial opportunities offered because they want to keep faith with those who love and respect and have faith in Shirley!

And what of the grown-ups?

OF COURSE, Garbo is the leading turner-downer. She's never lent her name to anything. An exploitation man, with a sort of far-away look in his eyes, said:

"If I could get Garbo to endorse or approve the legitimate offers which she has had, I'd quit this job and go out and make myself a fortune."

Joe E. Brown, amazing as it may seem, doesn't go in for tie-ups generally, but the mention of any kind of a cigarette tie-up is anathema to him.

"I go big with the kids," he told me. "They have a lot of faith in me. I don't smoke, and I don't approve of smoking. So why should I give the youngsters the idea it's smart?"

When Joe says that, he automatically eliminates the sum of five thousand dollars from his income.

Irene Dunne, Jeanette MacDonald, and Jean Arthur fall into this same classification of being smoker-turner-downers, on the grounds that in many parts of this country, people have not yet reconciled themselves to the use of tobacco by women.

"It's nice to think," says Miss Dunne, "that I might make several thousand dollars by simply signing my name. But when I stop to think that I may be asking people who like my work as an actress to start the habit, I find it isn't worth it."

The others feel much the same way. And then there's Constance Bennett, the Hal Roach star, who turned back a chance to collect several thousands of dollars from a chewing gum company with the statement:

"No lady chews gum!"

Recently Grace Moore had a chance to make herself a large sum of money by lending her name to a company manufacturing cosmetics, but refused on the grounds that she wasn't sure of the product. This in the face of the fact that she was offered twenty-five thousand dollars the first year and more thereafter.

"My job is entertaining people, not suggesting that they use any products bearing my name," she explained.

Cary Grant was offered a fifty dollar gold watch during the making of *The Awful Truth* with Irene Dunne. He examined the watch, tried it out, turned it back with a refusal to be identified with it. Had he accepted the watch, his name would have been used in connection with it in radio programs.

"I won't endorse this watch," he said, "because I consider it an inferior product. It's not the kind of a watch that I'd wear myself under any circumstances, and I don't want anybody to buy and wear a watch I wouldn't wear myself."

The offering of many products for endorsement leaves the selection and choice directly up to the stars. Just as many stars have used two brands of cigarettes and have allowed their names to be used in connection with these brands because they legitimately prefer them, and recommend them, so have several stars allowed their names to be used in connection with a certain automobile (Dodge). One star falling into this classification, Claudette Colbert, had used the make of car many years, was sold on it before she was ever approached, and said:

"I like the car. I'll put that in writing any time. You don't have to give me one."

But the company gave her the car, anyway. Naturally, she accepted it with a clear conscience, because she personally likes Dodge cars. Should you have a chat with her tomorrow, she'd advise the purchase of it as a result of her own experience with it. On the other hand, her friend, Carole Lombard, prefers another make. So, when the representatives of the manufacturer called on her, she said:

"I'm sorry, but I know nothing about your product. I use another make, I'm satisfied with it, and I'll keep on using it."

That's exactly what she did, and is still doing.

AMONG the most famous of Hollywood tie-ups is with Lux soap. More stars have endorsed this soap than any other product in history. There is no cash involved in such an endorsement. The stars just get soap, soap and more soap. Do they use it? I, who have visited the homes of many stars, have seen it on every hand. It's a good soap, so why not recommend it?

Just a while ago I mentioned Joe E. Brown's refusal to endorse the use of tobacco in any form. For years, it has been pointed out that the western stars, including Ken Maynard, Buck Jones, Gene Autry, William Boyd and Hoot Gibson, just to mention a few, are never shown in scenes in pictures either drinking or smoking. Of course, this principle carries on through with them, and they never give their names to anything which would violate the faith which their young devotees have in them.

Buck Jones told me:

"I like to have my name on baseball bats and mitts, air guns, hats, outdoor goods of any kind because I think I'm performing a service if I can get the kids interested in wholesome things like these—things which will get them out of doors, things which will help them lead normal, healthy, wholesome lives. But that's all."

Of the studios, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is strictest on tie-ups of any kind. The company has turned down millions in revenue through various kinds of tie-up advertising rather than take a chance on endorsing some product not worthy. Recently, the bars have been let down for a soft drink, but the players don't endorse it. Metro leans backward, while Paramount, Columbia, RKO, and Warner-First National, as well as Twentieth-Fox, are more liberal. But they investigate every phase of any company offering to advertise pictures in exchange for advertising product.

Paul Muni, a tie-up hold-out, says:

"I don't endorse anything whatsoever, because it tears down illusion, and it's commercial. Perhaps it's all right for people to think that Paul Muni, the actor, endorses this or that product. But when Muni is Emile Zola, that is a different matter. I want the public to think of me as Zola, or Pasteur, and they didn't endorse anything, did they?"

Francis Lederer won't endorse anything except that which he uses as habit, before any suggestion of endorsement is made. That is, if he's using an electric razor of a certain make, and he's asked to endorse it, he will. But if it's given to him *after* he endorses it, that's out. Warner Baxter recently tested out some shoes which he was asked to okay. He was told that he would receive a thousand dollars, all the shoes he could wear. After trying out the shoes, he replied:

"Not on your life!"

He just didn't like the shoes. No argument could make him put his name to anything he didn't believe in.

Recently Gloria Stuart was asked to endorse a vacuum cleaner in connection with Shirley Temple's new Twentieth-Fox picture, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. She said:

"Send one to my house, and I'll try it. If it is up to my expectations, I'll put my name behind it."

Two weeks later, after it had been tested in all her personal nooks and crannies, she signed. Fred MacMurray tested a radio for many weeks before he would say that he used and enjoyed it. Many stars have turned back radios, refusing to endorse them because they didn't consider they were as good as the manufacturers said they were. On the other hand, you'll find radios in the homes of many stars, playing lustily, and satisfactorily, with the stars' public "okay" behind them. MacMurray again became cagey recently when he was offered two specially built ice boxes by different concerns. He told the representatives, whom he called together:

"Each of you make an installation. I'll try out both. May the best man win."

He experienced for several weeks, checked up with his household help and made his decision. Fred has endorsed leather jackets, shoes and other articles of wearing apparel. Often I've seen him on the lot in something which looked particularly good, such as shoes and jackets, both well worn. I've mentioned the fact that I've liked them.

"Pretty good, eh?" he's replied. "Well, I endorsed 'em. And I was darned sure I liked 'em before I did."

MARTHA RAYE had her innings with a tie-up not long ago. She was sent some shoes, retailing for just under four dollars, and some dresses, retailing just under ten.

"That's silly," she said. "I've got to keep faith with people. They know darned well that I don't wear clothes like that. Why should I make a liar out of myself? If I wore 'em, I'd be glad to say they were okay, but not otherwise."

Perhaps the public has an over-rated idea of the money which the stars make from tie-ups, and perhaps I've bolstered that opinion by mentioning the "take" of Shirley Temple on one product, and mentioning the price on several other occasions. Actually, there is seldom any money involved. Outstanding among the tie-ups are a dentifrice which gives the stars only a chance to have clean teeth through delivery of the goods once a month; two refrigerator companies, which offer their boxes in exchange for approval; a shoe company which gives the star all the shoes he needs for himself and sometimes offers as high as a thousand dollars; automobile companies, which offer their product in exchange for endorsement; the soap company, which supplies soap; a cosmetic manufacturing company, which offers cosmetics; a leather jacket company which offers jackets only, and a hat company which offers hats only.

The cigarette companies have been exceptionally generous, and have found response only with those who actually use the product. I have mentioned refusals on these by Irene Dunne, Jeanette MacDonald, and others, but I haven't mentioned everybody, including Olivia de Havilland.

In this connection, it might be wise to say, in fairness to the cigarette manufacturers, that they, too, insist that the endorser actually use the product before accepting the endorsement. This ethical law stands on all occasions, with no exceptions.

Yes, it's actually true that the players have a sense of honor toward all of you. They respect their names and their positions, and they respect the regard which you have for them. Some have even gone so far as not to appear on the radio because they have not approved of the goods recommended by their sponsors. Warner Baxter, one of these, actually gave up seven thousand dollars a week rather than find himself even indirectly connected with a product in which he didn't believe.

Last, perhaps you say:

"But why should the stars take anything for their endorsements?"

And Hollywood answers:

"A star has a name at the box office. The player has it for only a few years. And, if he helps sell things for somebody, why shouldn't he be paid for his efforts?"

It seems to me that's a pretty fair way to look at it.

ATTENTION GIRLS!
Turn to page 36 for the opportunity of a lifetime!

BURLAP
HANDS
TURN SMOOTH as
SATIN?

Try this
Amazing New
Oil-of-Milk Lotion and see . . .

D*o your hands* ever feel like burlap? Red, rough, chapped? That's because they have lost some of the natural oil that keeps skin lovely. Replace this oil and presto—harsh, rough "burlap hands" turn smooth as satin.

You'll be amazed at the fast soothing, softening action of this new Duart Oil-of-Milk Lotion. For it contains valuable new ingredients—certain oils taken from rich dairy milk. And scientists say milk-oils are very similar to the oils of the human skin. Best of all, these milk-oils are actually absorbed by the outer skin tissues; thus they soften and protect the skin in a natural way.

Try this brand new Oil-of-Milk way to keep lovely hands . . . Mail the coupon now and soon, look for Duart Oil-of-Milk Lotion at cosmetic counters everywhere. 25c and 50c.

SEND COUPON FOR LARGE TRIAL SIZE

DUART
OIL OF MILK
LOTION

DUART
OIL
LOTION

DUART, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed is 10c. Please send me bottle of Duart Oil-of-Milk Lotion.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________ 92

Guaranteed to contain milk-oils in other lotion ingredients

Meet Danielle Darrieux!

[*Continued from page 23*]

3. Eyebrows with a more definite arch, which has accentuated the melting quality of those brown eyes. (Just a little plucking on the outer edges was all that was necessary, girls.)

4. A new wardrobe designed by Vera West of Hollywood. Probably not any more elaborate or any more beautiful than Darrieux's own (which was composed of lovely daytime and evening frocks, shimmery bits of lingerie and gay, perky hats from Paris and mostly of Schiaparelli design) but at least more suited to her new glamour girl personality. (For when you change the shape of your eyebrows, and your mouth and do over your hair, you usually have to have new dresses to match, you know!)

5. The same melodic voice, but now, as the result of concentrated effort of two teachers, able to mouth English vowels and dialogue more distinctly.

This, then, is the new Darrieux, the new million dollar glamour girl!

WHY is Universal gambling such a terrific amount, to be paid in quarter million dollar chunks over a period of five years, on a newcomer, when there are *already* so many glamour girls in Hollywood? Why on a French girl, a foreigner, when so many foreign beauties (Lillian Harvey, Marta Eggert and Ketti Gallian, to mention but a few) have failed in American films?

Why? Well, in the first place, Hollywood needs new glamour girls badly. A new one would be worth much more than a trifling million bucks to a studio, for no new striking feminine personality has flashed across the Hollywood sky in some time. Surely there have been men meteors—Robert Taylor, Jon Hall, Tyrone Power—but no important women.

In the second place, Darrieux is practically a sure bet at the boxoffice already. A top ranking feminine star on the Continent, she has proved herself at the American boxoffice with such films as *Mayerling* and *Club De Femme*. The exhibitors say they want more of her. Thus, Universal has testimony of her appeal and her gift as a dramatic actress.

It just remained to get her to Hollywood, to give her that extra fillip, that final polish which makes for glamour girls. It has been a fascinating experiment to watch, this conversion of a Gallic beauty.

I met Danielle first in the sitting room of her suite at the swanky Hotel Pierre, New York, only a few hours after she had stepped off the boat from France, accompanied by her husband, tall, lanky and brilliant Henri Decoin, playwright and director.

Although she had gotten out of bed at 5 a. m.—"I want so much to see the Statue of Liberty"—had gone through customs, met strange executives, reporters, cameramen, publicity men, had posed for photographs and was still posing for more pictures when I arrived at three in the afternoon, she looked dewey-eyed and beautiful. She wore an outfit that was distinctly French in color and feel—a tailored outfit in soft purple.

A month later, I caught up with her on a sweltering afternoon on a sound stage on the Universal lot in California where she was undergoing tests. She was still beautiful but there was an indefinable slickness about her, a smooth grooming that I had missed before. I remarked as much.

"I am changed," she said. "I have so many thousan' make-up tests, I am dizzy," she told me. "They try my hair thees way and that. They try page boy, straight, long, ringlets, rolls—I do not know there are so many ways to do it.

"They try this number make-up lotion. They mark my eyebrows up, down, slantwise. You would be surprised. And my mouth—oh, oh," and she broke into almost hysterical laughter. "You would not know there were so many mouths for Danielle!

"But I do not mind, really, although I get tired, for we in France think of Hollywood as the championship place. It is like a fighter who fights this little man and that—eventually he gets to the biggest fight of all, the biggest ring—he has a chance for the championship. Our French pictures are little pictures. We are happy when we get to the big ring and here we must win because if we do not, we are what you call through!

"I think Hollywood knows much more about making pictures than France. They tell me things I want to know. They have the best studios. I hope they like me," she added humbly.

HOW did Danielle, who is only twenty years old now, get into pictures? Ah, that is a story. She answered an ad in the paper and—landed a job acting in the movies. However this was in Paris, not Hollywood!

"I see the man. He say 'Yes, you are the type, come back tomorrow.' I come. I go to work. It is as simple as that," she explained.

"No, I am not intended by my papa or mamma to be an actress. I am to be musician. When I am four I can play Faure and Chausson on the piano. I got to high school and I study the cello.

"My Mamma is a musician, a singer. My papa was a doctor. He was in the war. He comes home from the battle to see me when I am born in Bordeaux, May 1, 1917. After the war we move to Paris. There is much, much music in the house always. I dream of being a great musician, but when I am fourteen, I read this advertisement in the paper—you would like to see?" and she said something rapidly in French to her husband, something which I did not understand; but he nodded, "Oui, oui," and a moment later there was placed in front of me a French news clipping. Translated, it read like this:

"Production will soon be under way at the Vandal et Delac studio on the screen version of Irene Nemirowski's popular novel, *Le Bal*. The noted German director, Thiele, has been signed to direct the film. The producers are looking for a young girl to play the leading role. She must be fourteen years old or thereabouts. Previous screen experience is not necessary. Director Thiele will be at the studio at nine o'clock for the next two weeks. He will remain till twelve to meet girls who would like to have a try at the part. Bring this will you to the Champs Elysees studio entrance."

This was the notice that she answered.

Mam'selle Darrieux beamed at me. "I

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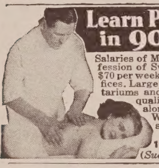

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Aids to Beauty

carry it always. It is lucky," she explained.

"Well, I take the bus in front of the Lycee Jeannon De Bailly. I get off at the Place de Etoille. I go into the office of Monsieur Vandal as it says and I get the test and I get the job. So simple, I am that amaze."

DID her family object? Oh, yes, but like wise parents, they decided to let Danielle go ahead, get the movies out of her system. She would come home soon. But she fooled 'em. She was a hit in *Le Bal*.

And so she appeared in a lot of pictures, in Paris, in Berlin, Munich, Prague and Sofia. She played in *J'Aime Toutes Les Femme* and with Albert Projean in *La Crise Est Finio* which means *The Depression is Over*, and any number of others.

Then she became discouraged. So many films and not a single one that was outstanding after *Le Bal*. Her roles were unimportant, the productions mediocre, comparing in quality to the "B" product from major Hollywood studios. She didn't think the producers were doing right by her. She wanted something fine and glorious and inspirational.

She was offered the feminine role opposite Kiepura in *Mon Couer T' Appollo* to be made in Berlin. Perhaps here was her chance. But after production was under way, she realized that again she was up against a blank wall. Kiepura was the great star. Her role was trivial.

She was under high nervous tension and so—remember she was still in her teens—she cracked up. She was carried away to a Berlin hospital suffering from a throat abscess. She was very ill. She was lonely and frightened and unhappy. She faced a milestone in her life. What should she do? Should she go home to security and love and maybe more school? Where was she headed?

Then occurred something that Danielle says she will never forget to her dying day. Edith Mera, one of the No. 1 movie actresses of the Continent and Danielle's cherished idol, whom she had never met, came to the hospital to see her. A gesture on la Mera's part to a sick little French girl. But in talking to Danielle, Mera sensed her discouragement and her baffled feeling, also her sensitivity and promise as an actress. She talked to Danielle for hours of the life of an artist. How there *must* be black days. She filled Danielle with new hopes and dreams, ambition, courage and faith in the future.

"I think maybe if she not come to see me that day, I go home," said Danielle to me. "I was so tired. But she told me that all actresses, if they are to be great—and she knew I wanted to be great—must suffer. That I must not give up, but fight and have courage. That wonderful things could happen.

"Something wonderful, it did happen. Very soon I meet him," smiling at her husband, "and he co-direct my picture with Mr. Henry Koster with whom I work in Hollywood, and he is very nice and then, what do you say, it is love and we get married and we are happy and now I am in America, the championship land."

The courtship? "It is very much all business to start. We talk about his writing and my parts and the lines I say and how I say them. Pretty soon he is calling me much and I see him all the time and then we run away.

"Before we run away, we get married. We go to Italy. It is our honeymoon. Nobody at the studio can reach us. They do not know where we are. We have a wonderful time away from pictures. After Italy, we go to Bavaria and then comes time to go back to work and Henri insists I must act *Le Domino Vert* (*The Green Domino*) which he has written and and the next is *Mayerling*.

"We have gone back to Venice for some more honeymoon when Henri gets a wire from Mr. Charles Boyer asking if he thinks I am ready to play the part of Baroness Vetsera while Mr. Boyer acts Archduke Rudolph in *Mayerling*. You know the story? Very sad but true. They love each other so much but cannot marry for official reasons. It is a tragedy and I have played comedies. Henri wires back: 'Go see *The Green Domino* and you see for yourself.' The next night as we are going for a ride in gondola on the Canal comes a wire. Mr. Boyer has seen me and I must come immediately to Paris. So we take an airplane."

Mayerling was a great success. It made Danielle famous overnight in Paris. Wherever she went crowds followed. It, eventually, was to bring her to America, but meanwhile she was to play a film about a lady lawyer and one in which she portrayed a Japanese girl.

DANIELLE said she had to pinch herself to see if she were living in a fairy tale or whether she was actually alive. And pinch herself she did when the play was acclaimed a success and she took twenty curtain calls. (European audiences when they are enthusiastic are wildly enthusiastic!) Two weeks later, the success of this opening was repeated at the Theatre de La Madeleine in Paris. Two more pictures and then America.

Danielle and Henri are now living quietly in the former Anatole Litvak home in Beverly Hills. It is a spacious house with wide lawns and a swimming pool. They have a Swedish chauffeur and a Swedish cook. They go out occasionally. They have been at the Trocadero and the Brown Derby. They have met the Ritz Brothers and Eddie Cantor, both of whom Danielle knows from the screen. They are learning English as rapidly as they can, but so far, Danielle is still way ahead, in lessons and linguistic skill, of her literary husband. While she was preparing for her picture, he was studying American production methods hoping that like his friend, Henry Koster, who is to direct Danielle, he may become an American director. Both of them are working toward winning that "championship!"

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My Daughter Sonja

[*Continued from page* 27]

a public address system to a flock of gay skaters. They were Sonja's hand-picked chorus, sixty of whom will tour the country with her by the time you read this.

Mrs. Henie stood at a corner of the rink, wearing a long fur coat. "I caught cold," she said, coughing. And added with a smile, "At Warm Springs. Sonja and I were there over the week-end." We told her she shouldn't be standing on the ice—but like a true Norwegian, she doesn't mind the ice.

Presently the door of Sonja's portable dressing-room flew open, and out ran the star, a doll-like princess of eternal snows, like a dimpled heroine of some Norwegian fairy tale. She wore a snow-white dress with a narrow blue belt and a bit of blue at her throat, with the skirt 'way above her dimpled knees. A white wool cap with a blue pompon rested on the top of her rich crown of blonde hair. She dashed up to her mother and shook hands with us.

"Your mother is going to give away all your secrets," we told her. She laughed, and was off, gliding around the rink at 30 miles per hour, suddenly executing a spectacular spin. Then she went out and put a friendly arm around Don Ameche. You'll remember them in *One in a Million.* They have been re-united in *Happy Landing,* Sonja's current picture. They are a great kidding team—Don seems to have brought out the Irish in her. Mrs. Henie's mother was Irish, which no doubt is responsible for Sonja's sense of humor.

BOTH mother and daughter speak good English, and we had no difficulty in carrying on a conversation with Mrs. Henie. First of all we were curious to know what kind of a girl Sonja was as a child.

"She was just like other Norwegian children," said Mrs. Henie. "There was nothing unusual about her. She played and went to school like other girls. However, she displayed a sense of balance that was rather unusual. She was hardly one year old when she started walking, and at two, she was running around. Everybody thought she would fall, but she always managed to balance herself. She liked to put on funny dresses and dance and act in them.

"Sonja started taking ballet lessons when she was four. One Christmas night, when she was eight years old, she got very temperamental. Her brother, Lief, who is two years her senior, received a pair of ice-skates as a Christmas gift from her father. Sonja didn't care for the dolls and even a small cooking stove which she had wanted so much, and nothing would please her until we gave her a pair of skates just like Lief's. Her father had to send a man to a sporting goods store to get them. She ran out into the street with her skates, strapped them on, and like every other girl skating for the first time, promptly fell. But she surprised us when in a few weeks she could skate almost as well as anybody else in Oslo."

And of course everybody in Norway skates. It's the national sport, along with skiing. Sonja's father, the late Wilhelm Henie, who died about a year ago, was not only a leading fur merchant, heading an old established house that enjoyed the patronage of King George of England, but the second fastest speed skater in Europe, and a champion cyclist. He was, indeed, a true sportsman of the North, and a jolly good paterfamilias. Shortly before his death, he demonstrated to the swimming crowd at Palm Springs how to somersault backward into a pool from a high diving board. He was a hefty man with an expansive chest, but light as a feather.

Sonja has inherited, Mrs. Henie said, many of her father's characteristics, such as his energy and restlessness, as well as a natural aptitude for sports. Skating is only one of her many accomplishments. For three successive years she was Norway's champion skier, placed second in tennis in European competition, and has won various events in snow-shoeing, swimming and auto racing.

Speed skating and figure-skating are quite different things. Sonja has specialized in the latter, which is really ballet dancing on ice, and more of an art than a sport. In Europe figure-skating is rated even above ballet. There are 84 classical figures which everyone who enters the Olympic competition should know.

"When Sonja was nine years old," Mrs. Henie continued, "she won the junior competition of the Oslo skating club. Two years later she won the Norwegian championship and went to the Olympic Games in Switzerland, where she placed eighth. She realized she had a lot to learn yet. She won the Olympics four years later, in 1928, repeated her triumph in 1932, and again in 1936. I think she gave me the greatest thrill of my life when she won her third Olympic title, at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany. All the seats were sold in advance, and tickets for standing room alone were $40 each."

While Mrs. Henie was talking Sonja was pirouetting for some close-ups, and the enormous camera, mounted on a sled, was moving back and forth on the rink, while the rich orchestral notes of a mazurka splashed on the ice from a loud speaker. "She works too hard," the mother said with a worried look at her daughter. But Sonja seemed to enjoy every minute of it, and kept on smiling her dimpled smile. "Figure-skating is the most difficult sport in the world," continued Mrs. Henie. "It looks easy, the way Sonja does it, but it's really very hard. Every morning she gets up at ten minutes to five, and comes to the studio at 5:30. She studies her lines while she is having her hair set and her make-up put on. She works until 6:00 and even later in the afternoon, and goes to bed at 8:30 or 9:00. We had heard a great deal about Hollywood night life before we came here. But how can you go to a party or a night club if you have to get up so early in the morning?

The Henies live in a swanky hotel in Beverly Hills, and are driven to the studio in a Cadillac, with a colored chauffeur at the wheel. But theirs is essentially a Spartan mode of existence. "Sonja doesn't smoke, doesn't drink, and she must have lots of sleep," the mother explained. You can't win Norwegian, world and Olympic titles without observing a rigid routine, and Sonja's whole being exudes a Spartan vigor and health. Yet, as her mother said, "she loves ballroom dancing and likes to go to parties."

WE WANTED to know what she eats. Certainly a girl like Sonja must have certain diet secrets. "She eats everything!" Mrs. Henie asserted. "She is not capricious at all. But of course, she can't have heavy meals while working. Her breakfast usually consists of a cup of tea and a piece of dry toast. For luncheon, she has beef bouillon with two raw eggs, or pine-apple salad or a fruit compote. Her one real meal of the day is dinner. She likes meat—especially fowl—and potatoes and vegetables and sweets. She is crazy about sweets. She adores American ice cream and pine-apple sherbet."

"What does she wear at home, when not working?" we asked.

"She wears slacks. Always. In Europe too, she wore slacks." (We had no idea European girls wear slacks, but the world apparently has been Americanized!)

"What would you say is her outstanding characteristic?"

"She is very ambitious. She must be the best in whatever she undertakes. She is never satisfied by being as good as somebody else. To be second means failure to her. She must be *first!* She puts her whole heart and soul into everything she does. She is extremely conscientious. She is very active. She can't sit still a minute, doing nothing. Always she must be doing something. The days aren't long enough for her!

"Her father was like that, too. Every Sunday we had to go picnicking. He was full of the joy of life, as you Americans say. Very active, always on the go, and always happy. Sonja likes cheerful people. She doesn't like people who complain and worry all the time. Her father was like that, too. Yes, she has taken after him."

"Name another characteristic."

"Well, she thinks fast, and she expects you to follow her. She is very clever, even though it's I who is saying it. She knows what you are going to say before you even open your mouth. And nobody can fool her."

"Any shortcomings—" we cautiously suggested.

Mrs. Henie smiled, a nice motherly smile. "My daughter has never given me any trouble. She was always easy to handle. She wasn't a problem child. But like all girls, she is very curious! She must know what's going on around her—who said what—she must know everything! If we have company, and she has to retire early, she is liable to call from her room, 'Mother, I didn't hear that!'"

"Does she read what the papers write about her?"

"She reads everything! Magazines, and newspapers, and gossip columns. If they mention her name, she must know it."

Sonja adores children, Mrs. Henie said. "Do you know what's her favorite topic of conversation at dinner-time?" she asked us. "What the little boy of her make-up man, Mr. Westmore, has said! He is three years old, and visited her a few times on the set. In the mornings, while she is having her make-up put on, Mr. Westmore tells her what his little boy has said and done, and at night, she repeats them to us."

Mrs. Henie told us of another characteristic of Sonja's. If you say you like something in her presence, she'll get it for you. Recently an enterprising jeweler gained admittance to her dressing-room and showed her his wares. Marguerite Royce, her wardrobe girl, happened to be present. Sonja like a certain diamond bracelet, and Marguerite thought it was simply too beautiful for words. Sonja bought it, and presented it to her. She couldn't afford to buy another one like it for herself, though. We were told this story, however, by an eye-witness, and not by Mrs. Henie. To show her appreciation of the 100 skaters who form the chorus of *Happy Landing,* she gave each one a sweater, turquoise blue for the girls, yellow for the boys. Every afternoon she serves cake and coffee for the whole company. And there is a milk bottle on her set in which any player in the cast who muffs a line has to drop a dime for the benefit of invalid children. Sometimes the collection amounts to several dollars a day.

TODAY Sonja is a great movie star, and she packs 'em in everywhere. The public has taken her to heart—her dimples as well as her exquisite artistry on ice. Never in the history of the movies has any actress leaped into the envied "first ten" money making stars after only two pictures—but then Sonja is used to breaking records. Unofficial observers will tell you that the blonde star ranks even higher than the eighth place recently given her in the exhibitors' poll. But unlike many other imported glamour girls she is completely free of all theatrical poses and pretenses, and talks and kids with everybody on the set. She is too good a sportsman to act otherwise.

Talking to the skaters on the set, we learned she is rated tops, and as Bob and Jack Heasley assured us, there isn't anybody in the troupe who dislikes her. These two boys, by the way, are twin brothers, as handsome as they make 'em, and do a specialty number with her. They were also in *One in a Million* and *Thin Ice,* and were eagerly looking forward to Sonja's exhibition tour, which opened in Chicago on Christmas Day and was a spectacular thing. It will keep them on the road for at least two months. The funny thing about these boys and the majority of the skaters in Sonja's ice troupe is that they are native sons and daughters and have hardly ever seen real snow. But they can cut fancy figures on ice all right. They are trained dancers, and you'll see them doing the big apple, the charleston, rhumba, tappin' and truckin' and struttin' with Sonja.

"The Snow Maid," Mrs. Henie informed us, "is the biggest number in the picture. Sonja creates her own figures. Every movement she has done on the screen is original with her. Mr. Losee advises her about camera angles. He is a very good dance director. Sonja thinks he is wonderful, the best. Figure-skating on a movie set is far more difficult than in outdoor competition, because you have to be within camera range, which is worked out mathematically and requires perfect balance and control.

"Sonja also designs her own skating costumes. She likes to wear white. It's her favorite color."

The skating star was now executing what seemed to us to be her famous Axel Paulsen jump. Her mother looked at her admiringly. "Look at her legs. See how nice they are. No bulging ugly muscles. Because she never practiced more than two hours in the morning and an hour in the afternoon before she entered pictures.

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Now she has to skate from morning to night, and finds it necessary to have her legs massaged during her luncheon hour, which she never did before. She never had a massage in her life before we came to Hollywood."

But both of them love Hollywood, and according to her mother Sonja is "crazy about America." Lief is in Oslo, in charge of his father's fur business. "But he likes Hollywood too, and he would be living with us here if he could. After the tour we will come back for another picture, and then spend the summer in Norway, with Lief. King Haakon has just made her a Knight of St. Olaf. She has won many medals, but is especially pleased with this one. It's given shortly before Christmas to diplomats and others who have served Norway for many years. Sonja is the youngest to receive it."

And presently the pretty Knight of St. Olaf skated up to her mother, flushed and breathing hard. "Let's go to my dressing-room," she said. "I'm tired. Need a little rest." She handed us a box of candy in her dressing-room, and asked, "Has my mother told you all my secrets?"

"Except one," we said. "I hesitated to ask her a certain question—"

"Go ahead, ask her," she urged.

"I wanted to know if you have ever been in love."

Sonja let her mother answer our question. "Of course she has been in love, a few times, but not seriously," said Mrs. Henie, smiling.

"She intends to marry some day?"

"I'll answer that question myself!" Sonja volunteered. "Every girl wants to be married. It's natural. No success or career of any kind can take the place of marriage. I'll marry, but not for a couple of years."

Continental Hedy Lamarr, who will soon make her American screen debut for M-G-M, dances with comedian Ray Bolger

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True Confessions

You Can't Make Me a Star!

[*Continued from page* 44]

for the fact that of all the stars—or starlets—in pictures she's the only one actually born and bred in Hollywood. Stranger than that, too, is the fact that from the very first days of childhood consciousness until the moment Warner Brothers Studio talent scout rushed her before the cameras for a screen test Jane never showed the slightest interest in getting into pictures. This is in itself an oddity in Hollywood. The reason that Jane did get into pictures was that her stage career was suddenly ended when the theatre group in which she was working folded; but that's another story.

In Hollywood it is ordinarily the ardent young man in the business who tries to get his girl friend into pictures. But in the case of Jane Bryan the women in her life brought her into films and up to film prominence.

The first of these was Jean Muir, to whom Jane owes the original impulse to tread the boards of the theatre. "I was always stage struck," the starlet of *Confession* confesses. Frankly, I never paid much attention to movies. But I did read everything I could get my hands on about the stage, acting technique and play production. I guess my kid brothers, Jimmy, Billy and Don would have snickered and made fun of me had they known what was running through my mind that morning at the breakfast table two years ago. I had just read a little notice about Jean Muir's experimental theatre in the papers.

"Right then and there I decided that I was going to be a part of her group. I didn't know a thing about the stage really except that I wanted to belong. I hurried over to Jean Muir's workshop with more nerve than common sense. Right then and there I put on the first bit of acting in my career. I told Jean I had had *vast* amateur experience. I registered that very morning.

"Imagine my dismay when I discovered that instead of being Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet* I was painting and hammering away at scenery and sewing drapes. But it was all part of the theatre and I loved it. My first production was *Cradle Song,* and the nearest I got to acting was scooting around the stage between scenes hanging pictures and changing scenery.

"Then came *March Hares.* I had to almost bribe Jean to get a part. She said 'No!' at first. You see, I had been promoted since *Cradle Song* to position as head property man, chief prompter, scene shifter, assistant director, curtain puller and chief usher. It wasn't that I had too many jobs to do. Jean didn't think I was ready. Finally, I won a part as a non-speaking, all-sitting cook in one scene. *That* was my introduction to the stage.

"My big chance came in *Green Grow The Lilacs.* I was assigned the lead, and I gave the part everything I had. The show ended after a successful run. We were preparing for Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon* when Jean had to discontinue her work with the theatre because of picture assignments. At the time it seemed as if my dramatic career were at an end."

AT THIS point the second woman in Jane's life takes her bow. She was Bette Davis. Bette had seen one of the performances of *Green Grow The Lilacs,* and went away full of enthusiasm for Jane Bryan. The following morning she walked into the office of the studio Production Manager and asked that Jean Muir's protege be given a screen test. The refusal was swift and complete. But Bette wasn't licked yet. She begged, pleaded, cajoled, threatened, and finally won her point. Jane was given a screen test.

"I was petrified," the actress confides, "when I stood before that camera. The only thing that kept my knees from rattling like a pair of dice was the knowledge that if I didn't succeed I wanted a stage career in the first place. The test was successful and I was given a role in *The Captain's Kid.* And if you think I was nervous during the screen tests you should have heard my teeth chatter when I started to make my first picture."

At this point the third woman in Jane Bryan's life takes her part. Her name is May Robson. May Robson was Jane's aunt in *The Captain's Kid,* but she was almost her mother in real life during those first days of shooting. Jane was nervous and unsure of herself until May Robson took her into hand. It all started when Jane very nervously suggested that first day that maybe she wouldn't be able to put it over.

"What would you do if you had to give up acting?" the older woman asked her.

"I wouldn't give up acting," Jane answered decisively.

At once the two—the oldtimer and the newcomer—became fast friends. May taught her the ins and outs of the business, fortified her with much-needed self-confidence.

"The most important thing Miss Robson taught me was to obey orders. And sometimes orders are hard to take."

After her performance in *The Captain's Kid* assignments followed in rapid succession. The first of these was *Case of the Black Cat.* Then came *Cherokee Strip* with Dick Foran and *Marked Woman* in which she appeared as Bette Davis' younger sister. She appeared again with her benefactress in *Kid Galahad.* Soon after that she scored memorably in *Confession* as Kay Francis' daughter. Her current vehicle is *A Slight Case of Murder* with Edward G. Robinson.

Her role in *Confession* was the first real test of her acting ability. Jane is a naturally vivacious girl, overbrimming with a mixture of Irish and American humor and spirit. Her role in *Confession* called for a sheltered, repressed lovesick child, enamored of a man far beyond her years. Director Joe May had seen an earlier European version of the picture and he remembered the actress who had taken the daughter's role as a somewhat aenemic and hollow player. So from the moment Director May first spotted Jane until the picture was completed there was a clash of personalities.

"It was up to me," Jane explains, "To convince the director that though I didn't look like the European player and that though I looked ruddy and healthy I could handle the part. It was hard enough to match the performance of that girl that he so admired. But I had to look the part. I worked harder than ever before. I studied that role. And I mean —study!"

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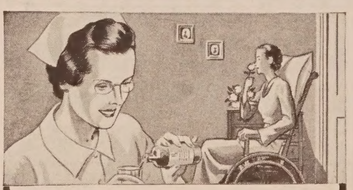

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An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

STUDYING the art of acting is an integral part of Jane's career. She's dead serious about her work. She intends to grow with her career. Too many actresses, she believes, stop growing after they've gotten their first big break in pictures. Jane reads avidly anything about the theatre or about acting. At home in the evening after a hard day at the studio before the camera she closets herself in her room, and picking a play at random, reads various parts for diction as well as dramatics.

It isn't all work, though, and she has other hobbies. Piano banging is one. She has her own version of that great piece of music "Chopsticks" which has been characterized by those who've heard it as "Terrible!" Fudge sundaes and white violets are other weaknesses. Acting will always take first place. Helen Hayes is her favorite actress; Leslie Howard and Paul Muni her favorite stars.

"I like working in pictures tremendously. But stage work is my first love. I hope to be able to return someday and do any one of a half a dozen roles. Margaret in *Dear Brutus,* Judie in *Shining Hour,* Jennie in *Escape Me Never,* the wife in Molnar's *Liliom,* the lead in *The Good Fairy.*

"There were rumors," Jane confided. "After *Confession* that I was to be awarded my first starring role. But I didn't want the honor. In the first place I'd be scared to death of the responsibility of carrying a picture as its star. And then I honestly don't think I've had enough experience to be called a star. Finally, and this is an important reason, being starred sometimes means being typed. There's nothing I dread more—unless it's being called 'the ingenue' or 'an amateur.'

"And as a little nobody I have a chance to do all sorts of roles. I can experiment with all types of personalities that I attempt to create. That gives me background and much-needed experience.

"And as for romance? Am I in love?

"You bet I am! With whom? With my career! And I'm not going to spoil it by falling in love with the idea of quick stardom instead!"

Betty Compson (looking as lovely as ever) and Joe E. Brown were among the famed guests at the Frank Borzage party

"I RAN AWAY WITH MY HUSBAND"

BETTE DAVIS

A dramatic star reveals a dramatic episode from her private life for MOTION PICTURE readers in the March issue. Other stories in this issue about Hollywood's great are:

"TEMPTATIONS I'VE FACED IN HOLLYWOOD"
CLARK GABLE

WHO'S WHOSE IN HOLLYWOOD

"DON'T BE AFRAID OF A BROKEN HEART"
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Plus stories on William Powell, Barbara Stanwyck, Basil Rathbone, et al.

10 cents

Motion Picture
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Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 17]

ALWAYS the sweet sentimentalist, Billie Burke wears her daughter Patricia's picture in a ring and brooch. And every single morning Billie still places fresh flowers in front of the photograph of the late Florenz Ziegfeld.

THE kind of maid service the stars are getting these days has nothing to do with domesticity. Since the Big Apple and Truckin' craze have swept the town, the stars are all taking lessons from their dusky servants. Myrna Loy's Teresa is one who is showing her mistress how to Truck. Ann Sothern's Marie does a mean Big Apple. And the John Beals are more than willing to let the dinner spoil anytime, when the jovial James comes out of the kitchen and starts to strut his stuff.

ONE of the funnier stories of the month concerns Bill Haines and the party-giving Countess Di Frasso. Bill has lost none of his wit since he gave up the screen for the lucrative decorating business. He does all the best homes in Hollywood and the Countess Di Frasso's was one being celebrated with a big party. Everyone who was anyone, was there. And for the gala occasion the Countess had dragged out all her ropes of emeralds, her emerald pin and emerald ring. When Bill Haines walked in, he took one look at the Countess and cracked, "Well, I see you've been to Albuquerque again."

JUST before the big football season opened in Hollywood, Carole Lombard received a letter from a fan in Alabama. The fan wrote to tell Carole that he had two good tickets for the big game. All she had to do was to send him fifty dollars to get out to Hollywood and he would be glad to let her use one of his tickets. P. S. Carole Lombard went with Gable.

NEXT to the bride herself, Joan Crawford attracted the most attention at the Betty Furness-Johnny Green wedding. Joan, with her hair dyed back to its own natural shade, wore a mink coat with emerald green accessories. When you see Joan in *Mannequin* you will understand why she made her hair the lighter shade of red. Photographically Joan has never appeared more beautiful.

IF THERE weren't so many good gags in the new Bing Crosby picture, telling this one might spoil it. But just as a sample of some of the fun, Bee Lillie has a hilarious bit of business to do. She sings a number wearing a long evening gown, with all the charm and dignity in the world. At the end of the number, she picks up her skirts and roller skates off the stage.

FOR a scene in his current picture, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., appears minus his pants. It is supposed to be the morning after, Doug is stretched out on a couch, his bare legs draped over the back. Jack Oakie happened to walk on the set the day they were shooting the scene. Getting behind a canvas, Jack began to impersonate Marlene Dietrich, singing "Falling In Love Again"—the piece Marlene sang when she exposed her two best features in the never to be forgotten, *Blue Angel*.

[*Continued on page* 89]

—*Wide World*

That radiant smile would indicate that Mrs. James Dunn finds marriage a very happy state indeed. Jimmy and his bride eloped to Santa Barbara in his new plane, but both had to return immediately to Hollywood and new film roles at RKO Radio

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Let's Go Hollywood!

[*Continued from page* 52]

But, of course, the high spot of the whole trip will be *Hollywood!* And here's a brief summary of some of the treats lined up for Fawcett Movieland Tourists:

Vacationists (they arrive on July 10, July 31 and August 21) will be met by a Hollywood star and escorted to their hotel, (last year Wayne Morris and Donald Woods were official "greeters"!). Luncheon in Clara Bow's famous "It" Cafe, a dinner dance, with many stars in attendance, at the beautiful Wilshire Bowl, an intensive tour of Hollywood and Beverly Hills, where you can see the homes of the stars you admire. On each of the trips, Tourists will be personal guests at the homes of famous players (Warren William will be host on the first tour, Harold Lloyd on the second and Bob Burns on the third!)

Then, of course, there'll be a thrill-packed day at a major Hollywood studio, where you'll be one of the fortunate few who have ever actually watched the filming of movies! You'll see the stars at work, and visit all the various technical departments that go into the making of sound pictures. It will be a day never to be forgotten!

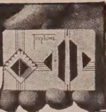
A special preview will probably be arranged for the Movieland Tourists alone, as in previous visits. Then there'll be a gala visit to the world-famous Grauman's Chinese Theatre, a visit to the widely-known make-up studio of genial Max Factor (where you'll discover how the stars make up for the screen) and you'll have plenty of time to arrange individual trips to various points of scenic interest throughout Southern California, such as Catalina Island, San Diego, Lake Arrowhead and Santa Monica.

On the return trip to Chicago, other thrilling features have been arranged, such as a tour of picturesque Salt Lake City, with a special organ recital at the mammoth Tabernacle; a stop at Royal Gorge, Colorado Springs and Cheyenne Mountain. When you step off the train at Chicago, you're bound to have had the most eventful vacation trip of your life!

For complete details, write to the Movieland Tours, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., for a free illustrated booklet. There'll be a great demand for reservations, as in previous years—and remember, the 1938 Movieland Tours are planned on a bigger scale than ever before. And that's something!

WRITE JANET LYNN

if you're perplexed about your beauty problems. Miss Lynn's expert advice is a regular feature of SCREEN BOOK Combined With Screen Play—and she will be delighted to give you personal replies to your questions.



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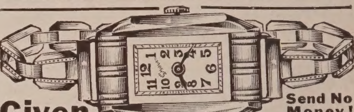

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LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick relief. Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHOD OF HOME TREATMENT." It tells about Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Open Leg Sores, Milk or Fever Leg, Eczema. Liepe Method works *while you walk.* More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by thousands.

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 37-C Milwaukee, Wis. FREE BOOKLET

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Mrs. D. J. MAHLER

Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions with proper care. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Also used by professionals. **Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 56C, Providence, R. I.**

MEET DANIELLE DARRIEUX!

Hollywood's newest glamor girl, the sensational little French star, Danielle Darrieux, is introduced to you in the March issue of SCREEN BOOK. You'll enjoy getting the "low down" on the fiery little actress, who is one of the current idols of the continent.

ITCH *Use* **D.D.D.** *Prescription*

OF ECZEMA, RASHES AND OTHER EXTERNALLY CAUSED SKIN TROUBLES STOPPED QUICKLY

AT ALL DRUGGISTS 35¢ • 60¢ • $1.00

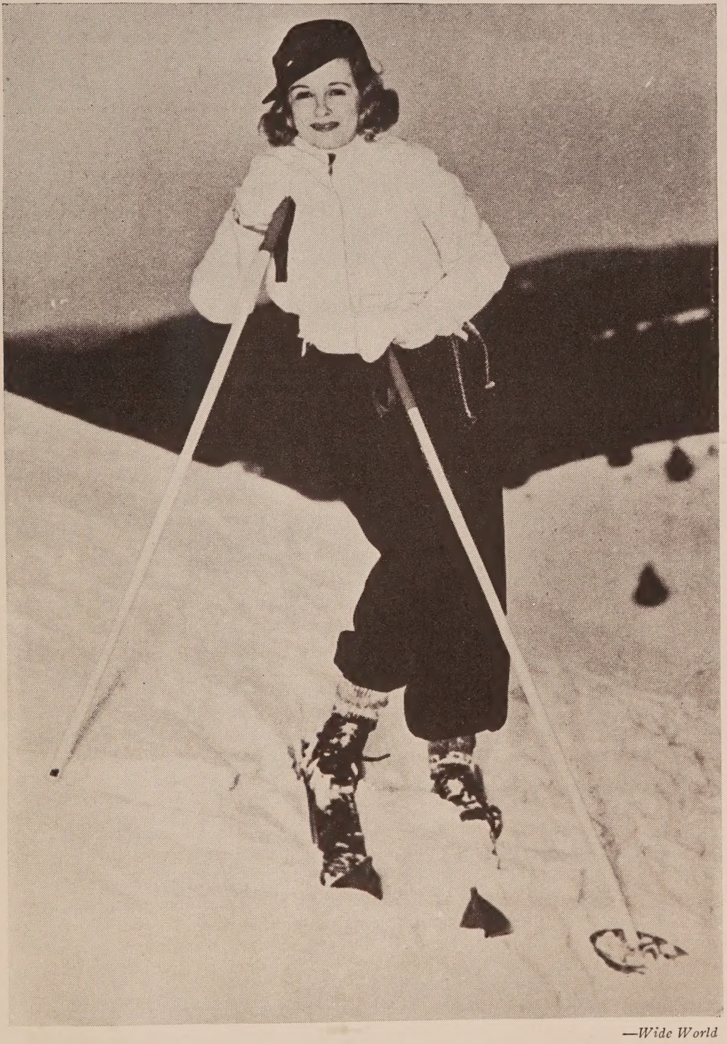
Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 87]

HELEN BRODERICK stopped by the set one morning to talk to Jean Dixon. Helen was looking very depressed and Jean asked the reason why. "I just heard of another family who are in need," answered Helen. "They used to play the Palace when we played the sticks. I can't help but wondering what happens to people that makes them get so broke. I'm so upset about it—I'm going right home and cut the dog down to three bones a week!"

IF WE haven't said it before, we say it now. There is only *one* Una Merkel. Unfortunately for the world. On Christmas day a gorgeous bowl was delivered to Una's house. Its base was filled with Xmas tree ornaments that shone through the frosted glass. It was filled with long stemmed pale pink roses. Enclosed was a card from Wesley Ruggles who directed Una in *True Confession.* And Una was so touched, she called the florist to make sure that he hadn't sent the flowers to her by mistake.

BETTE DAVIS thought she would do a good deed by buying a pair of slippers from an old Chinese peddler. When Bette got her purchase home, she looked on the soles and discovered they were marked, "Made in Japan."



—*Wide World*

Be careful, **Joan Bennett**—those skis are tricky! The lovely Joan, temporarily a stage star in *Stage Door,* enjoys the thrilling sport when her company played Quebec

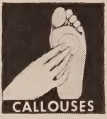
CORN PAIN
Ended
In ONE
Minute

NEW TRIPLE-ACTION METHOD
(1) Relieves pain Instantly
(2) Removes Corns, Callouses
(3) Prevents Corns before they can develop.

No other method does as many things for you as Dr. Scholl's! Instant relief from pain; instant ending of shoe friction and pressure. So soothing, healing and protective you won't even be conscious of your feet when you walk, work, golf or dance. New or tight shoes are eased and corns, sore toes and blisters prevented.

Corns, Callouses Soon Lift Out
Corns or callouses soon lift out when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medication,* included in every box.

Made THIN and THICK, in sizes and shapes for all conditions. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. FREE sample of Corn size also Dr. Scholl's FOOT Booklet—write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.



CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

SOFT CORNS

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

There is a Dr. Scholl Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for Every Foot Trouble

THIS GENUINE JUNIOR GUITAR FOR YOU!

BOYS & GIRLS

Get this handsome instrument. NOW. Here's How. Just send your name and address (SEND NO MONEY). WE TRUST YOU with 30 packs of Garden Seeds to sell at 10c a packet, When sold send $3.00 collected and WE WILL SEND this mahogany finish guitar and Five Minute Instruction Book absolutely FREE. Write for seeds NOW. A post card will do. Address:
LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY
Station 221, Paradise, Pennsylvania

Sensational FREE Offer

SEND COUPON FOR 3 LIPSTICKS AND REJUVIA MASCARA CREAM

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks FREE . . . each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS.
DEPT. MF, 116 WEST 14TH ST., N. Y. C.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and REJUVIA Mascara Cream; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost. (15c in Canada)
NAME________________
ADDRESS________________
CHECK MASCARA COLOR DESIRED
☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE

10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

PERHAPS we're wrong.

Perhaps the policy makers of the motion picture industry actually can accomplish the impossible!

All that they have to do is to prove to the boys in the trenches—the exhibitors and theatre owners—that a person can be in two places at the same time. To prove it they will have to break a law of physics, but we'll say this for the policy makers—they've never yet been sent to jail for not trying!

Lest we be accused of ambiguity we'll get right down to cases.

Not many weeks ago, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer initiated, under a commercial sponsorship of General Foods, a weekly coast-to-coast radio program.

This program goes on the air every Thursday evening with the studio's top-ranking stars and supporting players as members of the cast.

The first program was good, successive ones a little better, until now it deserves a place among the best on the air. It's well worth listening to. It lasts a full hour and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is rightfully very proud of it.

The studio, so we are informed, gets $25,000 for it.

The listener gets it for nothing.

The listener lends a very attentive ear to the Gables, the Eddys, the Stewarts, the Masseys, the MacDonalds and the Joneses as he sits in a comfortable chair in his own home.

We use "listener" in the collective sense. There are millions of them.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer believes that this top-notch radio program, in addition to creating interest in the sponsor's food product, likewise creates interest in the studio's talented screen personalities; that the nation's dial twisters, enjoying the melodies and excerpts from pictures soon to be released, get so hopped up with the aerial shot in the arm that they'll rush madly to a theatre when the ballyhooed picture goes on the screen. And so boost box office receipts.

Warner Brothers, never to be outdone in star exploitation, has recently entered the same field with the same purpose in mind—to sell a sponsor's product and the studio's screen personalities at the same time. And so give box office receipts another boost.

Warner Brothers probably get $25,000 for their air program. Perhaps more.

And the millions of listeners get it for nothing.

Now since one and one make two, this adds up to two full evenings out of each week when radio addicts can lounge in their comfortable chairs and enjoy a festival of song, music and dialogue from Hollywood.

There is nothing on the statute books to prevent 20th Century-Fox, Paramount, RKO-Radio, Columbia and Universal from acquiring sponsors and going on the air with splendid programs. As a matter of fact, these major studios undoubtedly will. They don't favor the idea of sitting on the side-lines while watching their competitors grab the gravy. And when this happens, and since they won't go on the air at the same time, radio listeners are going to have *seven* evenings a week to enjoy the very best that each studio has to offer; and you can bet your last antenna that the entertainment brains of each studio will work night and day to see to it that *their* program tops its competitors.

And the millions of listeners will still get it all for nothing!

The boys in the trenches—the exhibitors and theatre owners—aren't taking very kindly to Hollywood's branching out into the radio entertainment field. Their complaints are beginning to be long and loud. They can produce records showing that even the broadcasting of a song or two has more than once put a huge dent into the earning power of musical films and they believe that the same thing will happen when major studios air over national networks.

They are pretty well convinced, like a fast growing number of thoughtful men in the industry, that the studios can't possibly give away something for nothing over the air and then expect the listener to turn right around and pay for the same thing in the theatre. The box office is going to suffer and it's going to take a world of publicity doctoring to revive the patient. That's the theme song of the exhibitors and the theatre owners—and we're inclined to agree with them.

It may be, as we said in the beginning, that the policy makers of the motion picture industry can accomplish the impossible—produce publicity legerdemain that has a person in two places at the same time. But we doubt it very much.

●

Now that the greatest "air" battle in the history of Hollywood has been definitely lost by the radio gossipers, with the ether lanes virtually clear of scandal-mongering, it might be a smart idea for the winners to bolster their victory by putting their house in order to prevent such recurrences.

We would like to suggest, as the first move, that the studio publicity departments discontinue their "manufactured" romances that spot the newspaper columns under the guise of "newsy little items." The principals involved despise this sort of publicity and readers laugh at it. The thing that gave the gossipers their biggest chance to dish the dirt is the studios own parading of the private lives of their stars.

W. H. FAWCETT,
Publisher.

Beautiful Eyes HELP "MISS TYPICAL AMERICA" WIN HOLLYWOOD CAREER

Eleanor Fisher
"Miss Typical Ame
appearing
Paramoun
"True Confess

Radiant Eleanor Fisher—chosen from thousands of America's most dazzling beauties in a great magazine's nationwide search for "Miss Typical America!"—Her crowning reward now a chance at Hollywood heaven in Paramount's new romantic achievement, "True Confessions!"

Of supreme importance in helping her to win, were Miss Fisher's beautiful eyes, framed with the glamour of long, romantic lashes. The charm of beautiful eyes, with natural-appearing long, dark, luxuriant lashes can be yours too, instantly, with but a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, in either Solid or Cream-form. Both forms are harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting.

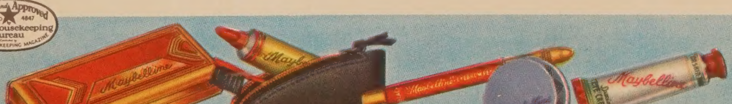
Do as America's loveliest women do—form graceful, expressive eyebrows with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Frame your eyes with glamour—accent their color and sparkle with a faint, misty tint of harmonizing Maybelline Eye Shadow, blended lightly on upper lids.

Guard against crows-feet, laugh-lines and wrinkles around the eyes—keep this sensative skin soft and youthful—by simply smoothing on Maybelline Special Eye Cream each night.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in *your* appearance.

Tested and Approved
SERIAL NO. 4847
Good Housekeeping
Bureau
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE



Maybelline famous, economical Solid-form Mascara in brilliant gold metal vanity. . . Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. . . Refills, 35c.

Maybelline popular Cream-form Mascara with Brush, in dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. . . 75c.

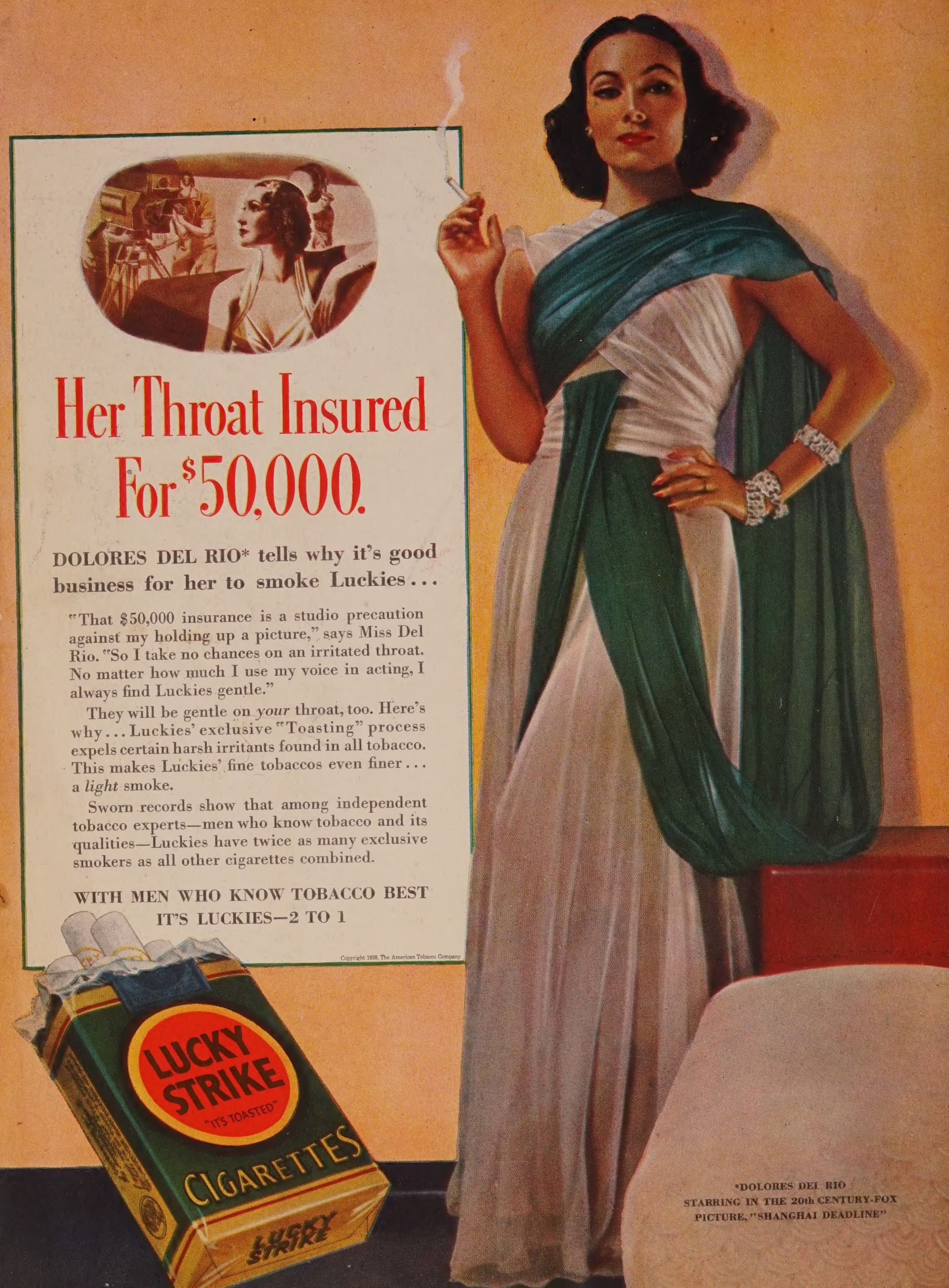
Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. . . Colors to match your Mascara. Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline creamy, harmonizing Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline Eye Cream--to soften, protect and smooth the tender skin around your eyes.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGE
SELLING EYE BEAUTY AI



Her Throat Insured For $50,000.

DOLORES DEL RIO* tells why it's good business for her to smoke Luckies . . .

"That $50,000 insurance is a studio precaution against my holding up a picture," says Miss Del Rio. "So I take no chances on an irritated throat. No matter how much I use my voice in acting, I always find Luckies gentle."

They will be gentle on *your* throat, too. Here's why . . . Luckies' exclusive "Toasting" process expels certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. This makes Luckies' fine tobaccos even finer . . . a *light* smoke.

Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—men who know tobacco and its qualities—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined.

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST
IT'S LUCKIES—2 TO 1

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company

*DOLORES DEL RIO
STARRING IN THE 20th CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE, "SHANGHAI DEADLINE"

THE TRAGEDY THAT HAUNTS BARBARA STANWYCK!

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

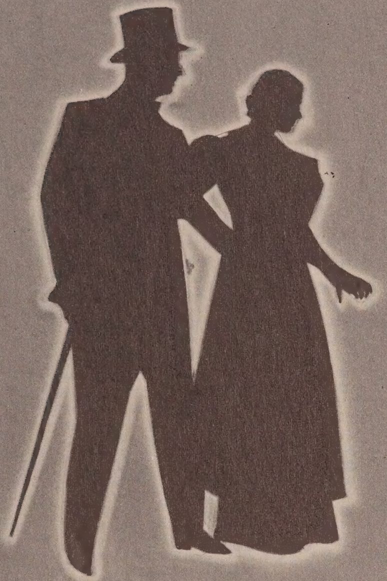
SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

APRIL
NSC

SCREEN BOOK
10¢

CLAUDETTE
COLBERT
Natural Color Photo

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S 10 RULES FOR SUCCESS



Imagine our surprise! We knew the world needed a magazine for men only—that the women had all the best of it with hundreds of magazines all their own, while the poor males were practically destitute for reading matter. So we published such a magazine—a sprightly, smart and entertaining magazine for men only. We called it just that: FOR MEN ONLY.

Our surprise came, not because men everywhere acclaimed the magazine, but because women too insist that FOR MEN ONLY is the most interesting, entertaining magazine they have ever read. They often buy it for their boy friends.

Your newsdealer has copies of the current issue. Twenty-two entertaining, robust articles, including a hilarious discussion of "The Age of Consent," by Ted Cooper, plus more than twenty full-page cartoons in color. 25c at all newsstands.

Unhappy Sally! She is good-looking, good company—yet many an evening she spends alone, reading magazines! (*Men won't call the girl who has a dull, unattractive smile!*)

Only seven—but Janet could tell Aunt Sally how *easy* it is to have a lovelier smile! (*Janet knows more than lots of grown-ups—she's learned in school the value of gum massage.*)

Sally's life could be so happy! She'd have plenty of dates, she'd win *romance*—if she'd learn how irresistible men find a radiant smile! (*Sally should try Ipana with massage, for dental science teaches that gums as well as teeth need special care.*)

Does your mirror tell you—

"A Lovelier Smile would make you more attractive!"

A GAY, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so *appealing*. The girl who has a lovely smile can't help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of "pink tooth brush"—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their *own good looks!*

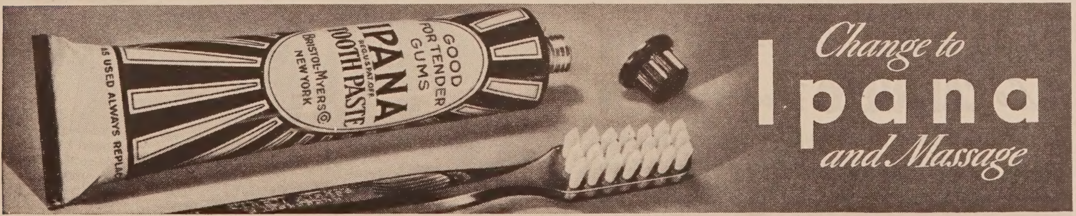
If *you've* seen a tinge of "pink," *see your dentist*. It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however, he'll tell you that it's only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he'll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

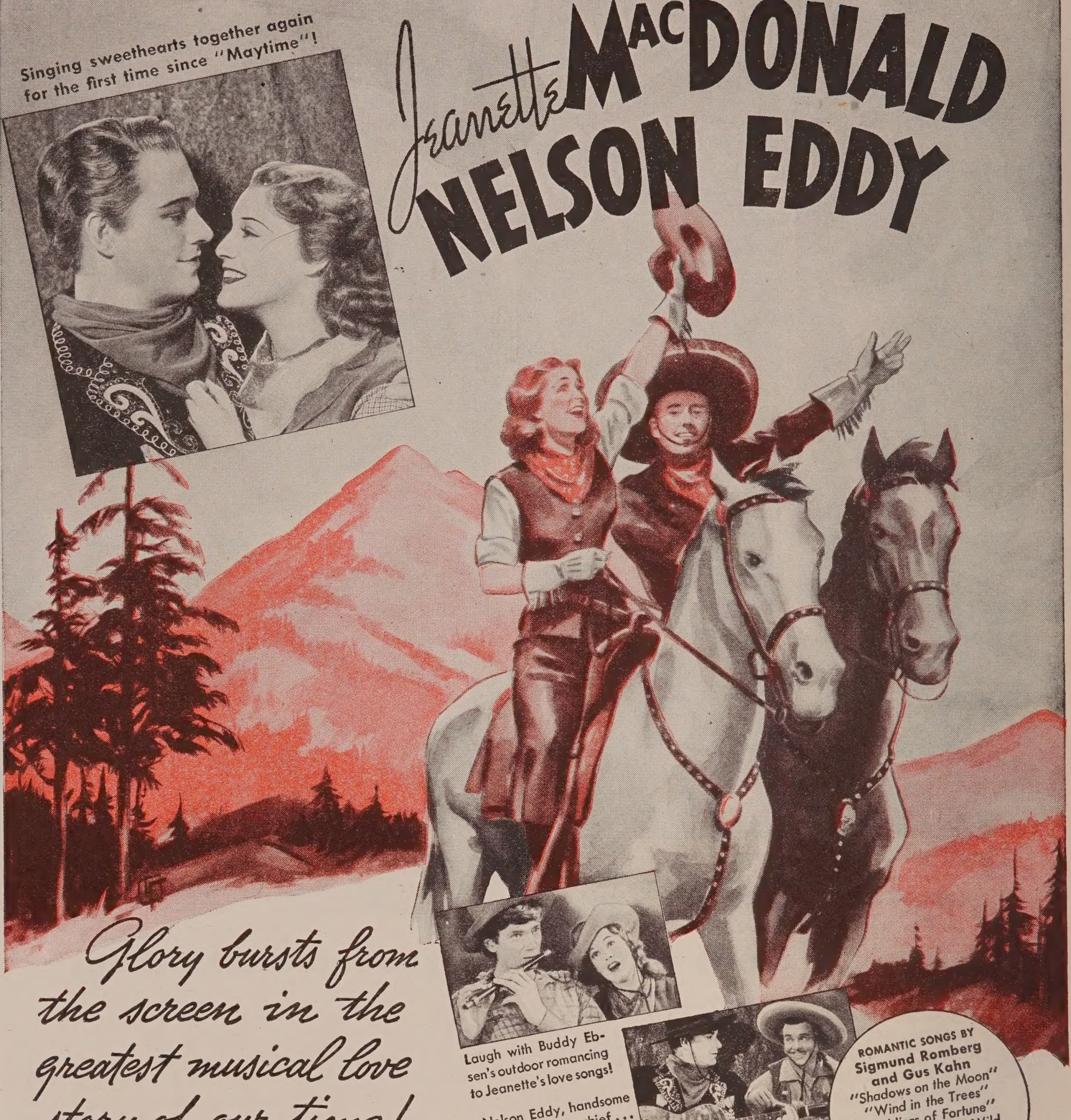
For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases, gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change today! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

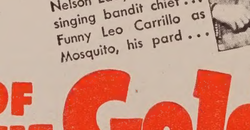
* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to thoroughly clean teeth.

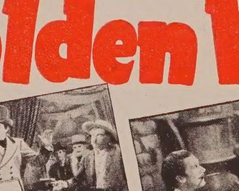



Singing sweethearts together again for the first time since "Maytime"!
Jeanette MacDONALD
NELSON EDDY

Glory bursts from the screen in the greatest musical love story of our time!



Laugh with Buddy Ebsen's outdoor romancing to Jeanette's love songs!



Nelson Eddy, handsome singing bandit chief... Funny Leo Carrillo as Mosquito, his pard...

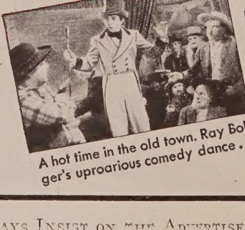
ROMANTIC SONGS BY
Sigmund Romberg and Gus Kahn
"Shadows on the Moon"
"Wind in the Trees"
"Soldiers of Fortune"
"The West Ain't Wild Any More"
"Who Are We to Say?"
"Senorita"

The Girl OF THE Golden West

WITH

Ray BOLGER Walter PIDGEON
Leo CARRILLO Buddy EBSEN

Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD · A ROBERT Z. LEONARD Production
Produced by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE · An M-G-M Picture
Based on the play by David Belasco



A hot time in the old town. Ray Bolger's uproarious comedy dance...

"I'll draw you for your sweetheart's life", says Sheriff Walter Pidgeon to beautiful Jeanette MacDonald

SCREEN BOOK

VOLUME XX No. 3 APRIL, 1938

TOM DeVANE
EDITOR

●

W. H. FAWCETT
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"Raw" Throat?
Here's Quick Action!

Zonite Wins Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

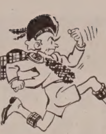
HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs *at contact!* (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. *Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!*

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT

Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold

ZONITE WINS TEST BY 9.3 TO 1
ZONITE
ZONITE
NEXT BEST
Zonite
The Mod… Personal Ant…
ZONITE IS 9.3 TIMES MORE ACTIVE
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic



TRY THIS CROSSWORD!

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46		▨	47				48		49	▨	50	
	▨	51					52			53	▨	
54							55					

ACROSS

1. Winchell and Bernie feud in *Love and* ———.
6. Hero of *Tarzan's Revenge.*
11. Remember ——— in *Tabu?*
12. First name of one who was *Prince Michael* in *Wise Girl.*
13. Don Terry's initials.
15. He was *Richard* in *Stella Dallas.*
16. *Hitting a ——— High.*
17. Mr. Armstrong's initials.
18. Wallace Ford was one in *Swing It, Sailor* (slang).
20. It brightens modern screen plays.
22. Deanna Durbin works on the Universal ———.
23. Glenda Farrell was born here in Oklahoma.
25. Sonja's native land (abbr.).
26. Mrs. Ben Lyon.
27. First name of child actress born in South Africa.
29. Ann Sothern's husband.
30. Descriptive of Three Stooges.
31. ——— the Pig appears in animated cartoons.
34. What actor does in sound film to register fright.
38. Animals used in jungle films.
39. Month in which Marlene Dietrich was born (abbr.).
41. You won't find one if SRO sign is out.
42. What government collects on your theatre ticket.
43. Mrs. Harpo Marx.
45. Date in February when Clark Gable celebrates birth.
46. Initials of a sister of Lola Lane.
47. ——— Wood directed *Navy Blue and Gold.*
48. Mother of 31 Across.
50. Initials of George Ernest.
51. Heroine of *Tarzan's Revenge.*
52. Her first name is Dorothy.
54. Famous character actor, now deceased.
55. Champion wears one when Autry rides.

DOWN

1. She sang in *Merry-Go-Round of 1938.*
2. Abbreviation used to distinguish elder Fairbanks from his son.
3. Artificial setting for movie scenes.
4. First name of hero of *Here's Flash Casey.*
5. Feminine star of film mentioned at 1 Across.
6. His last name is Watson.
7. ——— *the Goal.*
8. Animals such as M-G-M's Leo prefer meat thus.
9. Ramon's initials.
10. Sonja Henie is one.
14. Alice Faye's husband.
17. *Under the Red* ———.
19. Something worn by Dionne quintuplets in eating sequences.
21. Whose role was that of *Helene DuPont* in *Tovarich?*
22. One of Ray Bolger's two great assets.
24. Whose wife is Joan Blondell?
26. Hero of *She Married an Artist.*
28. A star of *Man-Proof.*
29. First name of leading man in *Wise Girl.*
31. He had lead in *Expensive Husbands.*
32. Rare gem worn by Myrna Loy in *Double Wedding.*
33. Husband of Clara Bow.
35. First name of Mr. Carrillo.
36. She was paired with 14 Down in *Ali Baba Goes To Town.*
37. Western star.
39. Charlie McCarthy is one.
40. Assigns players for parts in a screen play.
43. She was *Miss Johnson* in *Topper.*
44. Miss Cecil's first name.
47. Barbara Stanwyck has an adopted one.
49. James Dunn and Frances Gifford were recently ———.
51. Miss Angel's initials.
53. Short for Mr. Robinson.

(Solution on page 80)

**"He thought he knew how to tame a Frau,
But Gary's in the Doghouse now...
YOU BET..."** Claudette

THE DOG-HOUSE
AMERICA'S LEADING LOVE TEAM IN THE COMEDY HIT OF 1938!

Adolph Zukor presents

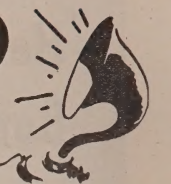
CLAUDETTE COLBERT · GARY COOPER

"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · DAVID NIVEN · ELIZABETH PATTERSON · HERMAN BING
Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder · A Paramount Picture
Based on the Play by Alfred Savoir · English Play Adaptation by Charlton Andrews

Produced and Directed by **ERNST LUBITSCH**

FILMLAND WHISPERS



HOLLYWOOD would like to believe that there is great rivalry between Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Michael Brooke (the Earl of Warwick) for the friendly attentions of Marlene Dietrich. But the real lowdown on the situation is that all three of them are very good friends. And it was Douglas himself who introduced Michael to Marlene.

THERE is a role coming up in a future Warner Brothers production that is tailored to order for Merle Oberon. Of course it is next to impossible to get that young lady's services. And only a few short years back Warners had a chance to sign Merle—but they refused on the grounds that she had a bit too much of that far East look and would never go over on the screen!

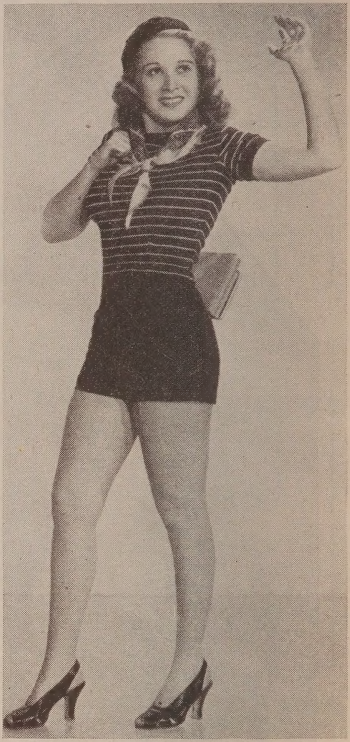
THINGS to come: Ginger Rogers still owes the Warner Brothers studio one picture. Jimmy Cagney is now back in the good graces of his former boss. The New York stage hit, *On Your Toes*, is owned by Warners. Jimmy is very anxious to do a dance picture. Ginger, coming over to Warners, would be a fugitive from Fred Astaire. It's a perfect setup all the way around. Don't be too surprised when the new Cagney-Rogers combination starts goin' to town.

MEMBERS of the Dixie Dunbar fan club are seeing to it that Dixie rates special attention. Hundreds of letters have been mailed out informing the world that "Get Behind Our Dixie" week is being inaugurated. Not so long ago the John Beal fan club did the same thing. Only in their letters they informed the world that their purpose was to "give our John a boost." How about a "Sing-Sing Week for Simon Simone?"

THE shortest story in Hollywood is called "The Saga of a Studio." It goes like this: "Old Universal—New Universal—No Universal."

MRS. RHEA GABLE, who has never attempted to divorce Clark, is often seen around Hollywood with actor Frank Milan. Intimate friends insist that there's no romance involved.

THE new game of "Quotations" is certainly taking Hollywood by storm. Actors congregate until the wee hours of the morning, pantomiming famous slogans and quotations. By popular vote Loretta Young is the best when it comes to abiding by the exhibitionistic rules and regulations. And speaking of Loretta, her newest escort around Hollywood this month is Rouben Mamoulian. He escorted Loretta to a recent house warming given by Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow. On this particular night no one felt like playing "The Game," so Loretta went home early.



It's no accident that Joan Blondell's young sister, Gloria, should choose a screen career—even if her first movie is Warner's *Accidents Must Happen*

—*Wide World Photo*

No Knight in armor ever beamed as happily as Sonja Henie when she was made a Knight of the Order of St. Olaf, the highest honor the King of Norway can bestow on a subject. Norwegian Minister Wilhelm Munthe de Morgenstierne made the presentation in Washington, with his wife an enthusiastic witness

YOU'LL have to hand it to M-G-M. At last they have come to realize that the publicity campaign launched by their Eastern office on Robert Taylor was a huge mistake. Now Bob is being given a bit of the peace and protection he so richly deserves. Even when he goes over to the El Capitan Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard, where Metro broadcasts its program, Bob is given four police escorts to get him safely through the mobs at the door. But there was a time when everyone thought it was good showmanship to see the mad mobs tear Bob to shreds—even if Bob did have to suffer the consequences.

[*Continued on page* 10]

A Questionnaire

FOR MOVIE FANS

Did you like these pictures?

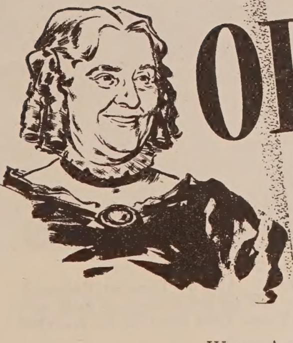
- David Copperfield ✓
- Nothing Sacred ✓
- A Tale of Two Cities ✓
- Little Lord Fauntleroy ✓
- The Prisoner of Zenda ✓
- A Star Is Born ✓
- Anna Karenina ✓
- Viva Villa ✓

They were all produced by

DAVID O. SELZNICK

who believes his greatest picture to be

"THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER"



in Technicolor

MARK TWAIN'S beloved story

presented by Selznick International

Directed by Norman Taurog • Released thru United Artists

"I'VE GOT TO *KISS* YOU"

You'll Attract Men

—with the natural glow that Tangee gives! Men detest painted lips...but thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee lips. Tangee contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies individual coloring.

Tangee looks orange in the stick...but changes on your lips to warm blush-rose—exactly your shade. Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens lips. No drying, no cracking, no chapping. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and $1.10. For a natural matched appearance, use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name______________________
[Please Print]

Address______________________

City____________ State__________ F48

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 8]

RECENTLY a group of young Hollywood folk decided to spend an evening in a bowling alley. One of the boys in the group had a date with Olivia De Havilland. They decided to go along and watch. No one even dreamed of asking the fragile Olivia if she wanted to play. So Olivia sat there just long enough to work up a good De Havilland mad. Then she got up, walked over and picked up a ball, let it roll and knocked every ten pin silly. Then she demurely returned to her seat and settled back to watch the others again.

THERE are many reasons why Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks are two of the most popular persons in the Hollywood social set. But one of those reasons is that Cary and Phyllis are past masters at the gentle art of doing the "Big Apple." Many a dull evening has been saved by the arrival of Grant and Brooks, Inc. Before many moments pass, they have *everybody* doin' it!

AFTER all these years Janet Gaynor and Clark Gable finally met. It happened when Director Walter Lang gave a dinner party for Tyrone Power. Naturally Tyrone's lady of the evening was Janet. Carole Lombard came with Clark. During the course of the evening Janet and Clark discovered that both had worked extra on the same set, at the same time. It was back in the dark ages of the movies—and the star of the picture whom Janet and Clark supported was named Alberta Vaughn.

WHEN Alan Curtis and Priscilla Lawson eloped to Las Vegas, Alan signed his right name, Harry Ubberoth, to the marriage license. When the clerk handed it back to Alan, she took a good look at him—and Priscilla, too. Then she said, "You two should be in the movies. You're much prettier than most of the movie couples who come up here to get married!"

BING CROSBY and Henry Wadsworth were exchanging puns on the set. "I went to see *Snow White* last night," said Bing.

"Snow what?" Henry cracked right back at him.

THIS is one time that Nelson Eddy had *grounds* for his actions. On Sunday Nelson appears on the Chase and Sanborn Coffee Hour. His own studio sponsors the Maxwell House Coffee Hour. When Nelson was asked to appear on both programs during the same week, he couldn't figure out which product he was supposed to be boosting. Finally, he solved it himself by showing up at rehearsals wearing a huge sign. On it was printed, "I drink Sanka." (If the sponsors read this Nelson was only kidding.)

THIS month Jack Dunn admits that Andrea Leeds is the lady of his heart. And it was only last month that Andrea

[*Continued on page* 12]

Yes indeed, Jeanette MacDonald reads SCREEN BOOK! And it's Director Robert Z. Leonard who peeks over her shoulder during a lull in production of their new Metro-Goldwyn musical, *The Girl of the Golden West*. Glad you like us, Jeanette!

DARLING OF DIXIE! . . . "Meanest when she's lovin' most!"

Half angel, half siren, all woman! The screen's greatest actress comes to you in the hit picture of her career . . . as the most exciting heroine who ever lived and loved in Dixie!

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

BETTE DAVIS *in*
"Jezebel"

THE GREATEST ROMANCE
OF THE SOUTH

HENRY FONDA • GEORGE BRENT • Margaret Lindsay • Donald Crisp • Fay Bainter

RICHARD CROMWELL • HENRY O'NEILL • SPRING BYINGTON • JOHN LITEL

Screen Play by Clements Ripley, Abem Finkel and John Huston

A WILLIAM WYLER PRODUCTION

From the Play by Owen Davis, Sr.
Music by Max Steiner

Everything was Lovely...

UNTIL HE STRUCK A MATCH!

Can Your Complexion Stand Life's Little Close-ups? It Can if You Use Luxor Powder . . . It's Light-proof!

● Every change of light is a challenge to a woman's complexion. Does *your* make-up flatter you one minute—and betray you the next? Then give thanks for this discovery!

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night.

Seeing is believing

Look at the photographs below. See what havoc the light plays with unprotected make-up. See the improvement in the second picture—with light rays modified and softened by light-proof powder.

You can trust this powder under all conditions. It is light-proof, and moisture-proof. Note the complete absence of shine, with that same lovely softness at all times.

We invite all women who think they have a "shiny skin" to make this test and see if Luxor powder does not subdue all shine.

Large size box of Luxor light-proof powder 55c at drug and department stores; 10c size at the five-and-ten stores. Or, clip coupon for a complimentary box free and postpaid.

THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every light ray.

SEE the difference using light-proof powder that modifies the rays of light.

LUXOR LIGHT PROOF FACE POWDER

LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago FAW. 4-38

Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor LIGHT-PROOF face powder free and prepaid.

☐ Rachel ☐ Rachel No. 2 ☐ Rose Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ Brunette

Name ______

Address ______

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 10]

was concentrating on Jon Hall. Wonder who is going with the Yacht Club boys?

TONY MARTIN is being a pretty good sport about the continuous efforts of Hollywood columnists who are trying to break up Tony's marriage to Alice Faye. Where the rumors come from Tony says he has no idea. But he and Alice have never been happier. They've just moved out of the Sunset Towers apartments and taken a long lease on a hillside home that affords them more privacy.

WHILE Mrs. Spencer Tracy is vacationing in Honolulu, the famous star is living with Producer Joseph Mankiewicz. Joe was recently divorced by his wife, Elizabeth Young.

THEY are saying that there's more than one reason why Ilona Massey has been sent to Santa Barbara to live. The studio reports that it wants Ilona to get away from her Hungarian friends in Hollywood, so she will speak nothing but English. But rumor has it that Zoltan Egycd, Hungarian newspaper publisher, is the cause of it all. He is supposed to have followed Ilona all the way over from Vienna with romantic intentions. But the studio has made elaborate plans for its singing sensation and wants to keep her unattached. A bigger and better box office and all that sort of thing is supposed to result if the studio wins out.

At the Hollywood Hotel anniversary were radiant June Travis and Allan Lane, for whom early wedding bells are predicted

Typical Hollywood chorus girl, says RKO, is Virginia Davis, who appears in *Vivacious Lady*. She is beautiful, shapely, and above all, full of ambition!

KAY FRANCIS says she couldn't live a double life even if she wanted to. No matter who she calls on the phone, whether a business house, hairdressing salon or the corner drug store, they always say "How are you, Miss Francis?" before Kay has said a second word. What Kay doesn't realize is that the husky Francis vocal tones are as much a part of her as Shirley Temple's curls.

MYRNA LOY is the kind of person who is never too busy to help the next fellow. Recently Myrna spent all of her time rushing from location to the hospital where her husband Arthur Hornblow, Jr., was convalescing from an appendectomy. In a round-about way she heard that her wardrobe woman's sister was seriously ill and had to have a special out-of-town doctor. Myrna had never even met the girl. But she sent for the doctor, paid all his expenses and today the girl owes her life to a star's generosity.

AFTER a year's wait, Della Lind, the Viennese beauty, has at last been given a special role for her singing talents in the Laurel and Hardy picture, *Swiss Cheese.* Della, who really is quite nervous over her first American made movie, still has a humorous point of view about it all. She is being photographed by the same man who has consistently photographed the Hal Roach comedians over a period of years. When someone asked Della, how she was being photographed, Della said, "I look just like Stanley Laurel."

EVERYONE, including Franchot Tone, will tell you that the Frances Farmer and Leif Ericson that New York knows, are quite different than the impression Hollywood has of them. Franchot reports they are two terribly nice ambitious young people who love the theatre and are doing awfully good work in it. Leif got a role too in Frances' play, "Golden Boy." The only thing they ask for is to be allowed to lead their private life and to be allowed to grow in their acting career. New York is so big they can pretty much have the peace and progress they love. But in Hollywood Frances and Leif are always terrified at the spotlight of attention given every move a movie star makes.

UNA MERKEL has never won anything in her life. When she took a lot of chances at a charity raffle, she only did it to help them. When they began to call out the numbers, Una who was attending with Madge Evans turned and said, "I might as well go and lie down in the rest room until this is over, I couldn't win if I was drawing the numbers myself." But a few minutes later a very surprised and embarrassed Una Merkel emerged from the ladies rest room. Her number had been called and all eyes turned in her direction as she opened the door and walked out. Una won a beautiful new hat!

LUCILLE BALL, whose star of fame is rapidly ascending, is beginning to have the usual problems that come with success. Every week Lucille receives a letter from a man who insists that she would be a wonderful mother. Lucille isn't quite sure what he is driving at. But she isn't married, so there's small chance of her pleasing her unusual admirer.

JEAN MUIR thought her troubles were over when she scored a personal triumph in the London production of the Priestly play, *People at Sea.* In it Jean portrayed a thirty-five-year-old has-been actress, haggard and degenerate through circumstances. For the role Jean dyed her lovely blonde hair a fiery red. Now the play is over but the London public are under the impression that Jean is an older woman. So she is going to remain in England until she can appear as herself and show her natural beauty.

[*Continued on page* 69]

I'M "STEPPING OUT" TONIGHT! SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!
WHENEVER I'M GOING OUT WITH BOB, I ALWAYS BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET ...THE PERFUMED SOAP THAT GUARDS A GIRL'S DAINTINESS IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR. AND ITS LOVELY LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN LONG AFTER YOUR BATH... KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
NOW LET'S SEE HER THROUGH BOB'S EYES
YOU'RE SO SWEET, SHIRLEY! JUST LIKE A LOVELY FRAGRANT FLOWER!
IT'S WONDERFUL HOW, ALL EVENING LONG, CASHMERE BOUQUET'S LINGERING PERFUME KEEPS A GIRL SO SURE OF HER DAINTINESS!
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
COLGATE
Cashmere Bouquet

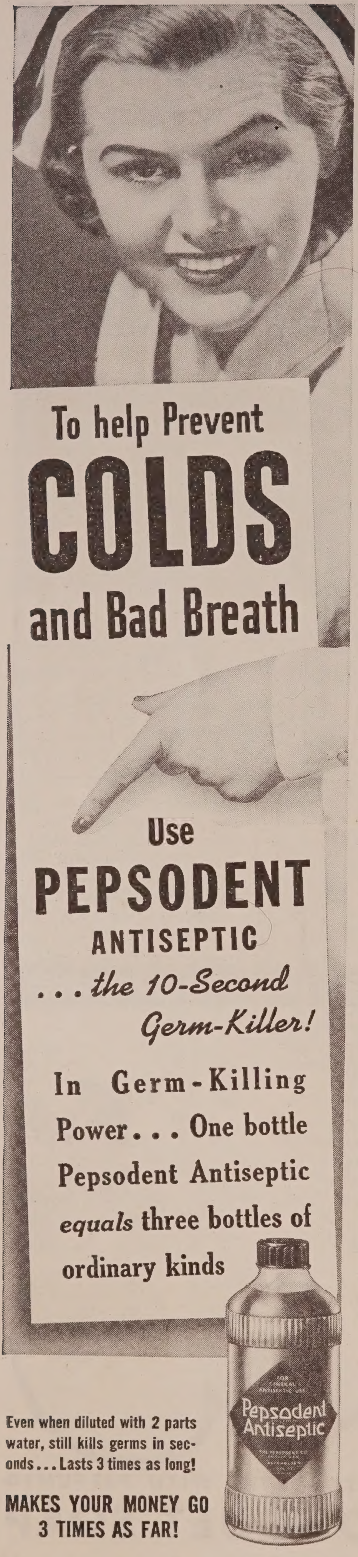
PROTECTS COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics . . . leaves your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP



To help Prevent
COLDS
and Bad Breath

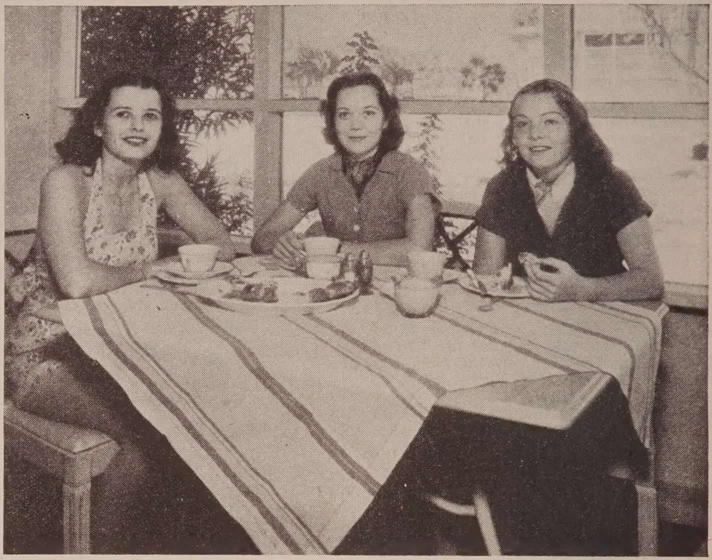
Use
PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC
. . . *the 10-Second Germ-Killer!*

In Germ-Killing Power . . . One bottle Pepsodent Antiseptic *equals* three bottles of ordinary kinds

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

THE POSTMAN RINGS



Mary Maguire, Jane Wyman and Jane Bryan, pretty Warner Brothers starlets, take time out for lunch as they vacation at Palm Springs

$15.00 Prize Letter

Enchantment!

DEAR EDITOR:

One may never leave the spot called home and yet have seen the rise of a Chinese moon; the coronation of a king; and Christmas on the desert. Environment may limit, but, in the movies, we may thrill to the music of the masters, improve our knowledge of history and language, or if the mood suggests, just relax and be the girl on the silver screen.

A feeling of loneliness or disappointment is compensated for through the subordination of self in the glory of others. Whether it be to illustrate what expensive simplicity means in clothes, or what they are wearing at the fashion centers, our education is broadened through the movies, and more particularly the world news. Starving war orphans might mean little without war news brought so faithfully, often at great personal danger, half across the world to us. Pictures with foreign setting, such as *The Good Earth* and *Wee Willie Winkie* give us a feeling of affinity with the universe.—*Ena Hopkins, Route 4, St. Elmo, Tenn.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Cherished Memories

DEAR EDITOR:

Hollywood has been good to picture fans during the year of 1937. Many masterpieces have been offered for our entertainment. Here are my selections of a few outstanding moments in the best pictures.

Spencer Tracy in *Captains Courageous* when he told Freddie Bartholomew his conception of heaven. This scene's beautiful passages will long be remembered. I've seen the picture four times, just to hear Spencer talk about heaven.

Luise Rainer in *The Good Earth* when she stood before the fire, cooking mud for her starving children. Another highlight came when, knife in hand, she forced herself to kill the ox for food. *Of course, I'm not forgetting Muni's superb work.*

Bette Davis' portrayal of physical agony in *Marked Woman* after she had been horribly beaten.—*Jack Travers, 766 East Commercial St., Springfield, Mo.*

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

$5.00 Prize Letter

Plain Facts

DEAR EDITOR:
I do not agree with those who deplore the practice of deglamorizing the stars. Keep up the good work, you movie magazines and reporters. Tell us the faults of the stars; their early struggles for success. Show us their imperfections; reveal the secrets of make-up that give beauty to a plain, unattractive face. Tell us about their heartaches and inferiority complexes. Bring on your "candid camera" shots and let us learn to know them.

Besides, the day has come when we fans refuse to believe movie stars are super-persons. Personal appearances have revealed they are not as beautiful or handsome as we imagine them. Also, we realize that success, individuality, ability, talent and even personal charm are attributes acquired by living and but seldom found in adolescent youth.—*Mrs. Noel Neuman, 1201 Charleston Ave., Huntington, West Va.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Fine Entertainment

DEAR EDITOR:
Charlie McCarthy is increasing our vocabulary. We're all mowin' 'em down.

We all quote Charlie and plan our Sunday so we'll be sure to hear him. I'm sure thousands of fans do likewise, and want to help him out of his difficulties. We appreciate a program like Edgar Bergen's, partly because it is something new, but mostly because Charlie is so human and downright funny. The man who could create such a character is very, very clever. That's one for you, Mister Bergen.—*L. O. Hough, 703 Asp, Norman, Oklahoma.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Comedy vs. Drama

DEAR EDITOR:
I have, from month to month, noted the evaluating movie review chart in SCREEN BOOK, and I want to tell you that I think your judgment in regard to the current pictures is in the majority of cases, very good. You know there is a bit of conceit in all of us and in praising you, I am frank enough to admit that in the majority of cases your judgment coincides with mine.

One reads some unfavorable comment in regard to the pictures whose motifs are in the lighter vein, but I think it is well to value such pictures as *It's Love I'm After* and *The Awful Truth* as highly as one would value *The Life of Emile Zola* and similar pictures. For the simple reason that while the latter type of pictures are engrossingly entertaining from the biographical and historical point of view, the former type lifts one out of the sorry world in which we live.—*Earle T. Somerville, 28½ Clinton Ave., Albany, N. Y.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Picture Theft!

DEAR EDITOR:
The unbelievable has happened! A picture has been stolen right out from under the noses of William Powell and Myrna Loy! I am speaking of the picture theft John Beal accomplished in *Double Wedding*. He literally bearded the screen's two most gifted comedians in their very dens. He dominated *Double Wedding* from start to finish and made Bill's and Myrna's attempts almost ludicrous. To him I say, *"Salud!"*
—*Thelma Louise Smith, 130 Beale & 2nd Sts., Memphis, Tenn.*

A QUEEN OF HEARTS *...since she bid goodbye to Misfit Makeup*

"Twenty-eight tonight...and not a boy friend in sight!"

Dot's sister guessed—"Do something about your misfit makeup."

...And now..."You're the only girl in the world for me!"

TO END MISFIT MAKEUP

Sally Eilers

star of "Lady Behave"
a Republic Picture

SUGGESTS

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

HOW CAN YOU be sure your makeup *matches?* Sure it's right for you? There's never any doubt when you wear Marvelous Matched Makeup. For the face powder, rouge, and lipstick...the eye makeup, too...are in complete color harmony. And this makeup *matches you* ...for it's keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

BEAUTY EDITORS, fashion experts, artists and colorists agree this new matched makeup is right with your skin tones, your hair, your type. Stage and screen stars, lovely women everywhere, have changed to Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup because they find it brings them immediate new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW . . . start to build your matched set now. Buy that lipstick you need... or rouge, face powder, eye shadow or mascara ...in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup...only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are		
	BLUE	..... *wear Dresden type*
	BROWN	... *wear Parisian type*
	HAZEL	.... *wear Continental type*
	GRAY	..... *wear Patrician type*

TONIGHT...you, too, can be a queen of hearts, —try this *matched* makeup that matches *you!*

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MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP *by Richard Hudnut*

Harmonizing LIPSTICK · POWDER · ROUGE 55¢ *each*

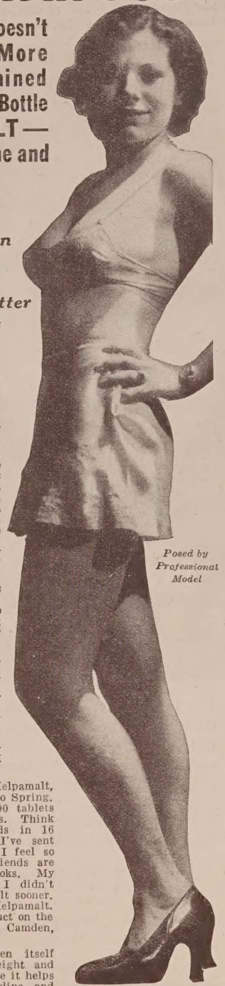
Try it! Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to *your* eyes! See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that matches . . . and matches you.

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M,
693 Fifth Avenue, New York City
FWG 4-38

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send *my* Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup . . . harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

✓ *My eyes are*
☐ Blue ☐ Brown
☐ Gray ☐ Hazel

Name________________
Address________________
City__________State________



Body So Skinny-Girl Was Ashamed To Undress!

But Family Doesn't Laugh Any More Since She Gained 7 Lbs. on 1st Bottle of KELPAMALT—Now Looks Fine and Feels Great!

All Skinny Men and Women Should Read This Actual Letter From our Files

"Kelpamalt Company.
Dear Sirs:

I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun-back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me, laughed and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

Now, thanks to Kelpamalt, I'm looking forward to Spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt. The best beauty product on the market.—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me."

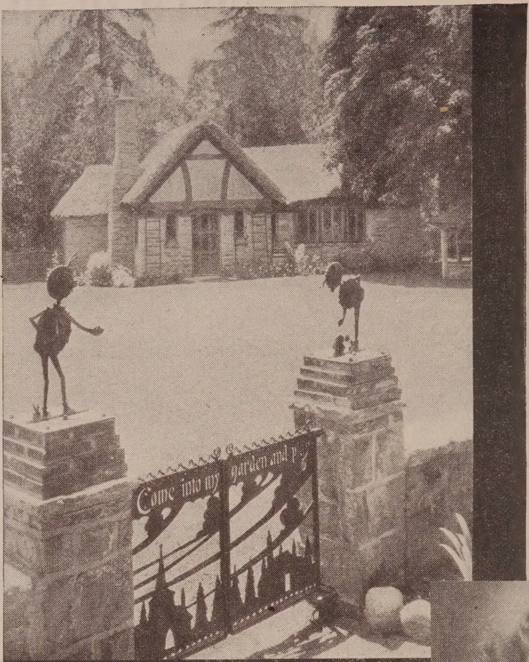
Posed by Professional Model

Kelpamalt has proven itself so effective as a weight and energy builder because it helps supply the iron, iodine and vitamins that are vitally necessary for you to get the real good out of your food. Your own doctor will approve this way. Costs but little to use and is sold at all good drug stores. And remember—your money back if you are not completely satisfied.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt *Tablets*

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page booklet on How Thousands Have Built Strength, Energy and Added Lbs. Quickly. Mineral and Vitamin contents of food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co. (Dept. 1407), Borden Ave. and 21st St., L. I. City, N. Y.



ON TO Hollywood

Movieland tourists will be guests of Harold Lloyd at his lavish estate. They may also have the chance to hear Gertrude Niesen sing and Bob Burns play his famous bazooka

THINGS are happening so fast out here in Hollywood, what with new plans for the forthcoming Movieland Tours shaping up hourly, we feel we must keep you constantly informed as to what you will see on your great breathtaking trip to Hollywood!

All of the western United States bids you welcome! Those grand national parks that dot the territory just east and west of the Rockies are at your disposal. You'll see famed Indian territory and pass through that vast expanse in northern Minnesota wherein lie the ten thousand lakes. Thrills await you in San Francisco's Chinatown, and you'll get a boat ride on the Pacific Ocean when you visit Puget Sound!

Those of you who are constant readers of SCREEN BOOK can well imagine what happened last year when you saw pictures of the tour members enjoying themselves out here. Just to get the ball rolling, the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce met both tours, assisted by popular Wayne Morris, and presented the parties with a key to Hollywood! That was just the beginning of the thrills, for they were

USE THIS COUPON

Movieland Tours
Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
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Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

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whisked from the station to their hotel where they freshened up a bit for subsequent thrills in the royal city of Hollywood!

There were cocktail parties at the homes of such famous people as Basil Rathbone and Edward Everett Horton. Last year's parties wound up with a grand supper party at the famed Wilshire Bowl and *what* a turnout that was! Jimmie Fidler acted as Master of Ceremonies to one party while Warren Hull hosted the other. Robert Taylor was on hand those nights and Jimmy Stewart came in for some autograph signing. Mischa Auer told funny stories, not to be outdone by Hugh Herbert, who was on tap for a few of his typical gags—Gertrude Neisen and Rosina Lawrence sang. Never before had so many stars turned out for such a party! We had ten thousand dollars worth of entertainment on the nights both tours were entertained!

Warren William

Now you are all wondering what we are going to do this year to entertain you. Well, right now we have a wonderful program lined up with new ideas popping into our heads every minute or so to prove we really *can* top last year's efforts!

ALL tours arrive in Hollywood on Sunday. For instance, the first tour leaves Chicago, July 3, arriving in Hollywood on Sunday, July 10. The second leaves Chicago July 24 and arrives Sunday, July 31. The third and last tour leaves Chicago August 14, and arrives in Hollywood, Sunday, August 21.

Each train brings you to Movieland following the same route.

After passing through the great Northwest on your way to Puget Sound, your first real stop in California will be in San Francisco, where you will get a chance of a lifetime to view the great bridge as well as see what preparations are being made in the Bay City for the 1939 World's Fair. Of course, you will be conducted through famed Chinatown, with its colorful stores.

Finally, arriving in Hollywood, the first thing we'll do is to take you on a sight seeing trip (that is, after you've had lunch) through Beverly Hills and Santa Monica where most of the stars live. Their houses will be pointed out to you by guides. AND you shall enter their homes, not as tourists, but as their guests through this invitation extended to you by SCREEN BOOK! On the first tour, dashing Warren William has requested the honor of entertaining you. The second tour will be the guests of Harold Lloyd at his far-famed estate, and on the third tour, Bob Burns with his Bazooka will entertain you at his home. By the way (and this is confidential), Bob is erecting a real cabin on his estate and threatens to give a real barbecue!

George McCall

But there's more yet! You'll get a trip through a major studio with luncheon at one of Hollywood's more famous spots. A tour through Max Factor's make-up studio is promised, as well as an opportunity to see a nation-wide radio broadcast as special guests!

Capping the climax of this wonderful round of adventures is our famed farewell party at the Wilshire Bowl!

[*Continued on page* 81]

"FERRETS OF FRESHNESS"... Paramount's talent scouts, Boris Kaplan and Edward Blatt

They spend Fortunes to find *FRESH FACES*

O.G. spends Fortunes to give you *FRESH CIGARETTES*

FRESHNESS! It's the very life of Hollywood! Money's no object in the hunt for fresh plays and players. *When a star goes stale, his light goes out!*

But when a cigarette goes stale, *it should never be lit at all!* For every drag you take on a stale cigarette is a drag on you. Freshness is the life of cigarette quality, too. Old Gold spends a fortune annually to put an extra jacket of Cellophane on its every package. You pay nothing extra for it... but it brings you a world of extra enjoyment. The full rich flavor of fresh-cut, long-aged tobaccos; prize crop tobaccos at their best.

Buy your Old Golds where you will ... in damp climates or dry. They're as good where they're sold as where they're made ... and that's as good as a cigarette can be made!

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Outer Cellophane Jacket Opens from the Bottom Sealing the Top

The Inner Jacket Opens at the Top Sealing the Bottom

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tues. and Thurs. night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

ALL THESE STARS!
ALL THESE LAUGHS!

and Oh-h-h so much romance!

It's your top-hit musical (but TOP!)...with all the zing and extra sparkle you expect *and get* in a Darryl F. Zanuck show!

ALICE FAYE · TONY MARTIN

in

SALLY, IRENE and MARY

Three sirens of swing in search of Social Security!

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

JIMMY DURANTE
GREGORY RATOFF
JOAN DAVIS
MARJORIE WEAVER
LOUISE HOVICK
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
BARNETT PARKER
AND
the leading comedian of screen and radio
FRED ALLEN

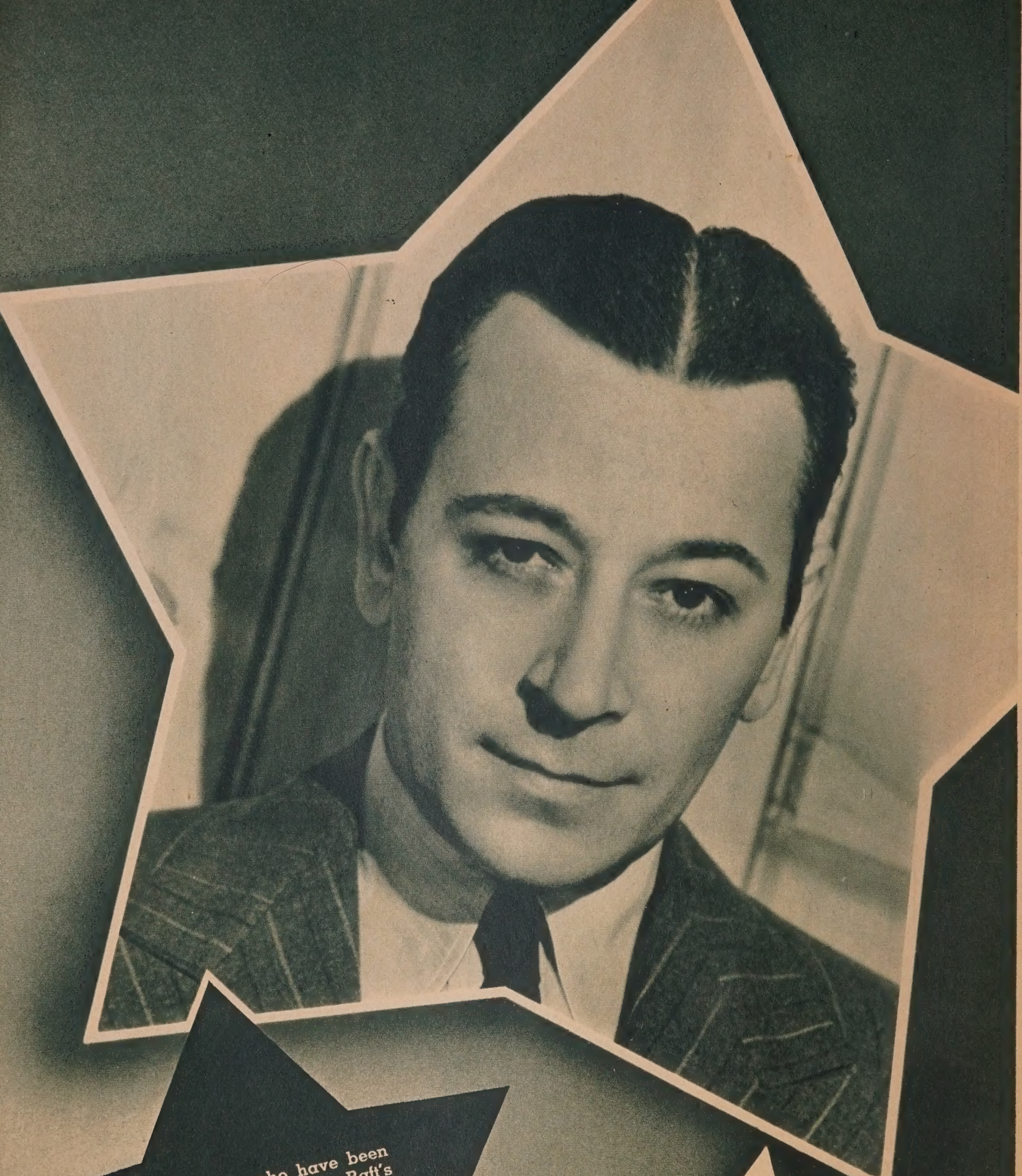
and
ALL THESE SONGS!
"Half Moon On The Hudson"
"I Could Use A Dream"
by Bullock and Spina
•
"Got My Mind On Music"
"Sweet As A Song"
by Gordon and Revel
and four more!

Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen
Original Story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger • Suggested by the stage play by Edward Dowling and Cyrus Wood

20th Century Fox
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

ANNE SHIRLEY

If Anne Shirley hasn't made a picture since her sensational hit in "Stella Dallas," it's only because her studio, RKO-Radio, has wanted to find a story worthy of her ability. Now she's in the dramatic "Condemned Women" along with Sally Eilers and Louis Hayward



To those fans who have been eagerly awaiting George Raft's next picture, after his impressive performance in "Souls At Sea," Paramount is presenting "You and Me." Sylvia Sidney, returning to the screen after a stage venture, will play opposite him

GEORGE RAFT

ZORINA

Europe's loveliest ballerina, the youthful Zorina, is currently winning all kinds of applause for her work in "The Goldwyn Follies." Her acting skill and dancing technique will next be seen in "The Great Music Festival," another Goldwyn opus

Claudette Colbert's 10 RULES FOR SUCCESS!

Her triumphant years as a reigning star of Hollywood have given Claudette Colbert loyalty, tolerance and a sense of humor

By CECIL DEANE

ACTING alone doesn't make for success in Hollywood, for many talented stage folk have failed. It's "the angles" that count.

Claudette Colbert, who has been in motion pictures long enough now to get a true perspective, told me so today. The star who started her dramatic film career in *Manslaughter* and who has proved the comedy in her versatile nature in such pictures as *Tovarich* and *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife,* has found that Hollywood makes many demands—and that if you fail to meet them you look elsewhere for work.

I found her doing a wildly hilarious scene with Gary Cooper in the Bluebeard picture, which isn't a murder drama, as you might think, but has to do with the matrimonial proclivities of American millionaires who meet beautiful French girls. Miss Colbert was slightly cockeyed in the scene, in accordance with the script. She supposedly had been drinking champagne.

"Motion pictures," she said, "make more demands on a person than you'd imagine."

That started this story. Ernst Lubitsch gave her time off while technicians got ready for her next scene with Cooper. We went to her small dressing room on the set, shut out the sounds of the toiling technicians, and we started out finding just what demands motion pictures make.

The first?

Claudette, who gives such matters considerable thought, says that you must never be discouraged.

"Hollywood is fantastic," she told me. "The average person, in other lines of work, can afford to be, look and act discouraged now and then. But in Hollywood, how you may want to feel inside has nothing to do with your outside appearance. You've got to kid yourself into being happy. The reason for this is that you never know what's going to happen next, and the chances are ten to one against you if you're not ready for your 'break' with a smile."

Claudette has had reason to be discouraged at times. Recently she made an historical picture on which she banked heavily. She believed it was a good picture. And it was. But it didn't click at the box office. When things like that happen, a star gets depressed. But she carried on, radiantly happy about the whole thing.

"Right after that," she says, "I got a chance to do a comedy."

Then there was that time in 1932 when she moved to California to work permanently in pictures. She had a tailor-made role for herself. [*Continued on page* 58]

That ideal co-starring combination, Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper, are determined to make *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* one of the grandest pictures of their careers. On opposite page, a scene from the picture, with Claudette revealing why she was long known as "the girl with the most beautiful legs on Broadway." At left, above, a new portrait study of Miss Colbert, and below, an interesting candid camera shot of the stars

AT THE TENNIS MATCHES!

What a turn-out of celebrities for Hollywood's biggest tennis match of the year, when Fred Perry and Ellsworth Vines competed for top honors! Directly above you see (left to right) Rudy Vallee and Gloria Youngblood, the widely-publicized new Vallee heart interest; Danielle Darrieux, her husband, Henri Decoin, Pat Paterson, Bill Powell; Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks with Doug and the Fred Astaires. In circle below are Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt with Margaret Lindsay and Charles Butterworth, and Lily Damita with her handsome husband Errol Flynn. At bottom of page, left, are Constance Bennett, Cedric Gibbons, Gilbert Roland and Dolores Del Rio. At right, Margaret Sullavan, Herman Mankiewitz, Marlene Dietrich and Michael Brooke who is the glamorous Marlene's escort

PREVIEW TONIGHT!

When the quaint old Hollywood custom of previews began, years ago, they were supposed to be secret affairs, known only to the cast and technicians. Nowadays, however, the entire movie town is tipped off to the big previews, and everyone turns out. When Warner Brothers recently previewed *Gold Is Where You Find It*, there were celebrities galore. Directly above, genial Jack Warner greets famed Manhattan columnist Mark Hellinger and his beautiful wife, Gladys Glad, while Wayne Morris brought both Priscilla and Rosemary Lane. In circle below are Alice Faye and her youthful mother, and Mary Pickford with famed critic Louella Parsons. At bottom of page are Irene Dunne; writer Jerry Wald escorting dimpled Leah Ray; and cunning Anne Shirley. Did autograph hounds have a field day!

COLBE
CHAR
BOYE

The TRAGEDY

THAT HAUNTS BARBARA STANWYCK!

IF EVER a girl in this wide world ought to be abounding in sheer happiness, one might point to Barbara Stanwyck and call the search off. For her, the cup seemingly should be overflowing—rich with all the fleet sweetness of life. And why not? She has everything, hasn't she?—fame, home, money—all the things that make for happiness.

Most people may believe that, but Hollywood knows different. For Barbara Stanwyck, the screen star, does not feel the elation of glittering success. Rather, the keynote is dismal tragedy, and it takes all the courage she can build in her trim body to smile at the world, to try and fulfill the glamorous role Fate has so belatedly given her.

Barbara has always fought a lone battle against the world. She is little different in that respect today than she was years ago in the slums of Brooklyn, living a life she wishes she could forget. And she is still fighting that lone battle, only now the whole world knows at least a part of the tragedy which forever hounds her trail.

It is not my intention to take sides in a controversy that has raged across the front pages of the nation's newspapers.

That is a matter which must be settled by the courts, Barbara, and the man who was her husband—Frank Fay. But I would like to give some hint of the things which have forever stolen complete happiness from Barbara—a long chain of events which would drive most mortals to utter desperation. And in telling this story, one cannot completely avoid this latest chapter in her life.

Barbara seldom can be coaxed into talking about the bleak moments of her early life. I don't blame her, for there is nothing but sorrow and sordidness in it. I remember one day trying to persuade her to harken back to those Brooklyn days.

She smiled back at me and shook her head. "No," she said, "it's too hard a thing to do. Go inside the office and look at the records. There is nothing to hide. It's all written down. But don't make me think of those days again."

And little can one blame her. She was born on July 16, 1907, in a Brooklyn tenement. She knows nothing about her ancestors. Barbara was still a child when her mother was killed getting off a street car. Her father had deserted them—taken to the sea. On one of his voyages he died. Barbara cannot remember him. And her parents' ancestors?

Barbara can be little else but cynical. "They were probably horse thieves," she suggests.

From the age of two Barbara was a "paid orphan." The state placed her and her brother, who was three years older, in separate homes, paying for their care. And only once did she find even a semblance of comfort in any of the places she lived while a growing child!

Always she was sent to some poor home, where she had to sleep on an extra bed in the living room, or huddle up in some dark corner. It was that way month after month, and the only time she escaped such an atmosphere, the touch of happiness which came to her did not last long. It was with a Jewish family. The kindly couple tried to teach her elementary good manners, tried to eradicate the easy swear words she had already learned on the streets. The job was incomplete, for presently a baby came [*Continued on page* 56]

By TED MAGEE

The happiness that is every woman's right has been denied Barbara Stanwyck—and all Hollywood sympathizes with her!

On opposite page, the glamorous Barbara beloved of screen fans. Above, the heartsick woman who waged a bitter battle against her former husband for their adopted son, Dion, child at left

GLITTER GLITTER LITTLE STAR!

1

6

7

2

5

Stars, stars, everywhere—at the glittering premiere of *In Old Chicago.* The Warner Baxters (1); that hotter-than-hot two-some, Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power (2); Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Norma Shearer (3); Virginia Field and Vic Orsatti, an important new combination (4); Alice Faye's brother Bill with Arlene Whalen, latest contender for that same "Scarlett" role (5); Annabella with her husband, Jean Murat, also of French films (6); and Gene Markey, Joan Bennett's ex, proved that he still prefers blondes by escorting Anita Louise. These stellar folk thrilled to 20th Century-Fox masterpiece

3

4

RAY GOES INTO HIGH

By BEN MADDOX

Gone! An inheritance, a promising screen career and a lovely wife! But Ray Milland determined to regain all he had lost!

ONE year from now Ray Milland will be one of the stars who truly matters in Hollywood. He has to be. *Or something terrible will happen to him!*

"It's one or the other," he declares definitely. Frankly.

He isn't being melodramatic. He knows himself.

After bitter turmoil, after failure that seemed complete, he knows because he has taken personal stock.

Behind Ray's current rise there is hidden an amazing private story. A handsome young man with a virile desire for adventure and gaiety he was magnificently impulsive. His hours were but opportunities for fun. There were no payments for pleasure. Such staid, stuffy things as technique and responsibility were — — jolly nonsense!

Then ambition, love, laziness and disgust — — all the elemental emotions which make or break us — — in turn ruled him utterly, led him off on tangents that threatened to ruin him. One year from now two who care so very, very much will pause and sigh. They will have arrived at his goal. Or two who tackled the world together will be so awfully miserable.

On the surface you see none of this, of course. Ray, obviously, is going into high in Hollywood. After an average of a new lead every six weeks for the past two years, a hard-work program if there ever was one, he is enacting the punch role in Paramount's most expensive epic, *Men With Wings.* As soon as he finishes this super production he'll step directly into the coveted hero spot in his studio's next major effort, Kipling's masterpiece, *The Light That Failed.*

He is happily married, the gossips can tell you. Just moved into a [*Continued on page* 49]

Ray Milland, that handsome Irishman, is shown here in a scene from *Her Jungle Love,* co-starring lovely Dorothy Lamour

THE AMAZING CHANGE IN LORETTA YOUNG!

Still the most vivacious girl in Hollywood, Loretta Young has acquired understanding, depth and maturity far beyond her years!

By JASPER DEANE

THE passing years can do strange things to anyone's personality. Sometimes, almost overnight, an inexplicable alchemy of the human emotions takes place—a whole new pattern is set up. And when a thing like that takes place in a relative split second of a person's lifetime, that, to my mind, is one of the most profound mysteries life gives us.

Such a change has come over Loretta Young.

She is still the most vivacious girl in Hollywood. I think no one can dispute that statement. Her bubbling, effervescent personality, her utter ease in any group and under any circumstance, has marked her character in Hollywood even more than her amazing eyes have pegged her character on the screen.

Sometimes vivacious people are flighty, especially young ones. If Loretta ever was that way, she certainly has left those adolescent marks far behind. For today she retains the sparkle, and has beneath it a placid, humanitarian understanding that is even now a marvel to her friends.

If the whole story of Loretta's interest in the under-privileged could be told, I think you would gain a new and vastly superior picture of her. But I have been pledged not to tell the majority of her kindly deeds. In that respect she is a true philanthropist. She finds a great happiness in helping people, and she has accepted the role to the point of it becoming a burden. Her attitude on the matter should forever refute the common opinion that Hollywood stars are charitable for publicity reasons alone.

I spent an afternoon once with Loretta as she discussed the problems of the needy with the parish priest, the very kindly Father Dunnigan. Other than to tell you my eyes were opened wide over what I heard, I can go no further. But I left her home with a fresh understanding of the character Loretta Young has beneath that gay smile.

One thing I am sure she does not mind my telling. It was a rare privilege to be at her home about a week before Christmas, when she was rushing around in the last flurry of excitement over the big day just ahead. In Loretta's front room were more than five hundred packages to be wrapped—and this is the honest truth—Loretta was wrapping each one of those gifts herself! That very fact is a bigger tribute to her interest in people than the actual cost of the gifts.

Who were these presents for? Well, a portion of them went to her well-to-do friends, of course. That is a social necessity. But most of them were for people who couldn't possibly return the favor in any way other than appreciation. Loretta told me about that, with her usual frankness.

"I'm really selfish," she admitted over a cup of coffee. "You see, I want to give to people personally. I want the joy of seeing their faces light up with happiness, and it isn't half so much fun unless I do. If I were really unselfish, I would be content just with the thought of giving."

Well, that's a matter of strict opinion. I don't think she recognizes more than half the truth. For that very afternoon, while I held bundles of ribbon for her, she was getting a tremendous kick out of merely wrapping those gifts better than the stores did!

I don't think she will mind my telling you about one gift. It was a huge book full of bird paintings in full color by the now unforgettable Audubon. She had purchased it at considerable expense for the husband of one of her costume fitters at the studio. The man is seriously ill and may not have many years of life left. His one consuming interest in life is birds. Loretta knew that because she had talked with him, so she hunted down the finest bird book a person can buy. And I myself would have liked to have seen his face when he got that gift!

THIS interest in humanity has grown by leaps and bounds within Loretta. It alone has changed her a great deal. She has become more thoughtful. She measures every remuneration now in terms of what she can do for other people as well as herself.

Naturally, there are penalties that come with a thing like this. People whom she does not know ask favors she cannot possibly fulfill. If her income were twice what it is, she would still be needing more to continue the benefits she has al-

[*Continued on page* 60]

Loretta's next 20th Century-Fox picture will be the widely read *Four Men and a Prayer*

At left, Cesar Romero whispers a secret to Loretta at a recent filmland party

Is Bette Davis playing another Scarlett O'Hara in "Jezebel"? Although Warner Bros. indignantly denies such a thing, Bette's new film presents her as a tempestuous belle of Civil War days whose Southern charm conquers many men—and her numerous fans will be anxious to see the result

BETTE DAVIS

The First 24 Years Are The Hardest

Below, you see Tyrone with his charming mother, Patia Power; practicing the piano (he's an expert), and arriving in New York for a recent vacation

By
SONIA
LEE

Part II of Tyrone Power's vivid life story ends with the handsome star finding inevitable Hollywood success!

FROM childhood Tyrone Power was dedicated to the stage. At seventeen he began his acting career under the guidance of his father. When Tyrone Power, Sr. was called to Hollywood to star in the talkie version of *The Miracle Man,* the boy accompanied him. Before the picture was completed Tyrone Power, the elder, died in his son's arms. Then the boy began his futile search for work in the studios.

Today Tyrone Power is a star of the first magnitude after little over a year on the screen.

Hardship and obscurity are behind him. Difficulties have become tenderly treasured memories—symbols of a boy's indomitable ambition and hopes.

But in those first months of futile Hollywood job-hunting—a scant five years ago—it was difficult to maintain unbending courage. So many promises were made him. So very few kept.

He grew older quickly in those days—far wiser than his eighteen years. Tyrone lived meagerly, frugally. He had a five-dollar-a-week allowance, made him by an old family friend, an attorney who since then has been amply repaid.

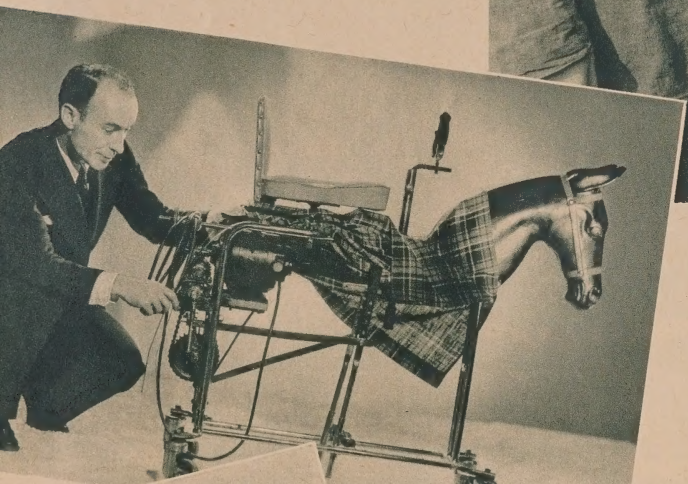
The boy carefully budgeted that tiny sum—so much for rent; so much for food. He lived in cellars and in attic rooms; slept on cots in tool sheds and garages.

Today, he [*Continued on page* 53]

This Month's HOLLYWOOD NEWS STORY

A great "human interest" document is this story of James Flatley, the Hollywood extra whose invention will aid the world's helpless invalids

By JAMES REID



Inventor James Flatley and Walter Connolly (top picture) appear together in Columbia's *Penitentiary*. Directly above, Flatley and his health-giving machine (designed for children) which may bring happiness to thousands of paralytics. At left, John Howard and Jean Parker, who became interested in Flatley and his work during filming of *Penitentiary*

COLUMBIA is making a powerful picture called *Penitentiary*. Walter Connolly, Jean Parker and John Howard are starred. Connolly has the dramatic role of a prosecutor who becomes a prison warden.

Today he is making the scene in which the prisoners "welcome" him.

The setting is the walled-in exercise yard of the prison. The yard is crowded with convicts—three hundred men all dressed drably alike in dingy gray uniforms, gray caps. Three hundred men in an ugly mood.

Out of a big concrete building at one side comes Connolly, in a dark business suit. A big steel door swings shut behind him. He pauses at the top of some concrete steps, looking over the men below him.

At sight of him there is a sinister muttering from the convicts, a muttering that swells into a taunting, defiant chant of "Yah! Yah! Yah! Yah!" By their yammering, they are fomenting a riot.

Coolly, he nips the end off a cigar, lights it, takes a few puffs. Coolly, with his coat apart and his hands in his trouser pockets, he walks down the steps, walks in among the men. They part, wave after wave to let him pass, still barking "Yah! Yah! Yah! Yah!"

On the sidelines between "takes," looking at the three hundred extras, all dressed grayly alike, all as anonymous as if they actually *were* inside prison walls, all of them men whose past lives are as unknown as those of the [*Continued on page* 46]

LOVE'S LEGACY TO MARTHA RAYE!

By FREDERICK McFEE

A vivid, understanding portrait of the girl Hollywood has cruelly misunderstood—and why she now confines her playgirl antics only to the screen

THE man's hand was very painfully injured. His companions bundled him into a car, rushed him to the emergency clinic operated in connection with one of Hollywood's largest hospitals—a charity clinic designed to render maximum service at no cost to the afflicted.

An efficient young physician greeted the patient as the man was ushered into one of the white-walled rooms. Beside him stood a young woman in nurse's uniform. The physician went to work, dressed the injury, while the nurse supplied him with bandages and other things which he needed for his work.

The job done, the patient said:

"Thanks, doc. That feels a lot better."

He turned to the nurse. "And thanks to you, too," he said. "Say—you know you look an awful lot like that girl that clowns around so in pictures—Martha Raye."

The nurse smiled. "Yes," she said. "A lot of people do mistake me for Miss Raye."

Which was and is not at all surprising. For the girl *is* Martha Raye. She won't know until she reads this that her secret has been discovered. She's apt to be a little bit put out, too, because she's been afraid she'd be "caught up with" and accused of figuring out a new way to get publicity. And that isn't the motive at all. She's trying to get her mind occupied, trying to forget that she's been in love, has been married and has been divorced after a couple of months of domestic turbulance. In fact, she's taking a cure—a mental one—while she helps others get over physical hurts.

Martha's association with the California Forestry Medical Corps, an organization designed to cooperate with the police, fire department. and other agencies in times of disaster, particularly during forest fires, began many months ago. The corps was founded by Dr. Frank Nolan, her personal physician, and best man at her elopement wedding at Las Vegas last Decoration Day, when she married Hamilton (Buddy) Westmore. The marriage crashed three months later.

At first her association with the corps was purely honorary.

After [*Continued on page* 51]

A subdued, more serious Martha Raye is the party girl pictured at top of page. Below, Martha lays claim to Hollywood's shapeliest underpinnings in *The Big Broadcast of 1938*, and at right, with W. C. Fields and Shirley Ross in the same Paramount musical

By
E. J. SMITHSON

A MODEL YOUNG MAN!

It took Hollywood a long time to recognize the talents of handsome Alan Curtis — but now he's on the crest of the wave!

BEING a smart guy, when the tall, dark, and handsome Alan Curtis left New York for Hollywood eighteen months ago he took with him, in addition to an "I hope I make good" prayer, enough folding money to insure his train fare back home—just in case.

Except for six inconsequential lines of assorted dialogue, most of which hit the cutting room floor, he did nothing more noteworthy during his first thirteen months than to establish himself as the best thumb-twiddler in Hollywood as he awaited a bolt of movie lightning to blast away the "Nothing doing" sign apparently hailed forever across his screen career.

Then Lady Luck flew in and perched on his shoulder.

Immediately after, he kissed the glamorous Miss Joan Crawford many times and, not satisfied with that progress, threatened to smack Mr. Spencer Tracy right on the nose!

All this occurred in *Mannequin*, in which he played opposite the fair Joan—and take his word for it, the sudden and unexpected elevation to important roles has sent him into a dizzy spin. "Believe me," he grins, "I honestly didn't know how it felt to be an actor with a part—until *Mannequin* came along! I didn't feel anything during the screening of the film—and I'm still numb! I came out here purely on a gamble and only after my New York friends had urged me to take screen tests. After I got a contract I figured if I made good, okay.

If I flopped, that would be okay, too! I stuck around for more than a year biting my fingernails—when I wasn't biting into hamburgers at these open-air drive-ins—appearing in a few pictures that I had to see three or four times before I could find myself in a mob scene. I was just about ready to call the whole thing off when this happened. *Mannequin*, I mean. It was a 10,000 to 1 shot that I happened to be chosen for the part of Eddie Miller, and I was smart enough to know that it was a chance in a life-time."

Well, so far as M-G-M and public reaction is concerned he didn't muff it, and he can use his "folding up" money for anything he wishes except car fare to [*Continued on page* 64]

Gwen Wakeling

Robert Kalloch

Constance Bennett

Howard Greer

Irene Saltern

Omar Kiam

Presenting California Fashion Previews!

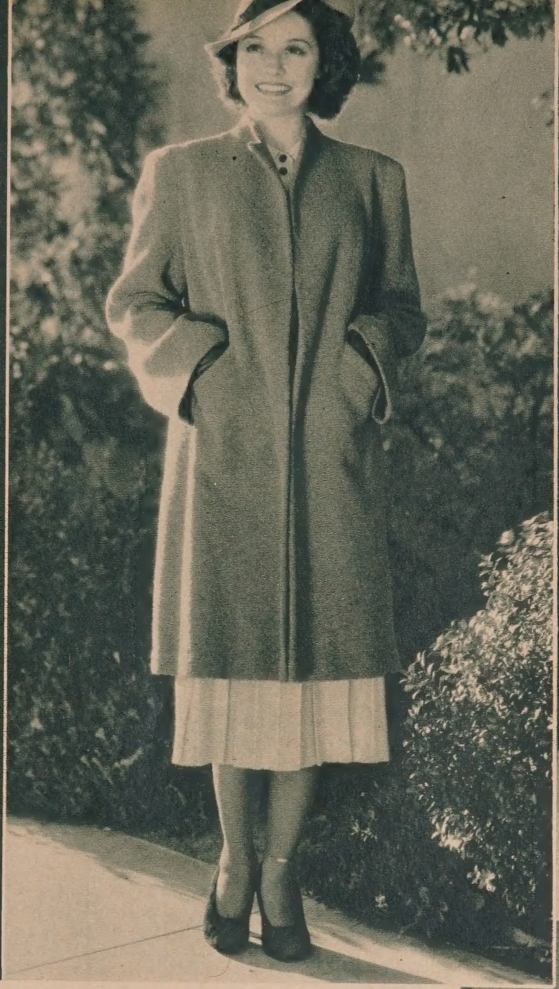
AGAIN SCREEN BOOK comes to the fore with an innovation that is bound to be welcomed by its many thousands of readers—a style service that has never before been offered to film fans! SCREEN BOOK is going to tell you how YOU can dress like the stars you admire—and, most important, at a cost that is within the smallest of budgets!

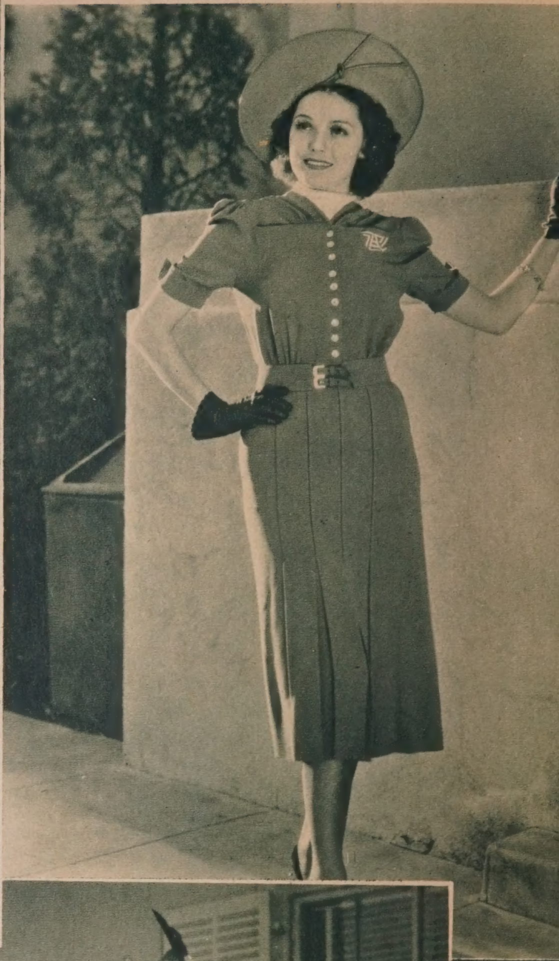
California Fashion Previews, with a style selection committee comprising five of Hollywood's leading designers, as well as that best-dressed screen star, Constance Bennett, are going to select each month for SCREEN BOOK readers four different frocks and coats as a style service for YOU! Most important—the price of each garment is clearly stated with the names and addresses of stores where you may purchase the garments. On the following two pages you will find their initial selections as worn by lovely Marjorie Weaver, 20th Century-Fox star of *Sally, Irene and Mary*.

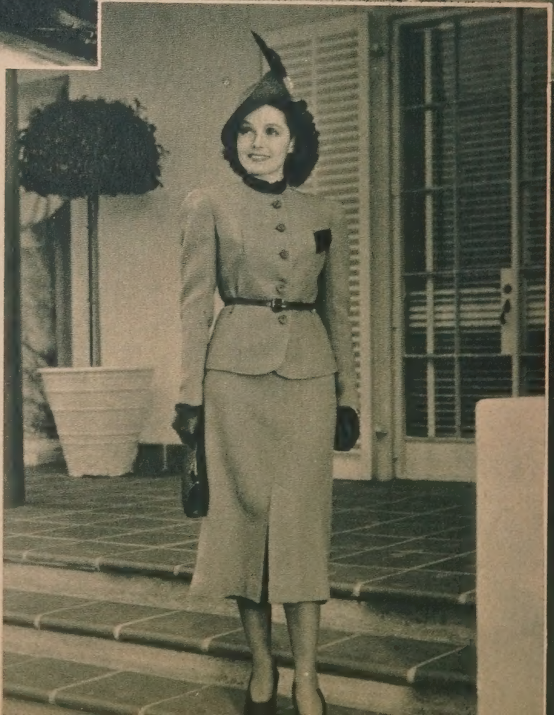
The style selection committee sounds like a Who's Who of the fashion world—they are men and women who set the fashions of Hollywood—and through Hollywood, the world itself! So you know that the outfits they choose are bound to be as timely and up-to-the-minute as tomorrow's newspaper!

Of course, we don't have to tell you about Constance Bennett, the most glamorous member of our California Fashion Previews style committee. The fact that she is invariably listed among Hollywood's best-dressed women means that her country-women are well aware of her style supremacy. Miss Bennett's astuteness in the manner of clothes goes beyond her professional wardrobes. Her personal wardrobe is famous for its chic, both in this country and on the Continent. Her style sense is a great aid to California Fashion Previews in selecting their styles.

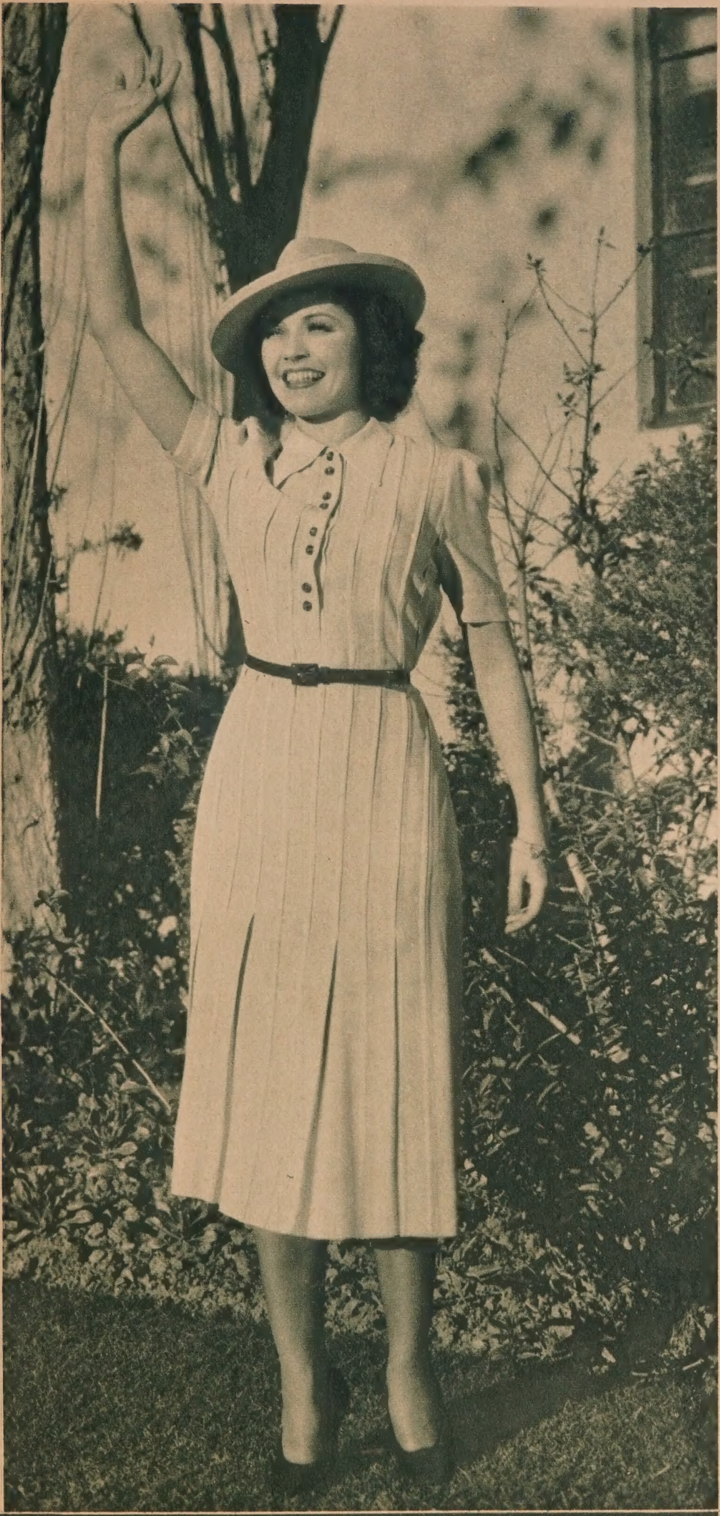
Howard Greer is Hollywood's foremost creator of personal wardrobes. For years he has been its most successful couturier. Among his clients are both famous screen celebrities and distinguished California social leaders, and [*Continued on page* 57]







This spring Hollywood again hails made-in-California sportswear, for 1938's sportswear has a dressed-up look, a care for detail that the stars prefer. Directly above, Marjorie Weaver, SCREEN BOOK's pride and 20th Century-Fox's joy, wears a soft, deep krimma kurl coat admirably suited to early spring weather ($25.00). Upper left, Marjorie models a delightful frock with yoke treatment inspired by the soft, draped lines of the cowl. Crepe Whisper, a fabric woven with rayon, is the material, and the crisp monogram and swagger gaucho belt add other smart touches ($15.95). At left, Miss Weaver, who appears in the forthcoming *Sally, Irene and Mary*, wears a softly lustrous dressmaker suit whose single hue is accented by contrasting tone in belt, buttons, scarf and handkerchief ($25.00). On opposite page, Crepe Whisper again provides a stunning frock for Marjorie. The California shirtmaker, favored by all well-groomed women, outdoes itself for trimness in this exquisitely tucked one-piece dress, with its narrow leather belt and tiny stud buttons lending contrast ($15.95)



THESE AND OTHER CALIFORNIA FASHION PREVIEWS EXCLUSIVELY AT

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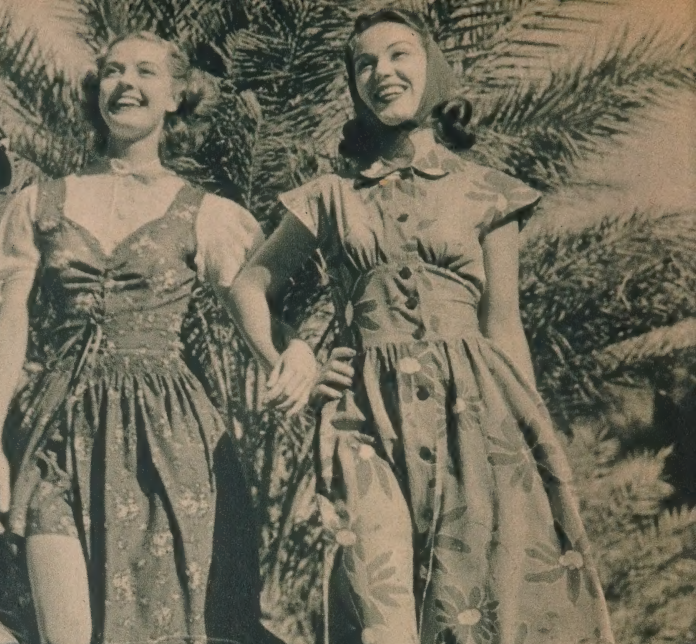

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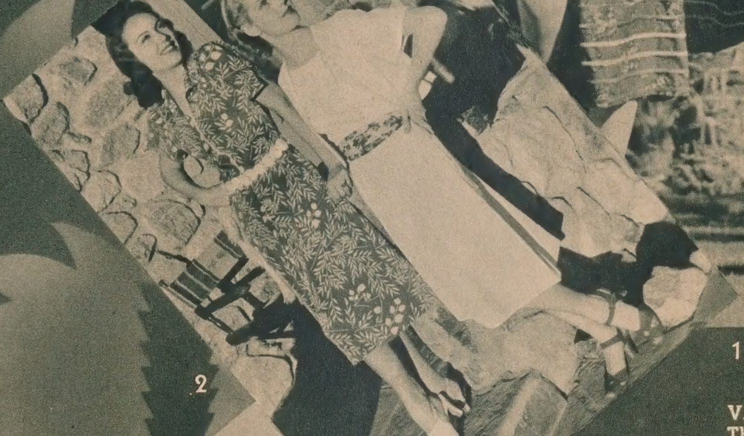

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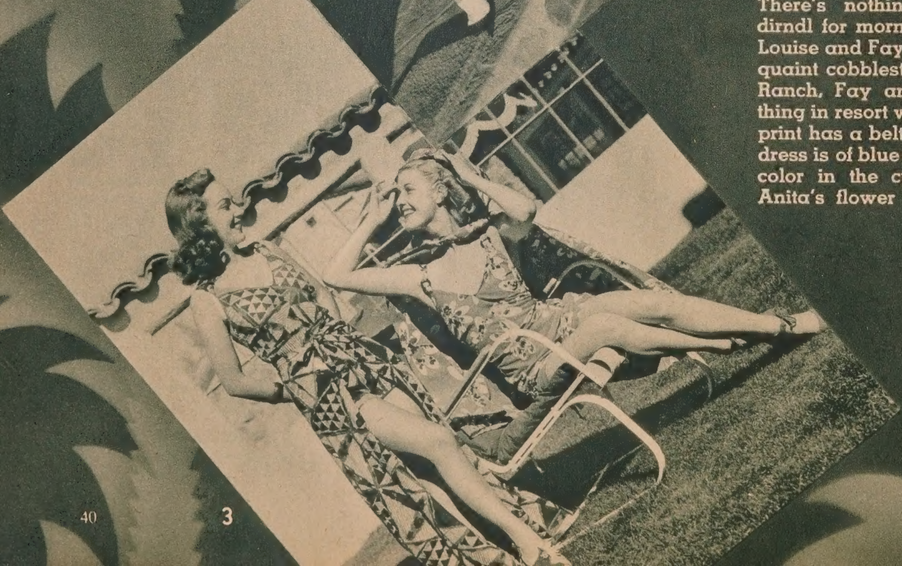

3

VACATIONING IN PALM SPRINGS: 1. There's nothing like the bright-colored dirndl for morning resort wear, say Anita Louise and Fay Wray. 2. Standing on the quaint cobblestone veranda of the B-Bar-H Ranch, Fay and Anita wear the newest thing in resort wear. Fay's blue and white print has a belt of sea shells while Anita's dress is of blue and red sharkskin. 3. Every color in the cycle was used to fashion Anita's flower print and Fay's Bali-Batik

Brings new aid to Women's Skin!

this new Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

"A cleansing cream that also nourishes the skin is a great achievement"

Mrs. Arthur Richardson

Mrs. Arthur Richardson

Granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN

"I am delighted with the new Pond's Cold Cream. Now that we can have the benefits of the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream, I wonder how women were ever satisfied to use cleansing creams that did not also nourish!"

A NEW KIND of cream is bringing more direct help to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which helps the body to build new skin tissue—the important "skin-vitamin."

Within recent years doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Essential to Skin Health

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams during more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin became rough, old looking when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Now women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are reporting that pores are looking finer, that skin is smoother; best of all, that the use of this cream gives a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

(ABOVE) *Entertaining in the white drawing room of her New York apartment.* (CENTER) *Mrs. Richardson greeting friends after the opera.*

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for make-up in the morning and during the day. Whenever you get a chance, leave a little on. This new kind of cream now *nourishes* your skin.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 6-CR, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Tuesdays, 8:00 P. M., E.S.T., N.B.C. Blue Network

FOODS FROM THE DEEP!

For the Lenten period serve these tempting and nourishing seafoods

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Silvery sardines add contrast to usual scrambled eggs

FISH and seafoods of all kinds come to the fore during the Lenten season and early Spring. And there is something very pleasing, after a winter of heavier meats, in the change to fish for delicious dishes which recall the tang of salty spray and white sails scudding before the wind.

Today, whether the family lives on the seacoast or far inland makes little difference, so highly improved are refrigerator cars and scientific distribution methods which bring us fish direct from ocean to oven! The canned fish industries also are to be congratulated on their fine efforts to bring to the smallest inland village the tasty delights of salmon, tuna, cod, mackerel, herring, sardines, brislings, as well as those seafood favorites, oysters, clams, crabs and lobsters. Shrimp also, and other specialty fish which a generation ago were strictly confined to a small local area are now available in all their flavor to families to whom the sea will always remain only a colored picture in their minds.

Foods from the deep! Yes, and bringing with them some of the ocean's remarkable and precious store of iodine and other food minerals so important to perfect health. The story is told of Queen Victoria that in middle life she began the daily habit of drinking a glass of fresh seawater so that she might secure its mineral benefits. Not nearly so pleasant as opening a can of salmon or tuna and concocting it into a dinner dish fit for a queen—or for any hungry family whose appetite knows good food when it appears.

That right-out-of-the-ocean flavor may be found in canned and frosted fish of many varieties, and is responsible for the favor in which seafoods are held. Take salmon, for example, as it comes packed in cans of different sizes for the convenience of either the small or the large family. Canned salmon is particularly high in food value, a most nourishing food as witnessed by its use by campers and scouts who rely almost exclusively on its concentrated bulk for their protein or meat value.

CANNED salmon in the hands of the housekeeper may be transformed into appetizing main dishes at exceptional low cost. For salads she may use Chinook or King Salmon, rich in oil, and which when removed from the can separates into large flakes. In color it ranges from red to white, and is usually packed in a flat can at a higher price than some other varieties. Red or Sockeye salmon is good in both hot and cold dishes and has meat of deep red color, usually labeled Red or Alaska salmon. Pink salmon enjoys great popularity, has a delicate texture and makes wholesome dishes. Chum or Keta salmon is the least expensive but is nutritious and good in

Planked salmon Savannah and vegetables are a grand meal

Tuna fish is typical of inexpensive canned seafood dishes cooked dishes. Why not try at once the following recipe for delicious

PLANKED SALMON SAVANNAH

2 cups (1 pound) canned salmon
½ cup evaporated milk
2 tablespoons onion, minced
1 bayleaf
3 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 egg yolks, well beaten
2 tablespoons minced pickle or relish
1 tablespoon minced parsley
2 cups fine bread crumbs
salt, pepper

Heat juice from salmon, milk, onion and bayleaf in double boiler. Add butter, blend in flour and stir until smooth. Add yolks, seasonings, pickle and parsley. Cool. Add flaked salmon. Shape into 6 cutlets, roll in flour, then in egg white and bread crumbs. Arrange hot mashed potatoes in middle of greased baking platter, place cutlets on top, and brown in hot oven (450° F.). Serve with hot spinach, baby beets or other vegetables. Garnish with slices of hard boiled eggs. (Serves 6.)

Salmon is also ideal for light luncheon dishes, and a substantial but easy to prepare snack or sandwich. What, for example, could be more appetizing than these clever Salmonburgers?

SALMONBURGERS

2 cups (1 pound) flaked canned salmon
¾ cup coarse cracker crumbs
1 egg, well beaten
1 small onion, sliced
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons chili sauce
1 teaspoon made mustard

Melt butter and saute onions. Combine with all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Shape into flat cakes and fry quickly in hot butter. Split heated round large buns in half and place hot salmon cakes between. Serve with dill or bread and butter pickles. (Serves 6.)

Convenience is an important feature of canned seafoods, for fresh fish is often unpleasant and time-taking to prepare. There is no scaling, skinning or boning when you use canned fish! Codfish is another pick of the fish catch, and comes in many canned forms such as ready-to-use flakes, codfish balls and fillets. Men are particularly fond of codfish, and also of hash, so that the following recipe should score on both counts!

FLAKED FISH HASH

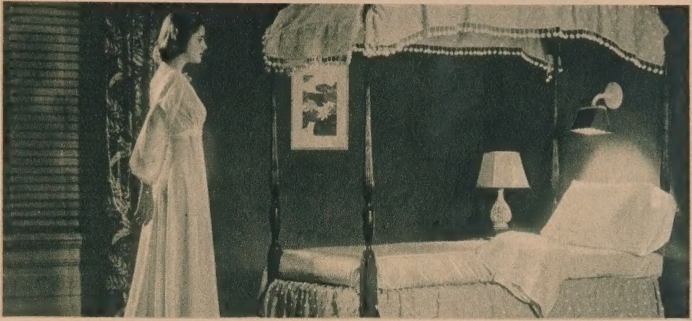
1 cup (1 can) flaked codfish
1 cup chopped boiled potato
1 onion, chopped fine
1 egg, well beaten
3 tablespoons bacon fat
6 strips fried bacon
parsley or watercress
salt, pepper

Mix fish with potato and onion. Add egg and fat and season highly. Shape into a large cake in frying pan. Cook slowly, browning well on both sides. Remove to hot platter, garnish with fried bacon strips and parsley, and serve immediately. (Serves 2.) (May have 2 or more poached eggs laid on top.)

TUNA fish is another canned seafood which of recent years has come into wide and justified popularity. Used chiefly for cold salads, nevertheless when hot it is equally rich and its taste is thought by many to resemble white meat of chicken. There are many recipes for using tuna in casserole dishes, with a seasoned white sauce. In such meals little else is required except a contrasting green salad and a fruit

[*Continued on page* 62]

SHE SAW A GHOST IN THE BED...



It rattled no chains and shook no bones—but there was an unwelcome ghost in Mary's guest room! It hid in the sheets, the curtains, the linens. Guests saw it with horror but didn't dare mention it—until Cousin Flo saw the ghost in the bed.

NEXT MORNING

The very next morning, Cousin Flo told Mary—"It's tattle-tale gray that's haunting your clothes. Your weak-kneed soap doesn't wash things perfectly clean. If you want to chase out that mean dingy shadow—to banish tattle-tale gray—change to Fels-Naptha Soap."

FEW WEEKS LATER

And that was the end of the ghost in the guest room. Thanks to Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha,* Mary now gets *all* the dirt out of clothes. The sheets shine so white—and everything smells so fresh and sweet—friends say it's a thrill to sleep at her house! . . . Why don't *you* play safe, too? See how easy it is to . . .

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap!

NEW! Try
Fels-Naptha
Soap Chips, too!

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

Claire Dodd's delicate blonde beauty is stunningly revealed in Paramount's new picture, *Romance In The Dark*

SCREEN BOOK'S BEAUTY SCHOOL

Honor Student:

CLAIRE DODD

Subject:

GENERAL BEAUTY HINTS

By JANET LYNN

Our object lesson deals in make-up tricks and secrets that will aid in your quest for beauty

IMAGINE expecting a siren, and instead meeting Miss Simplicity!

That's what happened to me the day I interviewed Claire Dodd. I had just seen her playing in Paramount's *Romance in the Dark,* and I was all prepared for a wicked woman of the world. When Claire walked into the room where the party in her honor was being held, I thought she was just a college senior home for the mid-year's vacation. And I went right on waiting for Miss Dodd to make an appearance.

A college senior. That's how Claire Dodd impressed me. In fact, she looked so much like the president of our own class these many years back, I thought time was playing a trick on me.

Claire is one of those "strawberry" blondes with a pale, delicate skin that freckles easily—and she's not ashamed of those freckles. The day I saw her, she was wearing a very fine powder that matched her skin tone—just enough of it to take the shine off her nice nose without covering up or toning down those golden spots. Men like freckles, she's discovered, so hers are there to stay.

"I have to wear so much professional make-up on my face all the time I am working," she told me, "that I try to give my skin as much of a rest as possible at other times. Just a dusting of powder to keep away shine, and lipstick (I'd feel naked without it!) and I'm off."

Miss Dodd finds the good old-fashioned method of scrubbing with soap and water quite adequate for removing this simple makeup, but when it comes to the heavier screen make-up, she goes in for creams in the grand manner. Our lovely lady of the screen is like most other American girls in her demands for utter cleanliness.

"That goes for my hair too," she went on. "Unkempt hair is one of my most bitter hates. I give mine a good oil shampoo once a week when I'm not working—and when I am working, the score goes up to one a day!"

Claire's red-gold hair reflects this care, too. It has that lustrous sheen, that casual, carefree look which means hours spent with a good shampoo and a good brush. The curls and waves fell so softly around her face that it was difficult to tell whether this was a good permanent or a natural wave.

Just like any college girl, Claire likes to experiment with bright nail polish. That day she was wearing, with her black dress and bright paisley turban, a lovely brownish-coral shade. Her nails were fairly short, and simply rounded—"those long pointed artificial nails I wore in my last picture are all right for emphasizing a sophisticated screen personality, but for off-screen life, I prefer something more conservative," she said.

WHEN I asked Claire what she thought of New York, she said "It's grand, but there's no place to cycle. That's how I travel around Hollywood, but I'm afraid I'd shock the Manhattan populace and the police if I started bicycling down Fifth Avenue! They don't seem to understand what good exercise and fun it is.

"However," she went on, "New York's a grand place to get thin. I came East to do that, you know."

I didn't know, and said so, adding that I, with my eye for figures, didn't see where she needed to lose any weight or inches either.

"Why, where the bicycling helps—around my hips, of course," she laughed. "Just the spot where most women want to lose weight. What's more, I've lost two whole pounds! Doesn't that speak well for New York? And that, in spite of all these parties with someone always trying to make me eat 'just one little sandwich' "—and she laughingly waved away our hostess who was approaching with that certain gleam in her eye.

"I'll confess, though," Claire went on,

"that I'm really enjoying myself before my next picture. I'm getting myself into shape by going dancing, not drinking, not smoking, and eating sensibly with no little snacks in between meals."

One look at the accompanying picture of Claire should convince all sceptics that her beauty methods really work. The baby-like smoothness of her skin, the silkiness of her hair, lashes and brows add much to the beauty of her regular features and her lithe, slim figure.

Your hair may not be that lovely red-gold of Claire's but if you follow her rule for brushing and shampooing frequently, you can bring out the latent beauty of your own brown, red or black locks. Be sure, though, to select your shampoo to suit the condition of your hair and scalp. If your hair is blonde and inclined to dryness, as is so often the case with blonde hair, then choose a special oil shampoo with olive oil as a base; if it is dark and much too inclined to become oily, then try a shampoo with pine tar as an ingredient. These two excellent preparations, made by the same firm, are really more than cleansers. They recondition and tone the hair, and normalize scalp conditions such as dandruff. Both are of the type that form no lather, highly refined oils that are chemically treated so that they wash away in clear water, taking along with them all dirt and dandruff. An easy, speedy and, more important, an effective method of keeping your locks as clean and shining as a movie star's.

There's an old saying, "She's twenty by candle light, forty by daylight" that will have to be revised, I am happy to report. All on account of a light-proof face powder that keeps your skin looking soft and glowing whether you are dining at home by the romantic light of candles, dancing under the often-trying light of night clubs or walking in the park in bright sunlight. The powder accomplishes all this by modifying all light rays, preventing unbecoming highlights and "shine." It comes in an attractive square, green box for only 55 cents and there are four nicely blended shades to choose from. Want the name?

IT'S always a lot of fun to get advance samples of new cosmetics—opening the packages, admiring the bottles and jars, sniffing the contents and dipping into them tentatively—so you can imagine what a lot of excitment there was in the beauty department recently when we received a new lotion, a new salon type nail polish and some lotion-soaked cleansing pads—all fresh from the makers.

Now that we have actually tested these products, after our initial outburst of curiosity, we're ready to tell you about them. I have an idea you'll be intrigued, too. The formula for the lotion is based on milk-oils actually extracted from fresh-dairy milk. Chemical analysis shows that these milk-oils are very similar to the oils of the human skin and, therefore, easily absorbed by the outer skin. But, chemistry or no, actual use shows that the lotion does all the things a good hand emollient is supposed to. It dries rapidly, so you can whip into your gloves immediately after applying it. It leaves the skin smooth, without a trace of stickiness or greasiness and its fragrance is pleasant but so faint that it can't conflict with your perfume or cologne. You will find the pretty bottles, with their scarlet labels, on most cosmetic counters. They come in two attractive sizes—25 cents and 50 cents.

The flash news about the salon type polish is that it has a "clinging" quality that makes it wear for days and days. This is

[*Continued on page* 63]

Easy to use as your powder puff
..... TWICE AS IMPORTANT
Dreskin Coolies CLEANSING PADS
Dreskin Coolies SPECIAL 98¢

Dreskin

Coolies

by CAMPANA

FACIAL CLEANSING PADS FOR PURSE AND DRESSING TABLE

• New—and what a welcome they're getting! . . . Soft, wafer-thin pads scientifically treated with DRESKIN — in a smart green and ivory compact for your purse and a black and green "humidor" jar for your dressing table . . . It's a new thrill to enjoy DRESKIN's deeper cleansing wherever you are — in the midst of shopping, after a restaurant dinner, or before leaving a movie. . . . Coolies are the first compact-size facial pads to give you a cleanser which women everywhere have found safe for every type of skin — and the only pads treated with genuine DRESKIN. Feel their refreshing invigoration. Use them any time and anywhere — and always before powdering. Insist on DRESKIN Coolies by Campana — at drug and department stores *now*.

NOW YOU CAN TAKE CAMPANA'S FAMOUS SKIN CLEANSER EVERYWHERE YOU GO

Introductory Offer

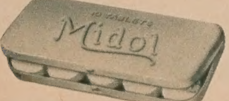
Large Jar Pads	$1.00
Compact	.25
	$1.25
SPECIAL	98c

Dreskin COOLIES — by The Makers of Italian Balm and Dreskin

The Calendar said: "be quiet"
MIDOL said: "be yourself"

DOCTORS know that severe periodic functional pain is not natural to most women. For thousands more, science has found a way to make it *unnecessary*. Yet many women still go on letting the calendar regulate their lives, setting aside certain days each month to miserable inactivity.

If you are one of them, you should know about Midol. Unless you have some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can make your days of menstruation as carefree as any other. It is offered for this special purpose—acts quickly, and in all but unusual instances brings definite relief. A few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day. Your druggist has Midol in convenient purse-size tins.



ON THE COUNTER AT DRUGSTORES

This Month's Hollywood News Story

[*Continued from page* 34]

convicts they are portraying, Connolly says:

"You writers come to us 'name' players for untold stories. But right there"—he indicates the extras—"are the greatest untold stories in Hollywood. Let me introduce you to one."

He leads the way in among the men, who are standing about in groups, talking. He has forgotten the name of the man he is seeking, but he is positive that he will recognize the man's face.

As we walk along, he tells me, "Twenty years ago, this man had an idea for something to help cripples. He's been working on it all this time. He's finally got it. And he's going to give it—*give* it, not sell it—to the world.

"He plays 'bits' and does 'extra' work for a living. One of hundreds. Some days he gets work; some days he doesn't. Today, I imagine, he's getting about eight-and-a-quarter—and glad to get it. But people may remember him, for what he has done, long after today's famous are forgotten."

At that moment, Connolly's face lights up. He has sighted his man. A smooth-shaven, smiling Irishman of about forty. He takes the man away from a small group, apologetically asking his name, then bringing him over to me. Connolly introduces him as: James Flatley. He asks Flatley to tell me about his invention, and what he is going to do with it.

Piece by piece, between "takes"—and later—I get the story.

It is not only the story of an invention to help the helpless. It is also the story of a man who believed in a dream, and who wouldn't give up till he had made the dream come true.

JIMMY FLATLEY was born in Greenwich Village and grew up in the Washington Heights district of New York. He went to the neighborhood parochial school. The teachers were Franciscan friars, men sworn to poverty and to helping the sick. For a long time, as a youngster, he wanted nothing from life but to become one of them. "Then," he says, "I realized I wasn't good enough. That haunted me for years."

It still haunts him. Off-guard, he admits he has never stopped praying that some day he can do something to make up, a little, for not being "good enough" to become like one of his teachers.

In the same block, and at the same time, lived a kid who would, in time, become famous in a place called Hollywood and, still later, be responsible for Jimmy's going there.

They hit it off together, having fights with the same enemies, playing baseball on the same vacant lots, taking in the same movies; then, as they grew older, taking their girls to the same dance halls. There was a time when Jimmy would rather dance than eat. His pal, however, had another urge that topped even dancing. If he had a choice between spending a dollar on a new tie or on a dance, he'd spend it on a tie. Another thing: he always carried a polish cloth in a back pocket, was always dusting off his shoes. He "always looked like something out of a band-box," even then. His name was—George Raft.

The dancing was interrupted by America's going into the World War, by the bugles blowing and the flags passing by. Jimmy had to get into it. But, while he was getting in, he decided he'd like to move around and see things. (He wasn't Irish for nothing.) He joined the Navy. And he saw more than he had bargained for.

The battleship he was on—the *U. S. S. North Carolina*—was a ferryboat for the hopelessly wounded; it brought back the most tragic victims of the machine-gun bullets and shrapnel and bombs.

Jimmy Flatley saw men who had been literally shot to pieces; men with stumps of bodies, men who would be living corpses the rest of their shattered lives. He saw men who could move only their eyes and their lips; men otherwise motionless—forever. He saw many of them die.

He thought what any of us would have thought: "Can't *something* be done for them? Can't *some* of them be saved from this living death?" He went farther than most of us would have gone. He thought: "Can't *I* do something for them, somehow?" He says today, embarrassedly, "I had the nerve to think that—I can't explain it. I just did."

Tossing in his hammock below decks, hearing even above the swishing of the sea and the pounding of the engines the faraway, tortured cries of men bearing unbearable pain, Jimmy Flatley first had his idea of a machine to aid cripples. A vague, shapeless idea then.

After the War, he had a succession of jobs, small-time jobs. Like Raft, he did a little dancing in vaudeville. Between times he worked in stores, sold cars. Then, in 1925, he was offered the chance of four years of voice study in Italy by two wealthy talent-hunters.

That is the ironic part of the story. He didn't ask for money to develop his voice. Men offered it to him—men who were willing to gamble thousands of dollars on the off-chance that he would become a paying concert attraction. Yet when he needed money desperately later, to finance experiments on an invention that would, if successful, help all mankind, no one believed in him. No one offered him money. No one was even willing to loan him any—not without wanting all possible patent rights for security.

He studied in Italy nearly four years, then gave it up; chucked it; came home. He says today, "My heart wasn't in it." That single sentence says volumes, in view of what happened later.

When he came home, he couldn't settle down. He had a little money saved. He went on a trip around the country.

He had plenty of time to think on that long four-month trip, driving alone. Time to think of how lucky he was. Time to think of motionless men in hospital cots. And children stricken with infantile paralysis—thousands of them a year. Time to think of that old idea of a machine to help them. He came back, determined to do something about that idea.

First of all, he had to get work. He had to eat. He got some vaudeville bookings. Between bookings, he sold cars. But every spare moment he was reading, studying, asking specialists about infantile paralysis, other kinds of paralysis, all kinds of muscular and nerve ailments. He learned, by dogged perseverance, what portions of the human anatomy were affected and how they were affected. Then he set out to study electricity, mechanical science. He estimates now that "it was something like three years" before he had a mental picture of the first crude, bulky machine he was to assemble.

Slowly, painfully, he evolved plans for a device *like nothing else yet invented.* A device to take an invalid's weight off the lower part of his body, at the same time gently propelling his limbs in the locomotive action of a normal person, passively exercising unused muscles, re-establishing equilibrium, while electric vibrators simultaneously stimulated muscles and nerve centers.

HE COULDN'T tell anyone what he was trying to do, what he was trying to invent. He was afraid of having his idea stolen, commercialized. He couldn't risk having even one workman discover his secret. He would decide the size and shape of a small part he needed. He would go to a machine shop with his specifications and have it made. Then, for the adjoining part, he would go to another machine shop. Then, with Job-like patience, his fingers all thumbs, he would fit the parts together.

Every little part cost money, and he had little money. That was his most taunting heartache. He would go without cigarettes one week, without lunches a couple of times the next week, setting aside the dollar or two saved—for more experimenting. He never got a pay-check that part of it didn't go into the machine. Then came a windfall —a bonus check of $1,490. All of that went into the machine. Over a period of eight years, driblet by driblet, $10,000—all his own money—has gone into the machine.

The first machine he built (he calls it his "old warhorse") weighed one thousand pounds. It was unwieldy, far from foolproof. But its basic idea was something new. There had never been anything remotely like it. He applied for patents, calling it "Flatley's Muscle Coordinator." That was more than two years ago. He has just received them. He could have had them before if he had had the money to pay the final fee. The final fee was $87.

Through the years, he had kept in touch with George Raft. Two years ago, George encouraged him to come to Hollywood. He pulled up stakes, loaded the "old warhorse" in the back of his second-hand car, and set out for California. He had visions of making some of that big movie money he had heard about, and speeding up his experiments.

Things didn't work out quite that way. He got occasional work as stand-in for Porter Hall. He got calls as an "extra." Recently, he has been getting calls as a "bit" player (in *Souls at Sea, Wells Fargo; The Big Broadcast of 1938*). But he has hardly been making a fortune.

HE NEVER could spare more than a dollar or two or five at a time for the machine. But he was happier now. His patent claims were in; he could talk, at last, about what he was trying to do. And people were beginning to listen. A few were even encouraging him: Porter Hall, and George Raft, and Jack Moss, Gary Cooper's manager, and Director James Hogan, and Assistant Director Eddie Anderson. But, especially, Dr. Warren Traylor, chief medical surgeon of Los Angeles General Hospital. Dr. Traylor had faith in what he was trying to do, and proved that faith with his constant interest and advice, his demonstrations of the device before skeptical confreres, converting them to its possibilities.

Flatley has never claimed that his invention is a cure-all. He makes no extravagant promises, offers no false hopes

Cleanliness

IS PART OF LOVELINESS

THE charm of attractive womanhood is made up of many things. Above all, that quality of fresh, sweetly fragrant daintiness, which is the most compelling charm of a lovely young girl, and of truly happy wives. For no husband fails to notice, and resent, any neglect of intimate feminine cleanliness. Too many women never realize that the freshness so *natural* in youth, requires constant care as maturity advances. A cleansing douche with "Lysol" disinfectant, in proper solution of water, is the frequent and regular feminine hygiene habit of fastidious modern women. They know that "Lysol" in solution cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes—dependably. Many hospitals use "Lysol"; many doctors recommend it for feminine hygiene. Complete directions are given on every bottle . . . at any drug store.

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Dr Scholl's KUROTEX FOOT PLASTER

to invalids. He does not pretend to know secrets unknown to the medical profession. He has made clear at all times that the machine should not be used by anyone except under the supervision of an experienced physician. He says, "I'm not trying to take the place of doctors; I'm only trying to help the medical profession help invalids, until cures are found or such diseases as infantile paralysis are preventable. The *least* the machine can do is help."

He adds, "If I can help one invalid child to walk again, my work won't have been in vain."

And that brings up an important point, one of the most important points of all. "No invalid on earth," Flatley says, "has enough money to buy one of these machines." Every device that goes out to a hospital or to a private sufferer will be a gift. He intends to prevent anyone from charging fees for its use. "I don't want anybody to profit from suffering humanity because of something I've invented," he says.

Deserving invalids will write to him—temporarily, c/o Director James Hogan, Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California. Willing givers will see that they get machines. One wealthy person already has ordered twenty-five of them, at a cost of $20 to $300 a machine.

This sum represents the cost of the materials, plus labor. (As production increases, the cost will decrease.) The manufacturer will take far less than the usual profit. Flatley, himself, will receive only a small inventor's royalty. (He has turned down offers for his patents that would have made him wealthy.) Only after a machine has been delivered will a donor receive a bill—carefully itemized as to cost of materials. He can check into these costs. He will find them devoid of profits.

As production of the machines gets under way, Flatley intends to have every position in the factory filled by rehabilitated invalids. From top to bottom, inside and out, he wants an organization—like his invention—will benefit invalids. The officers of the organization will be prominent physicians and business executives, serving without pay.

The first complete, perfected, foolproof machine is now finished. He has, with ten years of tireless ingenuity, conquered the multitude of medical and mechanical problems that have tormented him. And this is typical of Flatley: The first machine is for a child. It is disguised as a hobby horse, whose life-like head and tail will move as the child "rides" (takes his treatment).

Where are the donations for these machines coming from? The machines have had no publicity until now. Yet, by word or mouth, from invalids already helped by them, news of them has spread. People with money, willing givers, have come to Flatley. Walter Connolly, George Raft, and others. When more hear about the machines, and about Flatley's idealistic, humanitarian, non-profit creed, there will be a deluge of orders—from wealthy people everywhere, from big corporations looking for deserving charities (if only to have income-tax deductions).

There are twenty million infantile paralysis sufferers in the world today. Twenty million unfortunates, who will have a faint ray of hope because of Jimmy Flatley. And his machine is not designed for the treatment of paralysis cases alone. It is designed for the treatment of all diseases affecting muscles or nerves. There are millions upon millions of invalids his machines may help.

And here he is today, working as one of three hundred movie extras, at $8.25 a day. And not complaining. He's glad to get it. All he wants is work, the chance to earn a living. He wants no charity, himself. And, I repeat: he wants nothing from his invention.

Walter Connolly is right. Here *is* one of Hollywood's greatest untold stories.

The next time you hear of James Flatley, he will be famous. A subject for a film as dramatic as *The Life of Louis Pasteur.* A possible recipient of a Nobel Prize for aid to suffering humanity.

But don't forget where you first heard his story. In these pages.

Registering at the thirty-fifth anniversary of the original Hollywood Hotel, which has catered to residents of the movie village all these years, were Humphrey Bogart and his charming soon-to-be bride, Mayo Methot

Ray Goes into High

[*Continued from page* 29]

beautiful home he has built in a canyon beyond Beverly Hills, where he is a neighbor to Kay Francis and Preston Foster and others.

Charming to meet, with a cosmopolitan poise and a speaking voice which is vibrantly right, Ray quickly betrays himself, however. In the picture game there are always new sensations being scheduled for the top, as he's being scheduled, but there are few men of thirty-one who have already lived as vividly and fully as he has.

"But I am profiting by a previous rise . . . and fall," he says with typical candor. "I'm sure practically everyone has forgotten about my first start here. I'm certainly glad they have, for I'm not proud of it. It still haunts me. Plenty! You want to know why I'm progressing? Why I won't go goofy and how I'll be able to stay married though in the movies? I've a theory. My own hunch is . . . because I'm behaving differently from the way I conducted myself on that original stab. Believe it or not, I had a keen future then, too. I had a wonderful wife. And I fizzled out on both counts. Appallingly!

"It was all my fault. I made such a hash of my chances.

"I didn't bounce back like a Boy Scout rubber ball, either. I gave up when the going got tough. I said, 'To you-know-where' with trying to become somebody, with changing myself to hold onto love. I was too impatient to bother with getting wise to myself. I'd never had to knuckle down; I'd been a lucky daredevil, so when I was disappointed I immediately became so disgusted with myself that I quit altogether. That's bad, being as spoiled as that."

Ray was born in Wales, son of a steel-mill supervisor. He was the one boy in the family that included three sisters, and he had his will going strong from the beginning. Sent to a good private school in London, to prep at Cambridge, he grew bored with studying and at sixteen went to sea for a spell. He switched to race horses, securing a job on the ranch where his uncle bred fine horses. He rode so nonchalantly that shortly he found himself in the king's personal bodyguard. He excelled in marksmanship, boxing, and fencing.

"When I was nineteen an aunt willed me $17,000. I might have set myself up in business, or bought an annuity. I might have . . . but I didn't. I wanted to go places, and do things. So I did. Where can a young fellow find the most glamorous excitement? I asked myself, and I replied: 'Paris.' Dining at Maxine's, finishing with onion soup at *Pere Tranquille* at dawn, and all the rest of it—the best seats for the plays, the prettiest girls I could meet, the Riviera for winter sun. It was a grand lark, being a playboy, and I'm not sorry about that episode . . . even if I spent every cent but $50 in a single year!

"I WAS wondering what I'd do when I returned to London that broke. I ran into an English movie star I'd met on the continent, and invited her to dinner at a favorite cafe. She returned the compliment by having me out to a studio the next day. I was offered extra work for a three week location trip to Scotland. That seemed the only helpful idea at the moment, so I became an extra."

Because he could shoot so well he was hired to shoot the mirror out of an actress'

DAYE (Day)
NATURAL
RACHEL
TAWNY RACHEL
BRUNETTE
BEIGE
SUNSET
DARK BRUNETTE
MID-NIHTE SUN
NIHTE (Night)

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hand in a subsequent film. This resulted in an offer of a lead in a picture.

"Next I studied tapping, so I could dance in a London revue. An American movie scout offered me a Hollywood contract."

Thanks to a friend's intercession, he left the revue for the distant fields which loomed so imposingly. In Hollywood Ray found plums cascading into his lap. He was twenty-three, thoroughly accustomed to side-stepping mere details for the spectacular rewards.

"I went through the motions so many newcomers do," he admits. "I carried my script to lunch carelessly, being far more concerned with being seen at the best tables than with the lines I was going to have to say. No one complained about my acting. I decided the movies were a terrific snap."

Hollywood being so easily in the bag, he thereupon fell in love with Muriel Webber, the attractive daughter of a Hollywood agent. In his habitual style he courted her into marriage. He was far too thoughtless to be a satisfactory husband.

"I spent what spare money I had on automobiles. I'd buy a car, be discontented with its performance in a couple of months, and have to have a new one. Finally only an imported British motor would suit me!"

Used to his hasty whims, he stubbornly refused to make those first-year-of-marriage concessions which everyone has to make. He couldn't, he realized indignantly, be tied down. So he and Muriel parted. He was so immature, so foolish.

Then Ray did something which was emphatically unique. He went to the preview of a picture in which he played opposite Constance Bennett. He went alone and suffered the torture of the damned.

"For at last I recognized my shortcomings all at once. There in that theatre I saw not only how fierce I was as an actor, but what a mess I'd made of everything. I was so bad I knew I was through acting forever; I slunk out, rushed to pack my clothes, and left town for good. I didn't even tell the studio nor my agent. I just vanished—straight back to England.

"I didn't try to get any roles there; I was licked, impossible in the acting racket. When my money was gone I went down to the stock ranch where I'd worked before, and tried to train race horses for my uncle again. I hardly earned enough to take myself to the movies!

"And it was only after this touching bottom that I began using my head. I wasn't content just existing, I discovered. I needed money. I had to get on my feet, do something, get somewhere. I managed to save enough to buy some decent clothes once more. Then I went to London, looked up my original agent there, and told him what a nut I'd been. He was kind, and got me a couple of parts. From them I scraped a stake for Hollywood.

"BUT when I got back here there was nothing for me. Remember me? If people did, it was only as a punk actor. More and more I realized how much I'd have to improve.

"I rented the cheapest apartment I could locate. Cautiously I purchased an old car, to get about in. I had to sell it after a month, to eat. Every day, after making the rounds for prospective parts, I went to work on my voice. I had no money for a coach. Shakespeare . . . all that old-fashioned stuff? I'd hooted at it before. But I read aloud every day for hours, forced myself to understand Shakespeare and everything else a fellow who wants to be an actor must be familiar with.

"I called up Muriel a few times, but I didn't want to see her yet. I'd acquired some common sense. And pride. I wanted to prove I was worth a second chance with her.

"It was six months before I got my break. I was all set to begin pouring out gasoline when, like a miracle, Paramount called!" He was cast in a second lead, and tried so hard that he was signed to a long-term contract and put into leads.

"Now I'm still moody enough, heaven knows, but I'll never trust to luck again. I've learned I've got to deserve every kind of reward I get. So far as acting goes, a script's no joke this time. I'm cutting no corners. So far as happiness is concerned, well . . . I have Muriel and I don't like to even mention our having been parted. You bet I begged her to marry me again; after I lost her I appreciated her. She's so balanced, so lovely. . . .

"This house we've built, for example. It's a real home, and when you come up our hill for the evening you're going to be able to do whatever you want. Read a newspaper or just sit, if you wish. It's designed so that when my picture salary stops my wife and I can take care of it ourselves. Night Clubs? Bah!

"But I've turned about so wholly that making good means everything now. I don't want to be just adequate. I've got these swell roles and I'll do my utmost to deliver in them. A year from now I should be much further along. If I'm not, I'm afraid . . . I might grow despondent again."

One year from now you will know the answer yourself. Meanwhile, watch this Ray Milland!

Just to prove that the Hollywood party-goers *never* get tired of dressing up, here are Glenda Farrell, her boy friend Drew Eberson and Marjorie Gateson at the All-Nations Cruise recently given at Hollywood's Hawaiian Paradise

Love's Legacy to Martha Raye!

[*Continued from page* 35]

the marriage had gone on the rocks, she told Dr. Nolan:

"I've got to do something to get my mind off it."

Nolan told her:

"Helping other people will get your mind off your troubles. Better try it."

So Martha took that advice—and has found it good. Several hours each day, when she isn't working in motion pictures or appearing on the radio, she is at the clinic ministering to others. She had told those who have probed her secret:

"I've always wanted to be a nurse. It's too late now, because I've got another career. And, to be a regular nurse, I'd have to have a high school education and three years of training. But I can work as an extra, and it's proving grand experience."

The truth is that Martha has been pretty badly broken up ever since the smash-up of that marriage to Westmore, scion of the Westmore make-up family. Both she and Buddy were too young—Hollywood was too confusing—its standards too upset—for the marriage to last. Martha had her work, Buddy had his, neither understood money, there was no chance of necessary home life. Martha was a bit dizzy when everything crashed. Dr. Nolan offered her the one "out" and she took it—nursing, preserving her anonymity by using the name of her secretary.

Little has been written about the aftermath of the marriage. Martha has been working harder than ever before, which is something, as she collapsed twice from overwork before she and Buddy eloped. She is busy on the radio, is working in *College Swing* at Paramount, and is doing her nursing.

She is living alone in a modest apartment, away from her mother, Peggy Hooper Reid. She goes out very seldom, usually alone. The so-called honeymoon cottage, a modest bungalow in the valley which she was buying and having furnished for herself and Westmore, is now being rented.

MARTHA isn't going to parties these days. Six months ago, she wasn't missing any. She was the Hollywood rah-rah girl. Confused, she thought that was the way she should be. And before long everyone in Hollywood was referring to her as brash, loud and wild.

"I wasn't going around having a good time because I was trying to show off," she says. "I was merely trying to have a good time and show people a good time. When word got to me that people were calling me the tops among the Hollywood playgirls, the news was a shock. I never meant to be anything like that."

The fact is that Martha has been in a tough spot. She's had no one to advise her. She has never had a formal education. She has never had a chance to play, because she has been working since she was three years old. Until she came to Hollywood she had had no social life at all. She didn't know how to meet people, how to conduct herself, what to say to them. She never had had money. Every cent she had made had gone to help her father, her mother, her younger brother, other members of her family. Just after she made her first success in *Rhythm on the Range* she told me:

"I don't understand this town. I'm used to saying what I think, and thinking straight. I'm nice to people because I like them. I'm anxious to be friendly. Everybody here says one thing and means something else. I can't understand this, and I'm always putting my foot in it."

That's exactly what has happened. Martha, boisterous and having fun, has been branded a hoodlum. Faced with this, she began to soft pedal, to stay at home, to try to think things out. Then the word went around that big salary checks had gone to her head and that she was becoming veddy, veddy high hat. Right now, Hollywood thinks this is the trouble with her when, actually, she is suffering from a badly damaged heart, on one hand, and bewilderment and hurt feelings on the other.

"Have you seen Martha Raye lately?" people have said, with lifted eyebrows and scandalized tones. "She's got a secretary, a big limousine and a mink coat!"

Martha is entitled to those things if she wants them. The fact that she has them brings out another point very clearly. Take any child who never has had much candy, show it a window filled with confections, hand it a five-dollar bill and tell it to go

WHAT'S BECOME OF THAT NICE MAN?
POOR TUFFIE! YOU MISS JOHN, TOO, DON'T YOU? LISTEN! THERE'S THE PHONE! MAYBE THAT'S JOHN NOW!
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NOW LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED! THERE SHE GOES WITH THAT JOHN MAN AGAIN!
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JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS
DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

shopping. The result is a series of amazing purchases, a gorging and usually a tummyache. Martha's been looking into windows for twenty years. Now she's got the bill in her hand and, if she goes to town—and eventually gets the equivalent of a tummyache—well, it's her ache, isn't it?

MARTHA has the knack of looking very sophisticated on the screen. It's natural that she should, because she has been on the stage so long, and she's a competent performer. She knows her stuff. But only that side of her has been developed. Everything else has been sacrificed, and now she's in a position to try to catch up with herself, get her personality and her experience levelled up and evened off.

Examples of this one-sided development? There are plenty of them.

Picture Martha walking off a sound stage dressed in her notorious mink coat, getting ready to step into her long, low limousine, piloted by a uniformed chauffeur. Very gorgeous, that picture. Then listen closely, and hear the wise-looking Martha say to a companion in a very small, awed voice:

"I'm scared to death. I haven't any education. I don't know how to talk with people."

Right now, Martha needs understanding friends, and plenty of them. Friendly, tolerant, willing to go out of her way to widen her circle of acquaintance, she has found no answering cordiality. It has been a very tough experience.

Martha is known as a rah-rah girl on the screen as the result of her clowning, her songs, her foolishness. She won herself a lot of applause. But that applause doesn't mean anything. It sounds a bit banal to say so, after it has been said about so many people, but Martha isn't particularly sold on that kind of work. She wants to be a serious actress. Ask Martha today what she considers her best picture in these last two feverish Alice-in-Wonderland years, and she'll tell you:

"I like *Mountain Music* best. Remember that scene I had where I was a homely girl, and I didn't have a fellow to take me out? Remember where I broke down and had a good cry. Well, that was sort of true to life and more like the real Raye than any part I've ever done. Somehow, that seemed like real acting, because I was playing myself, and I was being pretty sincere and genuine about it. I'd like to play more parts like those, and not so many rah-rah parts, where I'm not acting, but putting on an act, if you know what I mean."

Right now, it's pretty tough for Martha, getting over her own hurts by taking care of others' hurts. But some day somebody is going to discover the real Martha, and when that happens everybody, including the girl herself, is going to be a lot happier.

Hollywood Hotel **was one of Dick Powell's most recent pictures, so he and his lovely spouse, Joan Blondell, were on hand when the original hotel, on Hollywood Boulevard, was feted on its thirty-fifth anniversary**

The First 24 Years are the Hardest

[*Continued from page* 33]

remembers innumerable stories of those poverty-laden days. They are gently amusing in retrospect. There was that room he rented from an ancient landlady which turned out to include his three meals. A large avocado orchard in the rear of the house solved the embarrassing food problem. When the good woman went to market, Tyrone would gather a whole supply of the fruit—buy a quart of milk, and for the entire day he would feast gloriously. Avocados and milk for breakfast; for lunch; for dinner! What it lacked in variety, it made up in nourishment. Amazingly enough he still relishes the combination.

Occasionally, the break in his fortunes seemed imminent. RKO tested him. Contracts seemed always on the point of being signed. But nothing really ever happened.

Finally Universal placed him under contract for three months, and during that time he appeared as a cadet in *Tom Brown of Culver*. But it was no more than a bit—he was lost in the crowd.

Plans made for a series of pictures which were to feature not only Tyrone, but several other sons of famous fathers, went a glimmering. At the end of six months Tyrone was no further than at the beginning. And he was minus a job again.

At this time, he fortunately met Eddie Fisher, associate director of the Santa Barbara Community Theatre. Tyrone was asked to join this group of players. It was experience and something to do. Tyrone accepted. Later on he was set to directing at the munificent salary of fifty dollars a month. That job lasted from October, 1933, until July of 1934. Regularly during this period, Tyrone made excursions into Hollywood, on a still hunt for that ever-elusive opportunity.

Late in August of that year, he finally admitted defeat. There seemed nothing for him in pictures. Perhaps New York and the spoken drama would be more kindly to him.

And so with twenty dollars in his pocket, his mother's blessing and a ticket to Broadway, Tyrone left Hollywood, vowing never to return until he was a success on the stage.

For more than two years he had taken the buffeting of Hollywood; for two years sought the coy jade called success. In New York, perhaps his luck would change.

ENROUTE East he stopped off in Chicago to see friends. The Century of Progress Exposition was then in full swing. Among the attractions was a company which was showing the visiting world how movies are made in Hollywood. Tyrone was offered a job. He grabbed it. It was a chance to increase his capital.

But the venture wasn't a flourishing one. The production was being kicked around in courts, and the actors didn't know from week to week who was their paymaster. The result was sparse and scarce checks for the players.

To eke out his scant earnings, Tyrone sought radio work. Occasionally he got a job. He landed on one program with Don Ameche, with whom he has since played in *Love is News* and *In Old Chicago*. Incidentally, both Don and Tyrone made scores of tests for the role of Jonathan Blake in *Lloyds of London* with Tyrone winning the coveted role, the role which first magnetized the world's attention to him.

Tyrone had one lucky break while in Chicago. He was engaged for the part of Freddy in *Romance*, then playing in Chicago with the brilliant Eugenie Leontovich starred. It ran eight weeks and when the show finally closed, Tyrone, while no richer in cash, was enriched by some exceptionally fine experience.

He turned again to the radio. Earning a dollar here and five dollars there; appearing in dramatic plays and sketches on the air. None of these ventures were lucrative. But they enabled him to live.

Strangely enough, it was a radio assignment which gave him a push to New York. One Sunday morning he was called by an excited studio manager and ordered to report immediately to the station. One of the staff had been taken ill. Tyrone dressed hastily. Here, at last, was his chance to break into big time on the air.

Arrived at the station, keyed to a high pitch, he asked for the script. The manager pointed to a Sunday paper. Tyrone looked at him—puzzled. "I don't understand," he said. "You're the funnypaper man. You're going to read the comics to the kiddies," was the reply.

"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN? DON'T TRY TO SCARE ME... WHY, I'M ONLY 22!
THEN... WHAT A SHOCK!
WELL, NO WONDER YOUR POWDER "FLAKES"! YOU'VE LET YOUR SKIN GET SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING... YOU'VE ACTUALLY GOT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP RIGHT AWAY!
WELL, PALMOLIVE CERTAINLY KEEPS YOUR COMPLEXION LOVELY, BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, REFINES SKIN TEXTURE. ITS GENTLE LATHER CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO! LEAVES SKIN RADIANTLY CLEAR!
I'LL GET SOME PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!
THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! FROM NOW ON I'M USING ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

For large, soft, natural looking curls

JOAN PERRY
Columbia Pictures

NEW!

We asked women everywhere...in homes, in beauty shops, in stores and offices...and they said "Give us a curler that will make large, soft, natural-looking curls." So we designed the HOLLYWOOD GIANT, *pictured here in actual size.* Curls made on this big cylinder look softer, more natural. They comb without becoming frizzy. And they give the large, full curls so favored in the new hair styles. The HOLLYWOOD GIANT is easy to use...rolls smoothly, dries quickly, withdraws without spoiling curl. They're 2 for 10¢ at dime stores and notion counters.

ACTUAL SIZE
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U. S. PATENTS
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Giant HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLERS
AT 5c AND 10c STORES & NOTION COUNTERS

Sensational FREE Offer

SEND COUPON FOR 3 LIPSTICKS AND REJUVIA MASCARA CREAM

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks FREE ... each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

Flame-Glo
TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS.
DEPT. AK, 116 WEST 14TH ST., N. Y. C.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and REJUVIA Mascara Cream; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost. (15c in Canada)
NAME
ADDRESS
CHECK MASCARA COLOR DESIRED
☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE

10¢ AND 20¢
AT LEADING
5 & 10¢ STORES

Tyrone received ten dollars for that chore. But when the door of the radio station closed behind him, he stood in the street, and made his decision. "I'm sure there's something better in life for me than reading comics to the kiddies," he said to himself.

And that afternoon he took the bus to New York. He arrived in a blinding rainstorm—cold, hungry, bedraggled—with exactly two one-dollar bills in his pocket. Fortunately Michael Strange, the former wife of John Barrymore, was an old family friend. She gave Tyrone a comfortable sleeping room, rent-free!

To this day Tyrone insists that his desire to see Katharine Cornell in *Flowers of the Forest* was not only because he reverenced her artistry, but on a hunch that if he did this, his Destiny would catch up with him.

He didn't have the money to spend on a theatre ticket, so he went to Stanley Gilkey, the manager of Miss Cornell's company, to ask for a pass.

In the meanwhile, Helen Mencken, whom he had met during the Shakespearean season in Chicago, had phoned Guthrie McClintic, the producer-husband of the star, and asked that when young Tyrone came to see him to be sure and grant him an interview. She insisted the youngster had talent—lots of it—and that in him Mr. McClintic would undoubtedly discover a new star.

Tyrone saw the show, met Mr. McClintic, and that night went home jubilantly with two scripts under his arm. He was to read them and return next day to McClintic's office.

The boy was so excited that he sat up until dawn writing his mother and sister of his thrilling and lucky experience.

THE following morning McClintic assigned him to understudy two players, one of them Burgess Meredith, the leading man.

Tyrone did not appear in either role during the season—both gentlemen, unfortunately, continued in the best of health. But he spent his time in observing and absorbing the work of all the players, and the technique of the stars.

When the Cornell season closed, Tyrone went to a summer stock company at West Falmouth, Mass. In his pocket was a contract to play the role of Benvolio, friend of Romeo, in Katharine Cornell's production of *Romeo and Juliet,* scheduled for Fall opening.

Long before Tyrone returned to Broadway for this engagement, the Hollywood scouts were on his heels. The talent they had failed to discern on the Coast, they now discovered in a summer stock company.

But Tyrone Power felt that he was not yet ready for Hollywood and its demands. He wanted to come back ready, matured, certain of himself. And so he waited, and refused offers.

The tryout of *Romeo and Juliet* was held in Baltimore. Mrs. Power was there to see her boy in his very first Broadway production—a proud mother, a mother with eyes a-shine with tears.

Tyrone held up his part; he gave excellent support to the more experienced players, matched them in timing and technique—and never let them down. He had set himself a standard of accomplishment!

After the run of *Romeo and Juliet,* Tyrone was again engaged by Miss Cornell for *St. Joan,* her next New York production.

This was February, 1936. By now Twentieth Century-Fox had made two tests of Tyrone. The boy was ready for Hollywood—for stardom on the screen!

Darryl F. Zanuck, with his uncanny ability to fathom latent talent, signed Tyrone to a seven-year contract.

A day before his twenty-second birthday—on May 4th—he arrived in Hollywood! But no one at that time suspected how swift would be his success, nor how meteoric his rise.

Not that he started his career on a high note. Cast for one of the leading roles in *Sing, Baby, Sing,* with Alice Faye and Adolphe Menjou, it was discovered after ten days of shooting, that his knowledge of the camera was too meager, and his training in pictures too slight, to permit him to carry the burden of this role. He was removed from the production and Michael Whalen was substituted.

His authentic screen debut was made with Simone Simon in *Girls' Dormitory.* It was a minor role; he appeared only briefly in the latter part of the picture. Long before the production was released, those on the inside—technicans, cameramen, studio workers and publicity executives—were certain that Tyrone Power would go far and go fast. He had a finesse, a certain delightful and boyish quality which was rare and precious on the screen. That priceless ingredient of natural charm was Tyrone's in abundance.

THEIR belief was substantiated by a flood of inquiries the moment the picture appeared on the screens of the country. Five hundred letters were received by the studio the first week, asking for the identity of the boy.

Tyrone was an actor! Quickly *Lloyds of London, Ladies in Love, Love is News, Cafe Metropole, Thin Ice,* and the recent *In Old Chicago,* established him as one of the outstanding young stars in Hollywood—confirmed those early prophecies.

Here was the first real competition that Robert Taylor had had for the worship of a nation!

Whatever Tyrone Power did, whatever he thought, was suddenly news. His romantic association with Sonja Henie, the skating champion, decorated the front pages of the press everywhere. An avalanche of interviewers descended on him. Not only his background intrigued them but also his plans for the future.

Currently, perhaps, the most interesting thing about Tyrone, aside from his success, is his devotion to Janet Gaynor.

It is my personal belief that Janet has the inside track to Tyrone's heart.

Certainly he admires the petite star more than any woman he has ever met. There have been other girls in his life since adolescence. Since his high-school dancing days, he has had periods of devotion to this or that young charmer. But nothing as emotionally adult as this.

He admires Janet tremendously. He says of her: "She had an objective and achieved it. She is one of the most remarkable girls I have ever known. She is not only an interesting and attractive person, but she has a grand sense of humor. Marriage?" he parries, "that's in the future. After all, I have really only begun as an actor!"

Tyrone Power is an even six feet—slim, dark, distinguished. He has a captivating little-boy shyness which safeguards his modesty and protects him against dangerous adulation. Success, he reminds you, isn't all a bed of roses. It carries responsibilities and burdens. "And frequently," he declares, "I believe life was a lot easier when I was living in a walk-up apartment, above a second-hand furniture store, in New York."

At twenty-four Tyrone has achieved eminence. His future is an open road, unmarred by obstacles. He is graduating into a fine and splendid manhood.

And his earned success is his victory!

Mystery Recipe Contest Winners

At long last SCREEN BOOK has waded through the thousands upon thousands of entries and is pleased to announce the fortunate winners. However, first allow us to apologize for the suspense we may have caused by not being on time. Our only regret is that we could not award prizes to each and every one of you, as all the entries were quite adaptable.

Due to lack of space, we shall have to refrain from printing all winning titles, with the exception of the first prize winner.

GRAND AWARD—$200

CASSEROLE COBBLER

Miss Joyce Eslinger, R. 1, Box 128, Forest Grove, Oregon.

2ND PRIZE—$100

Dorothy M. Mahn, Orleans, Nebraska.

3RD PRIZE—SILVER CHEST

Miss Sherry Kegel, 720 Avenue "P," Brooklyn, N. Y.

4TH PRIZE—$50

Mrs. Paul McClendon, 504 N. Solano Ave., Albuquerque, N. M.

20 AWARDS OF $5 EACH:

Mrs. James Cullen, 342 E. 9th St., Oswego, N. Y.; Mrs. George C. Tainsh, 225½ Middle St., Portland, Me.; Mrs. A. H. Smith, 4902 McKinney Ave., Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Alice McAuliffe, 119 N. Belmont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Beatrice Phillips, 227 Jefferson Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Willis Crawford, 523 Judah St., San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. E. L. Cederoth, 1184 Chambers, Galesburg, Ill.; Mrs. R. J. Gratz, 900 Coast Highway, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Willimae Warrock-White, 1311 S. Delaware, Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. H. J. Allen, 1120 N. Willow St., North Plaggd, Neb.; Kay Schancer, 1730 Montgomery, Bronx, N. Y.; Mrs. Frank Rogers, 1016 Highland View, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Carl Grove, 24 S. State St., Danville, Ill.; Mrs. A. Whipstock, 26725 Vassor, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Chas. Phillips, 21 Jorden St., Santa Cruz, Cal.; Pauline M. Nickerson, 2130 James St., Bellingham, Wash.; Mrs. Joe Melsha, 1213-3rd St., S. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Harriet Crompton, 2809-15 St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Ormsby Scudder, 315 Roosevelt Ave., Northfield, N. J.; Mrs. Beatrice Arden, 4033 N. Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa.

20 AWARDS OF $2.50 EACH:

Mrs. P. E. Swindle, 1032 Valley St., Carthage, Mo.; Mrs. Beatrice Hall, 832 Belmont Ave., Niles, O.; Doris Almeda, 736 Kawaishao St., Honolulu, T. H.; Mrs. A. A. Roth, 70 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass.; Mary A. Connor, Box 304, Armour, S. D.; Mrs. Vesta McLaughlin, Bloomfield. Ind.; Miss Beverly Walter, 10821 S. Maplewood Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Orma L. Leonard, 6820 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alice Stevenson, 625 Middle Ave., Menlo Park, Cal.; Mrs. Sophie Sierota, 1421 Ash St., Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Jennie Hazelton, Ritchie, Ill.; Mrs. Richard Lee, 1428 Kauluwela Lane, Honolulu, T. H.; Mrs. Miles Stauffer, Sibley, Iowa; Mrs. Iva Jane Ford, 10347 Commerce Ave., Tujunga, Cal.; Mrs. M. Peterson, Box 29, Oconomowoc, Wisc.; Mrs. Jean Williams, 367 E. 55 Pl., Chicago, Ill.; Miss Cecil MacMahon, 2420 Dwight Way, Berkeley, Cal.; Mrs. Blanche Norton, Gore Road, RFD 1, Conneaut, O.; Mrs. Anna Gilmore, 74 N. Lowell St., Bridgetown, N. J.; Jennie Broudy, 6147 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Magnetic Gail Patrick and her attractive husband, Bob Cobb, were among the many celebrities at the Hollywood Hotel fete

New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin" does More than Ever for your skin

TODAY something new is possible in beauty creams! A thing not dreamed of only a few years ago!

One of the vitamins has been found to be a special aid to the skin. This vitamin is now known to heal wounds and ugly burns—quicker! It even prevents infections in wounds!

And this "skin-vitamin" you are now getting in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

You have always used Pond's Vanishing Cream for melting away skin flakiness and making skin smooth for powder. Now this famous cream brings added benefits.

Use it as you always have. After a few weeks, just see how much better your skin looks—clearer, fresher!

In Pond's Vanishing Cream, this precious "skin-vitamin" is now carried right to the skin. It nourishes the skin! This is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is the vitamin that especially helps to maintain skin beauty.

Same Jars . . . Same Labels . . . Same Price

Get a jar of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream tomorrow. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Women who have tried it say they're "just crazy" about it.

Melts Roughness Holds Powder

"Always a grand softener and powder base . . . NOW A NOURISHING CREAM, TOO" The Countess de la Falaise

The Countess de la Falaise

says: "I've always felt I couldn't do without Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and overnight. Now, it's simply magical. In 3 weeks it has made my skin seem finer, livelier!"

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

Test it in 9 Treatments

Pond's, Dept. 6-VR, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Don't think that the glamorous stars of the screen are never bored! They are—just as you and I—and the things that bore them will intrigue and amuse you. Look for Rowena Devine's story, A STAR IS BORED, in the May SCREEN BOOK.

TIRED OF LOATHSOME SCHOOL-AGE PIMPLES?

Let millions of tiny, living plants help keep blood free of skin irritants

Thousands of young people have said good-by to the curse of youth—a pimply skin. They know what happens between the ages of 13 and 25, the time of life when important glands develop. Your system is upset. Poisons may pollute your blood stream and bubble out on your skin in ugly pimples. Then you need to cleanse and purify your blood.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast help remove these impurities the natural way. Millions of tiny, active, *living* yeast plants will help keep poisons from the blood and help to heal your broken-out skin. Many report amazing results in 30 days or less. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now. Buy some tomorrow!

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Tragedy That Haunts Barbara Stanwyck

[*Continued from page 26*]

to this house, and there was no longer any room for Barbara. Again she was put in circulation.

Slight wonder, then, that Barbara began life with a bitter taste in her mouth! She never had a chance to learn the meaning of security.

THIS is not essentially a biographical story. It is, rather, an analysis of the psychological development of a girl who then was known only as Ruby Stevens. And environment was the one sole basis for her reactions to being alive.

The day that she got a job with the Conde-Nast publications, Barbara saw a brand new slant on this job of surviving this world's vicissitudes. For the first time she caught the elements of being attractive, and the promise of what might be ahead was a strong drive.

The job lasted only long enough for her to see these things—glimpse them would perhaps be more exact. Then her new little world crashed down on her. She got fired!

And subsequently Barbara made a living out of getting fired. She went from one job to another, never satisfied with her situation.

An older sister got her interested in the stage. Barbara started out in this field trying to be a dancer. She made a living, of a sort. Finally she got a tiny speaking part in *The Noose* which Willard Mack was directing on the road. The show reached Broadway and caught on. And soon after that she got her big break in *Burlesque*, a smash hit which stayed on the Big Stem for two years.

Success had come for Barbara after a long struggle—but happiness? Not yet. She was too accustomed to the dreaded stalking of tragedy. The smile she presented on the stage was a mask behind the true emotions of a girl who had found the world largely unkind and interested in everything else but her.

It would be quite safe to assume that tragedy, on the other hand, had given Barbara something which was quite tantalizing to the public. A curving, doubtful—yes, cynical—smile, which the nightly throngs mistook for some mysterious allure!

But the crowd was strictly in error, for Barbara's heart was cold, and she measured her success in the mathematical terms of cash receipts. She was building against future starvation, against any possibility that she might someday be plunged back into the dingy tenements of Brooklyn.

And then she met Frank Fay. She waited a full year before she decided to marry him. He, too, was successful on Broadway, and he promised her ease, and a home, and a steady meal ticket for life. A home! There was the thing she had been starving for all these years, and she couldn't resist the appeal of a place to live, and this young charmer to keep it a mellow haven.

They were married in St. Louis, and came to Hollywood. There is no need to tell the rest of the story. The whole world knows that eventually Barbara was the one who achieved highest success. Yet I do not believe that this eclipse of one personality over another was the real reason for their parting.

The court records suggest many others. Fay's asserted intemperance, and waning love. They parted—but still Barbara was slow to give up what had promised to be the thing she wanted so much—complete happiness. Tragically, she fought against this rift. She thought that perhaps religion was a factor in their troubles.

So, after their divorce, she re-married Frank Fay, this time in his own church, and she embraced his faith. The second try at happiness was no better than the first. They adopted a small boy—Dion—in a further effort to preserve the home. But Fate had it put down on the books otherwise.

Inevitably, the two turned to the courts again. The marriage was dissolved, but out of it Barbara had two new things in life which promised her more than anything she had known before. She had Dion, not a strong child, but one she dearly loved—and she had found religion—Fay's religion. It would tear your heart out to see Barbara pouring the love and affection she does on this child, and then eagerly devouring each little token he returns. She had starved so many years for a measure of real affection! Small wonder that now, with her marriage only another unhappy memory, she clings tightly to this child, resisting Fay's efforts to share in its care.

PERHAPS outsiders have no right to sit in judgment of private affairs, but it is no secret that Hollywood sides with Barbara in her desire to have little Dion entirely for herself. For her it is a desperate point—the essence of any little dreg of happiness she can find in her tragic life.

Frank Fay, in the cold, factual realm of the courts, has won his first battle to share in this child. Barbara has battled him with all the vigor she can command, willing to have their unhappiness in private life paraded across the pages of newspapers, allowing things to be told that are breaking her very heart. Mute evidence of how an amazing mother love has grown for a helpless little waif!

During the court trial, the name of Robert Taylor was injected by Fay's attorneys. Barbara, sitting there under the scrutiny of many people, did not wince. She stared at her hands, sorry only that his name should be bandied about by countless curious people.

I have talked before with Barbara about her romance with Bob. She has been honest with me, as she is with the whole world always. And what she has told me shows even more why these two great film stars find themselves so congenial.

"I never learned to play when I was a kid," Barbara said one day. "I was always too busy trying to stay alive. I grew up that way—grew up without friends, without joys, without fun. Now I am trying to capture these things that I need. To Bob I owe an eternal debt, for he has taught me how to find fun in life."

She told me then that there was no romance, really. That they just thought an awful lot of each other. Your guess is as good as mine—but if Bob Taylor is bringing long-needed happiness into her life, Barbara is not going to wander away from him. She's too human, too appreciative for that. Consider that they both have good looks, good humor, the same tastes, and good fortune, then make your own guess!

To my mind, Bob Taylor is inescapably wound into her future—a future which I hope, like all Hollywood, will bring her the good things, the happy moments, which should be stacked up somewhere along life's highway, waiting for her arrival.

Presenting California Fashion Previews!

[*Continued from page* 37]

his elaborate salon on Sunset Boulevard is the most beautiful in all Hollywood.

Robert Kalloch, designer for Columbia Pictures, is another outstanding member of the California Fashion Previews style committee. This brilliant New Yorker has been famed ever since he designed, at the age of eighteen, the costumes for the entire Pavlowa ballet. He worked in both the Paris and London ateliers of Lucile. Back in America, he became associated with Madame Frances, and later, with Hattie Carnegie. Summoned to Hollywood to create costumes for Grace Moore in *One Night of Love,* he has since done the clothes for scores of Columbia pictures. Currently he is gowning Joan Blondell in *There's Always a Woman.*

Omar Kiam, distinguished designer for Samuel Goldwyn productions, started out in life selling baby carriages in a Houston, Texas, department store. But it wasn't long before his talent for designing manifested itself and he was transferred to the apparel department of the store. From this post he progressed to New York where he became a leading figure in the field of exclusive apparel. He made his Hollywood debut in 1934, doing the costumes for the lavish *Kid Millions.* His crowning achievement of his career was when he was borrowed to create the clothes for that fashion significant picture, *Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938.* His current release is *The Goldwyn Follies.*

Gwen Wakeling, Hollywood's foremost woman stylist, is chief designer for 20th Century-Fox Studios. She is a veteran at motion picture work, having been affiliated with Cecil B. De Mille in his early days. Some of the screen's most glamorous women have been garbed by her — Constance Bennett, Madeleine Carroll, Janet Gaynor, Simone Simon and Loretta Young. For Miss Young she recently created a most elaborate wardrobe worn in *Second Honeymoon.*

Irene Saltern, whom California Fashion Previews has appointed as official stylist, also serves as style counsellor for Republic pictures. Miss Saltern transferred her activities from Paris to Hollywood two years ago because she sensed the growing swing of interest to the Pacific Coast as a fashion center. In Europe Miss Saltern served as fashion editor for leading dailies in Paris, Berlin and Vienna. She also conducted four network programs on beauty and fashions. Before her current affiliation in Hollywood, she was fashion editor for Universal Studios. In addition to her duties in behalf of California Fashion Previews and Republic Pictures, she has recently resumed her radio work on a fashion program emanating from Hollywood.

No wonder SCREEN BOOK is proud—with such a distinguished group of fashion authorities aiding YOU to select your personal wardrobe! You will find the first four outfits on pages 38 and 39 together with full descriptions, prices, and a lengthy list of the first-rate department stores at which they may be purchased. Remember, California Fashion Previews is a special service for all women who are interested in gowning themselves as well as stars of Hollywood.

We don't know what Ann Miller is kicking about—RKO-Radio regards her as one of its brightest newcomers, and she has the ingenue lead in *Radio City Revels*!

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(*From a letter by* Mrs. W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.)

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Claudette Colbert's 10 Rules for Success!

[*Continued from page 22*]

She couldn't miss. It was one of the greatest pictures of that or any other year. Complications set in. It was found that the role had been promised to another player. Claudette could have felt that her career was damaged if not wrecked. She smiled for six months.

"And along came a part in a picture which changed my characterizations completely," she relates. "I stopped being a weepy, saccharine woman and emerged as a very snappy person, as far as my screen work was concerned."

And, had she let discouragement argue with her she would have returned to New York City!

DEMAND Number Two, according to Claudette, is that you keep your private and professional lives completely apart. She does it, and with a vengeance. She not only refuses to discuss pictures with her husband outside of working hours, but she keeps the light of publicity from her domestic affairs.

"The minute you start discussing your private life in Hollywood, it's public property," she says. "Before long, you find that everyone knows all about you, is talking about you. Public opinion is pressing against you, people are taking sides, and you've got a lot of mental problems on your hands. If the public has no opinion about you, you can't be swayed by it. On the other hand, you start worrying about what people are thinking and saying and life becomes a torment. I know one star who had a nervous breakdown worrying about what other people thought of her affairs. The breakown eventually drove her from motion pictures."

That called to mind another demand. It calls for the creation of "duck back" armor. You know. The kind that makes everything roll right off instead of sinking in and doing damage. Claudette and every other successful player in Hollywood, has acquired this armor.

"It's easy to make a rule for yourself," she says. "First you realize that you know yourself best, that you know what you've done, are doing and plan to do. Then, when you hear stories about yourself, you just don't worry. I know many stars who hear amazing rumors and, instead of taking them to heart, investigating them and then denying them, merely laugh about them. For a denial can make trouble. You've seen those headlines, based on nothing, 'Joe Doakes Denies Rumor.' This dignifies the rumor and makes people believe there's some truth in it."

Claudette confesses she has ignored dozens of rumors in the course of her career which, had she denied them, would have caused her no end of trouble.

We'd make a list, but that would cause trouble too.

Claudette feels that another demand which must be satisfied is "to get away from it all." This expression has gotten a lot of laughs, and she laughs at it, too, but finds a lot of good to it, too. As soon as she finishes *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* at Paramount she is going to leave Hollywood for four months—go on a second honeymoon with her husband to Europe.

"Many people deny themselves this needed tonic," she says, "and it's a mistake. One has to forget about one's self, work, and think of other people and other things. When I leave, I'll not worry about the effect of my absence on the box office or anything else.

"And that brings us to another demand. Don't worry. What's going to happen is going to happen. When you get away from it all, as the saying goes, and start worrying, you simply aren't getting away at all. Jack—my husband—and I are not going to mention pictures in 120 days and 15,000 miles of travel."

Another of the ten demands is a sense of humor. Claudette has that. She gets more fun out of life than any other player I've known in a long Hollywood acquaintance, with the possible exception of Carole Lombard.

"Equipped with a sense of humor, you can go through practically anything," she says. "Anything from a poor breakfast, which is a minor tragedy, to the loss of a part you've dreamed about playing for years, which is major."

Mention of the loss of a part caused Claudette to cite as an example the little actress in *Stage Door*, played so admirably by Andrea Leeds. Miss Leeds' work in the picture wins high, sincere praise from Claudette.

"If that actress had had a sense of humor, she'd never have jumped out a window," Claudette says. "She took herself and her acting too seriously, and she has plenty of counterparts in real life."

Claudette takes few things in life very seriously, and she's very glad she doesn't. For instance, there was the advice she once recieved from an expert. He told her to stay away from motion pictures, that she didn't have a chance because she wasn't the type. She could have let that get her down, but she didn't.

"Things like that can't be taken to heart," she says. "You've got to keep on fighting. It's a battle all the way to the top. I don't mean that you have to fight people. I mean to fight yourself, to keep your balance."

And this remark produces another demand.

"You've got to have a sense of values and a sense of your own worth, plus the determination to see yourself through," she says. "It's purely a matter of self-control. You've got to have enough self-confidence at the start to believe you can make the grade when others think you can't. Then, when you get where you want to go, you can't think you're too good—can't believe your 'yes men' and your press notices. Bob Burns, to my mind, is the greatest example of this in pictures today. A few years ago he refused to lean backwards and feel that he had nothing to give, although he had suffered many rebuffs. Then he clicked. Today he isn't over-sold on himself. It's so easy to lose that balance. At the same time, Hollywood says you can't and continue to get by. After you've proved you have something the very people who thought you didn't will praise you to the skies. If you believe this 'yessing' you're heading for abrupt oblivion."

Claudette says that Hollywood demands, above all else, a youthful attitude. This means that the people at the top must keep eyes and ears open, keep the same pace that the world does or, if possible, be a jump ahead of it. The minute one loses this "must" perspective, the end is again drawing near.

"In Hollywood, more so than anywhere else, you're as young as you feel," Claudette says. "You've got to feel, think and act in a youthful manner. I've seen players washed up at forty. And I've seen others, such as the late Marie Dressler, May Robson, Wally Beery and Fred Stone, still going strong because of a youthful attitude."

Claudette mentions in passing the need of ability and training for the stage and for motion pictures. These are fundamental to success. You have to have them. They're obvious demands, the foundations on which any true Hollywood success is based. Another routine matter, just as important, is the saving of money, a demand that is sadly neglected.

"A bank account," she says, "is essential to well-being in Hollywood or anywhere else. Without one, it is hard to achieve a mood which fills Hollywood demands. Financial worries, most of them unnecessary, have been responsible for the ruin of many a promising career."

Last, a definite essential, is the demand to be a "good fellow." Claudette doesn't mention this. Maybe it's because she didn't think about it. Maybe she was just being modest. So I'll add it myself. Claudette is a "good fellow." She has that quality which makes people want to work with her and for her and help her in anything that she undertakes. Without that, no star in Hollywood can be successful for very long. Because, try as one may, if the fundamentals of good fellowship aren't in a person's make-up they can't be cultivated. Manufactured, or pseudo-fellowship, has a false ring, easily and quickly detected by fellow workers. Later it's found out by the millions who unconsciously look behind the silver screen and sense the true personalities of the players. Claudette, and the others who last, aren't found wanting.

Hollywood's most famous stars turned out at the benefit for the wife and child of the late, likeable Ted Healy. Here are Allan Jones, Martha Raye and Rudy Vallee, all of whom contributed their talents to a worthy cause

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The Amazing Change in Loretta Young!

[*Continued from page* 31]

ready found. And it hurts her no end to fail in meeting these things, no matter how much she is already doing.

This consuming interest unquestionably has had something to do with the change that has come over Loretta. But in this particular respect, the change has been gradual, just as her interest has awakened more with each new deed.

There is something more profound in what has happened to her. I saw it personified one day in the form of Judy. And Judy, I might explain, is the little two-year-old, golden-haired child Loretta adopted not long ago.

Father Dunningan was present that day when I first saw Judy. And he had a very deep and kindly interest in the child, for he had known the circumstances of its adoption—how Loretta had seen the orphaned girl and her sister at a nearby home, how Loretta had taken them both in, then sorrowfully parted with the older child when a living aunt expressed the desire to have one of them.

Loretta for years had wanted to adopt a child. The desire had been strong within her to mould the character of a little baby. Her mother discouraged this ambition at first on the theory that Loretta was too young for such a responsibility. But it did not lessen her desire in the slightest.

Finally, when little Judy, small and helpless, suddenly faced the world without her father or mother, Loretta knew that now was the time to undertake this tremendous responsibility. Her mother recognized the wisdom of this thought, and lent her support.

Loretta's two sisters had married and left the beautiful home on Sunset Boulevard. There was every reason for adopting this child. Many of her close friends in Hollywood, and Westwood in particular, had done the same thing. And had been ever so happy ever since.

"So I just up and did what had been fretting inside of me for so long," Loretta explained.

Loretta would just as soon not have talked about little Judy. The baby, after all, represents a very private phase of Loretta's life. She feels entitled to dodge publicity over adopting this homeless child just as much as she considers her charities strictly her own business. Nonetheless, she has given me the privilege of revealing these amazing things to SCREEN BOOK *readers.*

Little Judy unquestionably is a marvelous child. She sparkles all over the place, and is at that extremely cute age which parents forever cherish.

She came into the parlor that day, fresh from an afternoon nap, and busily offered everyone present a bite of her cookie. Generous, to be sure. And at an age when most children prefer to share nothing if they can help it.

Her blonde hair was freshly brushed, and she carried a tiny paper doll with her. It was as important to Judy as the most expensive doll you could find in Hollywood—and that is saying a great deal.

Judy brought the doll to all of us most cordially. Loretta, who had been absorbed in other things up to this point, dropped her tasks to play with the child. And then I knew, looking at the two of them, how a tiny personality could make such a tremendous change in a woman.

It is something you cannot explain in words. But you can try. And it might best be expressed this way. Up to now Loretta Young has been wrapped up solely in her career. To do the best possible work on the screen. She no longer feels that way—and does not need to. Judy is her one great interest, and a mere reflection of it is all that is needed. When Loretta Young goes before the cameras now, she automatically is working for someone besides herself, and this thought lends a stature to her work that could not have existed before.

You fans who felt that Lanny Ross didn't get a square deal in his first film venture, some years ago, will be glad to know that he is returning as a Columbia star. Lanny and his wife were snapped, at the recent All-Nations Cruise

Likewise, the presence of Judy has made a tremendous difference in Loretta's social life. She stays at home a great deal more, of course. But not to the point of allowing a new situation to unfairly dominate her life. Rather, Judy has helped Loretta balance the social scale. She gets more rest in a city where most people are constantly suffering from the lack of it. She gets relaxation without wearing herself out to find it. And as a consequence, Loretta Young is in better health than she has known for years.

Seeing this ideal situation at first hand, I felt a twinge of pity for other women in Hollywood who refused the opportunity to bring a new meaning into life. It seemed so obvious, and with countless children needing homes, one wondered how the stars could fail to recognize their opportunities.

Father Dunnigan must have read my thoughts. He told me that his parish was the adoptingest one in the west. Many, many people, he said, have adopted children in the last two or three years, and found the same happiness in it that has come to Loretta.

Yes, it's a marvelous thing. As I said before, Loretta has always been Hollywood's most vivacious personality. She has been the envy of other women stars, who often would admit their self-consciousness to her. And Loretta's reply usually must have been, "Well, I don't feel as confident as I look, but what's the use of showing it? You might as well make the best of any uncomfortable situation." And that was why she could walk into a room filled with people—a lot of them apparently very stilted—and still seem so completely dominant over the situation.

Now her position is even better, for Judy's presence in her home has increased her confidence with other people. Why? Well, it's risky business to try and analyze the mind of a woman, but I have my guess.

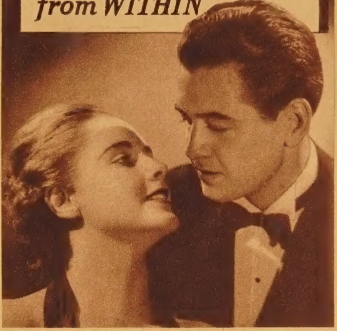
There isn't a woman in the world who doesn't seek a purpose in life. Her makeup is never quite complete until she feels she is earning a place for herself in the scheme of things. What this place may be is a question of individuality. For some women a career is enough. For others, mere social success. But by and large, the one complete justification for life in a woman's mind is the raising of children.

I may be wrong, but I'll never admit it. And I feel sure that this is the ultimate explanation for the great change in Loretta. The presence of a child has greatly increased the broadness of her social vision, the graciousness of her public contacts, the serenity of her spirit. And all of this, inevitably, will be reflected in her acting just as it is being demonstrated in her private life.

Yes, indeed, an amazing change has come over Loretta Young, but the story behind it is even more astonishing. And I have brought it to you as best I can, trying to leave unsaid the fine things that Loretta Young unselfishly prefers remain unprinted.

Now it's Eleanor Powell who joins the Hollywood immortals by having her hand and footprints preserved in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre! Only Eleanor, to be original, added her "tap" prints. Cute, huh?

be sure of yourself with a clear SKIN from WITHIN



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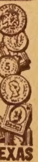

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Foods From The Deep!

[*Continued from page* 43]

or gelatin dessert. For those who like the excellent combination of fish, pastry crust and eggs this recipe is a natural:

TUNA FISH VEGETABLE PIE

2	cups boiled potatoes, diced
1	cup canned or cooked peas
¾	cup cooked diced celery
2	cups flaked tuna fish
1	cup vegetable cooking liquid
1	cup milk or thin white sauce
	salt, pepper
3	hard eggs, sliced
	pimiento strips

Combine vegetables and lay in bottom of greased glass casserole. Arrange flaked fish on top and pour over blended water and sauce. Season. Arrange sliced hard eggs and pimiento strips on top. Bake 30 minutes, moderate oven (350° F.). (Serves 6.) (Hard eggs and pimiento may be omitted and small biscuits placed on top, baking 20 minutes, hot oven (400° F.).

Tuna fish with cheese sauce is another novel suggestion, pouring the cheese sauce over the flaked fish as it lies in a shallow baking dish. Tuna and celery salad, or tuna and orange or grapefruit salad are both delicious, refreshing and guaranteed to act as antidotes to any possible "spring fever."

Salted and smoked fish are other forms of bringing the ocean to the oven. Salt mackerel or herring, refreshed in an overnight bath to remove excess salt and renew plumpness, are tops served plain, or with boiled potatoes. The smoked pack of haddock, known as Finnan haddie (haddock), makes a most acceptable breakfast dish when sauted in butter, or broiled in the oven with butter sauce. If broken or flaked into small bits and added to a moderately thin cream sauce, it makes a whole meal with hot boiled rice served around the platter.

Herring is a nutritious fish, and after the soaking which removes its packing salt, may be broiled, baked or boiled. Cut up two herrings in large pieces and add to plain boiled potatoes for that busy washday noon meal when you haven't time to do much cooking and yet require something nourishing to "hold you." Or, use the cup of herring with a goodly share of that old standby, potato salad, and see how tasty a lunch it is, especially if some onion juice is added to the mayonnaise.

Small fish like sardines, brislings, etc., also have their place in the seafood picture. It is a mistake to relegate the savory sardine merely to the tidbit platter. For these silvery mouthfuls are solid food value (with much vitamin A concealed under their silver scales) and when used with plenty of starch, are sufficient for a substantial meal. Use sardines with eggs too as they give that necessary contrast and tone to the too-flat and "eggy" taste. Heat the sardines in the oven, or over hot water, and arrange at both ends of a platter of "scrambled." Use tomato juice for mixing with the eggs in place of milk as another variety in flavor.

TO MANY people any fish is good as long as it is a fish ball! And this happens to be one of the easiest things to cook, too. Combine the flaked or left-over fish with a portion of potatoes and shape into small balls. Fry in deep fat, which gives the richness that both the fish and the potato lack of themselves. Fish balls may be made of any fish, and when made from crabmeat (as in the traditional Crab Cakes of Maryland) or lobster they rise into the luxury class. If preferred, shape the balls into flat cakes and pan fry in butter. Serve with tartar or chili sauce added to regular mayonnaise.

Another suggested way of using canned fish is as filling for a "roll" made of biscuit dough. Your family will love it, and ask for more! While several fish may be thus used, there is a special recipe in the leaflet which will be sent all readers free, for a Shore Dinner Roll and its accompanying egg sauce. For Friday or for any day, this will bring you applause.

Fish chowders are another way of serving fish and seafood in a generous but inexpensive dish. Probably no one dish could be used better for the typical "extender" meal than a chowder where milk, potatoes and crackers all help in extending (at smallest cost) the real or main ingredient of fish. Canned codfish makes a wonderful chowder and salmon chowder is also worth trying. Also these cream fish soups are the best kind of noon meal for hungry children and will add "flesh on their bones." So don't overlook fish milk soups in the diet of growing children because these contain the important minerals on which child growth depends.

From other countries we get the kind of dish which goes by the name of a Kedgeree—not a chowder, not a fish stew, but a mixture of both. Your true kedgeree is fish in a thin delicious sauce, supported by boiled rice. And is it good! You may call it anything you wish, only make it and let your family share the secret. And a last thought: it won't be long now before it's time for Spring Fever and a lazy appetite and a "don't want anything to eat" on the part of some member of the family. Here is just the place to use tempting cold salads and fish to coax that fussy appetite. Use salmon, tuna or other light fish combined with mayonnaise, and fashion into a pleasing mold; then add cucumbers, pickles or lemon, and you will be sure to have it eaten with relish.

So bring the ocean to your oven and give the family delicious meals while keeping your costs low. Let me send you the set of 8 Delicious Fish Dishes, including Creole Salmon Kedgeree, Shore Dinner Roll and Bungalow Pie. Please paste this coupon on a post card and send it to me.

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK,
c/o SCREEN BOOK,
1501 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the leaflet containing the set of 8 Delicious Fish Dishes.
(This offer expires April 30, 1938)

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

State ....

S.B.-4
(Please paste coupon on penny postcard)

Screen Book's Beauty School

[*Continued from page* 45]

due to the fact that the polish dries progressively, first on top, then down to the nail surface. The liquid is so heavy in consistency that it doesn't run annoyingly down the sides of the nails, and its lustre remains as long as the polish remains intact. In applying it, you use a full brush and allow the usual two minutes for the polish to dry. Then, if you'll protect your nails from rough treatment for about an hour, you'll find your prayers for a long-lasting polish answered. There are twelve fashion-right shades, two of them out only a month or so. You'll find this polish being used in most beauty salons and on sale at cosmetic counters for 35 cents a bottle. Want the name?

If you've followed my articles for any length of time then you've read my enthusiastic comments on a clear, green liquid that cleanses and tones the skin quickly and pleasantly. Now there are some round pads saturated with this same liquid, that you can keep on your dressing table or carry, in a handy green and white compact, in your purse. The humidor jar full of the lotion-soaked pads is a refill station for the compact, which holds enough for a day or two, depending on how frequently you use them. The humidor jar is so made that there is a little canal running around the inside base that serves as a sort of reservoir for a surplus supply of the liquid that keeps the pad moist from the bottom up. There's a special introductory offer of the dollar humidor jar and the twenty-five cent compact for only 98 cents. I'll be delighted to send you the trade name. Then you can know the satisfaction of being able to indulge in quick clean-ups at any time of the day.

READER MAIL BOX

Are you the belle of your local balls? If not, write Janet Lynn and tell her about your beauty problems. She will be glad to help you solve them, and make you over into the exciting person you want to be. Be sure to enclose a stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage) envelope with return address when you write to her at 1501 Broadway, New York City.

We don't believe a word of it—but the Paramount publicity department says that Dorothy Lamour received this 22-inch long alligator as a present from her director. Still it draws attention to the saronged star and her new picture, *Her Jungle Love,* in which she again plays a native beauty

FAMOUS STAR...
NOW IN THE COLUMBIA PICTURE
"NO TIME TO MARRY"

Richard Arlen

His smart wardrobe at Columbia Studios is Mothproofed with LARVEX

YOUR clothes are just as important to you. So, spray with Larvex as movie stars do and forget your moth worries.

Moths starve to death on Larvex-sprayed fabrics. That's why a thorough spraying with Larvex is the safeguard advised by scientists and used in famous movie studios.

Larvex is odorless, stainless and one spraying mothproofs for a whole year. The new Larvex continuous sprayer makes it easier to apply. An extra-easy way is to use your vacuum cleaner sprayer.

Larvex is economical, too. One suit of clothes costs less than 17c to mothproof when Larvex is bought by the gallon.

MOTH PROOFED WITH LARVEX UNTIL WASHED AGAIN

Look for this seal

IT APPEARS ON CLOTHES, BLANKETS, FURNITURE AND RUGS WHICH HAVE BEEN MOTHPROOFED WITH

LARVEX

"THEY GUESSED MY AGE 10 YEARS YOUNGER THAN I AM"

It's so Easy to Brush Away

GRAY HAIR

At home, without risk, you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

MEN LOVE
Peppy GIRLS!

IF you are happy and peppy and full of fun, men will take you places. If you are lively, they will invite you to dances and parties.

BUT, if you are cross and lifeless and always tired out, men won't be interested in you. Men don't like "quiet" girls. Men go to parties to enjoy themselves. They want girls along who are full of pep.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Make a note NOW to get a bottle of famous Pinkham's Compound TODAY from your druggist. Enjoy life as Nature intended.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

ACCOUNTING
the profession that pays

Accountants command big income. Thousands needed. About 16,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many earn $2,000 to $15,000. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary—we prepare you from ground up. Our training is personally given by staff of experienced C. P. A.'s. Low cost—easy terms. Write now for valuable 64-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," free.

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The School That Has In Its Alumni
Over 1,450 C.P.A.'s

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results also **FREE.**

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining **Dermoil.** Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil** is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write **today** for your test bottle. Results may surprise you. **Don't delay.** Sold by Walgreen Drug Stores.

LAKE LABORATORIES,
Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. F-29, Detroit, Mich.

A Model Young Man!

[*Continued from page* 36]

Broadway. The young man has "arrived" in pictures and will travel far.

Alan graduated from Chicago's Nicholas Senn High School as an "A" student and saved up enough time from his books to win letters in baseball, football, basketball and track. He carried letters instead of winning them on his first out-of-school job, which happened to be bill collecting.

"I gave this up," he says, "when I found that people didn't like the pests who played knock-knock on their back doors and said 'gimme.' Next came a job as bond salesman for a brokerage house. This was in September, 1929, and if you happen to remember the crash you may also recall what happened to bond salesmen caught in the deluge. A month later I was behind the wheel of a taxi where, instead of giving out market tips, I was getting them from the cash customers who rode with me."

One of these cash customers happened to be an advertising executive who hired Curtis to pose as a photographic model for men's suits.

"During the next two years," says Alan, "I was photographed with everything from automobiles to vacuum cleaners. Later I came to New York and found steady work posing for ads, artists and magazines. It wasn't long before I was getting bids for screen tests. The Big Town seemed to have more movie talent scouts than Irish policemen. I made it a point to accept the interviews, but managed to duck the cops and the tests. I told the scouts that if I couldn't get to Hollywood on an interview I wouldn't go at all."

And he didn't!

What he did do was to draw what little money he had from the bank and sail for Paris on a holiday! When his sight-seeing was finished he found he could make a good living posing and decided to stay. And stay he did until he met a charming Russian actress and accepted her offer to make a motion picture travelogue with her for an automobile company.

"I figured it was a swell way to see the country at no expense," Curtis explains. "We played the roles of a newlywed couple on a honeymoon and got along fine, although neither of us could understand the other without an interpreter. That was my first experience before the cameras and I liked it. The automobile company liked the travelogue so everybody was happy.

"Back in New York, a few months later, I went to see *Dead End* and after the show an RKO scout collared me in the lobby. I was interviewed, tested, and on my way to Hollywood almost before I knew what the shouting was about."

Alan blames his dismal first year in the movie town on his lack of confidence. Everything in Hollywood was new to him. He was afraid to move for fear of making a mistake. A small part in *Winterset*, with Burgess Meredith, and a smaller part as a member of a mob scene was the sum total of his screen endeavors, although RKO kept him on the payroll for a year before he was dropped.

He was counting over his money and packing his grips preparatory to his final exit from the Hollywood scene when M-G-M signed him up.

"I can't say that I was very much enthused about the new deal at first," Curtis confesses. "I had small bits in two pictures, *Between Two Women* and *Bad Guy*, and from my camera angle it certainly looked as though my screen history was about to repeat itself. But you never can tell, fortunately. I received a call to test for the role of Eddie Miller in *Mannequin*. The test looked good and I began to have those Hollywood dreams of success—and then came the announcement that the role called for a star name, and those pleasant dreams turned into nightmares. Old Man Fate had called the third strike on me. I got out my grips and started packing again."

But he never finished. He was asked to take another test. Miss Crawford, he was informed, had seen the first one, had liked it, and had suggested him for the part. Director Frank Borzage had dittoed Miss Crawford's judgment, and before the young man had completed his first week of shooting, he was combing star dust out of his hair!

Critics were unanimous in acclaiming Curtis a newcomer of importance, and the fan mail began to roll in—but he hadn't time to be impressed with himself. He was too busy wooing and winning the lovely, dark-haired Priscilla Lawson, another up-and-coming young M-G-M contract player. They were married just before the first of the year!

Just take our word for it—this handsome, modest and very happy young man will be one of the ranking stars before 1938 comes to an end!

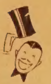
That confirmed New Yorker, Sylvia Sidney, smiles happily at the news cameramen as she arrives in Hollywood to play opposite George Raft in Paramount's *You and Me*

OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

READ THE RATINGS IN THE TOPPER'S FACE!

THE BUCCANEER

Paramount



Gosh, kiddies—do you really know who won the war of 1812 between the United States and England? It was Fredric March, no less. Cecil B. DeMille says so, and he ought to know. Isn't he the movies' leading authority on history?

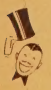
Maybe DeMille meant to tell us that it was really Jean La Fitte, pirate of olden days, who brought his lawless hordes to the aid of defenseless New Orleans, and thus turned the tide in favor of the Americans. But no pirate, no matter how dashing, could be half as attractive or handsome as Fredric March in the role. It's one of his best performances.

The Buccaneer is a typical DeMille production—lavish, spectacular and not at all believable. But at the same time we give it Topper's highest rating, because these qualities are just what will appeal to the average audience. You'll also like Akim Tamiroff, as a cannoneer with Napoleon's army who turns pirate; Margot Grahame (playing a perfect lady, for a change) and Beulah Bondi. And perhaps Franciska Gaal's stereotyped charm will intrigue you.

Both Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier are handsomer than ever in the Technicolor drama, *The Divorce of Lady X*

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES

United Artists



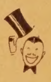
The astute Mr. Samuel Goldwyn seldom makes a musical production—but when he does, all the other producers sit up and take notice. And *The Goldwyn Follies* is a knockout of a picture that is bound to be raved over for months. It has *everything!*

Every field of popular entertainment—screen, opera, ballet, musical comedy—is represented in the new picture. Adolphe Menjou, the Ritz Brothers and Andrea Leeds carry off the screen honors. Helen Jepson and Charles Kullman represent the famous Metropolitan Opera, while Zorina and the American Ballet are divinely graceful. Then there are Edgar Bergen and his woodchuckle, Charlie McCarthy, in their first feature-length picture; Bobby Clark, Kenny Baker, Ella Logan and Phil Baker from the variety stages.

The story is by the satirical Ben Hecht and is a grand background for the diversified performers. Most impressive sequence: the Water Nymph Ballet number, headed by the superb Zorina. Happiness note: Andrea Leeds' *Stage Door* performance was not a flash in the pan.

IN OLD CHICAGO

20th Century-Fox



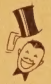
Tops in entertainment is this lavish drama of the rough and rowdy Chicago of over half a century ago, ending with the disastrous fire that virtually destroyed the city.

Historians may find fault with the story, which adds to the legend that there *was* a Mrs. O'Leary (there should have been if she were as grand as Alice Brady!) and that she had a cow that kicked over a lantern that started the fire. For the conflagration, as produced by Darryl Zanuck and his cohorts, is one of the most exciting spectacles ever to appear on the screen.

Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Don Ameche are a handsome and talented trio of stars, even if Tyrone does look a bit young to have been the underworld chief of all Chicago. Andy Devine, Brian Donlevy, Phyllis Brooks, Tom Brown and Sidney Blackmer give their usual excellent performances. Better not miss this one.

HAPPY LANDING

20th Century-Fox



The entrancing Miss Sonja Henie is once more with us, flashing her dimples, displaying even more charm and skating like an angel (well, if angels *could* skate, they couldn't be better than Sonja). And *Happy Landing* is a shrewd vehicle in which to present the blonde star—the story is amusingly absurd, and her supporting cast includes such naturals as Don Ameche, Cesar Romero, Ethel Merman, Jean Hersholt and Billy Gilbert.

Picture has Cesar Romero, a girl-crazy orchestra leader, flying across the Atlantic for publicity. Landing in Sonja's quaint Norwegian village, he promptly captivates her—and she follows him back to New York. Don Ameche, Romero's manager, learns that Sonja is a skating marvel, builds her into a box office sensation, and inevitably she finds out that it is Don that she loves.

[Continued on page 67]

REST
IN HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIOS

BETTY GRABLE
featured in the Paramount picture
"COLLEGE SWING"

MEANS REST FOR EYES, TOO!

Keep your eyes clear and serene, on windy or sunny days, the way Hollywood stars do! Wherever you go — to the tennis matches, golf links or polo fields, on streets or busy movie lots — you'll see *dark* lens sun goggles worn to rest and protect the eyes. Take a beauty tip from these glamorous stars . . . rest and protect *your* eyes from harsh sunlight or wind with SOLAREX dark lens goggles. SOLAREX lenses are *darker*, yet do not distort natural colors; *scientifically treated* to keep out harmful infra-red rays. They end squinting and eye-strain due to harsh light; keep out the dirt. They're flattering, too, with any costume. And when you buy — insist on SOLAREX, the country's beauty goggles!

SOLAREX dark lens sun goggles are sold by better drug stores everywhere. Look for the Good Housekeeping Guaranty—YOUR pledge of satisfaction. Prices range from 50c to $2.50. Frames available in many styles and colors. Most styles include a case and polishing cloth FREE. Made by Bachmann Bros., Inc., Philadelphia — Est. 1833.

SOLAREX DARK LENS SUN GOGGLES GUARANTEED AS ADVERTISED IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

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THE COUNTRY'S BEAUTY GOGGLES

Lovelier Blonde Hair
NEW CINEMA CREAM METHOD

Everywhere blondes are more popular! You, too, can have beautiful — lustrous — fluffy blonde hair that wins admiration INSTANTLY! Now in 5 to 15 minutes—at home—you can lighten your hair to any flattering shade you desire with one application of LECHLER'S "569" INSTANT HAIR LIGHTENER, the New Cinema Cream Method. Brightens hair immediately! Looks natural! LECHLER'S, applied as an antiseptic white cream — easy to use — lightens only hair where applied. Not a liquid bleach! Does not run to hair ends and so cannot streak! And LECHLER'S does not affect your permanent wave.

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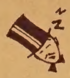
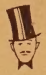
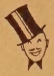
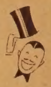
with each order: FREE
- Special Application Brush
- 36-page booklet: *"The New Art of Lightening Hair"*
- Hollywood's famous eyelash grower and darkener—*"Cinema Long-Lash"* in enameled case with mirror (regularly $1) FREE!

LECHLER LABORATORIES
560 Broadway Dept. F. E., New York, N.Y.

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)

Picture Title	Who's In It				
HAPPY LANDING	Sonja Henie-C. Romero	▨	▨	▨	▨
EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY	Mae West-Edmund Lowe	▨	▨	▨	
EVERYBODY SING	Allan Jones-Fanny Brice	▨	▨	▨	
MANNEQUIN	Crawford-S. Tracy	▨	▨	▨	
HURRICANE	Jon Hall-Dorothy Lamour	▨	▨	▨	▨
INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT	Del Rio-G. Sanders	▨	▨	▨	
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL	Dick Powell-Lane Sisters	▨	▨	▨	▨
SNOW WHITE AND 7 DWARFS	Snow White and Dwarfs	▨	▨	▨	▨
SWING YOUR LADY	Louise Fazenda-H. Bogart	▨	▨	▨	
THE KID COMES BACK	Wayne Morris-June Travis	▨	▨	▨	
SALESLADY	Anne Nagel-W. Heyburn	▨	▨		
PATIENT IN ROOM 18	Ann Sheridan-P. Knowles	▨	▨		
THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES	Menjou-Ritz Brothers	▨	▨	▨	▨
INVISIBLE MENACE	Karloff-Marie Wilson	▨	▨		
THE DIVORCE OF LADY X	Merle Oberon-L. Olivier	▨	▨	▨	
PENITENTIARY	W. Connolly-J. Parker	▨	▨	▨	
GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT	G. Brent-DeHavilland	▨	▨	▨	
A YANK AT OXFORD	Robert Taylor-O'Sullivan	▨	▨	▨	
I MET MY LOVE AGAIN	J. Bennett-H. Fonda	▨	▨		
THE BLACK DOLL	Donald Woods-Nan Grey	▨	▨		
IN OLD CHICAGO	Tyrone Power-Alice Faye	▨	▨	▨	▨
ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS	M. Douglas-Virginia Bruce	▨	▨	▨	
DOUBLE DANGER	Preston Foster-W. Bourne	▨	▨		
PARADISE FOR THREE	F. Morgan-Florence Rice	▨	▨	▨	
THE SPY RING	Wm. Hall-Jane Wyman	▨	▨		
SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST	John Boles-Luli Deste	▨	▨		
MIDNIGHT INTRUDER	L. Hayward-Barbara Read	▨	▨	▨	
BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE	Wallace Beery-V. Bruce	▨	▨	▨	
HOUSE OF MYSTERY	Jack Holt-Beverly Roberts	▨	▨		
RADIO CITY REVELS	Bob Burns-Jack Oakie	▨	▨	▨	
SOUTH RIDING	Edna Best-R. Richardson	▨	▨		
THE BUCCANEER	F. March-Franciska Gaal	▨	▨	▨	▨

Our Critic Goes to the Movies

[*Continued from page* 65]

THE DIVORCE OF LADY X

United Artists

A gay, sprightly drawing room comedy in the best English tradition, with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier beautifully photographed in Technicolor as an extra added attraction. We can't recommend it to the fans who like rough-and-tumble melodrama, but the more sophisticated moviegoer will like its airy banter, its well-modulated charm, its excellent performances.

Laurence Olivier is a young lawyer who is forced by circumstances to share his room with a beautiful debutante, Miss Oberon. A comedy of errors follows, in which Olivier is led to believe that his companion is an often-divorced woman of the world (Binnie Barnes).

Miss Oberon looks startlingly beautiful, and her wardrobe, created by the gifted Rene Hubert, will bring admiring gasps from feminine fans. And Laurence Olivier, too long wasted in mediocre Hollywood films, comes into his cinematic own as a romantic hero in this Alexander Korda production. You'll like those superb English favorites, Ralph Richardson and Morton Selton, in character roles, and Binnie Barnes, at her crisp best.

EVERYBODY SING

Metro-Goldwyn

At a cost far below that usually spent in making a musical, M-G-M has turned out one of the most intriguing pictures of the season in *Everybody Sing*. It has a grand cast, several hit tunes, a goofy plot and all the elements that go into the making of a good "audience" picture.

Billie Burke is a screwball actress, Reginald Owen her playwright husband, Lynne Carver and Judy Garland their children. Their household is made even more wacky by Fanny Brice, the maid, and Allen Jones, a cook who bursts into song at the drop of a soup plate.

You'll like the whole cast; Judy Garland again stops the show with her crooning, and you'll find Allan Jones better than ever. Then there's Fanny Brice, with one of her "Baby Snooks" numbers, and a song called "Quainty Dainty Me." Miss Brice's new found radio popularity will undoubtedly add to her prestige as a screen luminary—but she should have been discovered by the films these many years ago! Billie Burke's pink-and-white beauty is admirably displayed—and you can add the name of Lynne Carver to your list of girls who are going places.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

Warner Bros.

A hitherto unfilmed period of pioneer history has been thrillingly brought to the screen in this Technicolor drama of the bitter feud between the gold miners and fruit ranchers of California.

George Brent, Olivia de Havilland and Claude Rains head the cast of the new Warner Bros. picture, and give excellent performances. Brent plays an Eastern engineer who falls in love with the lovely Olivia, whose interests are naturally with her father, Claude Rains, and his rancher friends. The crooked mining syndicate continues to spoil the rich productive lands of the ranchers by loosing floods of silt into the valleys, and the farmers are finally forced to take matters into their own hands. Brent, seeing the error of his ways, dynamites a huge power dam and the mines are swept away in a spectacular flood. The distinguished Margaret Lindsay does her best in a thankless role, and Jack Holt's young son, Tim, will undoubtedly be one of Hollywood's most important young juveniles from now on. Others in the cast include John Litel, Marcia Ralston, Barton MacLane and Sidney Toler. The dynamiting of a huge power dam used in gold mining finally sweeps the Sacramento valley clean of the unproductive silt cast off by the mines, and the lovers are finally brought together.

Margaret Lindsay, John Litel, Marcia Ralston, Barton MacLane and Jack Holt's son, Tim, offer excellent support.

ON THE MOVIE LOTS IT'S "ACTION"

ACTION CALLS FOR ENERGY—NOT FATIGUE

You can avoid both fat and fatigue if you eat foods which yield energy quickly. Baby Ruth is a pure, delicious candy—but it is also a concentrated food of energizing goodness. That's because Baby Ruth is rich in Dextrose, the sugar you need for energy. And Dextrose is utilized by active people as energy, when needed, rather than stored as fat. Active people need energy every day—Baby Ruth is their candy.

"IT'S HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE CANDY"

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

5¢

A YANK AT OXFORD
Metro-Goldwyn

Hi, there, all you caustic critics who insist upon calling Robert Taylor "Beautiful Bob!" *A Yank At Oxford* proves pretty conclusively that the star is much better in vital, youthful and manly roles than the dream boy parts he has generally played. And if his studio is wise, they'll keep him in the new type of role.

Bob's new picture, made in England, is slick entertainment, and shows that topnotch films *can* be produced on the other side if given the same careful production values of Hollywood. The star plays an American student who wins a scholarship at Oxford. Arriving in England, he finds it hard to make friends, but eventually wins over his comrades, as well as the beautiful sister of one of them (Maureen O'Sullivan). Lionel Barrymore, Edmund Gwenn, Griffith Jones and Vivien Leigh (betcha Hollywood grabs her!) head the supporting cast.

Incidentally, one burning problem is settled once and for all in *A Yank at Oxford*. Mr. Taylor's bared chest looks like a mattress! . . . So we can all go back to our knitting.

PARADISE FOR THREE
Metro-Goldwyn

Here's one of those surprise pictures—a "B" picture, produced on a modest scale, with a cast of studio contract players—that turns out to be more entertaining than many more lavish productions! If you're not epic-minded, you'll find it hilarious entertainment.

Frank Morgan, Florence Rice, Robert Young and Edna May Oliver head the cast, with all of them up to their usual splendid standard. Morgan is the millionaire soap manufacturer who wins second prize in one of his own slogan contests—a trip to the Swiss Alps. Robert Young is the first prize winner, a poor but bright young man. There's a lot of mistaken identity and Morgan is treated like a leper by the hotel staff, while Young is regarded as the millionaire. Not that the plot matters; it's the bright, breezy lines and the expert performances that put the picture across. Herman Bing is a cast standout in his role of the incoherent hotel porter, and you'll find Florence Rice prettier than ever.

RADIO CITY REVELS
RKO-Radio

Musical picture addicts will find *Radio City Revels* right up their alley. It is bright, mirthful entertainment, with a topnotch cast of radio and screen celebrities and at least six tunes by Allie Wrubel and Herb Magidson that should fall into the hit class.

Bob Burns plays an aspiring song writer who turns out hit tunes in his sleep, a fact that is soon discovered by smart boys, Jack Oakie and Milton Berle, and put to their own use. One of the most hilarious sequences deals with the efforts of Oakie and Berle to put Burns to sleep.

Kenny Baker and Ann Miller play the romantic leads nicely enough.

Lynn Roberts
Featured in
Republic Pictures

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in metal vanity. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case. Colors:—Black, Brown, Blue.

For Beautiful Eyes this finer Mascara

Of course you want the *natural* appearance of long, dark, curling lashes—what woman doesn't? Well, there is no longer any possible excuse for blank, unattractive eyes or scraggly lashes when Maybelline Mascara is so reasonably priced. A few simple brush strokes of either the solid or cream-form will give your lashes radiant beauty instantly. Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting, and keeps lashes soft and silky. Velvety Black, Midnight Blue, or rich shade of Brown. Vanity size, in beautiful metal case or tube, 75c. Purse sizes at all 10c stores. Beautiful eyes are yours for the asking when you ask for Maybelline Mascara.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil in Black, Blue, Brown... Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown Green, Violet.

match Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow for complete harmony

Fashion decrees, and make-up experts agree that you must now harmonize your entire eye make-up. Match your Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow with your Mascara for *naturalness*—this is the newest note in beauty, and in no way can you achieve this better than with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. The exquisitely smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil forms lovely, graceful eyebrows—and a subtle touch of colorful Maybelline Eye Shadow will work wonders for the sparkle in your eyes.

Maybelline Eye Cream to ward off eye wrinkles.

and Smooth Skin Around the Eyes with this rich Eye Cream

Crows-feet, circles, and crepey lids detract so much from any woman's appearance. Help keep smooth and soft the tender skin area around the eyes by using this beneficial Special Eye Cream. Apply it faithfully every night for most pleasing results. Liberal introductory sizes at ten cent stores.

Maybelline

LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS IN THE WORLD

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 13]

LEE BOWMAN, besides being a popular young man, is also a versatile one. Among his parlor tricks is the one where he imitates the cry of a new born babe to perfection. Recently Lee was in the men's booth at Westmore's. As Bob Matz, Hollywood's famous barber, was cutting Lee's hair, the actor began to give out with his baby cry. In a few minutes people were running up and down outside the door. Vacant booths were searched. The whole place broke out in confusion while everyone searched for what they thought was an abandoned moppet!

MARLENE DIETRICH isn't making herself too popular with the fair sex of Hollywood. At the Trocadero one night Marlene came in with a party of friends. At another table was another party that included Cesar Romero and George Murphy. Marlene turned to Gregory Ratoff, who was in her party, and asked him to go over and ask Romero to dance with her. But Romero was out on the floor with Joan Crawford before Ratoff reached his side. Then Dietrich asked for George Murphy—which would have left Mrs. Murphy sitting alone while her husband danced. George, being a loving husband and a perfect gentleman, expressed his regrets. Gregory shrugged his shoulders and went back to Marlene, who sat the rest of her dances out!

ONCE upon a time Tyrone Power worked as an extra. No one paid much attention to him and Tyrone was lucky if the wardrobe gave him a costume that half-way fit him. But that was all yesterday. Hollywood can be awfully nice—to people who are on top. The day that Tyrone started shooting on *Marie Antoinette*, his dressing room was filled with flowers, bottles of toilet water, gifts and remembrances from everyone.

YOUNG Hollywood actors have at last come to realize that a movie career is something to be taken seriously. Therefore when a good part is up for casting, the rivalry is very keen. It's going to be interesting to see who gets the Monroe Owsley role in the remake of *Holiday*. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant are the stars. For the Owsley part, Director George Cukor has been considering, William Bakewell, John Beal and Lee Bowman. Dozens of other new screen actors were called in on interviews. At the time of this writing, John Beal leads the running.

LEE PATRICK, brilliant New York actress who is now in Hollywood, feels that at last she has been touched by fame. On the ***Condemned Women*** set, Lee plays an old meanie prisoner who goes around pumping matrons full of

[*Continued on page* 70]

That's Andy Devine's three-year-old son seated on his knee—as if you hadn't guessed it!—and the occasion was a birthday party that the gravel-voiced comic gave for young Tad. The little girl with the balloon is Nancy Laucke, daughter of "Lum" of "Lum and Abner." The other girl is Andy's niece, Jerry House

WHEN COLDS OR HEADACHES GET MY MAN SAY! HE'S NO "ANGEL CHILD." I GIVE HIM ALKA-SELTZER BEFORE HE DRIVES ME WILD
MINE OVERSTUFFS AND THEN COMPLAINS, HIS STOMACH'S "ON A TEAR," BUT A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER SETTLES THINGS RIGHT THEN AND THERE
WITH ALL THEIR LITTLE ACHES AND PAINS AND "MORNING AFTER" WOES, WHO'D WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT A MAN? I WOULDN'T,-GOODNESS KNOWS!
Alka-Seltzer

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Be Wise – Alkalize

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling pleasant-tasting solution. Drink it and it gives quick relief from Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after meals and other common ailments. It also helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

30¢ & 60¢ PKGS. OR BY THE GLASS AT DRUG STORE SODA FOUNTAINS

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC-NETWORK

TOUCH UP GRAY STREAKS

ANY COLOR
LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy as penciling your eyebrows in your own home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35 for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE. State original hair color
Brookline Chemical Co., Dept. F-48
79 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

LOSE BAD BREATH-
keep your friends

In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

So keep regular. And if you need to assist Nature, use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This mild laxative brings relief, yet is always gentle. Extremely important, too, *is the mild stimulation it gives the flow of bile from the liver, without the discomfort of drastic, irritating drugs.* That's why millions use Olive Tablets yearly. At your druggists, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

CORNS REMOVED WITH **CASTOR OIL** PREPARATION

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and dangerous razors. A new liquid, NOXACORN, relieves pain fast and dries up the pestiest corns, callus and warts. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine, and the substance from which aspirin is made. Absolutely safe. Easy directions in package. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggist returns money if it fails to remove corn. **NOXACORN**

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Mrs. D. J. MAHLER

Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions with proper care. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Also used by professionals. **Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." D. J. Mahler, Co., Dept. 28D, Providence, R. I.**

OILY SHINY SKIN

Blackheads Large Pores

Oily skin brings Blackheads! Dangerous to squeeze them. Causes scars! Infection! Use wonderful, scientific KLEERPLEX WASH. Medicated Pore Purifier. Quick! Safe! No harmful chemicals. Nothing like it! Absolutely helps banish Blackheads, Large Pores, embarrassing Grease, Sallow Muddiness. Instantly your face looks clearer, lighter, refined. You have that clean-cut attractive look demanded in business, socially. Don't waste money on ordinary cosmetics. Do like thousands wise Men, Women. Convince yourself! Send $1. + .10 post. NOW for 2 mos' size to KLEERPLEX (T20) 452 5th Av. N. Y. C. Or pay C. O. D. Outside U. S. $1.25—no C. O. D. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

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Free course in typing included.

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Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page 69*]

lead. The day they took the big jail break scene, one of the studio policeman came up to Lee after it was all over. He told Lee he had been on the New York police force for many years and that Lee was the "spittin' image" of "Tiger Lil," a notorious gangster's moll, now doing time. But according to the cop, Lee and Tiger Lil were different in one respect. Lil packed *two* guns!

BARBARA STANWYCK'S love letters, written to Frank Fay long before she ever dreamed her great love would go crashing on the matrimonial rocks, have played a strange part in her career. When Frank Fay introduced those letters as evidence, during the recent Stanwyck-Fay dissension and the letters were made public on the front pages of newspapers all over the world, thousands of letters poured in to Barbara. Even though it was cruel and hurt Barbara deeply, the contents of those letters more than ever proved the fineness of Barbara Stanwyck's character and the depth of her loyalty. People from all walks of life wrote to her and told her to be proud she was capable of such great emotion—even though it did hurt to see the innermost secrets of her heart so cruelly exposed.

WHEN Ginger Rogers presented Lee Bowman with "Mike," a soulful-eyed cocker spaniel, she thought she was being quite nice. And so she was—only "Mike" and Lee are running into difficulties. The minute a guest walks into the Bowman household, Mike makes a flying leap for the guest's lap. Without any encouragement he next puts both paws on the guest's shoulders and proceeds to bury his face on the inside of a coat or sweater. Mike is always in a "necking" mood and gets furious if he is put off. Lee says it gets quite embar-

Naturally Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert are in constant demand as radio co-stars, due to their screen teaming. Here they are during a recent air show

Those popular comics of the airways, Lum and Abner, enjoy an impromptu songfest before going on one of their famous Horlick broadcasts

rassing when his guests ask if "Mike" takes after his father?

DOROTHY LAMOUR really should have been a movie star in ye good old days when they went in for Russian wolf hounds, diamond automobile door monograms, and Chinese apartments. Dorothy really would have had a wonderful time for herself then, because she is the kind of gal who takes her publicity to heart. Recently when she went to New York, Dorothy carried along a shoe box. Inside was a baby alligator that she intended taking for a walk on a leash, when she arrived in the big city.

THINGS are happening in the lives of Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward. In the first place Louis is smiling again, now that Ida is remaining in Hollywood. With trunks all packed and passports secured, Ida was on the point of taking off for London when she received word from Herbert Wilcox that his picture had been postponed. Simultaneously with that word came news for Louis. After being wasted in Universal Class B pictures, that studio has agreed to give Louis his freedom. Every studio in Hollywood is bidding for his services. There is also a play he may do in New York and there's a good part for Ida in it, too. Then there's the little matter of wedding bells that might chime out merrily any moment. It looks like a big year for this nice young couple.

YOU wouldn't suspect it, but that mighty demon of the dance, Fred Astaire, is a crack huntsman. When he returned from Mexico, Fred brought back the quota of quail. For a while it looked like he wouldn't be allowed to fire a single bullet. He had the wrong kind of guns and Astaire or no Astaire, the border officials would not let him by. And then of all things, he had to pose for a special picture to go with his passport. It all worked out eventually and Fred returned to Hollywood and gave his friends the bird!

ONLY in the movies could this happen. For stills to advertise *Bringing Up Baby*, Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant had to wheel Nissa, the leopard, around in a baby carriage. Imagine the surprise of visitors, seeing this strange sight on the lot. And imagine the surprise of Katie and Cary when Nissa's trainer was called to the phone, leaving the two players with the animal on their hands. Hepburn was calm and cool about it all. But Cary began to shout for someone to bring on a bottle of perfume. Just in case you aren't up on your leopards, under the influence of a perfume odor, they become as meek as a lamb! Well—sometimes it works!

IT WAS unfortunate for Barbara Stanwyck that her suspension from RKO, should come just at the time she was having her legal difficulties with Frank Fay. There was no connection between the trial and Barbara's suspension. The studio wanted her to do another story that they felt was close to *Stella Dallas*. Barbara felt that Stella was a success and she didn't want to take the chance of trying to top that performance. So the studio had only one alternative. And Barbara, being the kind of a gal who has the courage of her convictions, went off salary rather than take the chance of making a bad picture.

CLAIRE DODD'S visit to New York after finishing *Romance in the Dark* at Paramount developed into a comedy of nightmarish errors: 1. Her baggage got shuffled with that of a vaudeville magician enroute East and she wound up with equipment for sawing a woman in half. 2. She caught a cold during her three

[*Continued on page* 72]

When Fanny Brice, as "Baby Snooks," goes on the air for good old M-G-M, Master of Ceremonies Robert Taylor scarcely knows what to expect next. However, comedian George Jessel is ready to lend a helping hand, if necessary

"SNAP OUT OF IT!"
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

"SMART GIRL—you know I can't hang on to a grouch when you tempt me with Beeman's. Now there's real flavor — fresh, lusty flavor that wakes up your taste! Smooth on your tongue yet chockful of fresh pep.

Of course it's this ingenious airtight package that keeps Beeman's so extra fresh and flavorsome. I say — we ought to keep Beeman's on hand *all* the time!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

... BUT ISN'T ALL MASCARA JUST ALIKE?

NO!... WINX IS DIFFERENT! FINER TEXTURE ...LOOKS MORE NATURAL..KEEPS YOUR LASHES SOFT AND SILKY!

For more beautiful eyes, be sure to get WINX — mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil. Look for the GREEN PACKAGES.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

WINX the Finer Quality MASCARA

Jagged Nerves Cause Divorce!

Many women suffer in silence with jagged nerves, while others seek freedom from marital unhappiness at Reno.

If your day begins with backache, headache or periodic pains, with nerves on edge, irritability and discomforts associated with functional disturbances, you may need the tonic effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has for nearly seventy years been helping women in every state in the Union.

Buy now! New size, tabs. 50c. Liquid $1.00 & $1.35. Sold by druggists everywhere.

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 71]

hours in gusty Chicago. 3. She dropped her favorite compact through a grille on Park Avenue into the subway. 4. She took vigorous exercise and wax baths to lose weight and gained three-quarters of a pound, and finally caught her heel and sprained her ankle when boarding a plane for Toronto!

LUISE RAINER is a very sick girl. Friends who hadn't seen her in months, met her in Westwood Village doing her shopping. They were actually shocked at her thin appearance. Luise, who lived through some very tragic moments during the World War in Europe, has never been able to adjust herself happily to Hollywood. Now her ill health is keeping her off the screen far too long to suit her many fans.

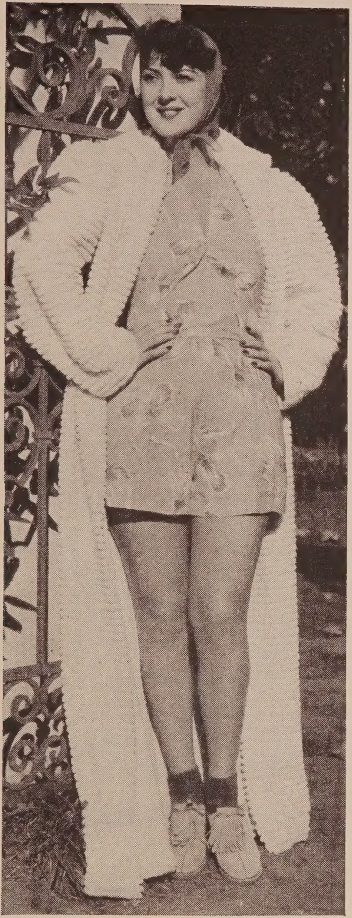
JOHN BEAL received one of those new money clips from a fan. In the center of the gold gadget was engraved these words, "Beal's Wad."

MAYBE if Garbo hurries home she can purchase the one house that might afford her the privacy she vainly seeks. In the last year Garbo has moved many times. The last time her new address was printed by a Hollywood columnist, before the great Greta even had a chance to hang up her hat. Out in North Hollywood there stood a house that reeked with beauty and old world charm. It was surrounded by high walls and much land. Garbo tried to buy this place. Just too late she discovered that it had been purchased by none other than her own studio designer, Adrian. Now Adrian is willing to part with the property, which he has greatly improved. But Greta is in Sweden and won't return until early spring. In the meantime Adrian is moving his antique shop down the strip on Sunset Boulevard. Originally Adrian was one of the first to move out in the now famous Sunset district. The Trocadero Cafe eventually built right next to him. For years the Troc has tried to take over Adrian's space. At last they got their way. Adrian was forced to move. And the Troc is now featuring a brand new downstairs grill, where Hollywoodites dine without cover charge and remain all evening to play bridge or chess.

WHEN John Barrymore was being interviewed recently, instead of talking about himself he talked about *Stella Dallas*. He said that Barbara Stanwyck's performance was the greatest he had ever seen on the screen. And *that's* news.

IT SOUNDS almost too fantastic to believe, yet people who are supposed to know insist that Edgar Bergen is jealous of Charlie McCarthy. According to those wise ones, Edgar is only invited because of Charlie and without Charlie, Edgar isn't the life of every party. It all sounds pretty

Marlene Dietrich's new swains are always a matter of deep interest to gossipy Hollywood—so naturally her frequent appearances with the Earl of Warwick, now the screen's Michael Brooke, cause craning necks when they appear publicly



Louise Hovick (who'll always be Gypsy Rose Lee to us) wears a cotton chenille coat over a flowered playsuit of yellow and brown after her morning game of tennis

complicated. Personally we'd like to get Charlie's version of the story. But in all probability, Bergen would take the words right out of Charlie's mouth!

WHEN Barbara Stanwyck was picking out furniture for Bob Taylor to buy for his new home, Barbara came across a marvelous cabinet maker. A few days later she happened to run into the Ray Millands, who are building a new home at Briarcrest. Barbara just couldn't resist telling them about the man who does such excellent work. Then a week or so later, Bob Taylor called Barbara that he was heading for Hollywood. And asked her to order all his furniture, so his place would be livable upon his return. Barbara immediately sought out the cabinet maker. And he informed her that he wouldn't be able to do a thing for Bob Taylor for months to come—because he was filling a big order for Ray Milland! Next time Barbara finds someone like that, she's going to sign him to a personal contract!

[*Continued on page* 78]

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SKIN BLEMISHES

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Eternal vigilance is the price of a soft, lovely skin. Guard your face, arms and back with the daily use of a bland soap and water. For many years women who are proud of their personal appearance have relied upon the luxuriant lather of Resinol Soap for a clear, velvety skin. Its tonic-like fragrance makes your skin feel clean and refreshed.

For quick relief of the soreness and itching of common skin irritations, apply soothing Resinol Ointment. Its quick and effective action is a reliable aid in healing broken-out spots on the skin.

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For the enclosed 10c please send me guest size cake of Resinol Soap and sample of Resinol Ointment with literature.

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Motion Picture

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WORRIES SOLVED WITH THE VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

FOR many years they have used the dependable ALL-VEGETABLE laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) to aid in keeping them fit. So mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating. **Dependable relief** from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright.

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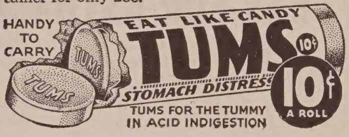
NR-TABLETS-NR

I HAVE TO BE SO CAREFUL WHAT I EAT OR I GET AWFUL ACID INDIGESTION.
I HAD THE SAME TROUBLE UNTIL I STARTED TO CHEW TUMS AFTER MEALS. THEY SURE ARE GREAT.

WELCOME RELIEF QUICK FROM ACID INDIGESTION

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. *Guaranteed to contain no soda.* Over 1½ billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.



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Obtain trim, slender ankles at once. Relieves swelling, varicose veins and they fit like a glove.
Bust Reducers $2.25
14 inch Special Ankle Reducers .... $3.00 pr.
14 inch Stockings $6.75 pr.
Send ankle and calf measures.
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Girdle (laced up back) $4.50
Abdominal Reducers for men and women, $3.50
Send measures. Pay by check or money order—no cash. Write for literature.
Dr. Jeanne S. B. Walter
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Leggings $3.00 pr.
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For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.**

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood thru 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If functional disorders in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Joints, Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such troubles with the doctor's prescription **Cystex. Cystex** starts working in 3 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for **Cystex** (Siss-tex) today. The guarantee protects you. Copr. 1937 The Knox Co.

INFORMATION

INFORMATION PLEAS

Please give me all possible information on Spencer Tracy. I have just seen him in *Mannequin* and think he is grand.—M. E.

Spencer Tracy is our "man-of-the-month," judging from the number of letters we've received. Spencer is happily married to Louise Treadwell and has a boy and a girl. He loves Spanish food, especially frijoles (beans to you) and has a weakness for tamales. Is an expert at polo. He is 5 ft. 11 inches, weighs 165 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. April 5, 1900, his birthdate, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is the place.

For some time I have been trying to find just where the Monogram and Crescent Pictures are being made. Can you give me this information?—N. C.

The address for both studios is 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Is it true that Marjorie Weaver was discovered by SCREEN BOOK? Please give us a brief biography on her.—R. T. and R. D.

Marjorie is our very own discovery who won a SCREEN BOOK contest. Her real name is Vera Marjorie Weaver and she was born in Crossville, Tenn., on March 2, 1915. Marjorie is a sparkling brunette with brown eyes. She weighs 111 lbs., and is 5 ft. 3 inches tall. She has a feature role in *Sally, Irene and Mary,* playing the part of Mary. For more complete details on Miss Weaver, you will find a full life story in the February issue of SCREEN BOOK.

How many Frank Morgans are in the films? In *Exclusive* there was a Frank Morgan. An entirely different Frank Morgan played in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, *Saratoga* and *Rosalie*. Am I seeing double?—F. P.

No you are not seeing double. There are two brothers, known to movie fans, as Frank and Ralph Morgan, and both are well known for their own distinctive acting ability. Ralph is the one you saw in *Exclusive,* and Frank is the one who played in the other films.

Please give me a brief biography of Jackie Cooper, and how can I get a picture of him?—Grace P.

Born in Los Angeles on Sept. 15, 1923, Jackie started his screen career at the age of five in *Sunnyside Up.* He then skyrocketed to fame in *Skippy* which won him recognition as Hollywood's foremost child star. Later followed, *The Champ* with Wallace Beery; *The Bowery* and *Treasure Island.* Jackie's latest picture is *Boy of the Streets,* a Monogram production which is causing a great deal of favorable comment. Jackie is 5 ft. 9″ tall, weighs 145 lbs., has blue eyes and brown hair. You may obtain a picture at Monogram Pictures, address listed elsewhere in column.

The delectable Annabella is at last making her long-awaited Hollywood debut opposite suave William Powell in *The Baroness and the Butler*

I have just seen Annabella in *Dinner At The Ritz* and would like to know a few facts about her. Is this her first picture? If so, what will be her next one?—Louise.

Annabella, glamorous newcomer from the Continent, is evoking considerable praise for her performance in *Dinner At The Ritz.* Small, vivacious and blonde, Annabella is new to American audiences, although she is a favorite of four years standing with Continental audiences. Her next picture will be *The Baroness And The Butler,* in which she co-stars with William Powell.

Will you please give me the height, weight and age of Alice Faye? What is her next picture going to be?—R. W.

Alice is 5 ft. 4½ inches tall, weighs 112

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

lbs., has blonde hair and blue eyes. She was born at the stroke of midnight on May 5, 1912. She is a Rudy Vallee protege, and in *You Can't Have Everything* was co-starred with Tony Martin, whom she later married. Her latest pictures are, *You're A Sweetheart,* with George Murphy and *In Old Chicago,* with Don Ameche and Tyrone Power. Her most recent picture is *Sally, Irene and Mary* in which she has a stellar role.

When is Anne Shirley going to be in another picture? Her performance in *Stella Dallas* was superb. Won't you please publish a life story on her and her new husband, John Payne, in the near future?—T. M.

Anne Shirley will be seen shortly in *Condemned Women* with Sally Eilers and Louis Hayward. In response to the numerous requests on this lovable young couple, SCREEN BOOK will publish a revealing story about Anne and John Payne, in the May issue.

Would you please give me the following information on Cesar Romero? His age, nationality and the color of his eyes. Also, is he married?—M. J.

Cesar is another popular young man in this month's column, having received innumerable requests for information on him. Latin in his appearance and proud of his splendid Cuban ancestry, he is nevertheless the typical American. He was born in New York on February 15, 1907, is six feet two inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has dark brown eyes and black wavy hair. And, girls, he is still a bachelor.

Please print a brief biography of Frances Langford, including the color of her hair and eyes.—J. L. A.

The raven-haired, brown-eyed songstress, Frances Langford, has achieved international singing fame because she lost her voice. For, after losing her soprano voice, she gained a deep contralto tone that immediately swept her to the peak of radio and stage fame. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Her favorite color is yellow and her favorite dish is fried chicken. Mine, too. She is a member of the police force in Lakeland, Florida, where she was born on April 4, 1910.

Please inform us of June Lang's real name and also give the color of her eyes and hair.—Elsa.

This lovely lady's real name is June Vlasek, her eyes are blue and her hair is blonde.

When will my favorite young actress, Barbara Pepper, appear in a new picture?—Annabella.

Barbara will have one of the important leads opposite Joe E. Brown in the popular comedian's forthcoming picture, *Wide Open Faces.*

Rapidly rising on the Hollywood horizon is lovely Barbara Pepper, whose gift for robust comedy is winning her increasingly important roles. The blonde ex-New York showgirl soon appears with Joe E. Brown in *Wide Open Faces*

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Charming Screen Star

Liquid Ambrosia gives you a *double* benefit. It goes into your pores to clean out clogging dirt and make-up, and, because Ambrosia is the *liquid* cleanser, it *can't clog your pores with wax or grease.*

Ambrosia helps fight blackheads, enlarged pores and blemishes—enemies of beauty that follow "half-way" methods of cleaning. See how it leaves the skin—all types of skin—feeling refreshed and radiant!

Ambrosia is pure and effective—recommended by skin specialists—tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

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Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week *while learning* practical nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $400!

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can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, *at home and in your spare time,* for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. 39th year. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. *Easy tuition payments.* Decide today that you will be one of the many men and women, 18 to 60, earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

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SUCCESS STORY!

Lois Collier makes her screen debut in Republic's *Hollywood Stadium*

By CLAIRE KERLEE

Hollywood can be conquered —if one has the unswerving faith of youthful Lois Collier!

ONE of the most fantastic and unbelievable stories in the Hollywood famed for its "stranger than fiction" happenings is that of the little South Carolina girl, Lois Collier.

Lois, in the incredibly short period of *one month*, has risen from the ranks of "Holly-would be's"—and is now a favorite with millions of radio fans, and with glowing prospects of a brilliant screen career!

It all happened so swiftly that it is difficult to know just where to begin the story. For Lois Collier, who first arrived in Hollywood in the summer of 1937, first became a radio personality in December, and in January made her screen debut in Republic's *Hollywood Stadium,* starring Neil Hamilton and Evelyn Venable!

Like most girls, Lois had always dreamed of a movie career. Her country doctor father and newspaperwoman mother tried to discourage her ambitions, but finally agreed that their daughter should at least have a try at Hollywood. Lois left South Carolina, determined to make good where others had failed.

Once in the film city, however, her luck was no better than that of other eager girls. She made the rounds of every casting office in Hollywood. The answer was always the same: "Nothing today." Her money rapidly dwindled away, but her spirit did not. She wired home for more money and moved into a cheaper room. Her family sent her, instead of money, a return ticket home. But, in the face of discouragement, Lois cashed the ticket, hoping that the next day might bring something. It didn't. And the lonely girl found herself with very little money, very few prospects, in a city of wonders which can be coldly neglectful.

November arrived, with still no work for Lois. And one morning, too discouraged to go out, she sat in her cheap room, listening to the radio. The program was Bob Baker's *Hollywood In Person*, which is one of the biggest morning programs on the air. As Baker introduced his listeners to the mysteries that lie behind the studio walls, Lois thought ruefully, "Well, at least I can crash the studios by listening to the radio!"

SUDDENLY she sat bolt upright. Bob Baker was announcing that he had so many letters from girls in Hollywood, wanting aid in getting into pictures, that he was going to help someone. A rigid process of elimination, and tests of dramatic ability, would decide which girl it was to be. All applicants should write a letter, enclose a photograph, and wait for a telephone call.

Scarcely daring to hope, Lois followed the instructions. But she sent a duplicate letter and picture to Bob Baker at the 20th Century-Fox studios, the scene of his next broadcast. It was delivered to him just as he was about to go on the air, so Baker laid it aside in the big sound truck from which he broadcasts. Someone else moved it again and it was forgotten.

Two weeks passed, and still Lois had no word from Bob Baker. During this time, however, he and his staff were personally interviewing a thousand girls—Lois not among them. They narrowed the choice down to twenty—and still no Lois.

Then one day after a broadcast, a sound engineer discovered, in the *Hollywood In Person* broadcasting truck, a letter addressed to Bob Baker, who promptly opened it. It contained a letter from Lois Collier, a photograph of a very attractive girl, and probably a prayer of hope.

"Isn't that funny?" Baker asked the engineer. "I'll bet ten to one this is our girl. That's just the way these things happen." And that afternoon a very happy girl hung up the telephone, rushed to the *Hollywood In Person* offices for an interview.

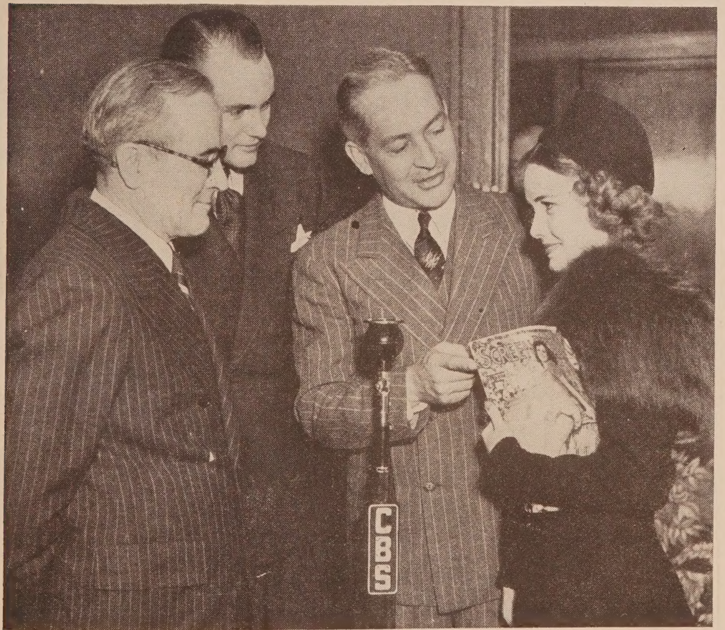
The rest of the story is simple. All Lois Collier needed was a chance! She won over the other contestants by playing an intensely dramatic scene in a manner that indisputably proved her ability.

On December 3, 1937, Lois went on the air. Her first broadcast was from the Warner Brothers lot, where she met stars and was introduced to the radio audience. In later visits to other studios, interest was displayed in Lois' movie aspirations.

Finally, at Republic Studios, the South Carolina girl got her big chance, A new picture was being cast—*Hollywood Stadium*, with Neil Hamilton and Evelyn Venable. Republic's casting director, Harold Dodds, was impressed with her appearance and her charm on the broadcasts. She was given a screen test and promptly awarded an important and supporting role in the picture.

While working in *Hollywood Stadium* Lois gave Bob Baker a daily account of her experiences and impressions, which Bob broadcast to the millions of listeners following her career. And Republic Pictures intends to give her other roles in forthcoming productions! Perhaps Lois will be starred in her own picture in the near future!

A strange story, but typical of the odd things that happen in Hollywood—if Old Lady Luck is on your side!



Captain W. H. Fawcett, SCREEN BOOK's publisher, was recently an honored guest on the famous Hollywood in Person radio program, along with Lois Collier, Cinderella Girl whose story is told on opposite page. Left to right: Captain Fawcett, Announcer Lee Cooley, Master of Ceremonies Bob Baker and pretty Miss Collier

LOOK
at your eyes

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Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 73]

A QUIET evening at home with the Lupinos consists of the following: Ida's younger sister has a portable hardwood floor that she uses for practicing her taps. This can be put down and used in any part of the house at any time. Promptly at eleven o'clock every night Ida's cat goes completely crazy. It runs around in circles and leaps over chairs. Then someone always manages to break a chair or start a fire. One evening a guest accidentally dropped a lighted cigarette down the side of the divan. Great clouds of black smoke began pouring out. Ida and her mother, Connie Emerald, fought off the blaze with seltzer water. Eventually everything was calm again. But don't get us wrong—the Lupino household is one of the most popular in Hollywood!

WHEN Patricia Ellis returned from England, she took over the "Cock and Bull" and gave a party for her friends. The popular English restaurant was crowded with celebrities who really had a gay time. Pat served small sandwiches first, and later on, a hot meal. The bar was wide open for those who cared to drink. Mary Carlisle arrived with James Blakely and a mink coat. Mary wouldn't take the coat off for a single second, because it was her very first—and one she had worked for all herself. Lee Bowman came up and asked to touch it. When Mary asked why, Lee explained it was the only mink coat he had ever seen that was gotten the hard way. The one flaw in the evening was the unforgivable cheapness of an unknown guest. Pat instructed the management of the place to allow her guests to use the phone. When Pat was presented with the bill, she discovered that some horrible person had put in a long distance call!

CARY GRANT is plenty sore at someone. One day Cary saw a magazine that carried a story on Howard Hughes and listed the girls whose names had been linked with his. At the time Cary was working with Hepburn in a picture and casually showed Hepburn her own name on the list. Someone on the set saw Cary do it and passed the not so good word along. Before long it made the headlines. And by this time the story was that Cary had bought up fifty magazines and sent them to Hepburn every few minutes for a rib. Cary was furious because he says in all his experience in pictures, he has never worked with anyone more charming than the lady known as tempestuous Kate. And if Cary ever finds out who put Hepburn up for a rib—at Cary's expense, he isn't going to be very pleasant about it.

WE CAN'T tell you everything that went on when Alice Brady and Guy Kibbee had to do scenes together in a double bed. Their gags back and forth were all in fun, of course. But the one you can know about is Brady's crack when she climbed in next to Kibbee for the first time. It was their first day on the set together. Neither had met. So Alice sat straight up in bed, turned to

All the stars turned out to broadcast on the President's Foundation Program to a nationwide audience. Top row, left to right, Phil Baker, Nelson Eddy, Don Wilson, Walter O'Keefe, Lanny Ross, Kenny Baker. Seated, Jack Benny, Tony Martin, Jeanette MacDonald, Alice Faye and Joe Penner. And what a show!

Kibbee and said, "Pardon me, but my name's Alice Brady."

BOB MONTGOMERY had to do a scene where he walks over to the frigidaire, opens it up and takes out a big Virginia baked ham.

"This ham is going to make me feel awfully self-conscious," cracked Bob, as he did the scene beautifully.

ANN SOTHERN is another one who is much happier out of her former contract. For over a year, Ann accepted all the dull, unimportant roles in Class B pictures with Gene Raymond, and made no secret of the fact that she wasn't exactly inspired by them. Then when Raymond left the studio, Ann hoped her luck would change. Instead she was asked to play a small second lead in the Irene Dunne-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., picture. Ann refused and the part was given to Lucille Ball. After being put on a several weeks layoff, her contract was settled. Now watch our Annie go to town!

BOB TAYLOR is loyal to Hollywood. When he returned from London the only personal wardrobe effects he brought back, were English walking shoes. For his friends Bob brought back platinum cigarette cases that featured the map of Europe on the cover. The English Isle was filled with gold to serve as contrast and show where the gift was actually purchased.

FRANCIS LEDERER and Columbia will soon come to the parting of the ways. Francis signed with that studio because he was promised the role of *Chopin*, with Frank Capra as director. No sooner was Francis under contract than Capra headed for Europe, until his contract difficulties could be settled with the studio. A year went by and during all that time the studio could not find a suitable story for the Lederer talents. Finally they found one. Then just at the end of his contract year, Francis was shoved into a remake of one of the early day Lone Wolf pictures! But he refuses to complain because Francis is still one of the really sincere actors, who does not believe that Hollywood executives would take advantage of him.

ONE doesn't hear much of the Malibu Beach colony these days. But Conrad Nagel is one star who still lives there and enjoys it. On Christmas day Conrad entertained Olivia and Joan de Havilland, Vilma Banky, Rod LaRoque and a few others. Incidentally, Conrad has become a great favorite on the radio and now enjoys the privilege of turning down roles in pictures.

AS THIS story now stands, it can be told very humorously. On the set where Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour were going native once again, a wicked looking ape was being used. Anyone who has ever worked around this special animal, knows that at times he can become quite violent. But this particular ape was very nice until one day. Without warning he ran up to an extra girl, threw his arms around her and bit her—where she couldn't sit down comfortably for a week. And the topper to the story is, if the girl should choose to sue, she would have to produce the evidence in court, if she ever expected to win the case!

CRUEL indeed are the things that happen to a movie star, over which he has no control. From good authority Bob Taylor learned where the "pretty boy" phrase originated and why it was tacked

[*Continued on page* 80]

Looks as if Cary Grant is mighty serious about his devotion to beautiful Phyllis Brooks. Here they grow wistful at the championship tennis matches

Wear this FREE Dress Gives You Chance to MAKE UP TO $23 in a WEEK

Ambitious women over 21 can get this Free dress (or choice of 100 others) without a penny of any cost. Just wear it, and show it to friends, together with the complete display of the late style spring and summer popular-priced dresses. Write their orders and earn up to $23 in a week in this easy, pleasant work that requires no house-to-house canvassing. You show them the newest Paris styles at surprising savings because Fashion Frocks are never sold in stores, but by direct representatives only. Write for Free details of this amazing offer.

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Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page 79*]

A new stellar combination that we're anxious to see is Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Stewart, who will soon appear together romantically in RKO-Radio's sparkling *Vivacious Lady*

on him. A national magazine asked Bob to pose for some special pictures. This he did willingly and graciously. Then, according to the story, the magazine editor's wife went into such a rave over Bob's good looks, the editor launched the campaign against the Taylor features. Overnight the face that is responsible for Bob being the biggest star on the screen today, was the innocent cause of one of the biggest hurts in Bob's life. And then people wonder why a star becomes difficult to handle.

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Remember That I Love You

When first she heard those sweet words, the world was a place of blinding joy. But what of months later when only silence answered her tears? See the April

NOW ON SALE 10c
Romantic MAGAZINE

FOR many months, Ann Sothern who was pretty miserable working in those Class B pictures opposite Gene Raymond, tried to get her release from the studio. When she finally did, Ann's joy was short lived when the local trade papers came out with stories that Ann had been fired. So anxious was she to get away, she had even offered to buy up her contract. And now Ann, who was so indifferent about her career, because of her complete discouragement, is launching a big campaign. She is going to free lance and choose her stories. And there will be no more of this "Annie" business and snaphots of her knitting on the set. Ann says she only counted stitches to keep from losing her temper.

ANNA MAY WONG almost cut short her career, when she decided to cut her famous long tresses. Luckily for Anna May, the studio heard about it just in time. As she was climbing into the barber's chair, Anna May got a rush message from the studio to hold everything. Strange indeed are the ways of life and movie producers. When they made five Chinese pictures in Hollywood, Anna May couldn't get a job because she "wasn't the type." Instead, Myrna Loy, Loretta Young, Luise Rainer, Tillie Losch and a few others had everything pulled out of place to give them that Oriental slant on things. Then the horrible war in China came along and every studio in Hollywood wanted to produce a play with the war background. So Anna May has more jobs than she can fill. For years she worked for the purpose of sending all her family back to Shanghai, where they yearned to go. Anna May accomplished this result, only to have to struggle to get them back in Hollywood again and away from the danger zone.

FOR years John Beal has been singing the praises of Don Freedman, famous naturalistic artist. On his last trip to New York, John purchased one of Freedman's newest paintings—the subject being two men in the New York subway. All of his Hollywood friends are so intrigued, John is now getting orders for Don. And before long he may come to Hollywood and do some special paintings to be used for set-dressing.

Marie Wilson and June Lang don waitresses' aprons for sweet charity's sake at the Hollywood Assistance League

EVEN if the higher court made it impossible for Frank Fay to call on his foster son at Barbara Stanwyck's house, Fay wasn't exactly neglected when he showed up for the visit. Besides his two attorneys, with Fay were newspaper men, radio representatives and a cameraman or two—just to be sure that nothing concerning the Fay activities remained unrecorded.

THE movies can look awfully silly—especially when watched in the making. In *Vivacious Lady,* Ginger Rogers and Frances Mercer have a knock down and drag out fight. For the various takes and shots, several days were required. In all the scenes of the fight, Frances had to have a handful of hair clutched in her fists. But don't for a moment think the studio would allow a single hair of Ginger's precious head to be touched. A prop man stood by with a huge artificial switch. Every time they got ready to take the scene, Frances reached out and grabbed a fistful of hair for herself.

HOLLYWOOD really turned out this year for the ballet. Every night the audience was overflowing with famous names and faces. Yet on the biggest night of the season, with the house literally filled with celebrities, it was not the artists on the stage who commanded complete attention. It was Shirley Temple sitting up in a box, seeing a ballet for the first time in her very young life. The show went on with Shirley being the only one present paying any attention to it.

On To Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 17]

We made such a grand splash out here last year that the stars are already offering their services to entertain you at our party. They'll chat with you, dance with you and sign your autograph books, be sure you have one! And you camera fans, bring your equipment along, for there will be many snaps for you to get.

A special feature added for the enjoyment of Movieland Tourists this year is the acquisition of George McCall, brilliant radio columnist, as Master of Ceremonies for the three tours. Mr. McCall, who is heard from coast-to-coast on the Old Gold program, is thoroughly acquainted with Hollywood and is on intimate terms with its most glittering personalities. Hollywood and its people are his specialty, and he will increase your enjoyment of the glamorous movie capital with his comments and observations on the stars.

Movieland Tours takes pride in being able to have for Master of Ceremonies so celebrated a radio figure as Mr. McCall. What he will tell you at first hand about Hollywood will be worth the trip alone.

Oh, yes, you will be allowed plenty of time for side trips to Catalina Island, San Diego and other points of interest. Then again, some of you have friends and relatives you will want to look up in your spare time but, most important, mail the accompanying coupon immediately to Movieland Tours for the complete illustrated booklet giving all details about this glorious travel opportunity!

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UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

FROM our point of vantage beside the press agent's dictionary, it begins to look as though 1938 will see the demise of that much-overworked word "glamour." Studio publicity departments have discovered, finally, that the word doesn't pay out in dividends and hasn't for quite some time. To many motion picture stars the word has proven the lead weight that has dragged them down to the edge of oblivion. Boxoffice records prove it—hence burial preparations for the word.

Typewriters have grown hot under the nimble fingers of publicity writers who have built up an aura of glamour around Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn, Mae West, and Greta Garbo but—and this may surprise you as much as it did us—according to a recent boxoffice poll, La Dietrich rated 126th, Hepburn 69th, Garbo 68th, and Mae West 52nd. On the other hand, Shirley Temple, Gary Cooper, Fred Astaire, Claudette Colbert, Jeanette MacDonald, Spencer Tracy, and William Powell, far removed from the stigma of being glamour stars, occupy top positions in boxoffice appeal.

When the "take" is considered by the men who pay the bills, it is painfully evident that while there may be sex appeal in the word "glamour" there's no ticket appeal in it. And since theatre goers have shown their disapproval of glamour so emphatically, the exhibitors are only glad to follow suit. Yes, indeed, it looks as though the clamor about glamour is at an end!

MOTION picture executives are noted for their ability to reach out into the no-where and pick star material practically unheard and unseen, but that they also have the contradictory ability to do the exact opposite is proven by the following interesting examples of boners that changed the course of movie history:

Deanna Durbin originally was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but that studio ingloriously failed to see the boxoffice potentialities in a "sexless star" and practically gave her away to Universal.

The same studio likewise let Fred Astaire slip out of its fingers after a short scene in a Joan Crawford picture.

In turn, Universal thought little of Bette Davis as an actress and Warner Brothers signed her up. Bette proved good enough to win an Academy Award!

20th Century-Fox put the "N. G." sign on Henry Fonda after one picture—and Henry has been a big star ever since.

Paul Muni was likewise turned down by 20th Century-Fox, and again Warner Brothers found him sure fire stellar material. Paul has proven himself to be a top-ranking star and an Academy Award winner.

Paramount permitted Kitty Carlisle to escape and now is offering big-time money to get her back—but so are a number of other studios, following her grand success over the ether waves.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided Songbird Grace Moore's notes were all sour and she's been a great star at Columbia ever since.

Gary Cooper once worked for Samuel Goldwyn for a small salary, but Goldwyn let him go to Paramount. Sam recently got him back—but at a price that exceeded many times Gary's original Goldwyn salary.

Al Woods had Charlie Chaplin signed to a contract at a salary of $25 a week and when Charlie asked for a $5 raise Woods let him go.

Further research undoubtedly would disclose additional boners made by the star-picking experts, but these examples suffice to prove that the experts often "can't see the woods for the trees."

◆

Producers and directors may have had their fun during 1937 filming prestige pictures, million-dollar colossals, and super-colossals, but those days are gone forever—or will be—if discerning motion picture fans can put in their critical oars effectively. Hundreds of letters from all over the country reach our desk every week, every line voicing a protest against film spectacles. What they want now, they say, are better stories and they don't care whether or not Hollywood classifies them as Class B, D, or C. Some writers go so far as to suggest that as an experiment, the top directors try their hands on low-budgeted scripts and see how close they can come at making "A" pictures out of them. They point out that it can be done, and present Leo McCarey's brilliant directorial ability as applied to Paramount's *Make Way For Tomorrow*, and Sam Wood's expert directing on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Navy Blue and Gold*. 1938 movie fans are not going to be lured into theatres for a chance to gaze upon expensive sets. What they want are picturizations of "good" stories—and let's hope they get them.

W. H. FAWCETT,

Publisher.

"We Wish You Could Read Our Mail"

As publishers of PHOTO-FACTS, the revolutionary new "pocketbook of knowledge", we get grateful letters of thanks and praise for PHOTO-FACTS from girls and women all over the world.

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If you haven't thrilled to this new magazine, and especially if you feel you would like to add to your education, your store of useful knowledge AND BE ENTERTAINED WHILE DOING SO, get PHOTO-FACTS from your local newsdealer.

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Mar. 1938

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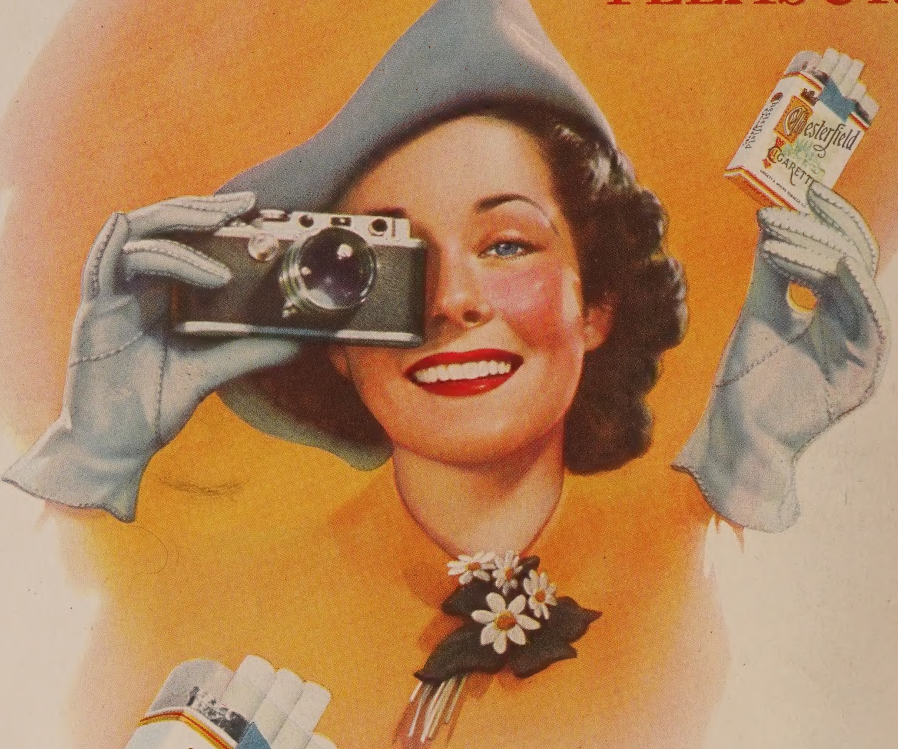
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Lovely Olivia de Havilland sets her table—

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"THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD"
A Warner Bros. Picture

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You can share with this starry lady the charm of the silverware on her table. Just now, your dealer is featuring the SEABRIGHT SET—a 50-piece Service for 8, in SURF CLUB (or three other exquisite designs). With the Quantity Saving of $6.25, you can own this Service for only $24.95. And, in addition, you receive a handsome $5.00 value Tarnish-Proof Wood Chest and a beautiful Serving or Cold Meat Fork, to match your chosen design—FREE. Ask your dealer to show you this unusual SEABRIGHT SET.

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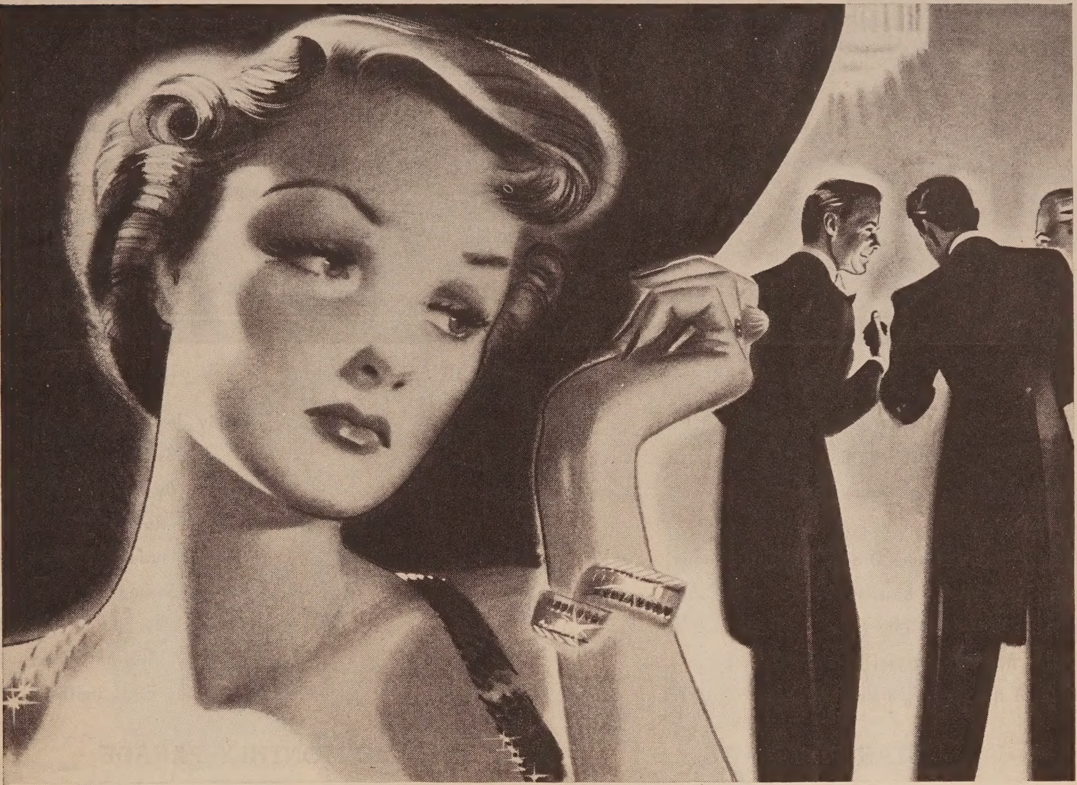
...AND MEN CAN BE SUCH AWFUL GOSSIPS TOO!



Let's face the truth about UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

MEN DO TALK about girls behind their backs—although they won't admit it. Is a girl pretty, a good sport, a smooth dancer? The answer quickly goes the rounds!

They talk about other things, too. About the girls they hate to dance with—the girls they simply *won't* take out. For a girl must be *more* than pretty and smart. She'll never make a hit with men unless she is truly *sweet*—nice to be *near*.

Unpopularity often begins with the first hint of underarm odor. This is one fault that men can't stand—one fault they *can't* forgive. Yet any girl may offend this way, if she trusts her *bath alone* to keep her fresh!

Smart girls—popular girls—don't take chances! They know a bath only takes care of *past perspiration*—that they still need Mum, to prevent odor *to come.*

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MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration. Even after underarm shaving it never irritates the skin. And Mum is completely harmless to fabrics—safe to apply even *after* you're dressed.

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FOR THIS IMPORTANT USE, TOO

Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is so gentle, so sure! Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum!

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET

I'LL NEVER GO ON A DATE WITHOUT MUM! A BATH JUST ISN'T ENOUGH!

TO HERSELF: DICK'S WONDERFUL! AND EVEN IF IT'S WARM DANCING, MUM WILL KEEP ME SAFE!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

VOLUME XX No. 4 MAY, 1938

TOM DeVANE
EDITOR

W. H. FAWCETT
PUBLISHER

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MANAGING EDITOR

AL ALLARD
ART DIRECTOR

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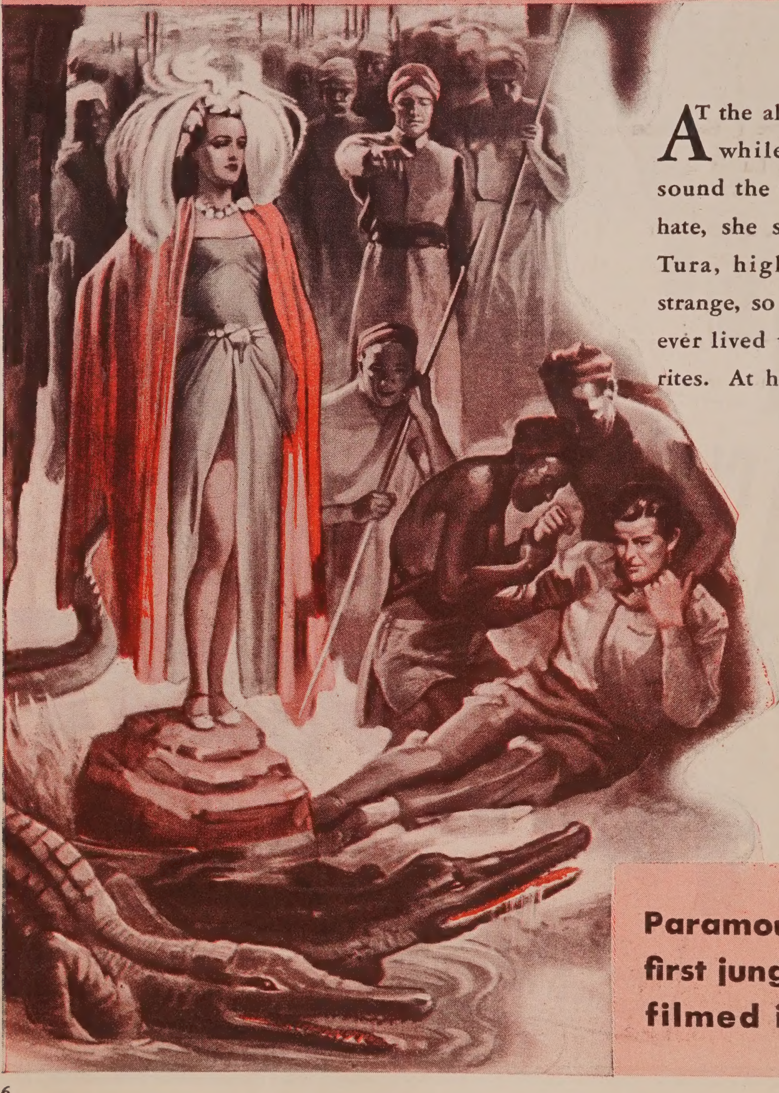
SCREEN PLAY BY VINCENT LAWRENCE AND WALDEMAR YOUNG
ORIGINAL STORY BY FRANK WEAD · PRODUCED BY LOUIS D. LIGHTON
DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

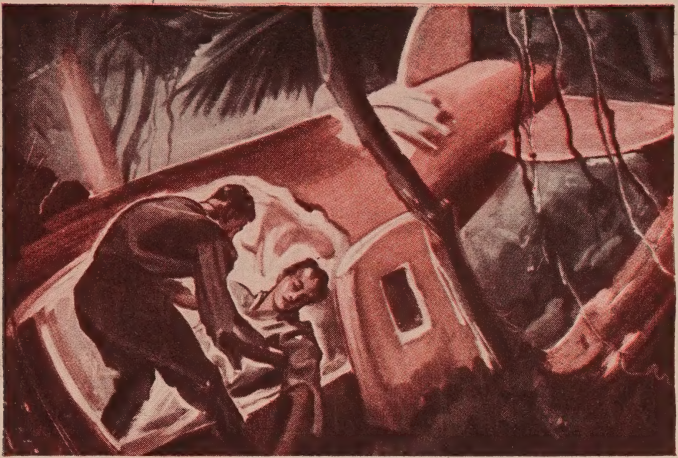
Laughter too . . . as Clark makes Spencer act as Myrna's stand-in! Spencer's willing but not able...if you get what we mean.

...Mysterious WHITE GODDESS OF THE JUNGLE BARES HER HEART!



AT the altar of the Crocodile God, while the drums of voodoo sound the terrible tocsin of jungle hate, she stands, thrilling, beautiful Tura, high priestess of a cult so strange, so weird, no white man has ever lived to describe its awesome rites. At her feet, shackled, helpless in the iron grasp of voodoo-maddened tribesmen, is the young aviator who has taught her the meaning of a white man's love. Behind her, sinister, threatening, the all-powerful ruler of the Malayan wilds, Kuasa, gives the dread com-

Paramount presents the first jungle picture ever filmed in Technicolor.



THE PLANE CRASH IN THE JUNGLE
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mand . . . . Will she obey—will she send this man who loves her to a hideous death in the crocodile pit — or is her love great enough to withstand the fury of jungle hate?

And what a story this is, the drama of the mysterious girl of the Malayan wilds and the young English aviator who invades her jungle realm, falling like a meteor from the tropic skies. You will thrill to the first words of their love, spoken to the whispering melodies of the wind through tropic palms beneath the jungle moon. You will thrill to the dangers into which this love hurls them . . . dangers which defy the telling, dangers which must be seen in all the radiant excitement of this great natural color film to appreciate their amazing, thundering, emotional power. The mighty jungle typhoon . . . the amazing charge of the crocodile legion . . . the great earthquake . . . scenes like these mark the dawn of a new epoch in the history of moving picture adventure-drama, adventure-romance.

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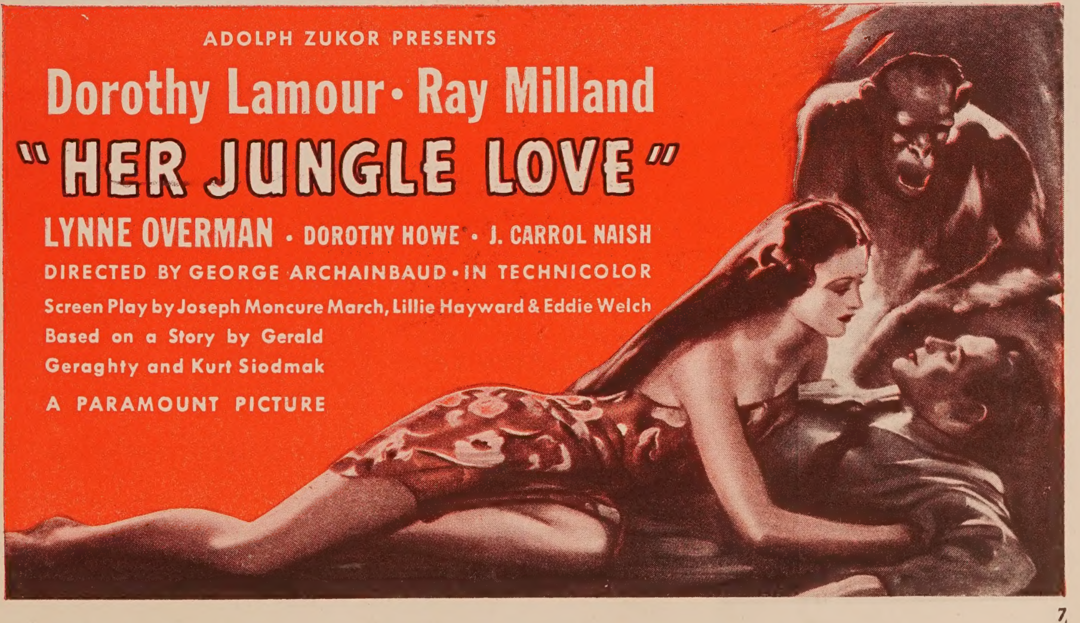

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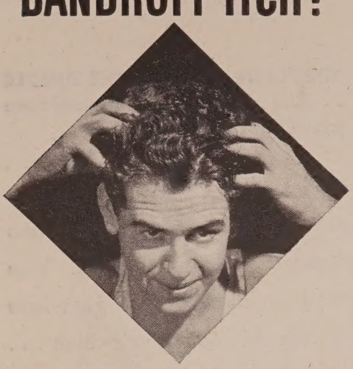

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26 M	E	27 T	■	28 B	R	E	N	T	■	29 M	A	E
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32 O	N	E	■	33 L	34 E	35 A	36 D	S	■	37 D	E	L
38 N	A	■	39 B	E	N	N	E	T	40 T	■	41 T	A
D	■	42 S	I	D	■	D	■	43 S	O	44 B	■	D
45 S	46 I	N	G	■	47 A	R	48 C	■	49 T	O	50 B	Y
	51 M	O	■	52 G	R	E	A	53 T	■	54 I	S	
		55 B	U	C	K	A	R	O	O	S		

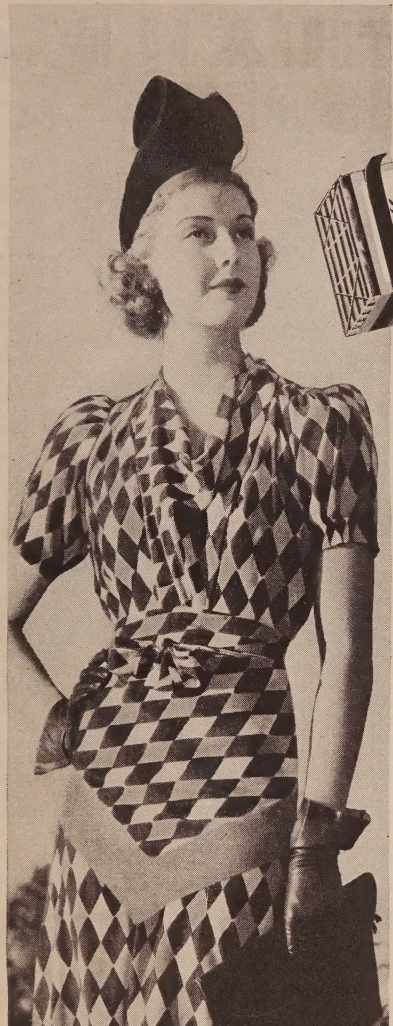
ACROSS

1. Fredric March stars in *The* ———.
8. Lloyd Ingraham's initials.
9. First name of male lead in *Living On Love.*
10. Bill Gargan's brother.
12. Remember Viola ———?
14. He plays opposite Louise Campbell in *Scandal Street.*
15. You use them to enjoy sound films.
17. Short for Mr. Roland.
19. *Sally, Irene* ——— *Mary.*
20. Ula Love's initials.
22. First name of male lead in *No Time To Marry.*
25. Miss Lang's initials.
26. *I* ——— *My Love Again.*
28. You'll see him in *Gold Is Where You Find It.*
29. Star of *Every Day's a Holiday.*
30. *Plummer* in *Radio City Revels.*
31. First name of Mr. Lebedeff (poss.).
32. Date in June on which Clive Brook celebrated birth.
33. Principal parts in a motion picture.
37. Dolores ——— Rio.
38. Mr. Asther's initials.
39. She co-starred with Fonda in recent film.
41. Tad Alexander (init.).
42. His last name is Silvers.
43. To register grief in a sound film.
45. *Everybody* ———.
47. Kind of lights used on movie sets.
49. *Irene* in *Mr. Boggs Steps Out.*
51. Minerva Urecal's initials.
52. *The* ——— *Garrick.*
54. *Love* ——— *a Headache.*
55. Smith Ballew stars in *Hawaiian* ——— (pl.).

DOWN

1. *Fritz* in *Every Day's a Holiday.*
2. Initials of Charles Judels.
3. Shirley Temple's native state (abbr.).
4. Sonja Henie's co-star in *Happy Landing.*
5. *Hitting a* ——— *High.*
6. Eric Stanley's initials.
7. You'll see her in *Midnight Intruder.*
8. Rod ——— Rocque.
11. Crosby's latest is ——— *Rhythm* (abbr.).
12. *Bulldog* ——— *Revenge.*
13. *Mr. Dodd Takes the* ———.
15. *Adventure's* ———.
16. Anne Nagel and Weldon Heyburn have leads in this.
18. Myrna Loy was ——— *Lady.*
19. ——— *and Models.*
21. Her last name is Maricle.
23. Cesar's initials.
24. *She Married* ——— *Artist.*
25. You saw her in *A Star Is Born.*
27. One of colored dancing trio in *You Can't Have Everything.*
29. ——— *About Music.*
34. Initials of Mr. Norris.
35. First name of a featured actress in *The Goldwyn Follies.*
36. Pedro ——— Cordoba.
39. ——— *Town Girl.*
40. Beverly Ann Welch is one.
42. What Mr. Pollard, a comedian, is called.
44. The dress designer in *Hollywood Hotel.*
46. *It's Love* ——— *After.*
47. Dick Powell's native state (abbr.).
48. *Armored* ———.
50. Miss Stanwyck's initials.
52. Initials of a star of *Adventures of Marco Polo.*
53. *Paroled* ——— *Die.*

(Solution on page 67)



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DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

Keep young

and Doubly Lovely with refreshing Double Mint gum

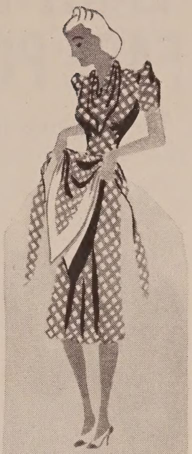
Easy to do . . just read below

WHENEVER you enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum, the gentle natural chewing exercise stimulates sleepy face muscles, relaxes tense lines and brightens your teeth. This all helps to keep your face young and attractive, your smile more winning. And now, presented here is this youthfully lovely new scarf dress just created for you in Paris by the great Schiaparelli and made available by Double Mint gum in a Simplicity pattern. In this way Double Mint gum helps you look as smart, streamlined and charming as Hollywood's beautiful star, Anita Louise, *left*, of famed Warner Bros.' Pictures, who is modeling this dress . . . So you see how simple and easy it is to keep young and doubly lovely with Double Mint gum. Enjoy it daily. Begin today.

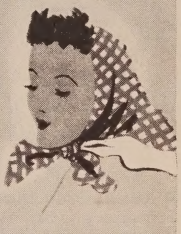
Millions of women daily buy this popular double-lasting mint-flavored gum. Beauty specialists everywhere recommend it. It is non-fattening, aids digestion and sweetens your breath . . . Daily chew Double Mint gum to keep young and lovely. Buy several packages today.

Picture yourself in this new **SCHIAPARELLI** *Double Mint gum scarf dress from Paris, modeled for you in Hollywood by the ever doubly lovely star,* **ANITA LOUISE** *of Warner Bros., whose next picture is* **"THE SISTERS."** *Made available to you by Double Mint gum in* **SIMPLICITY** *Pattern 2740. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.*

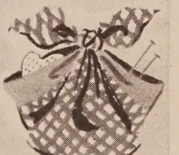
S-96



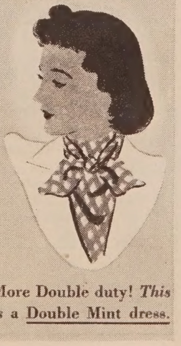
How Schiaparelli Double Mint dress ties scarf as apron.



Take apron off dress and use as handy platochek.



When in need of a bag, knot scarf-apron thusly.



More Double duty! *This is a* Double Mint *dress.*

LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER

The make-up improvement that has proved a sensation

Try *Luxor Powder. It's* light-proof. *Your face won't shine. Try it! We will send you a box for a DIME.*

● At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that play havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

Seeing is believing

With light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over *shine.*

We will send you a box of Luxor for ten cents. Or you can buy a large box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't please.

Test it in all lights, under all conditions. See how it improves your appearance. See the lovely softness and absence of shine. See how such powder subdues those high lights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

A large box of Luxor light-proof powder is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores . . . Or mail coupon below enclosing a silver dime.

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Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).
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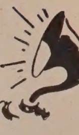
(This offer not good in Canada)

FILLMLAND WHISPERS



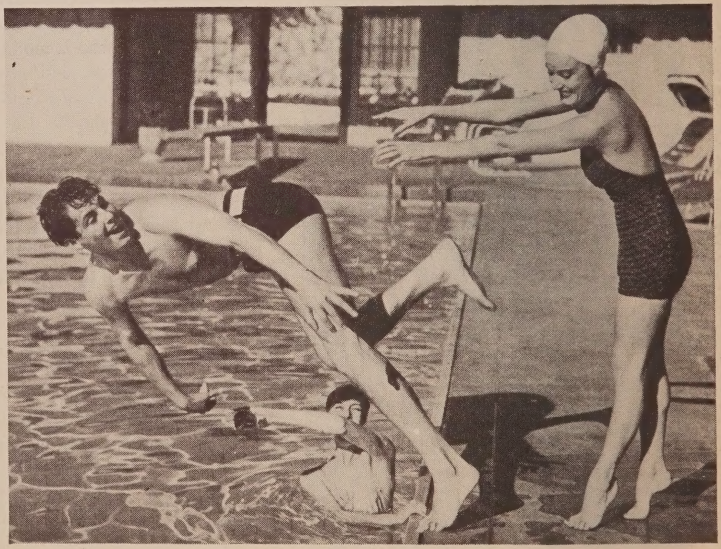
EVEN her best friends didn't know how close Bette Davis came to being disfigured for life. It was during the filming of *Jezebel.* The action called for Bette to take a stiff bristle brush and pat color into her cheeks, which was one of the beauty secrets of the early Southern belles. But Bette, who is all for realism, took the back of the brush instead and gave her face a good sound whacking. The following week-end Bette noticed a tiny sore on one cheek. Thinking it was merely a surface wound, she disinfected a needle and opened it. By the following morning the cheek had swollen to twice its normal size. A tiny vein had been broken by Bette's vigorous acting. Luckily for Bette, she happened to run into Perc Westmore, head of the Warner makeup department. He sent Bette to a skin specialist who healed the wound without leaving a scar. Poisoning that would have left a mark for life would have resulted if Bette had waited one day more.

AS SOON as he finishes his current picture with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy checks in at a Hollywood hospital. A wound received playing a polo match turned out more serious than Spencer anticipated. A vacation trip to Honolulu had to be postponed. The necessary operation will keep Spencer flat on his back for six weeks. All of his Hollywood friends are arranging it so they can call on "Spence" at different times and then he never will be lonesome.

JIMMY STEWART has never been regarded as a temperamental actor in Hollywood. But he really blew up one day on the set when he returned from lunch. All morning long, Jimmy who was doing scenes with Ginger Rogers in a doctor's laboratory, had been fooling around with bottles filled with various depths of water. To some Jimmy would add a few tiny drops. To others he would remove the tiniest bit of moisture. Just as he was getting the required results, lunch was called. At one o'clock Jimmy rushed back to the set. The sight that greeted his eyes almost shocked him speechless. During his absence, the prop man had filled all the bottles up with water and placed them back on the shelf again. "Aw Gee," groaned Jimmy finally. "And just when I had them all set so I could play Yankee Doodle."

WHEN "Yes, My Darling Daughter" had a local showing, Olivia de Havilland took her mother to see it. After the play was over, Mrs. de Havilland, who was Meg Sheridan on the stage, took Olivia around to meet the star of the play, Florence Reed. Of course Miss Reed was happy to see her old friend and they chatted gaily. When it came time to leave, Miss Reed turned to Olivia's mother and said, "My dear, your daughter is very beautiful. But I hope you aren't going to be one of those foolish mothers who try to put her in the movies." After the guests had departed Miss Reed was told that Olivia was to star in the talking picture version of the very play Miss Reed was now doing. The grand old trouper took it like a good sport and now tells the joke on herself.

[*Continued on page* 12]



—*Photo by International*

Fancy Jimmy Ellison's surprise when gentle Fay Wray suddenly turned cave girl and smacked him right into the pool of the swanky B-Bar-H dude ranch! That's Anita Louise chortling with glee, and it happened during a desert weekend at the famous resort

"I've found LOVE"

says ANNE SHIRLEY

STAR OF
RKO-RADIO'S PRODUCTION
"Condemned Women"

"With women, Romance comes first . . . that's why I always advise: Guard against COSMETIC SKIN this easy way"

"LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and *holds* it," says this charming young screen star. "So don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You can guard against it easily as I do—by removing stale rouge and powder *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap."

Choked pores cause dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather. It keeps skin *smooth!*

● Don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin spoil *your* looks. Screen stars use such a simple, easy care to keep skin smooth—gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

● And clever girls everywhere guard against Cosmetic Skin Hollywood's way—by removing cosmetics *thoroughly* with this ACTIVE lather.

● They take the screen stars' tip—win romance—and *hold* it—with skin that's lovely to look at, soft to touch.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use it

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GLORIA STUART
20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR

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has a ROYAL VACUUM CLEANER in her Hollywood Home

ROYAL
Hollywood goes ROYAL

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 10]

EVIDENTLY Stella A(r)dler's initial screen attempt, *Love On Toast* was a bit burnt around the edges. Hollywood never did see a preview and the picture was just quietly released. At the present time Stella has returned to her first love (and her own name) the Group Theatre. She is directing a play in Baltimore that stars Alan Baxter. Walter Wanger, who has Alan under contract gave him permission to go back and appear on the stage for a while. This may serve as a life-saver for Alan who has been almost despondent at Hollywood's neglect of his talent.

IF MADGE EVANS didn't have such a terrific sense of humor, she might have been just a bit horrified. When her personal press agent gave out with a story that Madge was suffering through a five day hiccough seige, remedies and suggestions poured in from all over the world. But the topper to them all was a beautifully done invitation from Forrest Lawn Cemetery. They asked Madge if it would be possible for her to come out and look over their plots. But if you'll take Madge's word for it, some of the plots that Hollywood producers placed her in—were much worse!

JOAN CRAWFORD'S friends are always complaining to her that there is no way to reciprocate for her many kindnesses. Joan has her own beautiful home, which she shares with others. She also has her pool, her badminton court and her little theatre. Consequently, those who are fond of Joan are at a loss to show her how they feel. George and Julie Murphy are two who are constantly carrying on because they can't think of anything nice enough to do for Joan. So Joan herself solved their little problem. When Joan heard that George was going to do a picture with Shirley Temple, she called frantically on the phone. "Just get me on the set George," pleaded Joan. "If you can make it possible for me to watch Shirley Temple work, it will mean more to me than anything you could possibly do." George did.

ALAN MOWBRAY, who besides being an excellent actor, also has an admirable wit. Recently Alan appeared on a Hollywood broadcast—one of those "command performances," where the player does it for publicity and because it is "the smart thing to do." Before he went on the air, Alan paced back and forth nervously. His teeth chattered and his usual calm and poise were conspicuous by the absence. Finally someone stopped and asked Alan if anything was wrong. "I'm always *terribly* nervous when I broadcast for *nothing*," Alan snapped back.

[*Continued on page* 14]

Patricia Wilder, adorable "Honey Chile" of radio fame, gets a good break (and it's about time) in Shirley Temple's next picture, *Little Miss Broadway*—and she will be a hit

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DIRECT FROM ITS $2.00 TWO-A-DAY TRIUMPHS!

THE GREAT AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE!

The year's spectacular hit now comes to you! Old Chicago reborn in all its turbulent glory! The heart-warming, human drama of the magnificent O'Learys...loving tempestuously, hating fiercely . . . fighting valiantly! A family turned against itself by one kiss stolen from the lips of alluring Belle Fawcett! But when disaster overtakes the flaming city...once again it is "the O'Learys against the world"!

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Phyllis BROOKS · Tom BROWN · Sidney BLACKMER
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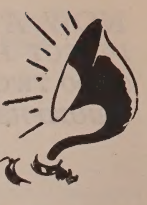
20th CENTURY FOX

Watch for it soon at your favorite motion picture theatre.

FILMLAND WHISPERS



[*Continued from page* 12]

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., goes out of his way to insist that it is only a nice friendship existing between himself and Marlene Dietrich. And Hollywood knowing Marlene, is inclined to hope that Douglas is right. However, when she visited Douglas recently at the RKO studios, Marlene met him in the commissary. Douglas dashed away from his table and up to the door. In the plain sight of everyone who sat spellbound, the two handsome celebrities embraced each other and kissed!

LUCILLE BALL is having her troubles these days. While most actresses yearn for a rest between pictures, Lucille complains bitterly. She says all she does is knock herself out trying to relax.

NAZIMOVA has once more taken up her residence in Hollywood. But this time she has no ambitions to resume her acting career. Instead, she hopes to become a movie director. Remembering her great performances in the silent days and her recent stage appearance in Ibsen's *Ghosts*, Hollywood should sign her on the dotted line—quick!

WHEN "Mad Sue" came in recently at Santa Anita, all Barbara Stanwyck's friends called her up and asked her how it felt to be the owner of a winning horse. When Carole Lombard asked her, Barbara who hasn't made a picture in six months, replied, "It seems wonderful to have someone in the family—working!"

VERSATILITY is the name for Beulah. In her next picture, Beulah Bondi, who has appeared in many different kinds of character roles, had to learn to do the big apple. She was thrilled at the opportunity and really swung a mean hoof. But after it was all over and she was asked how it felt, Beulah replied, "It was great fun but it definitely proved one thing. And that is—that I will *never* dance with Fred Astaire."

Joan Crawford mowed 'em down with sartorial elegance when she appeared on a recent Lux broadcast with Spence Tracy. Her matching hat and bag were of blue and white checked linen

—*Wide World*

Marlene Dietrich hasn't Barbara Stanwyck's knowledge of hosses—so it was only natural that she consult Babs when she picked a likely winner at the famous Santa Anita handicap

OUT M-G-M way there is very little news about Luise Rainer. The lovely lady has really been quite ill. And now that she is getting ready to make a picture, she has a new problem. She is losing her hair to such an extent, she is taking some special treatments before she begins heavy production. Living right in the heart of Europe when the World War was fought, Luise has seen a shocking side of life that will perhaps effect her in different ways, for as long as she lives.

EVEN though Claudette Colbert vigorously denied that she had gone to Europe to have a baby, the rumors still persisted. Now Hollywood friends have received photographs and newspaper accounts of Claudette's daily ski-ing lessons. She is taking them at St. Moritz from the Duke of Kent's private instructor. So let's face it!

Claudette has definitely put the skis under the rumor.

WHEN a Hollywood trade paper came right out with the definite announcement that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone had split, those two were busily engaged in planning a birthday party for Cesar Romero. If Joan wasn't so used to idle gossip her party might have been spoiled. However it turned out a huge success. Because it was Valentine's day, Cesar's cake was white and red, covered with those old-fashioned message-bearing candy hearts. When it came time to blow out the candles, Cesar, who had just returned from a whirlwind personal appearance tour with June Lang, said he never would make it. But with his last remaining ounce of strength, he blew the works! This trip was Cesar's first taste of what Robert Taylor has gone through ever since the fans discovered him. People burst down the hotel room door when Cesar was asleep. He autographed everything from the animals at the Zoo to new born babies. He came home completely exhausted and a bit bewildered by it all. And he did object to the publicity stunt of trying to make it look like he and June Lang were deep in the throes of love!

WE SAW the letter with our own eyes or we wouldn't believe that such things happen. A woman in Maine wrote to Bing Crosby. She told him that her pet canary had fallen from its cage and paralyzed its throat. A bird doctor operated on it and said that the bird would never sing again. For months not a peep came out of her pet. Then one night the lady tuned in on Bing, singing on his radio hour. The bird lifted up its head, listened for a moment and then burst into song. And the woman is so thrilled, she has re-christened her feathered friend. She has now named him after the cheese that Bing's program is sponsored by!

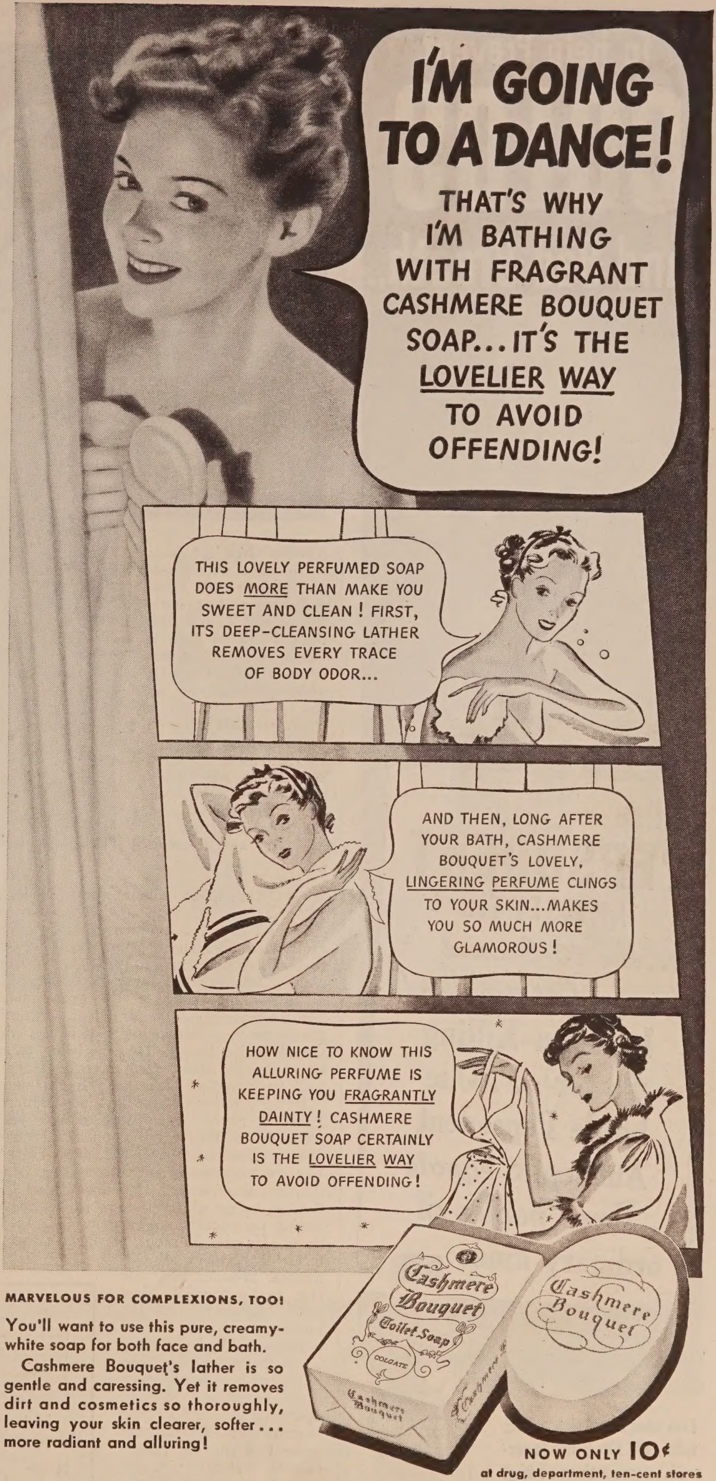
WHEN Walter Huston went on the air recently, he was handed a wire just before he started to speak. The message read: "Dear Walter Abraham Lincoln Huston. Hope you have good luck campaigning on that new fangled contraption." It was signed "Ann Rutledge Merkel." Hollywood knows and loves her as Una Merkel, who played the character of Ann Rutledge opposite Huston when he played Lincoln.

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks Junior's new beach home caught on fire recently, Irene Dunne greeted him next day on the set, by singing, "Smoke Gets In Your eyes."

IF THEIR faces aren't too red, Irene Dunne and Cary Grant will tell you that originally they begged to get out of doing *The Awful Truth.* When the script was presented to them in synopsis form, its possibilities were so limited Irene and Cary got panicky at the thought of appearing in an inevitable flop. All of which only goes to prove that actors don't always know what is good for them—and what a good director Leo McCarey is.

THERE'S an old stage tradition that the Barrymores used to send each other a big apple, when any member of the clan opened in a play. Well, they have nothing on Anne Shirley. While the Barrymores red apple each other, Anne receives a gardenia from her mother, the first day of shoot-

[*Continued on page* 18]


I'M GOING TO A DANCE!

THAT'S WHY I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP DOES MORE THAN MAKE YOU SWEET AND CLEAN! FIRST, ITS DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR...

AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, CASHMERE BOUQUET'S LOVELY, LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN...MAKES YOU SO MUCH MORE GLAMOROUS!

HOW NICE TO KNOW THIS ALLURING PERFUME IS KEEPING YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY! CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP CERTAINLY IS THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

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To help Prevent
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Use
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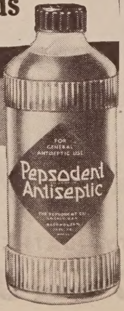
In Germ-Killing Power . . . One bottle Pepsodent Antiseptic *equals* three bottles of ordinary kinds



Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds...Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

ALL ABOARD FOR HOLLYWOOD

Above: Just see how surrounded with feminine pulchritude Dick Arlen was on last year's Movieland Tours. Below: Pictured here is Clara Bow's 'IT' Cafe, where the tourists will enjoy a luncheon as the guests of Miss Bow. Right: Warren William, genial host for Movieland Tour No. 1 has already planned a gala welcome for the first tour to his ranch for cocktails and a swim

MORE news about the Movieland Tours! George McCall who, as you all know, is the ace gossiper on the Hollywood Screenscoops program for Old Gold Cigarettes wants to be Master of Ceremonies for all three tours. George will make his appearance at the grand dinner party we are planning for all of you out at the world-famous dancing spot of the stars, the Wilshire Bowl. He will bring to you latest stories about your favorite stars as well as introduce them to you that night.

By now many of you have seen Harriett Parson's Screen Snapshots of last year's tours when they were entertained out at Jimmy Gleason's house. Through Harriett Parsons we actually got the members of our tours in the movies! No doubt your local theatre owner showed them in his theatre during the month of February. . . . As you know, Harriet Parsons produces these interesting features for Columbia. Wonder how our last year's tourists liked seeing themselves in the movies.

Hollywood is getting used to welcoming our tours out here for the past three years and the cooperation we are receiving is gratifying—for instance several of the big broadcasting systems have extended most cordial invitations to all tours to be their guests Sunday evening after the cocktail parties—and there's another surprise in store for you, but let's begin at the beginning and go through the whole itinerary.

The first tour will be leaving Chicago July 3rd and will arrive in Hollywood July 10th on a bright Sunday morning. The second leaves Chicago on July 24th arriving here Sunday July 31st and the third leaves Chicago on August 14th and gets here August 21st, also on a Sunday morning.

And what mornings those will be! Last year we had Wayne Morris and the Junior Chamber of Commerce from Hollywood down at the depot with a big gold key to the city to present to members of all tours. This year will be another surprise for you all. But before you arrive in Hollywood you will have seen all of America's great northwest. You will have toured the great national park area and have seen the northwestermost city in the U. S., Seattle. The

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City.. State....................

SB-3

charms of old San Francisco's Chinatown will have been yours and no doubt you will bring to Hollywood with you some souvenir you have purchased from the wily Chinese. When you come to Hollywood the whole town will be waiting for you with open arms. If you don't believe us, just get a look at what will happen. Well, just about the only time you will really have to yourselves will be the Sunday morning you arrive here. You will have this time to get ready for a whale of an afternoon touring Beverly Hills, seeing star's homes and then, finally winding up at one of the star's homes for a bite to eat and cocktails. Warren William, handsome hero of a hundred cinemas will welcome the first tour to his ranch for cocktails and a swim. Everyone who follows movies at all knows all about Warren's ranch and all he has done to improve it. We hope you will get a chance to see some of Warren's far famed inventions. But then of course, many of you will be busy with your autograph books for Warren promises that he will have a gang of his movie friends out that day. The second tour will be the honored guests of Harold Lloyd. Harold is looking forward to this with high glee as the old trickster and top comedian has plenty up his sleeve for that day. And last but not least, Bob Burns wants the third party out to his house for good old fashioned corn 'pone and a barbecue in his log cabin. So take your pick, folks, and make your plans accordingly, but get your reservations in at once using the coupon provided for that purpose, but do it NOW.

AND look what next is planned for all three tours. There'll be a trip through a major studio, lunch at Clara Bow's famous "It" Cafe, a tour through Max Factor's glamour factory.

BUT one more thing before we "sign off." We are very proud to remind you that this year as in past years there will be the usual farewell dinner party at a play place of the stars. The Wilshire Bowl has been selected for this gala event. As all good readers of Fawcett Magazines know, last year both tours were entertained royally at the far famed Bowl, for many issues afterward, Fawcett Magazines ran pictures of the tourists enjoying themselves out at the Wilshire Bowl and, as we announced at the beginning of this story, George McCall will be Master of Ceremonies. Remember last year when Jimmy Fidler was Master of Ceremonies for us? Jim came into the Bowl just after his weekly broadcast and brought us all some real news of the stars. Well, this year McCall will do the honors and introduce his closest friends to you—the movie stars. We're going to "shoot the moon" at this grand farewell party, so make your reservations now—and remember, all this activity in Hollywood is included in your original ticket purchase price and all three tours will travel the same route and have the same amount of fun here in Hollywood. ACT NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

MARRIAGE A LA CARTE

One of the most successful marriages in filmland is that of winsome Anne Shirley and John Payne. How the youngsters are meeting the various problems that confront every young couple is amusingly told by Katherine Hartley in the June SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE.

UNLUCKY IN LOVE ...until she learned how to correct that Misfit-Makeup look

"I'm so lonely—and not a date in weeks."

"Men don't like conspicuous misfit makeup."

She took the hint. And now—"Let's step out a lot!"

To end Misfit Makeup...
"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"
ADVISES Glenda Farrell
Featured in "Stolen Heaven" a Paramount Picture

TO BE LUCKY IN LOVE, say Hollywood stars, you can't risk misfit makeup...unrelated cosmetics that can't possibly look well together—or on you!

ARE YOU SURE *your* makeup *matches*... and matches *you?* You are, when you wear Marvelous, the new Matched Makeup. For the face powder, rouge, and lipstick—the eye makeup, too—are in color harmonized sets. And Marvelous Makeup is right for you because it's keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

ARTISTS, movie stars, beauty editors—and thousands of girls who wear it—agree this eye-matched makeup flatters *all* your features—your skin, your hair, your type!

THE PRICE IS LOW... start now to build *your* matched set...buy that lipstick you need...or rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara ...in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup...only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are
- BLUE..... *wear Dresden type*
- GRAY..... *wear Patrician type*
- BROWN ... *wear Parisian type*
- HAZEL .... *wear Continental type*

TONIGHT... *be* lucky in love—try this *matched* makeup that matches *you!*

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MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP by Richard Hudnut

FACE POWDER
MARVELOUS
Harmonizing LIPSTICK · POWDER · ROUGE 55¢ each

Try it! Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to *your* eyes! See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that matches...and matches you.

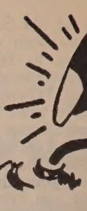
RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M,
693 Fifth Avenue, New York City
FWG-5-38

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send *my* Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup...harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

√ *My eyes are*
☐ Blue ☐ Brown
☐ Gray ☐ Hazel

Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________

FILMLAND WHISPERS



[*Continued from page* 15]

ing on every picture. What's more, Mrs. Shirley, who is one of Hollywood's believe-it-or-not mothers, delivers the gardenia herself.

IT'S rather a pathetic story and yet the party concerned is very grateful. When Paramount films *The Light That Failed*, Ray Milland will get his big chance in the role of the blind man. But for three months before the picture starts, Ray must spend all his time with a real blind man. Ray is to eat with the man every day to observe his habits, the way he walks and talks. The man who will be Ray's teacher is very grateful for the job. He will receive a good sum of money for his services.

BOB TAYLOR tells a very funny story on himself. Every Wednesday night he rehearses at the El Capitan Theatre, where the M-G-M broadcast is held the following night. This theatre is right in the heart of Hollywood Boulevard, where thousands of people pass by daily. As a rule Barbara Stanwyck dines in Hollywood on Wednesday night, with friends. Around ten-thirty she comes over to the theatre to meet Bob. But one night Barbara's watch stopped. Suddenly she discovered that it was long past midnight and she was two hours late. She didn't expect to find Bob waiting for her and she knew he must have been worried. But there was Bob standing out in front of the El Capitan Theatre, where he had been waiting anxiously. With half the world fighting to get Taylor autographs, Bob said that dozens of people passed him by and not a single person stopped. Two girls did argue because one *thought* he looked like Robert Taylor. But the other one called her a sap and said anyone would know that Bob Taylor wouldn't be running around loose at that time of night—alone!

Bob Young, Robert Taylor and Franchot Tone, pals these many years at good old M-G-M, are appropriately cast in the title roles of *Three Comrades*, adapted from the famous novel by Erich Maria Remarque. Margaret Sullavan plays the girl

Exquisite Barbara Read has an early morning dip in the Beverly Hills Hotel pool before whizzing off to work in Universal's new thriller, *The Crime of Dr. Hallet*

HOLLYWOOD would have you believe that Margaret Lindsay and Alfred G. Vanderbilt have that old feeling. But those who know A. G. intimately, insist he believes in safety in numbers.

SOME of the European stars imported by Hollywood have been extremely offended by the cold shoulder given them by their American stellar sisters. But they only have lavish words of praise for Joan Crawford. When Della Lind appeared at one of L. B. Mayer's numerous luncheons, Joan Crawford introduced herself and wished her good luck. Della, who had been in Hollywood one long lonely year was very touched. She sent Joan a huge vase of autumn flowers and since then they have become close friends. At the Flagstad opera Joan recognized Dolly Haas, star of the English film *Broken Blossoms*. During intermission Joan sought Dolly out and introduced herself. Dolly said Joan was the first star she had met in Hollywood. Then recently Joan went to the President's birthday party. Sitting with the Irving Berlins Joan suddenly clutched Irving's arms. "Oh, there's Annabella," Joan exclaimed. "I wish I could meet her and tell her how much I enjoyed *Wings of the Morning*." A moment later Irving Berlin had made the introduction. The following Sunday Joan gave a dinner party for Annabella and her husband, Jean Murat.

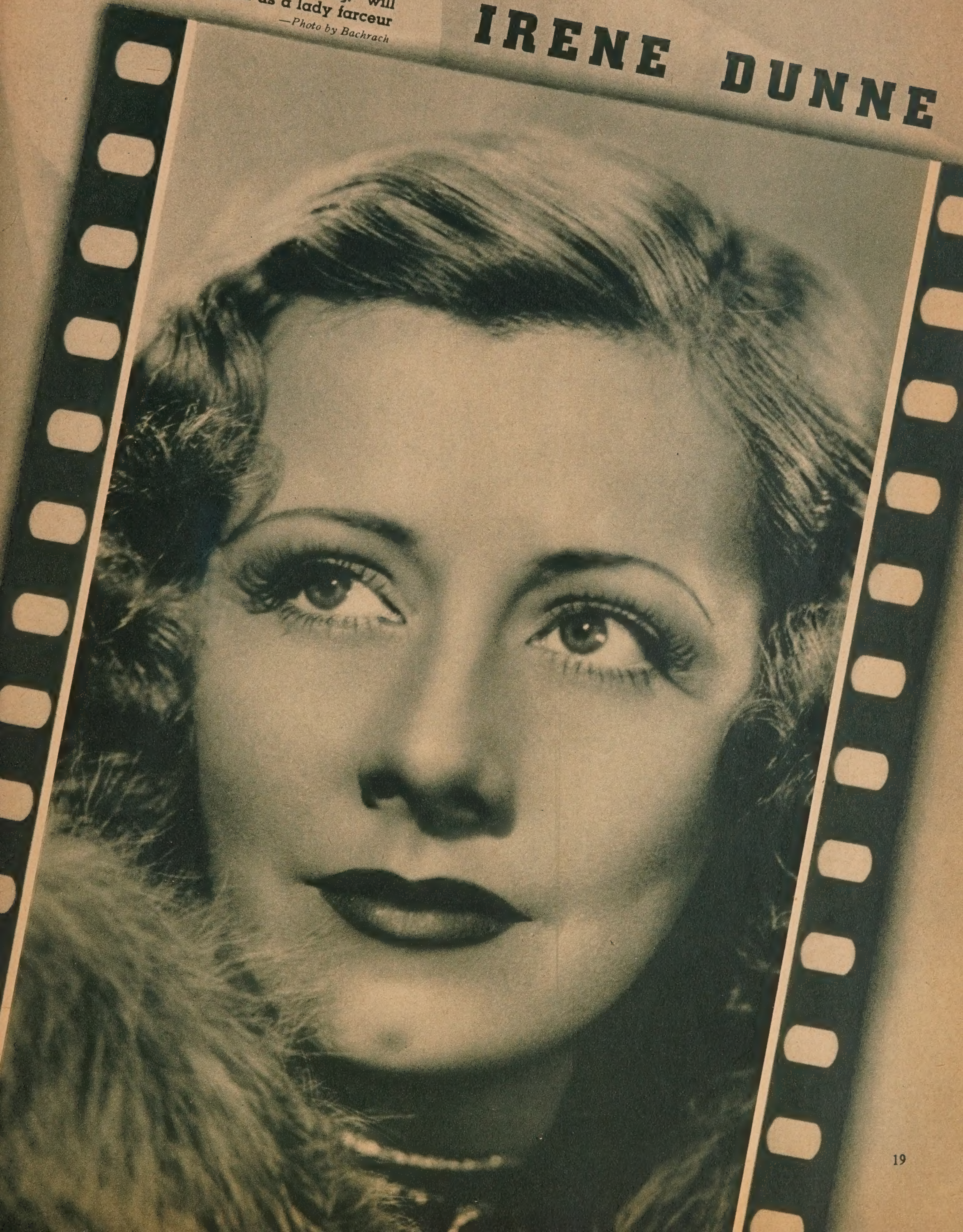
ROBERT TAYLOR may be number one boy in Barbara Stanwyck's life, but Barbara still isn't blind to Hollywood's masculine charm. One day Barbara was in the gallery posing for portraits. The photographer asked her to gaze into the lense as if she was looking at the most exciting thing in the world. "Oh, you mean you want me to imagine that I'm looking at Charles Boyer," Barbara kidded gaily.

[*Continued on page* 83]

IRENE DUNNE

One of the major surprises of the year was the transition of Irene Dunne from a mannered dramatic actress to a knock-down-and-drag-out comedienne. Her new RKO-Radio film, "The Joy of Living," will present her again as a lady farceur

—*Photo by Bachrach*



Amiable Fred MacMurray, without fanfare of "Great Lover" publicity, maintains a greater hold on his countless fans than most Hollywood topnotchers. His next Paramount film is the musical "Cocoanut Grove"

—Photo by Richee

FRED MacMURRAY

Sh-Sh-h-h-! **DON'T TELL A SOUL! . . .**

CAROLE FERNAND

LOMBARD *and* GRAVET

ARE SIMPLY

"FOOLS FOR SCANDAL"

AND SO ARE

RALPH BELLAMY

ALLEN JENKINS · ISABEL JEANS
MARIE WILSON · MARCIA RALSTON

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields
Additional Dialogue by Irv Brecher
From the Play, "Return Engagement," by Nancy Hamilton, James Shute and Rosemary Casey
Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

Their romance is scandalicious, scandalovely, scandalirious!

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE
presented by
Warner Bros.

Joan Blondell is one star whose work does not cease with the final fadeout of a picture—it goes on indefinitely!

By
JESSIE HENDERSON

IF, WHILE you're watching a movie, a certain young woman with tawny hair and blue eyes of quite enormous proportion slips into the seat next to you—oh, oh, be careful! Be careful how you snicker and sniffle and sneer. Also when. And particularly why.

For it's "DANGER!—BLONDE AT WORK!" The tawny young woman is Joan Blondell getting a slant at your audience reaction. And this means You.

How you react, also when and why, are things which will influence the next Blondell film, believe it or not. Moreover, if Joan doesn't like your reaction, maybe she'll say so. She did once, although it wasn't one of her own pictures. Were a couple of people's faces red! . . . I'll tell you about that later.

Meanwhile, there's no more persistent movie-goer than Joan. In whatever town she happens to be, though of course, it's usually in Hollywood, she dons her dark glasses and any other disguise that comes to hand, buys a ticket, and slides into a seat in the shadowy theatre to find out what's what. She finds it out, as aforesaid, from you and you and you.

In fact, she's one of the most regular patrons of Blondell pictures. Not, heaven knows, from any sense of egotism; on the contrary! She goes, as she herself puts it, to see "how terrible" she is and to study how to improve. She goes to other people's pictures, too, in order to figure what to do in her own. And occasionally what not.

The what not to do is chiefly where *you* come in. If you laugh in the wrong place, if you smile when you should sneer or (the gods forbid!) vice versa, then the little tawny blonde in the next seat will hunch up her shoulders and go into deep, deep thought. She's learned something not to do, and she's figuring how not to do it.

"I work a lot harder watching a picture," she said, "than playing in it."

To hear Joan tell it, curled in a corner of the wide tan couch in her dressing room on the Columbia lot between scenes of *There's Always a Woman*—she'd never done anything right at all. Her star rating with Warner Brothers, her home lot, proves this to be a slight exaggeration. Just the same, she's one of those players who never feel satisfied with their performances. In spite of the raves, she didn't care for Joan Blondell in *The King and the Chorus Girl*!

While she talked, her slim hands were busy with a crochet hook and a square of pale blue wool that eventually will be a blanket for little Dick or little Joan whose advent is expected very soon. She looked calm; for no reason, because the entire forenoon beneath the hot lights of the set she'd been dodging a book thrown by Melvyn Douglas in a spirited scene. Some weeks earlier, before she had told them about the prospective addition to the Dick Powell family, they'd put her in a hilarious sequence where she had to fall over backward in a chair. They took the sequence again and again. "That *did* scare me!" Joan admitted now. "I'm such a sissy."

HUH. Well, let any prospective mother try it.

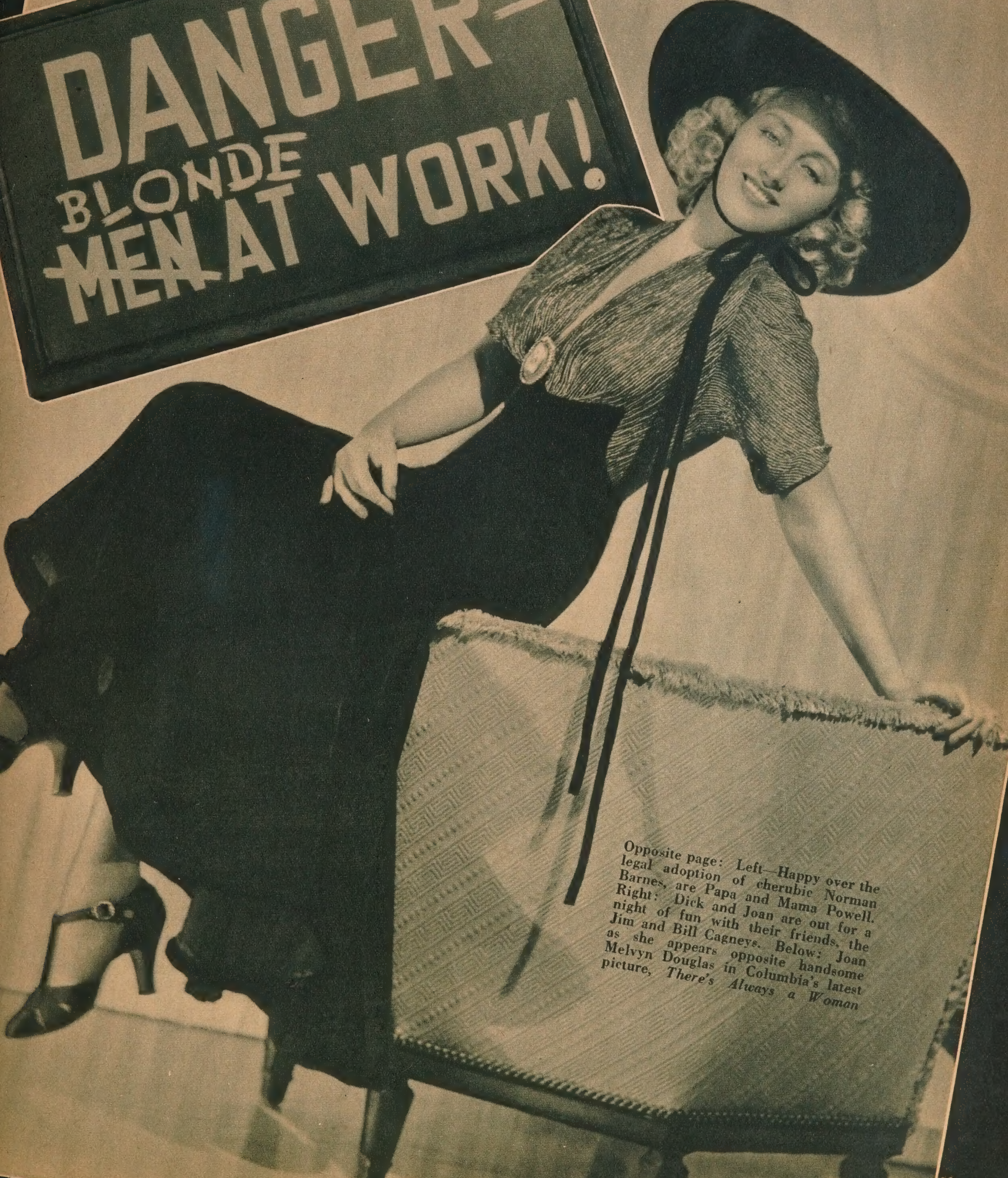
But here she sat in the quiet taupe and brown dressing room with the shimmering knotty pine walls and the ivory Venetian blinds, looking calm and crocheting this blue thing which is to be lined with pink satin and have a huge pink bow on top. And she told how she goes to a picture every time she has a chance. She considers it part of her job.

"It took me four pictures to learn how to walk," she observed for instance, "I'd always thought I walked well enough. At least I got where I headed for. But the first time I saw myself on the screen. . . . My chin stuck forward, my hips stuck out, and I looked as though I were falling on my nose. They tell me that's still how I cross a street," she added with a grimace, "but anyway it isn't how I cross the screen any more."

Of course she hasn't seen every film in which she has played. She missed the first three right in a row. Among the first was

[*Continued on page* 57]

DANGER—
BLONDE ~~MEN~~ AT WORK!



Opposite page: Left—Happy over the legal adoption of cherubic Norman Barnes, are Papa and Mama Powell. Right: Dick and Joan are out for a night of fun with their friends, the Jim and Bill Cagneys. Below: Joan as she appears opposite handsome Melvyn Douglas in Columbia's latest picture, *There's Always a Woman*

By
TERRY
LORTON

The SCREEN'S "FIRST LADY" RETURNS!

Her heart still saddened by tragedy, Norma Shearer returns to her beloved film industry in the role she has always yearned to play—"Marie Antoinette!"

SOUND stages at ten in the morning usually are very busy places, but this day the cameras were ready and lights were set on Stage Four. Yet a strange silence hovered over the place. That was the way Norma Shearer found it when she walked through the door, her eyes glistening and a wide smile there for everyone to see.

For one whole year Norma had fought the tragedy of her young husband's death, and now, with Irving Thalberg only a memory, she re-entered the studio, physically and mentally ready at last to resume her career.

No woman could come back to the place where her husband had been considered the top producer for years without a maelstrom of emotions within her, but whatever Norma Shearer felt, she concealed it well under this smiling face—and she tried to make her hellos sound casual.

But the occasion was too great for that. Louis B. Mayer, Metro's presiding executive, was on hand to greet her. And Hunt Stromberg, the producer who was her husband's great friend. And many others, all of whom were truly happy to see Norma back on the lot.

W. S. Van Dyke II, who had been chosen to direct her comeback in *Marie Antoinette*, walked over and took her hand. The gesture said more than anything his lips could have spoken. Cameraman William Daniels, who photographed her so beautifully in *Romeo and Juliet*, tried to make a casual moment of it, and failed.

He knew, as everyone else did, how Norma had spent months by herself recuperating in health and building up the courage which had left her the day that Thalberg so tragically left this world. Now Norma was back on the lot, and she wasted no time in stepping into her work.

Tyrone Power plays opposite Miss Shearer in the dashing role of *Count Axel de Fersen*

Norma didn't say much to the group around her. She still shies from talking for publication. But she did say, simply, "I have looked forward with enthusiasm to making this picture. I am happy it has started."

A grand thought, Norma, spoken bravely, but no matter how you say it, the things you have left unsaid are understood by all. How you had to discipline yourself to come back to Irving's halls, how you had to learn to be casual again, how you had to put memories in their proper place, and face sheer reality again. Yes, Norma, it was bravely spoken.

Louis Mayer walked over with her to the dressing room, and she disappeared inside. What followed was no miracle of one moment's time. Norma, for four long years, had studied the character of Marie Antoinette, had cherished the thought of playing the role. In recent weeks she had quietly attended to the fitting of costumes, the adaption of makeup, and the countless other little details. Today, in the presence of these people, she was ready to work.

When the dressing room door opened again, Norma emerged in a shimmering silver gown, an exact replica of one worn by Marie Antoinette.

Van Dyke, who has a strong sense of the proper things to say and do, called Tyrone Power, who plays the role of Count Axel de Fersen (her lover). "You both know the situation in this scene," he said. Marie has just made a fool of you in front of her friends. You are leaving, and she has come to seek your forgiveness. Go ahead from there."

Lights. Camera. Sound—

Marie Antoinette stands there, and Count Axel bends to kiss her hand. She draws [*Continued on page* 88]

Norma Shearer's idyllic beauty is displayed to superb advantage in the spectacular *Marie Antoinette*

'ROUND HOLLYWOOD TOWN

More candid shots of the great ones of Hollywood! We find Gregory Ratoff, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and Marlene Dietrich at a preview (1); Clark Gable happily embracing young Judy Garland at his birthday party (2); Ginger Rogers chatting with Charles Boyer at the Clover Club (3); W. C. Fields and Don Ameche at the Edgar Bergen party (4); Deanna Durbin joining the Hollywood immortals by having her hand and footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre with Sid Grauman aiding (5); a lovely couple at the tennis matches—Paulette Goddard and Jinx Falkenberg (6); best-dressed woman at the Santa Anita races was the exotic Dolores Del Rio, snapped with her husband Cedric Gibbons (7)

OLYMPE BRADNA

Out Paramount way they're lifting their voices in praise of the youthful beauty of Olympe (pronounced O-Lamp!) Branda. She will soon appear romantically with Gene Raymond in "Stolen Heaven"

—Photo by Walling

1

2

3

CANDID NEWS FLASHES

Wonder how the Fawcett candid cameraman manages to keep up with our gallivanting movie stars! But he was right there when Joan Crawford and Irving Berlin were dinner companions at the Clover Club (1) and when Mrs. Robert Young, Roscoe Karns, his daughter Mary Jane, Mrs. Karns and Bob Young celebrated Mary Jane's sixteenth birthday (2). At Edgar Bergen's birthday party he found radio's Stroud twins with Shirley Ross and Claire Dodd—and that's Claude on the left (3). The Spencer Tracys (4) were at the *Tom Sawyer* preview, as were Joe E. Brown, Anita Louise, Bob Abbot and Mrs. Brown (5). A third birthday party—Sophie Tucker's—was almost wrecked by those zanies, the Ritz Brothers (6). Marie Wilson, Rudy Vallee and Pat O'Brien were set visitors at Warners, to hear the famous Snicklefritz Band (7). And again, at the Bergen party, our camera found this amiable foursome, Jon Hall, Frances Langford, Dorothy Lamour and Don Ameche (8)

4

5

6

7

8

Above: Since all child stars must receive three hours schooling each day, Deanna, receives her daily tuition from Mrs. Mary West, studio resident teacher. Below: Deanna spends two hours daily with her famous singing teacher, Andres de Segurola, of Metropolitan fame

DEANNA'S PRICE FOR FAME!

By MARY SHARON

With her future in opera already assured, this adorable youngster, Deanna Durbin, yearns for the normal things in life which her promising career deprives her of

"I LIKE to be in the movies, but—" the girlish voice trailed off into silence, leaving the sentence hanging over our heads unfinished.

Deanna Durbin's eyes have the clear look of bright waters in them, but for an instant they were clouded. Seated across the table from me, she toyed with her chicken sandwich for a moment. Then she lifted her head in a determined way. It is a gesture familiar to those who work with Deanna.

Mrs. Durbin smiled at her proudly, but did not interrupt her young daughter's thought processes. Deanna's thoughts are all her own and her decisions belong exclusively to herself also.

When I asked her to explain her unhappy "but" she did so without any attempt to evade the issue.

"I am not ungrateful for the wonderful things that have happened to me, but I feel disappointed at the way things turn out sometimes.

"When we went to Winnepeg, Canada, last fall, the first thing I wanted to do was take a taxi straight from the train to my 'gram's' house. I wanted to see the house where I was born and run around town alone with mama. But I didn't get to do this.

"First, there were a lot of important people I had to meet. The mayor and everybody. They gave me the key to the city and made a lot of nice speeches.

"Before I knew it, the day was over and I never did get to see the house where I was born. I never even got to see my 'gram.' It takes a lot of fame and money to make up for things like that. More than I have had."

A suggestion of a tear hung on her lashes, but it [*Continued on page* 62]

A STAR IS BORED!

BY ROWENA DEVINE

Life isn't always too, too glamorous for our Hollywood stars—they sometimes get just as bored as you and I!

THE average movie fan believes that the life of a star is the most exciting and thrilling experience in the world. Fame, money, adulation—all these are the lot of the film famous, 'tis true, but movie stars are still human beings, and just as apt to get fed up with it all as is Susie Glutz with selling ribbons or Eddie Jones with jerking sodas. Yes, quite often a well-manicured hand is put to a world-famous mouth and a tired yawn suppressed. Quite, *quite* often—a star is bored!

In all her years of picture work, Joan Crawford looks back upon an incident during the filming of *The Bride Wore Red* as her most boring experience. Joan is intensely active and you'll never find her sitting idle on a set between scenes. But just as she was about to start work before the camera, wearing the famous red dress used in the picture, some of the tiny bugle beads which covered the dress broke, and the energetic Crawford had to stand motionless for thirty minutes while each tiny bead was sewn back in place. Movie stardom at *that* moment, was very, very boring to the glamorous Joan!

Maureen O'Sullivan's most boring moment also has to do with clothes. Maureen, for so long, wore nothing but the tiny wisp of cloth which was her attire in *Tarzan* that when the picture was finished she had completely forgotten the necessity of fittings when buying new clothes. She went shopping one day for new frocks and actually suffered while the saleswomen fussed

Shopping bores Jeanette MacDonald (right) more than anything else. Bette Davis (below) hates people who "dish the dirt." Eleanor Powell's most boring moment was when she was a wall flower at a college dance—imagine!—while Mary Astor wishes hostesses would begin dinners on time!

Pretty Maureen O'Sullivan (left) is another star who doesn't care for shopping—even while buying pretty frocks like this one! At top are Mischa Auer, Joan Crawford and Errol Flynn, whose occasional fits of boredom come from widely separated sources—but read about it in the accompanying story

over her—pinning the material here, and draping it there—it all seemed so bothersome and silly after her scanty *Tarzan* wardrobe. Then and there Maureen developed a tremendous dislike for trying on new clothes, and she now considers that feminine indoor sport the height of boredom.

Dick Arlen and Bing Crosby are self-admittedly, Hollywood's two biggest liars (and two best pals, too) and strangely enough, the identical thing bores both of them. The two boys are nuts about golf and can sit content for hours, discussing mashie shots and long drives. *But*—when Bing starts in telling about the swell game he played in the driving rain, Dick becomes almost faint with ennui. And, when Dick gives Bing the entire play by play of the morning's game and how he won it blindfolded, Bing gives out with a tremendous yawn. Boy, are *they* bored! Or, to dip into the vernacular, "they can dish it out but they can't take it."

Little Luise Rainer got her greatest taste of boredom right at the beginning of her American motion picture career. When Luise landed here her knowledge of English was very scant, so the interviews had to be short and limited to questions put in very familiar words. Luise tried to be obliging and helpful and responded eagerly to the first writer who asked her when she was born. A few minutes later she was introduced to another writer who also promptly asked the date of Luise's birth. That was all right, too, even though it seemed unimportant to the little Rainer. But when the fifth, sixth and seventh interviewers, floundering in a sea of misinterpretation, fell back on the old standby "Where were you born?"—Luise stifled a lady-like yawn and thought ruefully, how very boring stardom must be!

The dancing pride of M-G-M, Eleanor Powell, looks back upon her most boring event as a dance held at U. S. C. Now, now, loyal students, don't get huffy! Eleanor wasn't snooty—far from it. Wait until you hear the sad tale:

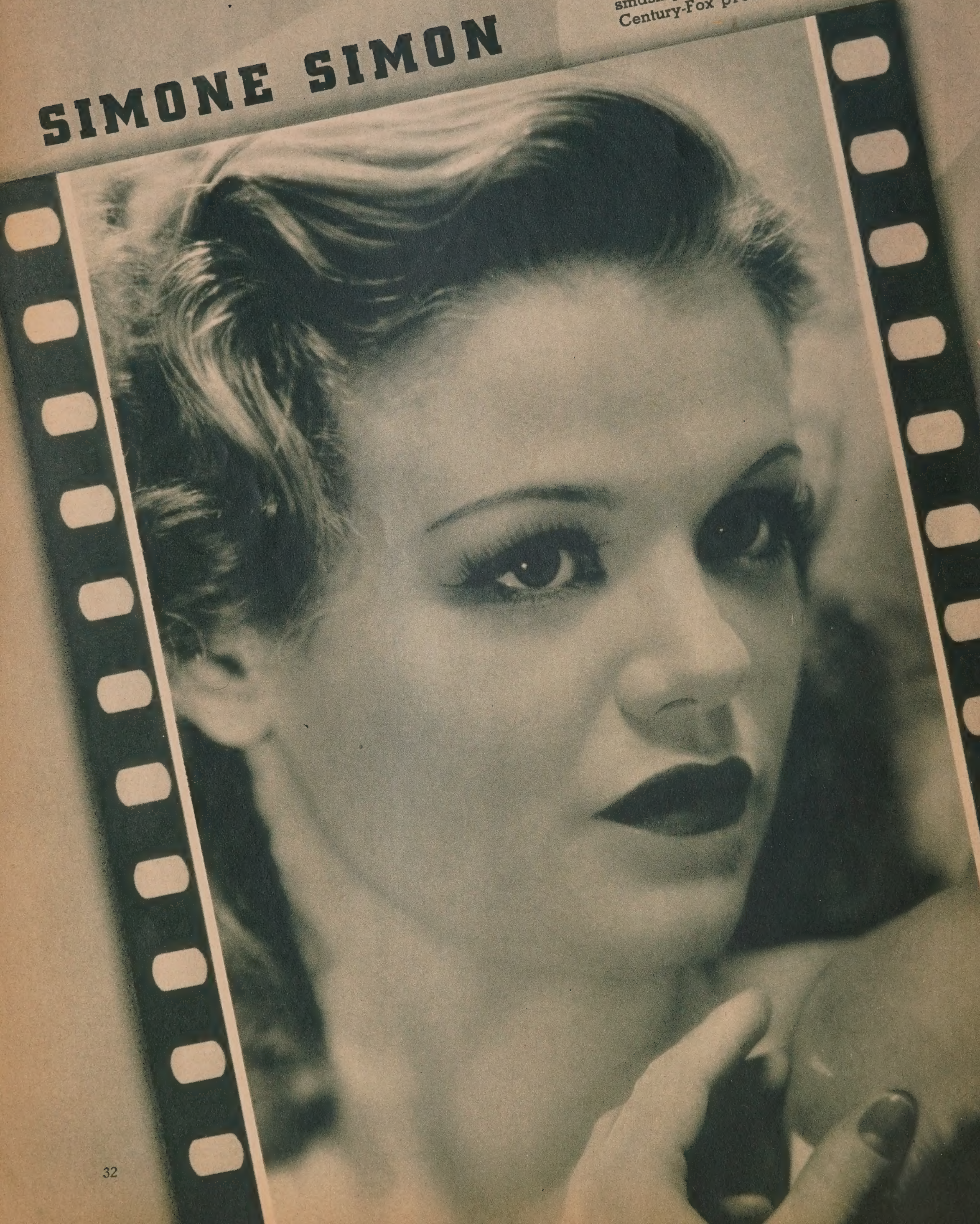
Eleanor was terribly pleased when she was invited to attend the dance as guest of honor and she looked forward to a swell time. Eleanor is a grand girl—democratic, friendly, fun-loving, and being a famous movie star, she quite naturally expected to be sought after for every dance. But what was her surprise (and her eventual boredom) to find herself the wallflower of the evening. She sat for hours with a fixed smile on her face while sweet young things who couldn't dance half so well as she, went flitting by in the arms of the handsome college boys. And she, the famous dancing Powell, had to sit primly on the sidelines while the music played and her toes were itching to perform.

It seemed that although the boys were thrilled to death to have the lovely Eleanor at their party, they were scared stiff to ask her to dance, knowing how beautifully and expertly she trips the light fantastic. Every man there was dying to dance with her—but not one could get up his nerve. Suppose he asked Eleanor Powell for a dance and then he

[*Continued on page 74*]

SIMONE SIMON

No more cracks about Simone Simon's name from now on—for the Gallic firecracker proved her natural charm in "Love and Hisses," and is now following it up with a new smash performance in the new 20th Century-Fox production, "Josette"



Peer of the Costume Drama

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

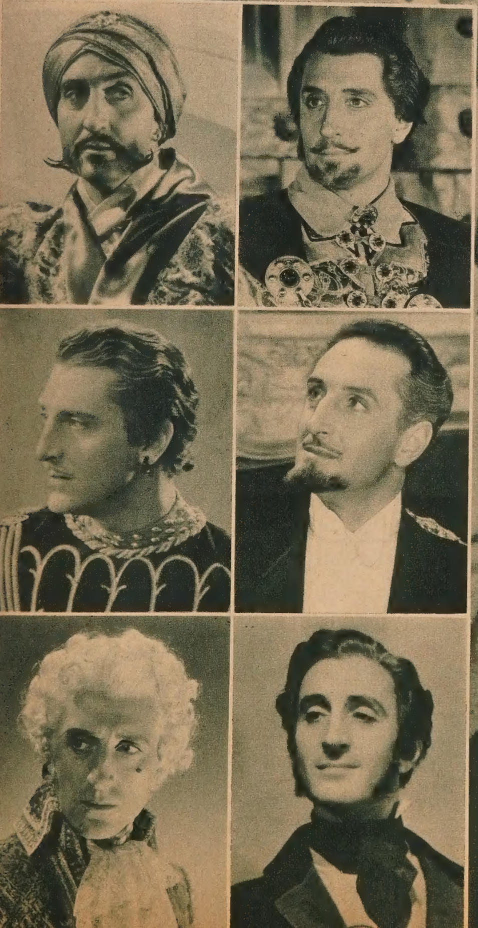
Cad or Cavalier—Master Creator of roles—Basil Rathbone holds the Hollywood spotlight always

BASIL RATHBONE is an exciting personality. And a stimulating one. There is nothing casual, or negative about him and, in fact, more than anyone I know, he suggests an emotional vibrancy that puts dynamic power into his every word and movement.

It was during the twilight hour that we sat talking before the blazing log fire in the long living room of his home among the Hollywood hills. Suddenly, when I spoke of an actor as an interpretive artist, Basil caught me up, saying, with emphasis, "Not an interpretive artist, but a *creative* artist. Or, if you please, a creative interpreter. This may seem to be a fine line but to me it is highly significant.

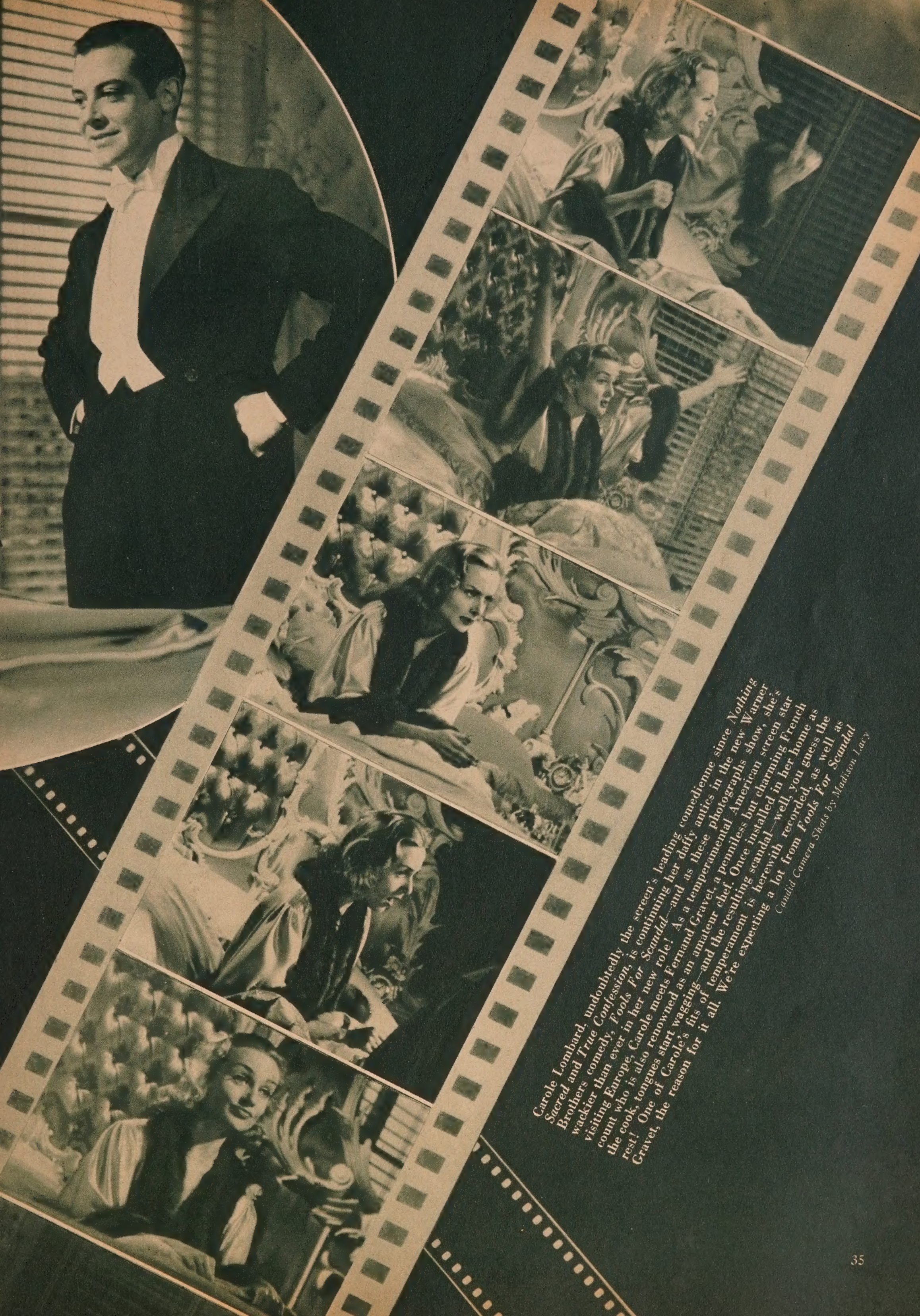
"An author completes a play and lays it aside; it is now but a cold thing, just so many pages of paper, and an actor can never interpret this work because he can not enter the author's mind and see what he has seen. He can bring it to life only by creating his own interpretation as to what he thinks and feels the author has in mind, and he reflects this as accurately as he comprehends the

[*Continued on page* 64]



Basil Rathbone is the highest paid and most popular heavy on the screen today. Reading from left to right: As Ahmed in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*; as he is currently appearing in the spectacular production *The Adventures of Robin Hood*; as Tybalt in the immortal *Romeo and Juliet*; as Commissar Gorotchenko in the sophisticated comedy, *Tovarich*; as the stern Marquis de St. Evremonde in *A Tale of Two Cities*, and as he appeared on the stage in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*

SCANDAL-OUS CAROLE!



Carole Lombard, undoubtedly the screen's leading comedienne since *Nothing Sacred* and *True Confession*, is continuing her daffy antics in the new Warner Brothers comedy, *Fools For Scandal*—and as these photographs show, she's wackier than ever in her new role! As a temperamental American screen star visiting Europe, Carole meets Fernand Gravet, a penniless but charming French count who is also renowned as an amateur chef. Once installed in her home as the cook, tongues start wagging—and the resulting scandal—well, you guess the rest! One of Carole's fits of temperament is herewith recorded, as well as Gravet, the reason for it all. We're expecting a lot from *Fools For Scandal*

Candid Camera Shots by Madison Lacy

Golden-voiced Alice Faye sings her way into your heart, and hubby Tony Martin's, too, in Twentieth Century's film, *Sally, Irene and Mary*

SHE NEVER TOOK A LESSON!

By
SERENA BRADFORD

Having attained stage, radio and screen success, Alice Faye's real ambition is to become a great dramatic star

ALICE FAYE never took a lesson in her life. In anything! That is, anything pertaining to her career. So—now she is a star in the movies, has made a name for herself on the air, has married the handsome young man of her choice and is fast becoming one of the most popular girls on the screen. Don't take this as a treatise against higher learning.

All of Alice's success seems accidental—so accidental indeed that you'd never believe it unless you took into consideration a thousand other Cinderella stories of dazzling successes—and the fact that Alice Faye happens to be young and beautiful and a "natural" as far as acting and voice is concerned.

And today, although Alice was catapulted into success, she is still without affectation, curiously aloof and unspoiled—with the natural curiosity of a kitten about life and with an understandable antagonism against those she feels were unfriendly to her on her way up—or are too friendly to her now—and yet with a natural and pleasant warmth about people.

Alice has no deep philosophy of life. She wants to get ahead—she wants to be a great dramatic star. What beautiful young girl just out of musicals wouldn't? She wants domestic happiness—and she thinks she has a good chance to get that, having just married the boy of her dreams. And she is a good girl, working hard and helping support her family even now.

"I always wanted success," said Alice, when I saw her on a recent New York visit, "but of course what has happened is something I couldn't even dream about accurately. You've got to *want* things *hard* to get them. Sometimes you get more than you planned for."

It is Rudy Vallee who is responsible for Alice Faye's sudden success, though I believe she is the type [*Continued on page* 59]

LIKE FATHER—LIKE SON!

Fairbanks the dauntless — the boy who wouldn't bask in his famous father's glory —but became famous on his own merits!

By TED MAGEE

DARTING swiftly across from Paris one day, an airplane due to land at Croydon Airport, got lost in the fog above London. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., remembers the occasion well. And he should, for he was aboard that plane.

"It was several years ago, which made the situation even more unhappy than now, for we had very little ground contact in those days," Douglas explained. "Radio beams, for instance, were mere dreams for the future."

He lapsed off, suddenly. He has a tendency to do that just when the story is getting interesting, or when he is bringing himself into the discussion too much. There's an attribute many another star could use—and Doug has no need for it. When he speaks, he chooses his words carefully, and he says the right thing. Therefore, he would be perfectly safe in continuing his conversation.

So with gentle force we brought him back to the subject, a bit anxious to get him out of that airplane over London.

"What happened?" he said, repeating our question. "Why—nothing at all. We simply kept on flying until we had only a gallon or so of gasoline in the tank. Then we ducked down through the fog and were lucky. Landed in a cornfield in the county of Kent, south of London."

Well, perhaps that is nothing at all. To most of us, sticking to the security of our own little towns, it would seem different. On the other hand, the younger generation of the Fairbanks family has never been accustomed to just "staying at home." Most of his life has been spent moving between two homes—his mother and her friends in England, and his work and companions in Hollywood.

They say that a veteran soldier, after long service in the army, goes over the top without a quiver, that a policeman never worries about a holdup. Perhaps the same reasoning can be applied to young Doug, who has exposed himself to the whimsies of chance so bloomin' often that he takes the incidents as a matter of course.

He is in no sense a stay-at-home fellow. The London plane incident is only one of three or four events of the same pattern. He has made forced landings in planes from the plains of Nebraska to the valley of the Rhine. If he can't find trouble in the air, then he takes to the sea. Boating is a favorite diversion, and he loves a storm. That fact alone accounts for a large number of narrow escapes on the ocean. Doug is one of those naturally optimistic young fellows who thinks a 34-foot boat, properly handled, will ride through most any tempest. And so far he has been lucky—extremely lucky.

This love for thrills comes natural to him, considering his parentage. No one ever accused his father of dodging a thrill. As a matter of fact, the cinema maestro of a decade ago got an unholy kick out of riding his luck [*Continued on page* 66]

What can Doug be frowning at with two lovely ladies at his side and two new lead roles to his credit? At far left, with comedienne Irene Dunne in *The Joy of Living* and with dance-famous Ginger Rogers in *Having Wonderful Time*

BING CROSBY

Who better deserves the title of "Doctor Rhythm" than the exuberant Bing Crosby? Since getting his Doctor of Philosophy degree at Gonzaga University, he's won another diploma from the public that loves him

—*Photo by Walling*

Stellar fame in Hollywood was not easily obtained by beautiful Ann Sheridan. After several years of struggle, Warner Brothers finally recognized her talent. Her next picture is "Little Lady Luck"

—Photo by Welbourne

ANN SHERIDAN

By
VIRGINIA
WOOD

Looking ahead to a brilliant future, Rosemary Lane, the pretty songstress, has the leading role in Warner Bros.' *Golddiggers in Paris*

"R" IS FOR ROSEMARY!

A leading lady in her own right, Rosemary Lane's biggest thrill is meeting movie stars!

ROSEMARY LANE'S grey-blue eyes, with their heavy fringe of black lashes, were sparkling.

"I guess I'm just about the happiest girl in Hollywood," she announced, plumping herself down opposite me at the luncheon table in the Warner Bros. commissary. "I know it sounds Pollyannish, but you don't know how wonderful it is to be here in Hollywood and started on a screen career after dreaming about it for so many years."

Ever since Rosemary can remember, back in Indianola, Iowa, where she and her four sisters were born and attended school, Rosemary wanted to be an actress. Naturally, this ambition was fostered by her two sisters, Leota and Lola, who embarked on their theatrical careers at a very youthful age. This was all that Rosemary needed, combined with a golden voice, a set of delicate features and a charming figure, to determine her that somehow, some day she would reach her goal.

"I used to go to every movie that came to Indianola," Rosemary relates, "sometimes I'd go three or four times, if it happened to be a good one, just to study the technique of all the actresses. Then I'd go home [*Continued on page* 55]

Anita Louise's charming new home is a perfect setting for her delicate beauty

SCREEN BOOK'S Portfolio of Hollywood Homes

1

2

1. This is the dining room in the beautiful Beverly Hills home of Anita Louise, Warner Bros. star. 2. A special feature in her spacious living room is the built-in fireplace. 3. Anita's hobby is collecting priceless figurines as pictured here. 4. And her weakness for fresh flowers and unusual lamp bases prevail throughout. 5. A corner in one of the attractive bedrooms features white and gold furnishings, dull white walls and a chartreuse carpet

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6. Walls of blue, mauve carpet, drapes of turquoise brocade and velvet, blend into a setting of modern smartness and perfect taste. 7. Miss Louise is shown with her favorite instrument. 8. Another fireplace in the huge library. 9. The spacious bedroom features a Louis XV console, large bed and lounge covered with quilted ivory satin, and the peach drapes and beige rug complete a charming decorative composition. 10. And more figurines in Anita's secretary

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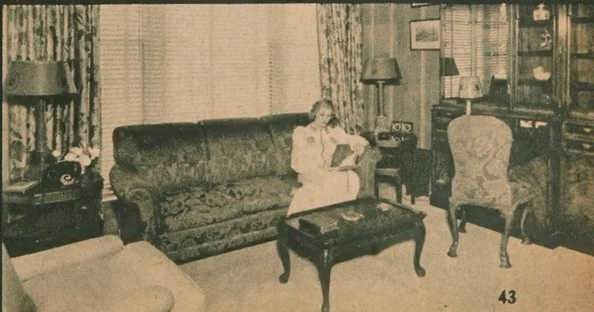


Luck of the Irish!

Above: Michael's attractive sister, Claire, acts as his secretary in the handling of his fan mail. Below: Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart as they are currently appearing in *Change of Heart*

By
E. J. SMITHSON

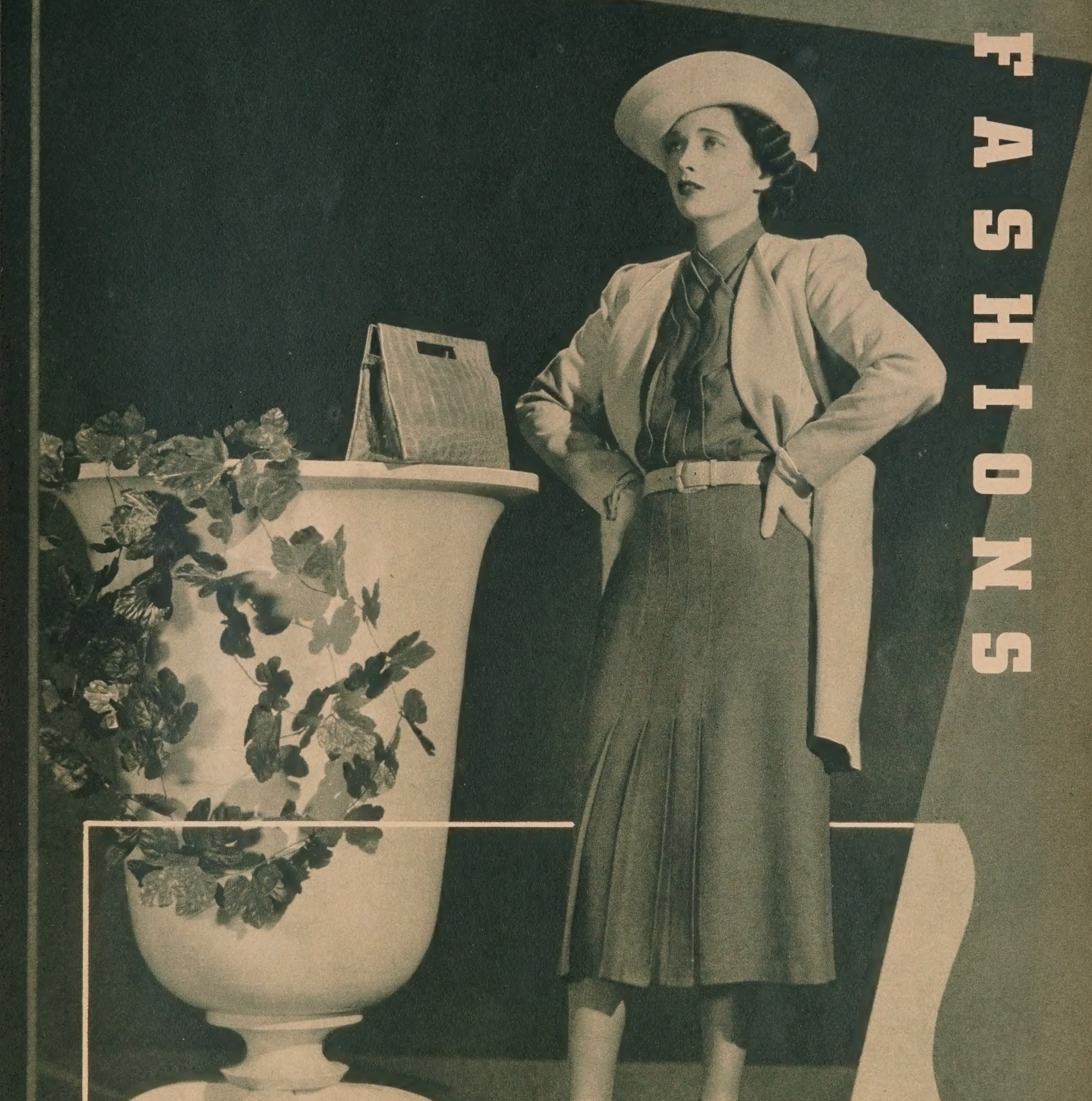
Down to his last twenty-seven cents — with stardom just ahead — was Michael Whalen's most anxious and unforgettable moment

THE day that sixteen-year-old Michael Shovlin (later to be known as Michael Whalen) graduated from St. Mary's Parochial School in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, was a red-letter one in the Shovlin household for two very important reasons.

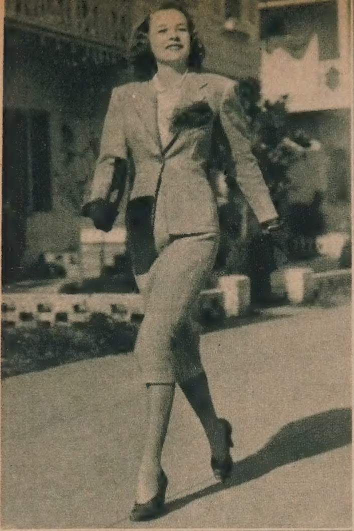
To the young and ambitious graduate the day signalized his freedom from class-room routine. He was ready, now, to embark upon his chosen career—music. Ever since the age of six

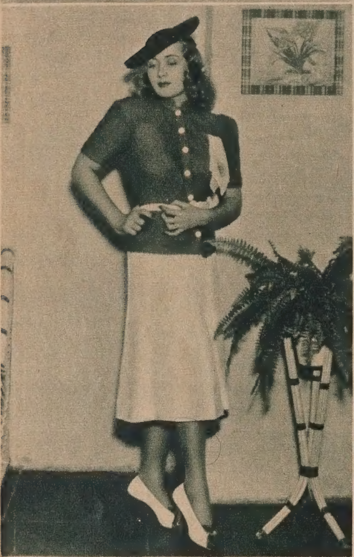
[*Continued on page* 76]

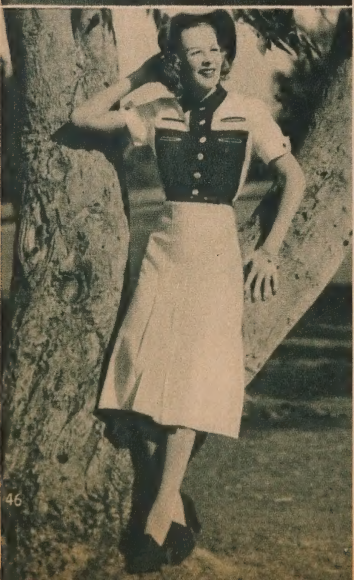
SCREEN BOOK FASHIONS

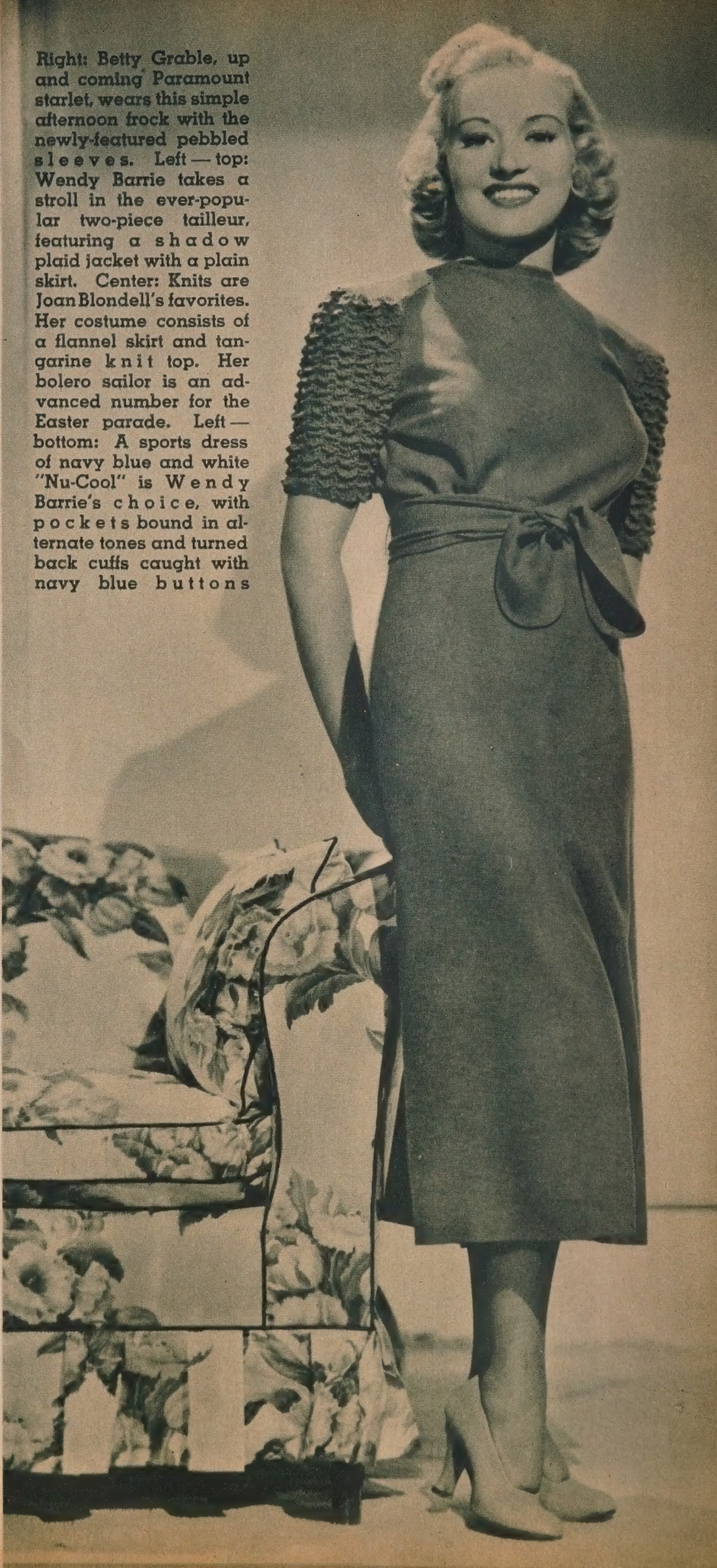


THE FIRST LADY OF FASHIONS—Kay Francis selects this smart spectator sports costume of henna wool, bedecked only with a belt, and a top coat of Orry-Kelly's favorite beige



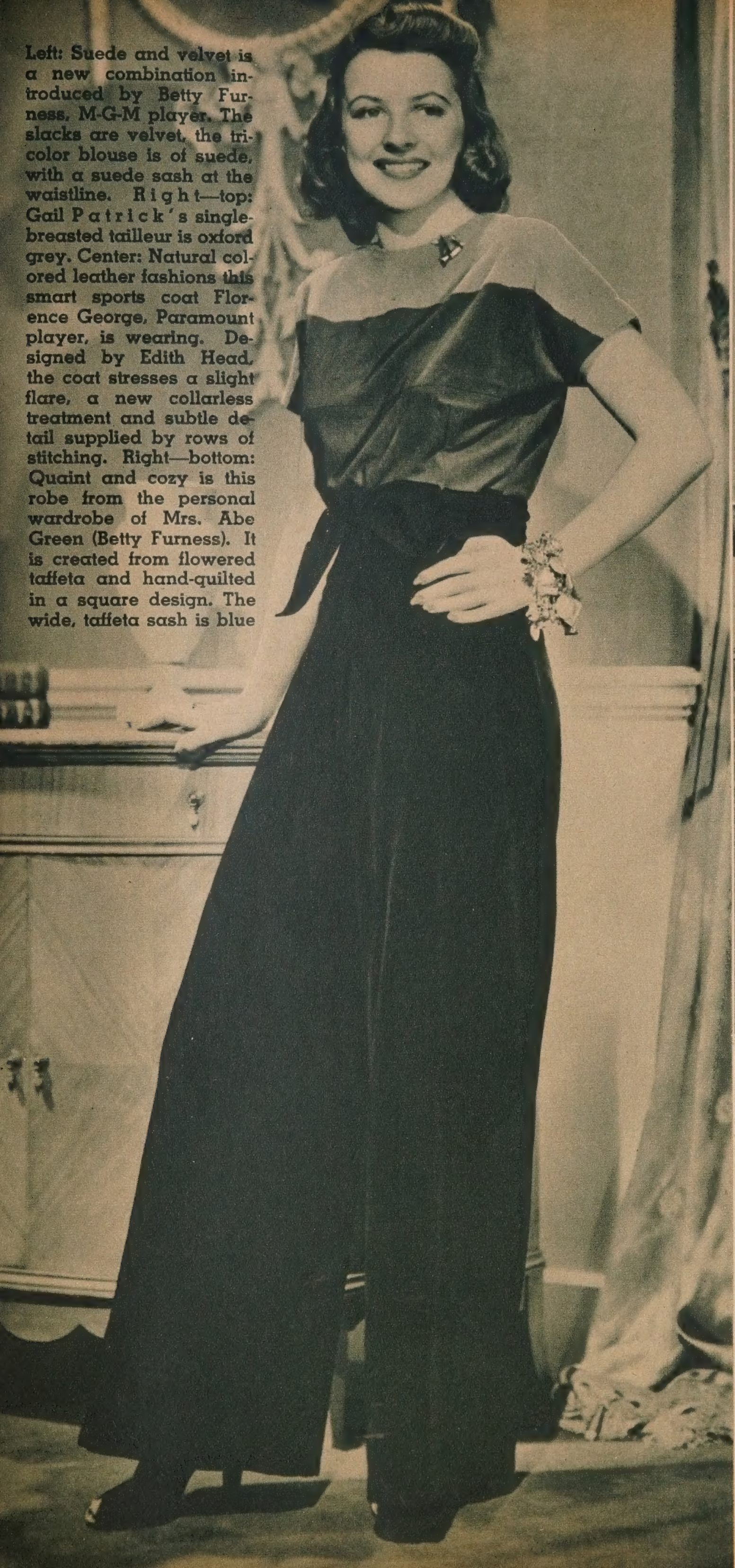


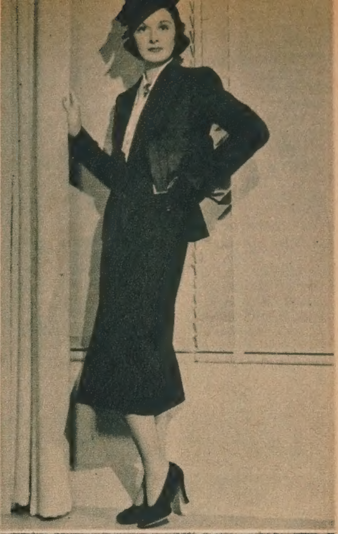


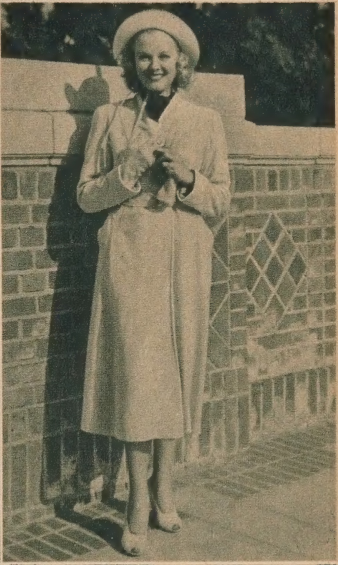


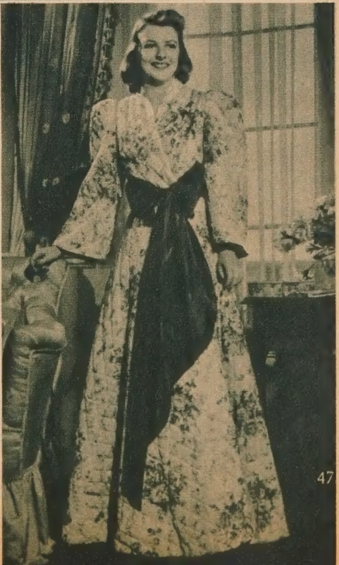
Right: Betty Grable, up and coming Paramount starlet, wears this simple afternoon frock with the newly-featured pebbled sleeves. Left — top: Wendy Barrie takes a stroll in the ever-popular two-piece tailleur, featuring a shadow plaid jacket with a plain skirt. Center: Knits are Joan Blondell's favorites. Her costume consists of a flannel skirt and tangarine knit top. Her bolero sailor is an advanced number for the Easter parade. Left — bottom: A sports dress of navy blue and white "Nu-Cool" is Wendy Barrie's choice, with pockets bound in alternate tones and turned back cuffs caught with navy blue buttons

Left: Suede and velvet is a new combination introduced by Betty Furness, M-G-M player. The slacks are velvet, the tricolor blouse is of suede, with a suede sash at the waistline. Right—top: Gail Patrick's single-breasted tailleur is oxford grey. Center: Natural colored leather fashions this smart sports coat Florence George, Paramount player, is wearing. Designed by Edith Head, the coat stresses a slight flare, a new collarless treatment and subtle detail supplied by rows of stitching. Right—bottom: Quaint and cozy is this robe from the personal wardrobe of Mrs. Abe Green (Betty Furness). It is created from flowered taffeta and hand-quilted in a square design. The wide, taffeta sash is blue

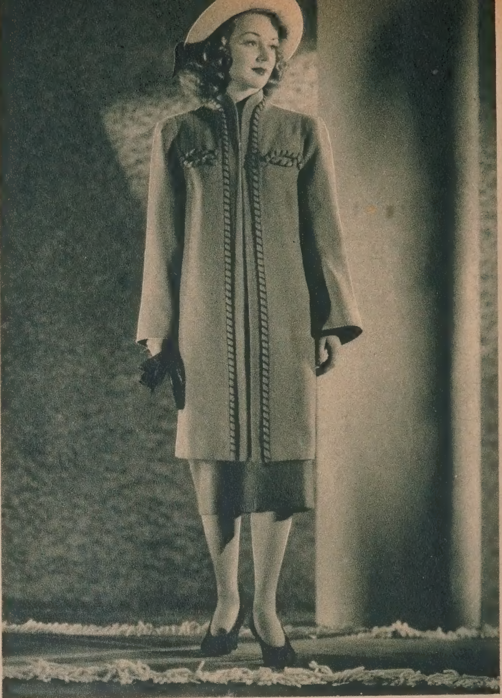


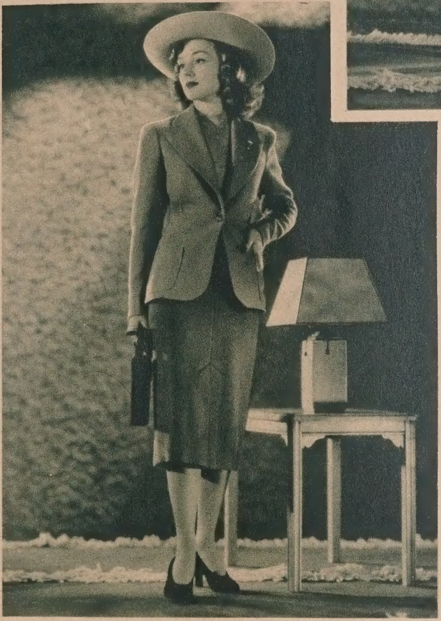




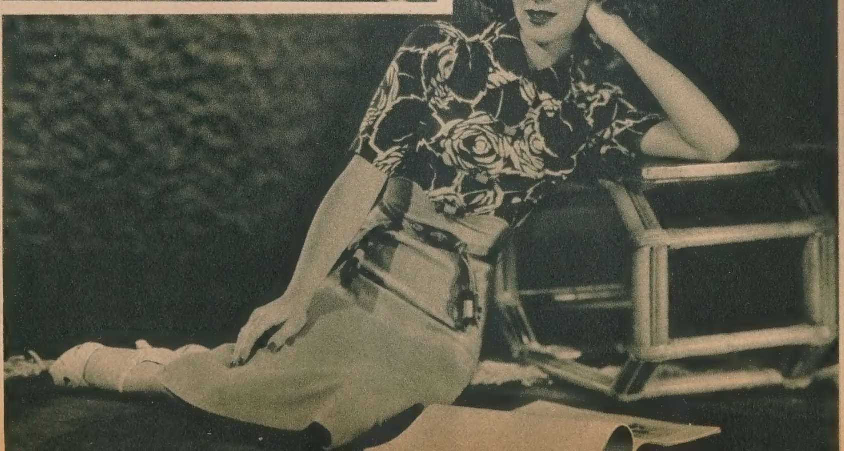


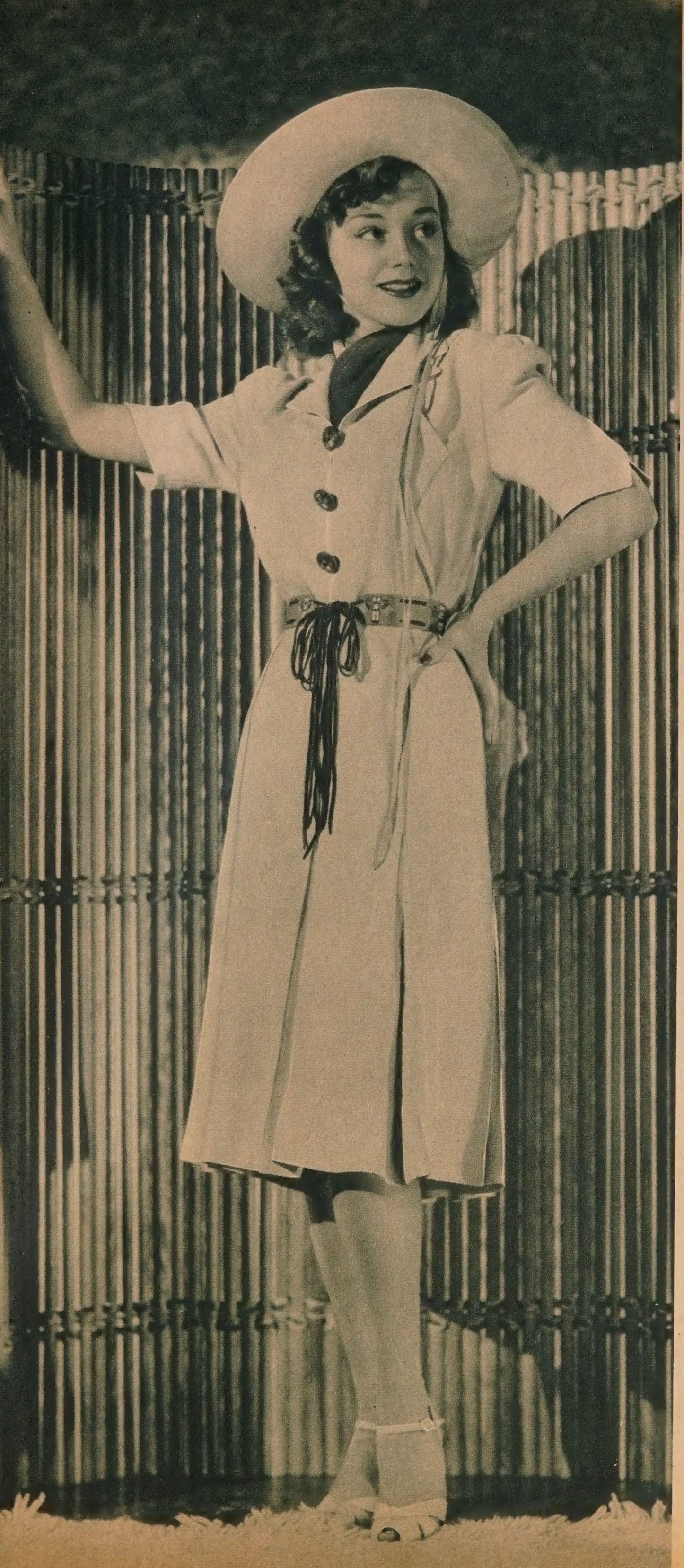
Hollywood welcomes Spring in the Mexican manner. Looking to its neighbors to the South for fashion inspiration, they derive color, gaiety and the impudent freshness of trim found in these lovely selections modeled by youthful Anne Shirley. Right: Anne models a swagger coat of incredibly soft rabbit's hair mixture ($29.95). Center: Miss Shirley, who appears in RKO's forthcoming production, "Law of the Underworld" looks very chic indeed, in this tailored spectator sports suit ($29.95). Below: Anne models this challis blouse in handblocked print and high-waisted flannel skirt, belted with jute ($15.95)





Opposite page: Lovely Anne Shirley, RKO star, poses in this new beige frock with buttons and trick belt of rugged cowhide featuring handpainted Aztec motifs. The belt ties with thongs in ranch manner . . . ($19.95)





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FREE BOOKLET FOR THESE AND OTHER
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Lovely Virginia Field, Twentieth Century-Fox player, passes our candid inspection without the flicker of an eyelash

SCREEN BOOK'S BEAUTY SCHOOL

Honor Student:

VIRGINIA FIELD

Subject:

BEAUTY INVENTORY

By JANET LYNN

Let's 'face' the facts—new, refreshing and simple are these vital aids to loveliness

TO ONE good clean girl add a dash of lipstick, a touch of rouge, a smattering of powder. Sprinkle with cologne or toilet water, dab on a bit of spring-like perfume. Dress and season well, then top off with a gleaming head of hair. Such a confection will win the prize both as a May Flower, and a May Queen.

If you're not the typical American Beauty, don't fret. Instead, sit down in front of the mirror, examine your face and figure carefully to discover its good and bad points. Then make-up, dress up, to bring out the nice things, hide the not-so-nice. You'll find that you'll do quite well with a bit of thought and care.

The other day I listened to Virginia Field bemoan that lovely face of hers. "It's practically square," the young English actress complained. "My chin has a deep cleft in it (just like a man's). My lips are much too small and cupid's bow-ish, and not at all stylish! And worst of all, I have a ski-jump nose!" And when she was all through this denunciation, I still thought she was a pretty good looking young woman, to put it mildly. Because, you see, Virginia had learned to apply her make-up in such a way as to bring out her best features, ovalize her face, and give it a certain flower-like quality.

To make her face seem more oval, and counteract its squareness, the charming Twentieth Century-Fox player carries the line of her rouge high rather than out. She uses very little eyeshadow—just the faintest line of blue following the line of the lashes across the lids—to give depth to those English blue eyes. And here's a trick. Virginia applies her mascara most heavily nearest the nose, and brushes all the lashes toward the center of her face. Just another way of saying, see what a lovely oval face I have! Her eyebrows are but slightly arched, from underneath, so that the lower part of her face receives greater length. And, of course, she pencils the brows most heavily nearest the nose.

When Miss Field makes up that cupid's bow that is known as her mouth, she just pretends it isn't one at all. She uses a brush which she buys down in the Chinatown of Los Angeles, and paints herself a wide, generous mouth, blotting out the too sharp bow, the thinness of her own lips. "My mouth did very well on my father, who was a judge, and had to look stern," she said as she showed me the picture of a man in the long, flowing white wig and black gown of an English counselor," but it hardly shows up at all when you put it in the middle of this square jaw of mine. I think I do a better job than nature." And I agreed that the mouth she had made for herself certainly fitted her face well.

At night, to make her skin seem particularly opalescent and clear, Virginia uses a mauve shade of face powder. She dusts it on liberally, then brushes off the excess. You'd be surprised what a fragile look that pale powder gives to her face, how like a dewy flower she appears. Try it sometime, if you are a golden blonde with blue eyes and fair skin.

"SAVE the surface, and you save all" is *not* Virginia's idea of beauty. She thinks that looks are only part of beauty. Not only do you have to have a springtime face, but you also have to have a springtime scent if you want to go over as a flower of May. And that starts way back with the bath. This little friend of ours really goes in for tub baths in a big way—and she loves them warm and bubbly and fragrant. Pine is one of her favorite scents for a bath, and sandalwood is a second—they both make her feel so clean and refreshed. After her tub she takes a cold shower (to wake her up, rinse away the suds and cobwebs, and make her fit as a fiddle). And then she plies herself with perfume. A dash of cologne before she dresses. Underpretties that breathe forth a faint loveliness from the sachets which, in the English

[*Continued on page 72*]

Nourishes as well as Cleanses

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MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III

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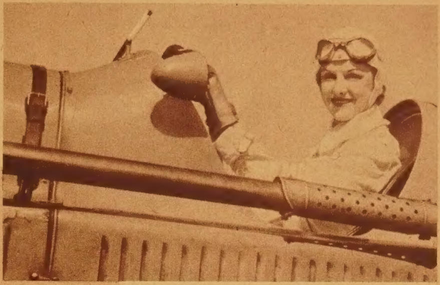

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Spring Cleaning

By
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Getting everything to spick-and-span order can really be fun if you'll follow this simple system

"In the Spring, the Housewife's Fancy Lightly turns to thoughts of—CLEANING"

AND the more vivid, gay and colorful the crocus, tulips, and daffodils without the house, the more dingy and discolored appear the rooms within. Spring sunshine indeed 'shows up' dustladen curtains and drapes, scuffed furniture and floors, and reveals every spot on faded walls or soiled upholstery.

It may also be possible that the rooms which looked well arranged, spacious and tasteful in winter, seem suddenly all cluttered up with too many furnishings, as warm weather approaches. How ever did such an assortment of ash-trays photos, knick-knacks and pillows accumulate under your very eyes? And look at the bulging closets and bursting shelves! Ah, pull up your shades, dear reader,

A modern share-the-work program is brought home when good cleansers make cleaning-up easy. Keep your polished silver bright and untarnished in a special zipper bag. Use your regular vacuum cleaner with spray attachment to mothproof upholstery. This new carpet sweeper will sweep everything from padded rugs to waxed linoleum open the door, and walk into *your* home as if *you* were a stranger. How would this particular house appear to you if you were, say, a color expert, an interior decorator, or the representative of a household cleaning service?

For with all the heavy family and social obligations which fall on us during the long cold winter season, there simply hasn't been time to concentrate on the house itself. Moreover, it has been physically impossible to sweep, scour and scrub as we are now able to do when windows may be opened wide and the warm breezes encourage us to "make a clean sweep" from attic to cellar.

It's fun to clean house! It gets us out-of-doors and provides grand exercise after the stick-at-home-ness of the past season. There's also a kind of psychic thrill at "turning to," as they say, and making everything spick, span, and in apple-pie order. So let's organize our Spring Cleaning Campaign together!

Where do we go from here?

That depends on the size of the house, the number of rooms, the persons living in it, and whether or not there is going to be additional help on the job. Perhaps the best thing to do is to provide a generous pad and pencil, and look over the ground, before tackling anything. Most of the brilliant and successful war campaigns are first won—on paper! What, for example, needs repair and renovation, and shall it be done at home or sent away to a special cleaner, painter or expert? What curtains or drapes shall be home-washed or which handled by a commercial firm? Is there anything that requires measurement, as new curtain rods, new drapes, awnings or window shades? Which articles of clothing, houseware, old magazines and so on can and should be given to those who can use them to better advantage, or sent to some charitable agency which gives work to deserving folk by letting them recondition such articles?

IS YOUR General Staff in perfect order and condition? How is the General himself, the large floor vacuum cleaner and all its special Adjutant attachments? Also that Little Corporal, the hand vacuum which slides so glibly over mattress or couch, over upholstered chairs and other pieces, extracting the last ounce of dirt from the enemy? And how about the Brush Brigade, are they ready, clean, stiff and raring to go and attack dust behind radiators, under tufts and buttons of the mattresses, behind bookcases and from window screens?

And how about the ammunition so vital to a successful Cleaning Campaign? Have you seen to it that you have stocked enough soaps, soap-powders, scouring and polishing agents? Have you ammonia, borax, special paint cleaners, if needed? Is the step-ladder sturdy and able to hold your weight? Have you on hand a kit of tools—hammer, assorted nails, wire, thumbtacks, picture hooks as well as yard stick or tape measure?

How about the pails, mops and floor cleaning tools? Did you ever try the convenience of a divided scrub-pail, in half of which you may place soapy water while at the same time the other half contains fresh clean rinse water? This particular double bucket also has outside space for scrub brush, and a spill over pan or rim to catch the overflow. Keep the scouring materials assembled to save much time and waste of motion. There's another practical partitioned tray, made to hold brush, cleanser, polish and rags, which you can move along with you as you work, thus doing the job more quickly and easily.

[*Continued on page* 82]

MATILDA: There! That's why the bride's having plenty of grief, Susan—look what's in her box of groceries!

SUSAN: Never mind, Matilda, pick up your skirts and run! I don't think that dog likes old ladies.

MATILDA: But, Susan, you know it's that weak-kneed soap the bride buys that leaves dirt sticking in her clothes. She'll never get rid of tattle-tale gray—if we don't show her the right kind of soap to use.

SUSAN: But the dog! . . .

MATILDA: Don't be a 'fraidy-cat—I'll take care of the dog. You take that lazy soap out of the bride's groceries and put in our bar of Fels-Naptha Soap.

SUSAN: Nice doggie! We're only trying to be helpful. We're only trying to show the bride how to get whiter washes.

MATILDA: Yes, doggie. Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* get clothes so clean, tattle-tale gray simply has to scamper.

FEW WEEKS LATER
I've discovered it was you who put Fels-Naptha Soap in my groceries. I hope this little canary makes your lives as bright — as your Fels-Naptha has made my clothes!
The bride next door

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

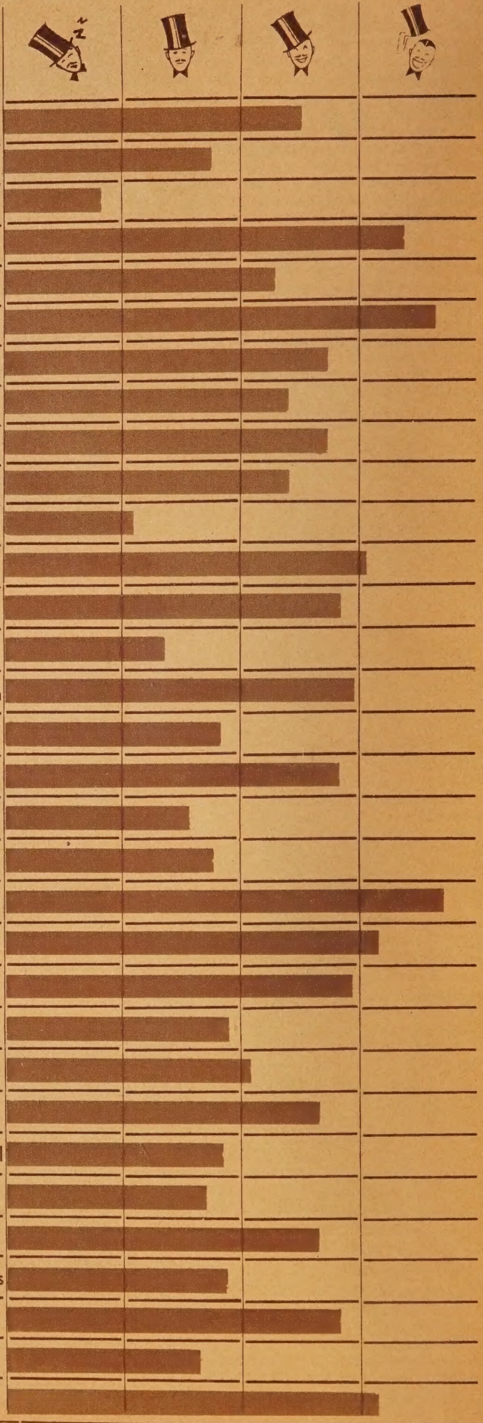
BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

They do wonders! Try the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)

Picture Title	Who's In It
ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS	Douglas-V. Bruce
NO TIME TO MARRY	Dick Arlen-Mary Astor
MIDNIGHT INTRUDER	L. Hayward-B. Read
ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO	Gary Cooper-S. Gurie
DOUBLE DANGER	P. Foster-W. Bourne
TOM SAWYER	Tommy Kelly-Ann Gillis
BARONESS AND THE BUTLER	Annabella-Bill Powell
BRINGING UP BABY	Hepburn-Cary Grant
LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE	Wayne Morris-P. Lane
ROMANCE IN THE DARK	Swarthout-John Boles
LOOK OUT FOR LOVE	Anna Neagle-Carminati
THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938	W. C. Fields-M. Raye
START CHEERING	J. Durante-Joan Perry
SCANDAL STREET	Lew Ayres-L. Campbell
A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER	Edw. G. Robinson-J. Bryan
CITY GIRL	Phyllis Brooks-R. Cortez
OF HUMAN HEARTS	W. Huston-J. Stewart
WOMEN IN PRISON	Wyn Cahoon-S. Colton
HOLLYWOOD STADIUM MYSTERY	N. Hamilton-B. Pepper
MAD ABOUT MUSIC	D. Durbin-H. Marshall
IN OLD CHICAGO	Tyrone Power-Alice Faye
SALLY, IRENE AND MARY	Alice Faye-Tony Martin
GAIETY GIRLS	Jack Hulbert-Pat Ellis
HAWAII CALLS	Bobby Breen-Ned Sparks
MERRILY WE LIVE	C. Bennett-Brian Aherne
DAREDEVIL DRIVERS	Beverly Roberts-D. Purcell
BORDER WOLVES	Bob Baker-Connie Moore
BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE	Wallace Beery-V. Bruce
HOUSE OF MYSTERY	Jack Holt-Beverly Roberts
RADIO CITY REVELS	Bob Burns-Jack Oakie
SOUTH RIDING	Edna Best-R. Richardson
THE BUCCANEER	F. March-Franciska Gaal



"R" Is For Rosemary!

[*Continued from page* 40]

and practice how I'd do certain scenes. Of course, when Lola's pictures would come to town, I'd spend every minute there except the time I'd take out for dinner. I got so I could imitate Lola to a 'T'."

And of course when a church social came along, or a school play, Rosemary was in her element.

"I used to wear Lola's dresses that she'd send back from Hollywood," Rosemary giggled. "I must have been a scream, but I thought I looked too elegant—and so did all the rest of the kids. I remember once I wore a velvet dinner dress of Lola's to choir practice, which created a sensation!"

At any rate, when Rosemary and Priscilla were finally picked up by Fred Waring and engaged to sing with his band, they felt their big opportunity had come at last.

"And then," Rosemary chortled, "we found we were only going to be 'woo' girls—you know, singing with the chorus. We were awfully disappointed, but it was marvelous training and I realized later that I wasn't ready for solo numbers at that time anyway. But when you're young like that, you don't think of those things."

Their mother thought about them, though, and being the practical woman she is, encouraged Rosemary with her singing lessons, saw to it that she studied with one of the best coaches in New York City, and did a bit of coaching of her own on the side.

"I always try everything out on mother first," Rosemary admits. "If I have a new song, or new dialogue, I always make mother cue me before I even go to rehearsal because I know she'll tell me how I can improve myself."

That's one thing you like most about Rosemary—her honesty and straightforwardness. She's quite aware of her shortcomings, and doesn't make any bones about them. She'll also admit just as readily if she thinks she's done something rather well.

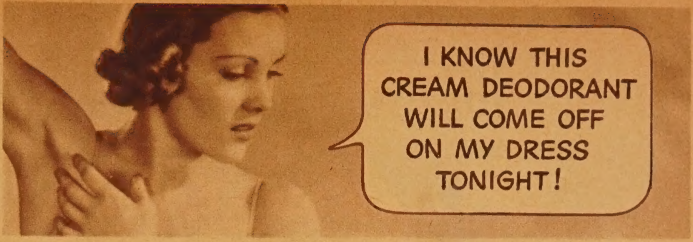
"WHEN we were kids," Rosemary volunteered, "we used to pester the life out of mother to tell us which one was the prettiest. Naturally she wouldn't tell us. Her life would have been miserable if she had, I can tell you," Rosemary laughed, displaying a set of perfect white teeth.

Possessed of a grand sense of humor, there's no foolishness about Rosemary. She's been lucky, she admits, stepping into a leading role opposite one of Hollywood's most important stars in her first picture, *Varsity Show*, with Dick Powell. But she hasn't let down for one minute on her practicing, her studies, her desire to improve herself.

In the charming valley home which she shares with her mother and sister, Priscilla, practically every spare moment is spent before the piano, singing her new song for her weekly broadcast over the radio or studying her lines for the next day's work in *Golddiggers in Paris*, with mother cueing her on the side-line, criticizing and offering suggestions as usual.

Occasionally, she rides, having become a good horsewoman back on the Dude Ranch where she spent most of her week-ends while appearing on the radio program with Fred Waring in New York.

"That was the only relaxation we had," she admits, happily. "And it was such fun! I even learned how to wash down the horses and saddle my own mount. The cowboys on the ranch taught us all they knew. So I really could start a dude ranch of my own, if worst came to the worst."


I KNOW THIS CREAM DEODORANT WILL COME OFF ON MY DRESS TONIGHT!

THANK HEAVENS FOR ODORONO ICE—IT NEVER COMES OFF ON MY CLOTHES—CHECKS PERSPIRATION 1 TO 3 DAYS

New Cooling ICE Deodorant goes on like a vanishing cream—checks perspiration instantly

IT'S HERE AT LAST! The perfect answer to the complaints of fastidious women about old-fashioned cream deodorants. An ICE DEODORANT that vanishes without leaving the slightest trace of grease or stickiness! Yet checks perspiration the minute you put it on!

The new Odorono ICE is based on an entirely new principle. It's actually *cooling* and *refreshing* to the skin! Dainty and easy to use. Smooth it on—it liquefies and vanishes as you apply it! Without fuss or bother, you've checked underarm odor *and* dampness for 1 to 3 days.

It leaves no greasy film to come off on your clothes—no musty "giveaway" odor. Its own fresh smell of pure alcohol evaporates immediately. No wonder 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Don't risk offending. The new Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Get a jar TODAY!

● "Safe and effective—cuts down clothing damage, when used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono preparations.

ODO·RO·NO Ice CHECKS PERSPIRATION STOPS BODY ODOR

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*ODO-RO-NO ICE
NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 5-A-8*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 427, Montreal)
I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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It is hard to believe that Feminine Hygiene can be so dainty, easy and Greaseless

BUT IT IS TRUE. Zonitors, snow-white, antiseptic, *greaseless*, are not only easy to use but are *completely removable with water.* For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

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There is nothing like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal. They contain no quinine or harmful drugs, no cocoa butter to melt or run. Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power combined with its freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 3503 Chrysler Bldg., New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.

Zonitors FOR FEMININE HYGIENE *a Zonite Product*

TEETH *Hard* to Bryten?

STAINS DISAPPEAR QUICKLY—even stubborn smoke stains—with Iodent No. 2 Tooth Paste or Powder. Specially compounded by a Dentist to clean hard-to-bryten teeth safely. Polishes your teeth to glistening beauty. Also made in No. 1 texture for teeth easy-to-bryten. Try Iodent—enjoy its purity and delicious minty flavor.

IODENT

No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER No. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

There's a swimming pool on their property, too, which Rosemary hopes to enjoy when the weather warms up a bit, and a white fence they've had put up 'round back of the house, which she's been trying to paint in her spare time.

"You know, I almost didn't come to Hollywood on account of my hair," Rosemary told me one day.

I looked at her soft curls—"rusty blonde" she calls it—inquiringly.

"Why, I think your hair is lovely," I said.

"Well, I rather like it, too," she admitted, "that was what was the matter. I'd always heard that the first thing they did to a girl when she came to Hollywood to go into pictures was to bleach her hair or dye it red. So when Fred Waring came to me and told me we were all going to Hollywood to be in *Varsity Show,* I told him he'd have to find out about my hair or I wouldn't be in the picture. Silly of me, wasn't it? I felt pretty silly, anyway, when I found out the studio people thought it was all right."

Another surprise awaited Rosemary when she discovered that she was to play the lead in the picture instead of merely doing a routine with the orchestra as she did on the radio. She was scared to death!

"IF IT hadn't been for mother," Rosemary insists, "I never could have gone through with it. But mother would never let us say 'I can't' to anything, even when we were kids. So there was nothing for me to do but go through with it.

"And everybody on the set was so nice, I couldn't believe it was anything but a fairy tale. Dick Powell helped me more than anyone, I think. He was so patient and kind I just couldn't help but forget to be self-conscious and do the best I could. Of course, I don't think I was very good in that picture, but at least they didn't throw me out of the studio."

Far from throwing her out of the studio, Warner Bros. executives immediately started dickering with Fred Waring to take over Rosemary's contract, so they could put her into *Hollywood Hotel,* which was then going into production. The deal was finally made and Rosemary, on tour with the band in Chicago, was sent for to come back to Hollywood to embark on a screen career in earnest.

I was lunching with Rosemary the day after *Hollywood Hotel* opened in New York. She was beaming. But in the corner of her left eye, I saw a little tear.

"Fred telephoned me last night," she said. "And it's the first time in all the years I worked with him I ever heard him praise my performance. Why, he even used adjectives—and that's something, coming from Fred!"

"What is the biggest thrill you've had since you came to Hollywood?" I asked Rosemary one day, curiously.

"Seeing movie stars," was Rosemary's prompt and surprising reply. "Gosh, I get the biggest kick out of meeting them at the broadcast when we have them as guest stars. I just never will get over *that.* And I'll never forget as long as I live the night Marlene Dietrich came up to me at the radio station and introduced herself. I was so thrilled I could hardly speak!"

Which is one of the reasons I like Rosemary. She has a refreshing naivete, combined with her sound matter-of-factness, that is quite delightful.

And oddly enough in a girl her age, work is more fun than most anything else to Rosemary. Instead of dashing around to the popular night spots and looking forward to her newest "date," Rosemary prefers to spend her time and energy improving herself for that future day when that big break comes along.

"But what about romance?" is the question invariably asked of the Hollywood newcomer.

"There isn't any," is Rosemary's prompt reply. "In the first place, I've been working so hard I haven't had time to think about it. In the second place, I'm not going to think about it until I've made a success of myself as an actress."

Which seems to take care of that—at least for the time being.

Some day, Rosemary hopes to be a dramatic actress. One of her fondest dreams is to play *Camille* when she is a little older. On the other hand, if she were suddenly deprived of the opportunity to act or sing on the radio, Rosemary feels she could earn her living by teaching voice.

She designs her own clothes usually, and prefers to buy them in New York whenever possible. She has a phobia about always being well-groomed when in public and never steps outside her own front door unless her clothes are freshly pressed and her hair tidy.

Her pet aversions are cigars and people who leave cigarette stubs smoking in the ash tray. She also dislikes people who wear too much make-up and dye their hair a freakish color.

In other words, Rosemary Lane is just a swell, genuine American girl, with a dash of Irish wit sprinkled in, well on her hard-earned way to a screen career of infinite possibilities.

And it's my guess she'll make it!

Joan Bennett is expected to wed Producer Walter Wanger, but they won't be quoted on the subject. At any rate, they seem blissfully happy while dining at the smart Cafe Versailles

Danger-Blonde At Work!

[*Continued from page* 22]

The Greeks Had a Word For It, and only the other day her sister (Gloria Blondell, the new Warner Brothers player) telephoned that this one was showing at a neighborhood theatre in Hollywood.

Joan said: "I dropped everything and rushed over." She raised those blue eyes toward the ceiling. "Well, really! . . . Looks! Posture! . . ."

She wrinkled her brows over an intricate corner of the blue wool square, waggled the crochet hook, and went on to remark that all the dramatic schools in the world couldn't teach you as much in a year as you learned in ten minutes gaping at yourself on the screen.

And beware especially when people in the audience murmur attractive things about you, for then you better watch yourself so you won't go too attractive.

"I notice when a fan or a critic mentions something like 'sparkling personality,' there's a general human tendency to sparkle a little too much in the next picture. The smile grows a trifle too dazzling, the shining eyes too much in evidence: you roll 'em.

"Now, my eyes are one feature I've had to restrain. When I open them wide, I can make them look awfully big, the white part seems to pick up the light—" She made 'em big as teacups as she spoke. "I found myself inclined to be starey, so I stopped thinking about whether my eyes were shining and tried to play them down. Anyhow, after I heard a woman next to me in a Detroit theatre, while we were both watching me on the screen, say: 'Huh. Goo-goo.' "

You can learn lots of things about yourself by listening to an audience that doesn't know you're one of it, she added. Or by sending your sister to check up.

"You didn't look pretty," Gloria will complain, "it was that dress. Not your type." So in the next film the clothes will have different lines.

"I never used to bother about things after the film was finished," Joan confided. "Why, often I never read the scripts. I'd mark my own lines and learn them, and that was that. But Dick is always so anxious about every detail that he's made me take an interest in the picture, while it's in production and more after it's done.

"Sometimes I go to see the same film two or three times, to find out what's right or wrong with a scene or if I'm not satisfied with the way I've spoken a couple of words of dialogue.

"And what I've found out! 'She talks like she had chewing gum in her mouth,' I heard someone say, after a certain scene. Well, I did. I was trying to go husky with emotion but it didn't quite come off. I'm surely grateful for frankness. I really mean it.

"Another time I heard somebody say, 'Good looking legs.' Because it was a crumb of comfort, for I didn't like myself or the picture, I practically bridled with pride. Until somebody else answered: 'Yes, but she sure knows it!' At that, maybe I was strutting a little."

About those legs. Sister Gloria admires them tremendously, thinks they're better than hers. Sister Gloria also admires Melvyn Douglas. Visiting Joan on the set at Columbia, and seated beside her, Gloria saw Melvyn approaching. Quickly she threw

Is this *Your Lucky Day?*

MAY
1938
1938
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1
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28
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30

You'll say "YES" when you find your lucky color among my 10 thrilling new face powder shades! See it bring you new radiance—breathe new life into your skin!

Wouldn't you say this was *Your Lucky Day* if you found a way to win extra compliments—extra attention—extra admiration? A way that can bring out the sparkle in your hair—the dancing light in your eyes?

The prize I'm talking about is the one flattering shade of face powder that can create a new "you". . . your one and only "lucky" color. For you know as well as I do that the *wrong* powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

Perhaps you're saying—"This doesn't concern *me.* My powder color seems all right." But are you sure? Are you certain you have found the face powder color that is *100% right* for you—the one that is so true that it blends into your skin—so natural that it seems as if the color comes from within? The day you find that color will indeed be a lucky day for you. That's why I'm so anxious to have you try all 10 of my face powder colors. Because I am sure that your special color is among them.

My gift to you

I've helped many others, and I'll gladly help you, too. If you'll send me your name and address, I'll mail you all ten of the glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder *free and postpaid.*

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours, see what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft and radiant I leave your skin!" See how the color seems so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (42)

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I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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City ____________________ *State* ____________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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We urge you to try Kurb Tablets—see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at all drug counters. . . . If you act at once, we'll send you a sample supply FREE! Send your name and address, on a postcard, to Kurb, Room 1484, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

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Without Risk try NR. Get a 25c box from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

her own skirt over Joan's crossed knees, at the same time hiding her own legs, in the hope that Melvyn would think those lovely ankles and aristocratic shins were Gloria's instead of Joan's. "Is that a compliment!" Joan chuckled. "I'm pleased as punch."

"I LISTENED to his comments as long as I could and then I turned right around—" She giggled at the recollection, and you could visualize the man's astonishment and horror. Her soft voice rose a bit.

"I said: 'What are you talking about? *You* don't know Dick Powell! He's *not* conceited. Why do you pretend to know people you've never met?'" Joan lifted her chin at a belligerent angle before she burst out laughing. "They left soon after that!"

It isn't to hear commendation, by the way, it isn't to listen to applause, that Joan goes to see pictures. She learns less from applause than from laughter; chiefly laughter with a sting in it.

She described a film she'd seen (not one of hers!) in a little theatre near Oxnard, Calif., where the audience snickered in the middle of a love scene. "I cringed," Joan confessed, "I felt so sorry for those people on the screen. Yet the audience was right. The woman's tone went funny instead of tender and the man shouted as if the house were on fire instead of his heart. Right then I made up my mind to be natural in love scenes. If there's anything worse than overdone romance—!

"Well, yes, there is something worse. Underdone humor. An audience laughing where nothing's meant to be funny isn't half so sad as an audience failing to laugh when the actor's acting as funny as he knows how. I've learned as much when an audience didn't laugh as when it did. More . . . Things about intonation and facial expression and so forth. And when I learn what doesn't give an audience a kick, I make a note of it. I study that memorandum, too. I take it up with my mirror.

"I don't mean that I copy or imitate, you understand. I just learn."

She bent toward a table and lifted the telephone. By and by, young Norman was on the line, her three-year-old son, telling the exciting tale of his morning's study and adventures. You should see how Joan's face grows radiant when she listens to those baby narratives. It will be remembered that Dick Powell recently adopted the boy legally; with the hearty consent of Norman's real father, Joan's former husband, who said, "Dick's a fine fellow. I like him."

Norman adores Dick, and constantly imitates him. Because Dick has an electric razor, Norman wanted one for Christmas. They compromised on an electric train; "And," Joan smiled, "Dick plays with it."

When Joan put down the telephone she said thoughtfully: "It isn't only from going to the movies that I learn about movies. It's from watching children, too. Norman, for example.

"Look at the hands of a sleeping baby." She dropped her hands carelessly, one pointing upward, the other down, and somehow they became a sleeping baby's hands. "No ballet dancer could think up a pose as graceful as that," she went on, "it's the way Norman holds his hands when he's asleep.

"What's more, children have a keener sense of drama than you'll find in many a film. So many actors say to themselves, 'Come now, here's where I've got to be dramatic.' And they plunge right into a dramatic scene without warning or build-up. It doesn't ring true. But the other day Norman began to tell me a story. It was about a little girl whose little dog wasn't allowed to ride in the parlor car with her so she had to put it in the baggage car. And the little dog grew frightened. And he was lonely. And he wanted to be with the little girl—

"Do you know, when Norman reached this climax there actually were tears in his eyes. And he had gone into it and worked up to it so smoothly, too!"

If you credit Joan—and you don't need to, for she's prejudiced—she never amounted to anything till young Norman and Dick Powell came into her life. Somebody mentioned, for instance, that lately Joan had been very "nice" to some one or other, and Joan was as pleased as Punch.

"I never was nice until lately," she replied. And, at the look of surprise: "No, really. I never was nice to people. Not that I felt snooty or anything, but I never thought of going out of my way to say hello to folks I saw every day. I didn't get the idea of calling out to them across the lot this morning when I'd seen them yesterday and would see them again tomorrow. I guess that was my vaudeville training. In vaudeville, hopping from town to town, we didn't know people for more than a week at a time and it wasn't worthwhile to grow chummy because next week we'd be a couple of hundred miles away.

"BUT Dick—you know Dick, how he's always waving to people and saying 'Hi, how've you been?' It bothered him because I didn't do the same. So I decided to remember to be nice. I like folks, you see—I merely didn't do anything about it."

She smoothed the blue square of blanket on her lap and giggled again. A real schoolgirl giggle, more infectious than an out-and-out laugh.

"Well, Dick and I were at lunch in the studio commissary and I saw a man I knew. 'Now's my chance,' I thought, 'I'll show Dick how nice I can be.' I waved and called, 'Why, hello! Where've you been? I haven't seen you for ages! Can't you lunch with us?' The man kind of blinked and said he'd had lunch. 'Well, come out to the house some night,' I said, 'come to dinner.' He said he would.

"When he'd gone, Dick asked: 'Do you know who that was?' I said: 'It's—'." She named a famous song writer. "Dick said: 'He looks a little like the song writer, but he's Mr. So-and-So, the insurance agent.' Of course he tried to sell us insurance for weeks afterward. It seems I was simply *too* nice."

Joan picked up the blue square again. While her fingers flew, I happened to ask whether she'd learned any cinema kissing technique from watching Blondell and other pictures.

"No," she answered, "I don't have to."

Huh?

"I mean," she explained, "that I hardly ever get kissed in pictures, haven't you noticed? I'm kissed once in *There's Always a Woman*, but generally I'm the kind of girl they playfully nudge in the ribs or slap on the shoulder. A good sport. You know the type."

She added that this type of love sequence, half humorous, often goes over better with an audience than the wildly romantic sort. "*I* like to watch this type. At least you know that the audience laughs are in the right place!"

And, still hanging onto the subject of what she likes to watch—Honestly, what does she like best about herself on the screen? Eh?

"The final fadeout," Joan answered roguishly.

She Never Took A Lesson!

[*Continued from page* 36]

who would have gotten ahead even if it hadn't been for Rudy. She seems marked for success to me.

It happened when she was in the chorus. She went to a party she didn't care anything about going to, and there was Rudy. She'd never met him socially, though she'd played in the same show with him and he'd never even given her a glance. Only, curiously enough, she wasn't overcome by Rudy Vallee the way most girls are. She thought he was a good band leader and that's all. Everybody was doing stunts for recordings—it was that kind of a party. Somebody asked Alice to sing a song. She didn't think she could sing well enough. She'd never sung at a party—or for records. Finally so many people who had heard her around the theatre, asked her, that she thought it was ungracious to refuse so often, so she sang. Her number went over well enough, but no one tossed hats in the air.

Alice didn't think much about that song at the time. Nor later. You could have knocked her over without even using the proverbial feather, she was that surprised—and so was the whole family—when the telephone rang and there was Rudy Vallee—Rudy Vallee himself—on the telephone and Rudy said, "Why not join our band?"

You know Alice's answer. Alice joined Rudy Vallee—and that's when you first heard of her.

ALICE FAYE was born in New York City on May 5, 1915, at eleven o'clock at night. Folks who read horoscopes say if you are born late at night your success comes late—and yet here's Alice, a success in her early youth. Maybe you can explain that better than I can.

The family name wasn't Faye at all. It was Leppert. Alice's father was Charles Leppert and her mother was Alice Moffit. Her maternal grandfather, William Moffit, lies in a hero's grave in the Soldier's cemetery in Jackson City, Tennessee. Alice has two older brothers, William, who is her business manager, and Charles, who is studying—and working—in the production end of motion pictures.

When Alice was born, her father was a member of the New York police force. Because he was an honest member of the police force—and you know what police force salaries are—there wasn't much money. The family lived very simply on the West Side. Later Mr. Leppert went into the hospital supply business. He died in 1935, just after the family moved to California.

Alice always wanted to go into the theatre. Into the movies or on the stage. Stage doors fascinated her. She was always walking into them and pretending that she had business there. Dreaming herself a star, even while she had no real hopes of stardom.

She attended New York public school and was on all the school programs—a bit of a teacher's pet because she could help out when school activities demanded. She won neighborhood championships for skating in Central Park. She rode a bicycle and learned to swim. Later she learned to play tennis and ride horseback and went to dancing school. All of these things helped her on the screen—though she didn't learn them for that. She did them because she was active and normal and young—and they were fun. She learned her lessons too, and was quite

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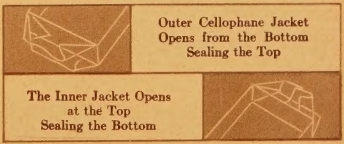
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good in them. She even considered being a school teacher—but not for long!

The theatre seemed so much more fun than teaching school. She registered at the Ziegfeld Follies office. They asked her how old she was and she told them the truth. She was fourteen. It was her first professional mistake. She was told to go home and wait until she was older. She kept on doing dance specialties at school and learned tap dancing for a year. Then she heard that a Chester Hale unit was rehearsing at the Capitol theatre and girls with long legs were needed for a difficult routine. Alice went there hopefully. She didn't tell her age, this time. She was given a try-out and rehearsals. At the end of a week she was told that she was engaged for the season.

She hadn't told her family about the rehearsals. Had pretended she was at school. So now she raced home and announced that she had decided on a career—"I'm leaving school and will complete my education in the theatre."

Everything wasn't peaceful in the Leppert home that night—but Alice won out and that's how she began her career at the age of fifteen.

Alice stayed with the Chester Hale unit for 42 weeks, touring the key cities of the Atlantic coast. When she returned to New York she got a job dancing at the Hollywood Gardens on Pelham Parkway. While she was there she tried out a dance program for Jack Donohue. He turned her down. Six years later, when she was working at Twentieth Century-Fox, where he was employed, he had to admit that she was a pretty good dancer. While at the Hollywood Gardens, Alice had a chance to try out for the chorus of George White's *Scandals,* starring Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. She made good in the try-out and so she became a *Scandals* girl.

It was while in the *Scandals* that the party took place in which Alice sang for Rudy. At this party records were made of the guests' voices and when Alice did her stunt a record was made. That's how Rudy had a chance to hear her later, when he and Hyman Bushel, his lawyer, were going over the disks searching for a soloist. And that's how the telephone call came that altered Alice's life.

Alice went with Rudy's band and made good. Rudy wanted her on his radio program. The sponsors disagreed with him. They didn't want to pay the salary of a girl singer. Rudy put her on out of his own budget so the sponsors could like it or not. It wasn't costing them anything. Even sponsors don't object to something good if it's free.

THE pay-off was all to Alice's advantage. She was in an automobile accident, which kept her in the hospital for weeks. It was the sponsors, themselves, who asked her to return to their air show. She did—and received her first real money—and from the sponsors at that.

When Rudy Vallee was engaged by Twentieth Century-Fox to appear in the screen version of George White's *Scandals of 1934,* he took his entire band to Hollywood with him, including Alice. She came to do one song with Vallee and the band. She expected to be in Hollywood six weeks.

Lillian Harvey, a European star, had been engaged for the *Scandals.* Miss Harvey decided to throw a fit of temperament. She said her part wasn't important enough for her. So she walked out of the cast in which she was to co-star with Rudy. Alice, with her one song to sing, had been making friends. Charles Le Maire, the costume designer, brought on with the *Scandals,* was already picking Alice as the one girl on whom to try his costumes. She had a friendly word for the electrician and the camera men and others on the set, who seem unimportant only if you don't know Hollywood. Alice didn't know Hollywood but she liked people. Someone—nobody will ever know who—suggested Alice for the part. She was pretty. Young. Gay. An unknown quantity—and yet with all the ingredients that make a Hollywood success. And that is how Alice Faye got into the movies.

She wasn't as happy as you might think in spite of her first big chance. She hated Hollywood itself—as many new-comers to Hollywood do. She came back to visit New York about every two months. She spent far too much money on telephone calls to New York. But that was only for the first year. Then Hollywood began to enchant her.

Her second lead was *She Learned About Sailors* with Lew Ayres and she rose so quickly that by 1937, Irving Berlin, Cole Porter and George Gershwin said in interviews that they would rather have her introduce their songs than any other girl.

Alice's family moved out to Hollywood. Her brother Bill gave up the job he had held in the Chase National Bank for fourteen years to become her manager. Charles, working for General Motors, gave up his job to go into the movies. He was assistant director on *You Can't Have Everything*—in which Alice played opposite Don Ameche. Now Charlie is working his way up fast—and without help from Alice, too.

Alice's father died and that took away some of her new-found joy in Hollywood. Her father's death and some of the things that getting ahead started to mean to her made her more quiet and reserved. Some of the zest of living was gone—but there's still enough left over to supply several usual girls.

Darryl Zanuck gave her the lead in *Poor Little Rich Girl* starring Shirley Temple. She has gained friends continually through *Sing, Baby, Sing, On the Avenue, Wake Up and Live.* She was made a star in *You Can't Have Everything.*

LAST year Alice met Tony Martin. They fell in love at first sight. He wasn't important on the screen, then, but she was getting to be. They didn't know what to do about it. They were afraid careers would ruin romance. Finally they decided to be very sensible—and not to see each other any more. So for a week they didn't see each other. The result—you can guess the answer. As soon as the week was up they got married and now he is succeeding in pictures. He, too, is young and good-looking and is making friends with his screen personality. In a couple of years, he has come up from nothing to playing in *Pigskin Parade, Life Begins at College, Ali Baba Goes to Town,* and, *Sally, Irene and Mary.*

Alice and Tony hope to succeed in their marriage. Alice said to me "New York is no fun without Tony. He was working so I came without him. But shows and parties would be so much better if he were here. We like going places together—and don't like going nearly as much with other people—that's why we got married." Alice's brother was her escort in New York.

Alice has a sense of mimicry but no sense of meanness so, curiously enough, her imitations are kindly. She is impulsive and says a lot more than she should, sometimes, but says it with such friendly naivete that it is unlikely that anyone is going to repeat her stories to the wrong people. She is a little put out now because people who paid no attention to her before suddenly remembered how well they knew her in other days.

"I don't remember them at all, but if I say I don't they say I'm high hat and if I say I do they are around my neck" says Alice, who is beginning to pay one of the prices of sudden success.

She likes little parties better than big ones, and doesn't go in much for Hollywood extravagance in entertainment. She likes outdoor exercise but not to any alarming extent. She is not a girl athlete. She likes concerts—and she still likes to turn on the radio to see what the other radio entertainers are doing.

She works hard and the people on the set like her. She doesn't drive a car but now she owns a Packard roadster. She likes plain food—like pot roast and spaghetti. She believes in stage superstitions such as it is bad luck to whisper in a dressing room and her only pet is a Pekinese, named Chin-Chin. She still thinks life is fun and hopes that time won't prove to her that it isn't. And if she keeps on the way she is going, minding her own business and working hard and trying to make a success of her marriage, it will probably keep on being fun for a long time.

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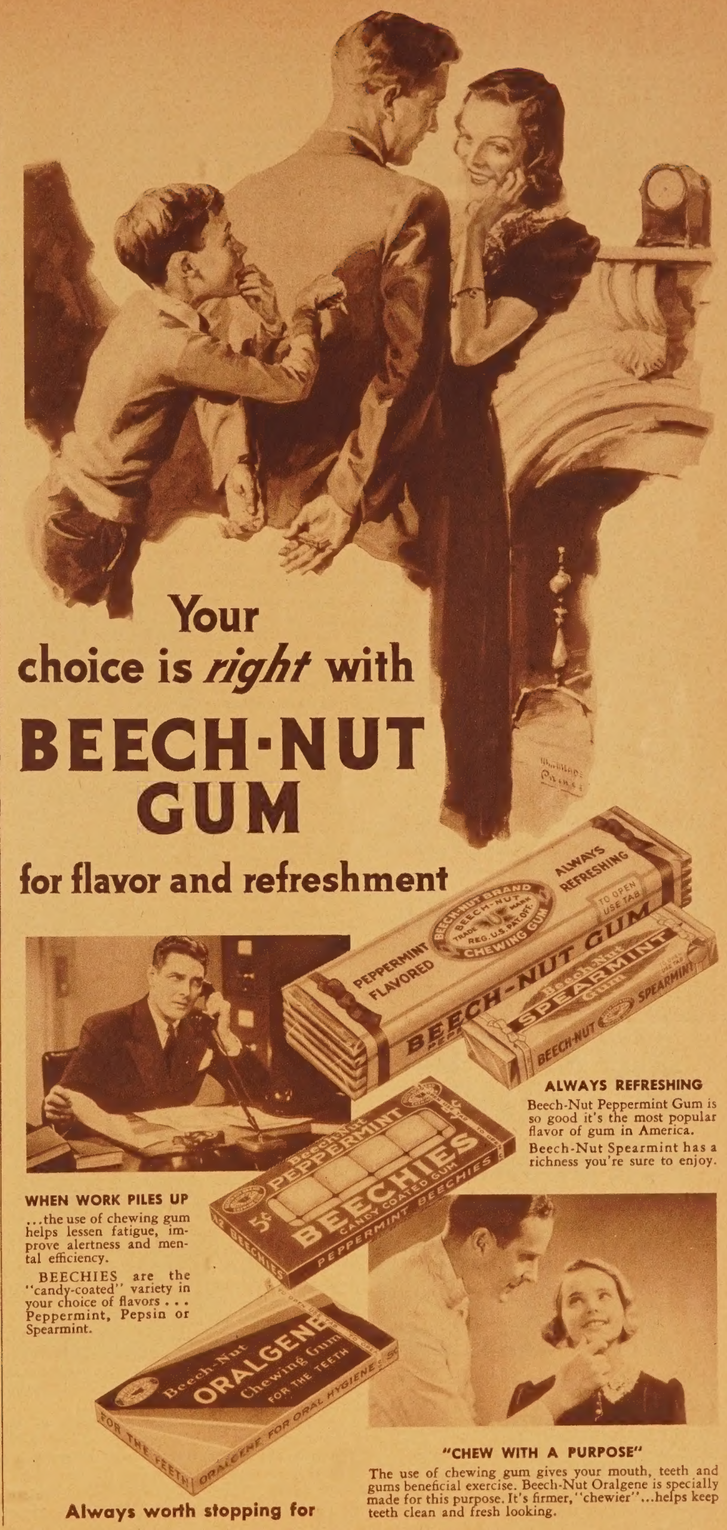
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Deanna's Price for Fame!

[*Continued from page 29*]

never became a reality for the pretty waitress came up just then with the rest of her lunch. And a couple of little girls came over to her table and in their best parlor manner asked Deanna if she would please autograph their menu cards for them. Deanna did, giving them a pat on their little blonde heads.

The poise of the girl is amazing. In one brief year, she has grown from a little girl, whose chief fun in life was roller skating and romping with her dog "Tippy," into a charming young lady who looks very much like a junior edition of Norma Shearer.

There is the same poise and graciousness. The same thoughtfulness and clear-eyed wisdom. For Deanna is wise for her years. I believe she has always been wise. Even all the experiences that have fallen to her lot could not account entirely for the quick and capable manner in which she handles the problems that arise during the course of the day. She has an inborn sense of what is right and is quick in her deductions and judgment.

There is never any hesitation in answering when she is asked a question. Her mother is always with her, but she never attempts to help Deanna in her decisions. By the same token, Deanna never asks her mother for help, either. Clear-eyed and intelligent, she looks directly at her questioner and answers with the surety of a mature woman.

The first year of stardom is often the hardest. Deanna told me at the close of her latest production, *Mad About Music*, that her first year has not been without difficulties. That she has been able to take them in stride, she believes is largely due to the early training given her by her parents.

MRS. DURBIN brought up Deanna by the rule that "spoiled children are not happy children." Deanna was never spoiled. She was taught certain duties and obligations and she was never permitted to evade them.

Then, when she began to study voice, other obligations and duties appeared and she met and fulfilled these.

Today, she stands on the threshold of the brightest career that ever lay ahead of a girl of her age.

Andres de Segurola, who was for twelve years a leading baritone with the Metropolitan Opera Company, is Deanna's voice instructor and he says that hers is a voice in 10,000,000. That her future in grand opera is already assured. Already her vocal chords are fully developed, and he has advised Deanna to wait three years before making her operatic debut. Which makes her experience unique.

There have been many stars brought from grand opera to the screen, but this is the first case of a star being developed on the screen for grand opera.

It is a dazzling outlook for any young girl, but Deanna is not dazzled. Her days are so full of things to be done.

When she is working, she gets up at seven. Breakfast is a half hour later. She reports to the studio hairdresser at eight o'clock and is in the make-up department by a quarter of nine. On the set at nine, she works steadily.

When intermissions occur, most of her time is spent in the canvas school room, which has been erected on the sound stage. She is required by law to spend three hours in school. Mrs. Mary West, her teacher, who has been in charge of the studio school for twelve years, says that Deanna is one of the brightest pupils she has ever taught.

Being brilliant doesn't prevent Deanna from having fun like other girls of her age. On the set of *Mad About Music*, she romped with the twenty-four other girls in the picture like any school girl of her age would have done.

Norman Taurog, her director, encouraged it. The demands on Deanna's strength were so great from her studio recordings, weekly radio broadcasts and difficult scenes under the lights, that nonsense and play between work periods helped her to relax.

Taurog clowned considerably with her between scenes and she liked it. He called her "Derby" and "Shorty" and she called him "Butch." It was a direct reversal of the dignified relationship that existed on her previous pictures between Director Koster and herself.

In *Mad About Music*, Herbert Marshall plays Deanna's father and Authur Treacher is again "a gentleman's gentleman." Every afternoon, Marshall, Treacher and Deanna had tea together in her dressing-room. She was quite the grown-up young lady when pouring tea for her guests.

On the set, she sometimes played and laughed with Treacher, who can be more than funny upon occasion, but she was the poised young lady at all times with "Mr." Marshall. They became good friends before the picture was over, but it was a dignified friendship and not the warm, comradely affection that developed between her and Adolphe Menjou during *100 Men and a Girl*.

Seeing her entertaining and pouring tea for Marshall and Treacher, and discussing the latest books and plays with them, it was hard to realize this was the same Deanna who, a few hours before, had been playing "tit-tat-toe" and "hot hands" with the other girls on the set.

FAME is still new enough for Deanna to look back at the things she had had to give up. She misses her friends back in Bret Harte Junior High School, deeply.

"I loved public school," there is real regret in her voice, "It is so much more fun to study when there are a lot of others in the room."

There are compensations, of course, for the things she has lost through stardom. Although Deanna is quick to assure us that money is not one of them. She is earning a four-figure salary from her radio and screen work but she insists that money in itself is not important. It can only buy material things.

What she does appreciate is the other things that stardom brings. Her work with great musicians is one of the chief blessings in her estimation. She enjoyed working with Leopold Stokowski and will never forget the thrill she experienced when singing with the symphony orchestra in Philadelphia. She went East for the recording in *100 Men and a Girl*.

In *Mad About Music*, she appeared with the world-famous Vienna Boys Choir—a group of boys whose ages vary between eight and ten years. This organization is over four hundred years old and, during it's history has sung before every crowned head of Europe and every Pope for four centuries.

Once, Deanna was requested to sing at a banquet at which Lily Pons also sang. She was thrilled beyond measure at this honor, although after she had finished her song, it was difficult for those present to decide which singer had been honored. Deanna's voice is golden and she sings with feeling. She has a rare dramatic ability that few singers possess.

Norman Taurog is a happy choice of director for the little Durbin. He understands her moods and helps her through her difficult scenes with ease.

When she rehearsed Gounod's *Ave Maria* with the Boys Choir, Deanna's voice was entirely satisfactory, but her face was much too solemn for the tempo of the picture. Taurog waited until she had finished, then he asked her with mock solemnity, if she came from the North Pole. Deanna looked up at him, puzzled.

"Your face is frozen," Taurog laughed down at her. "When you sing this next time, think of Benny Goodman and get a little swing to it."

Deanna smiled and sang it again, with mischief in her eyes and spirit in her posture. She looked as if she were thinking of Benny Goodman when she sang it.

Deanna is growing up, but she remains a little girl at heart. Although she looks very much the young lady, I haven't a doubt she would like to put on her roller skates this very afternoon and go down to the corner drug store for a malted milk. It can't be done, of course. Those days are gone forever. Deanna knows this, too.

"Has your work raised a barrier between you and your old friends?" I asked.

"Not at all," she denies, "It is just a question of time. I never get time to drive to the other side of town where I used to live."

She lowers her voice to a confidential tone. "As a matter of fact, my work makes more of a barrier between the girls who are in my pictures than between me and the friends I had in public school."

When I press for an explanation, she continues frankly:

"I don't feel any differently towards other girls and boys than I ever did, only I watch myself carefully so I won't APPEAR to feel differently.

"If I were not a star, I could come and go as I please. If I walked off the set without looking around and speaking to those near me or noticing them, nobody would think anything about it. But if I am a star and walk off without noticing, people will probably think I am high-hat or just plain 'stuck on myself.'

"It was hard on this picture, for the first few days, to establish the fact that I don't think I am any better than the other girls. For one thing, I have a stand-in. They don't. This sets me apart. The girls felt constrained and shy about it, at first. But having a stand-in doesn't mean I am any better than the other girls. The reason I do have one is because I must save every bit of my strength for my scenes. I have more responsibility and must work harder than the other girls do. I get tired, too. My voice doesn't, but I do. The lights get very hot, sometimes.

"The picture has been fun, though. I hate to see it finish. But all good things come to an end—I guess."

Our excellent lunch did at this point, for Director Taurog sent for his young star. She put on her tan polo coat quickly and went. Giving me her hand in parting and a sunny smile, that begins somewhere near the dimple in her chin and ends in the mischievous little wrinkles around her clear, blue eyes. A goodly portion of her charm lies in her frank, engaging smile. It wins you instantly.

Deanna Durbin's career, though off to a brilliant start, is only beginning. There is much yet to be written about her and something tells me it will all be written in a firm and legible hand.

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[*Continued from page 33*]

vision. So it is that half a dozen fine actors will give a wholly different creative interpretation of Hamlet. No one knows exactly how this character appeared to Shakespeare, but each actor must build his own interpretation of what he thinks Shakespeare intended. Studying the author's words, striving to find his meaning, and then, creating this vision, either for the stage or screen through the creative medium of his own personality, is the great fascination of the acting art—to the actor.

"When the screen was silent," continued Basil, "except for a very few instances, it did not call for the type of entertainers the talking films demand. The silent moving picture was a pure art of its own, wholly visual, and when it found a voice it borrowed from the stage and so, lost its individuality but gained tremendously in sweep and power. Immediately it sent out a call for the experienced actor. To speak dialogue intelligently, requires experience and a basic knowledge of many subjects. Had the films never talked, we could not have known the great art of Paul Muni—of Spencer Tracy, for when they spoke they released their very souls and created a series of characterizations that have helped raise the screen to its present high standard of dramatic expression that many pictures attain.

"There is no doubt that the talkies have increased the appreciation and discrimination of audiences. Today, they are prepared for anything the producers may offer and I feel it is a mistake to think one has to play down to them. The United States of America takes great pride in educating its masses, so why should we belittle this phase of American life by even suggesting our audiences cannot appreciate the finest dramas?

"I have a fan club in Columbus, Ohio, and its official magazine, Basil's Blue Book, has an amazingly high standard. Its intelligent criticism and its comments on the finer points of dramatic art rate higher than many a professional critic's.

"During the past few years a number of very excellent pictures have been produced, yet before each was started there was a great deal of discussion as to whether film audiences would or could appreciate them. However, I'm told that *David Copperfield, Romeo and Juliet, The Life of Emile Zola* and others of this superior quality were successful money makers. Also, *The Awful Truth,* a masterpiece of farce comedy. They all passed the box-office test!"

Rathbone is graceful, vital and very handsome and so ingratiating is his charm, that he could borrow on his smile, yet when he came to the screen, following a romantic career on the stage, he was called upon to create a series of "heavies," putting menace and villainy into his flashing eyes to make audiences shudder. But cad or cavalier, he holds the spotlight whenever he's in a picture because of a power to imbue his characters with reality. Particularly is this true in the costume drama for he is completely responsive to any period and steps into past centuries as if he belongs to them. While many actors feel self-conscious when wearing unconventional garments, Basil delights donning a satin doublet and a cocked hat, to toss a voluminous velvet cloak with a gay flourish, and feel a clanking sword at his side as he pauses to turn back the pages of history and make its romance and adventure live again.

He's shone in several of these spectacles, having offered impressive characterizations in *The Tale of Two Cities, Captain Blood, Romeo and Juliet, The Garden of Allah,* and recently, arrayed in Oriental brocades and a golden turban, he became the center of nefarious activities as prime minister in *The Adventures of Marco Polo.* Then, having met his doom by being thrown into a pit, he blithely slipped into tights and an embroidered coat, and set forth to add thrills to *The Adventures of Robin Hood.*

Said Basil, "Everybody realizes the tremendous influence clothes have upon our emotions, how they place our moods, and set the tempo of our actions. In the vernacular of the actor, a wardrobe is today's attire, and anything previous to the present moment is a costume. Necessarily, clothes—whether wardrobe or costume, become an important part of every actor's equipment. They might be called the sub-background for they carry along the color of the story but are subservient to the characters, never overshadowing them.

"During the picturesque, so-called powder eras, the gestures were slow and graceful and the wide flourish men gave to their hands and wrists was not an affectation but done to protect the lace ruffles in their sleeves. When one wears beautiful clothes they are naturally conscious of them. I recall once when I was wearing a beautiful velvet cloak in a scene for a picture, the director suddenly told me to forget my cloak and walk as if I were in an ordinary coat. This seemed to me completely incongruous as had I done so, I would immediately have stepped up some 500 years. Wearing 14th century clothes with a 20th century manner would entitle one not to a professional engagement in a costume play or picture, but to an invitation to the Beaux Art Ball!

"A PLAY, either stage or screen, drives at the emotions and it must create an absorbing illusion in order to swing a large group of people and every period, every strata of life has its own particular costume, hairdress and mannerisms. To me, this 'setting' of the character is a fascinating feature of a drama laid in by-gone days.

"When I walk into my dressing room," he continued, warming to the subject, "I am, of course, definitely conscious I'm Basil Rathbone, and conscious I'm a part of the present moment which we call 1938. Then, as I concentrate on my make-up, visualizing the man I am to be, I lose contact with this today in which I am living, and become one with my character, whether he belongs to the 13th, the 18th, or the 20th century.

"On the hooks against the bare walls of my dressing room, hang the costumes. At the moment they are just so many yards of materials, dead things, swaying in the breeze from the open window. But as I put them on they take life, being one with me in my approach to the period they represent. Thus a definite *mood* is created, and this mood, in turn, governs the speech, the very being I have become through a mental and emotional adjustment.

"A musician not only hears a divine melody but he must be able to convey it to his neighbor if he is to fulfill his destiny. So it is with the actor. He must be able to pass on this creation in its fullest expression and one cannot depend upon instinct for that may run away with itself. Instinct is the motivation. This motivation must be controlled and guided by technique. And this technique is only developed and attained through hard work and experience."

As a boy, both in South Africa where he was born, and in London where he was educated, Basil dreamed of becoming a musician but his father objected so strenuously that he consented to go into his uncle's office and learn the insurance business. But the four walls stifled him, the endless rows of figures baffled him, and he was so miserably unhappy that one day he ran away and joined the Benson Players.

For five happy, carefree years he lived in past centuries, becoming steeped in Shakespearean traditions as he mastered forty-seven roles in twenty-two plays. He learned how to wear any sort of a costume and feel at home in it, he learned the etiquette of various periods—how to use a snuff box, how to dance the minuet, and how to handle a sword, expertly. He's displayed this skill in many stage and screen romances and in *The Adventures of Robin Hood,* Basil and Errol Flynn, who portrays the part of *Robin Hood,* fight a duel that is one of the dramatic highlights of the picture. They spent an entire week making this one sequence to enable the cameras to capture the various plays and when the two actors laid down their broadswords, they had each lost some seven pounds. It had been a strenuous battle, but good fun!

"When the picturesque rascals of the 12th century took to fighting they followed no polite rules, neither were they experts; they merely hit to kill. They fought cruelly, and as they wore armor and chained mail, these bouts must have gone into a prolonged seige. In our *Robin Hood* duel, Errol and I received instructions from our fencing master, Fred Cavens, to improve on the past, in order to give our fight the illusion of grace and skill.

"Odd, isn't it? that often in those early periods when life was pretty raw, when men loved and fought lustily and blood flowed easily, they should have worn brocades, silks, laces and fancy jewelry. Doubtless, we over-glamourize these days but we love to do it because it builds an exciting and colorful picture of the past!

"Being an actor," explained Basil, "I enjoy any part that is definite, consistent, and 'meaty' but I confess there is a special witchery in dramas of a past era—with costumes that set the imagination aflame, and adventures that bring vicarious thrills."

An idealist, Basil worships beauty in every form—he might have been an artist, a poet, or a musician. His wife, the brilliant Ouida Bergere, once told me she believed he would have won even higher honors as a musician than as an actor. But today, his whole heart is in acting. He loves it with an absorbing passion that banishes everything while he is creating a role and this, he believes, is necessary. The reason there are not more great creative achievements is not from lack of desire, or talent, but because few have the ability to give themselves completely to their work.

After watching the flames of the burning logs for a moment, Basil said, "I look forward to seeing many of literature's finest stories brought to the screen for I am convinced audiences are ready for them. Of course, I realize that it requires a great deal of money to produce a costume drama of the first quality—everything about it is expensive; players who can give reality to the characters must be experienced actors, the sets must be authentic, while the costumes demand the finest from the world markets.

"However, I believe it can be proven that such productions go on drawing money at the box-office for a much longer period than the less expensive films devoted to some timely topic that may quickly become outdated.

"Our present life is extremely practical and we need, as much as possible, to create moods of illusion—we must not forget how to dream. My first successful play, and possibly, my dearest memory of the stage, was *Peter Ibbetson.* In it, my beloved one, Mary, Duchess of Towers, taught me how to dream true, and the tragic life of Peter was changed into exalted happiness. Though he passed the last twenty years of his life in prison, he had his dreams which were reality to him, and he knew—'that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage!' "

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YES, MARY AND MARGIE LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE–BUT IT'S EASY TO TELL THEM APART THESE DAYS!
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FORGIVE ME, MARY, BUT I THINK I KNOW. LAST NIGHT I HEARD HIM SAY YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH
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THANKS, BOB, BUT I'M NOT MARGIE--I'M MARY!
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Like Father—Like Son!

[*Continued from page 37*]

in moments of danger, and he never missed.

Young Fairbanks shows a lot of his father's traits, thinks the same in many ways. Yet it is an honest and open fact that, through the years, he has meticulously tried to avoid patterning his life after his father.

THE Second Generation made his first acting experiment at thirteen. And at that ripe young age he found a famous father to be quite a detriment in many ways. So he spent the succeeding years doing everything as differently as he could.

"That's one reason why I shall not try to re-make any of my father's famous pictures," Doug told me. "And don't believe the endless reports that I will. I like the kind of pictures he made. Romantic background pictures like *Prisoner of Zenda* forever fascinate me, but that's as close as I want to come to following in his footsteps."

All these father-son pictures rumors bring up an interesting question. What was the relationship of these two through the years?

When Douglas, Sr., and his first wife separated, the only child of the family liked Mary Pickford well enough. But you can't split a family asunder and have everything remain just the same. And in this case, inevitably, father and son grew apart. That situation remained so for a long time. Now, however, they are warm friends and their relationship is more than that of father and son.

"We think a great deal of each other—yes," young Douglas explained, "but just as friends would. There is little filial sentiment attached to it. We are independent individuals with common interests."

Too many years have gone by, too many things have changed the courses of their lives. And yet—

"Sometimes, in our scurrying around this country or the continent, we bump into each other," he said. "And then we have a fine time together. I crossed the Atlantic at the same time he did, a while back. We had a great time all the way over. After that we traveled together for a spell on the continent, and found equal pleasure in playing around. But I had to grow up to have it happen."

His story is, of course, the same as thousands of other young people who have been caught in the midst of a marital rift, but somehow it seems far different. So many of us idolized the man who is his father. Many a person held as a life ambition the desire to meet Douglas Fairbanks, the original. Small wonder, then, that it is surprising to find his son so objective in his viewpoint.

But don't get the idea that young Doug is devoid of sentiment. No matter how hard he may try to seem that way, I know it isn't so. He talks of England with a nostalgic air, as if he would go there tomorrow and be with his other friends across the sea. He recalls little things about people with a dreamy smile, and behind that voice is a man who could be a softie—if he would! And by softie, I mean someone who is romantic, a bit sentimental, idealistic.

If there is any romance left in his heart after his ill-fated marriage to Joan Crawford a few years ago, Douglas will not show it, much less talk about it. I know, for I probed deeply, trying to find a break in his armor. Marlene Dietrich, for instance.

"She's lovely," he said, and then, as if in anticipation of further cross-examination, added, "What if I do occasionally take her places? We both go out with other people. A film actress, you must remember, makes a lot of public appearances, and goes lots of places. I am flattered if I am allowed to escort her occasionally."

And that's a pretty good defense. Yes,

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In spite of all those spat rumors, Lili Damita and Errol Flynn are constantly together at all the smart Hollywood parties to confuse busybodies

one fling at matrimony has sealed his lips on the subject—but never think that he is down on marriage as a fine arrangement. If allowed to generalize, he will express his views.

"I think marriage has done a fair job of proving itself these countless years past," he says with that flashing, typically Fairbanks smile. "It's fine for other people, and it might be all right for me—but not now.

"The most important thing in the world to me at present is work. I eat it up, and without it I grow restless. It is hard to be idle."

Spoken like his father! Indeed, both of these men have itchy feet, find it difficult to anchor themselves for long in one spot. But Doug has not been idle. He has had so many good roles of late that there seems to be no end in sight.

Prisoner of Zenda started him off. After he finished that, he moved to RKO for top billing with Ginger Rogers in *Having Wonderful Time*. Now he is enjoying another wonderful time playing opposite Irene Dunne in *The Joy of Living*. Beyond that he has one, possibly two, more star commitments before he can shake the dust of Hollywood from his feet.

The man certainly tries awfully hard to avoid being tied down. He won't sign a long term contract with any studio—it might keep him in one spot too long. He hesitates every time a new role is offered him, giving in only after a longing look at the distant horizons.

But once he has given in, he goes at his work with typical family vigor. He will spend long hours over the script, getting every last thing he can out of the role. Meantime, everything else is forgotten.

This visit to Hollywood has not dispelled his desire for the sea. He lives in a house down along the waterfront at Santa Monica, finding some satisfaction in the near presence of the Pacific. If he can avoid parties, he usually does so. But he is not adverse to going out if there is an occasion.

Perhaps you won't believe it, but I'm gullible enough to trail along on his statement. "Very often," he says with an honest look in his eye, "I go home from the studio and go right to bed. Eat supper in bed, as a matter of fact. And stay there until it's time to hustle around in the morning."

It took a long time to get around to it, but here is one way, at least, in which he differs sharply from his dad!

Crossword Puzzle Solution

		B	U	C	C	A	N	E	E	R		
	L	I	■	J	A	M	E	S	■	E	D	
D	A	N	A	■	L	E	W	■	E	A	R	S
R	■	G	I	L	■	C	■	A	N	D	■	A
U	L	■	R	I	C	H	A	R	D	■	J	L
M	E	T	■	B	R	E	N	T	■	M	A	E
M	O	O	R	E	■	■	■	I	V	A	N	S
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		B	U	C	K	A	R	O	O	S		

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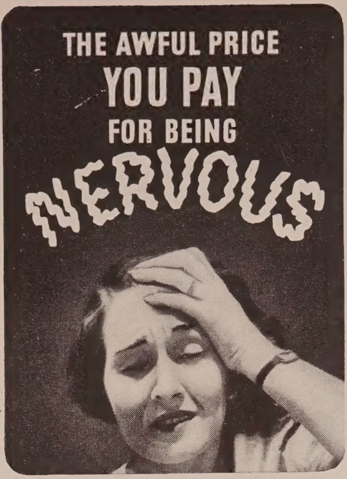

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THE POSTMAN RINGS

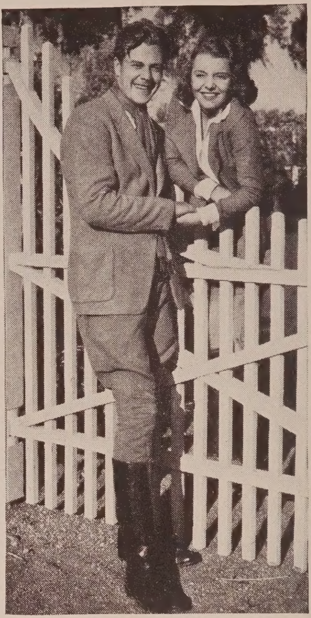
$15.00 Prize Letter

Doomed?

DEAR EDITOR:
I believe the production of *Gone With the Wind* is doomed to failure even before the first scene is rehearsed!

Six months ago everyone agreed Clark Gable would make a perfect Rhett Butler, and speculation ran high as to who would be cast as Scarlett O'Hara. Today few people would care if Freddie Bartholomew and Shirley Temple were to get the leading roles.

The book is as common and trite a subject as the weather, and I only hope the producers will have the foresight to delay the production for a few years and not force the over-discussed, over-publicized, and over-delayed film on a tired-of-the-subject-public.—*Stephanie James, 8305 N. Smith St., Portland, Oregon.*



Jane Bryan and Willard Parker, Warner Bros.' newest romantic team, find it's swell fun being together as they pay a visit to beautiful San Fernando Valley. They will be seen shortly in *A Slight Case of Murder*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Tense Moments

DEAR EDITOR:
Short stories, plays, novels and motion pictures all strive for the great effect of suspense. Usually it is scattered throughout the production, leading up to a grand climax that solves all.

In *Ebb Tide,* based on Robert Louis Stevenson's story of the South Sea Islands, there is one never-to-be-forgotten moment of breath-taking suspense that makes one sit on the edge of the seat and that causes the blood to hammer in the ears. It occurs when the three beach combers are at the table with the suave madman, ruler of the pearl island, played by Lloyd Nolan. As he tells a cold-blooded story of his vengeance, his gun, always present in his hands, shifts carelessly in the direction of Oscar Homolka, the captain sitting by his side. The nonchalance of the maniac, the panic of the captain create a masterpiece of dramatic action. And topping this fine picture was Ray Milland's superb acting.—*Clarence Huffman, Charleston, Illinois.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Appreciation

DEAR EDITOR:
I wish to thank the movies a thousand times for what they have meant to my home. My wife works hard at voice and piano and I do my bit among the public schools of our country.

We are great cheats for we cheat the movies every time we go to see them. My wife pays dollars for instruction in voice that her teacher gives, while she pays only dimes to receive better instruction from the movies. Too, she finds that her ambition swells greatly after a MacDonald, Moore or Swarthout performance. Her teacher tells her she has qualities in her voice that will bring her fame and fortune. The movies give her maximum instruction at minimum cost. And because she observes mouth movements, facial expression, posture and other essentials, her advancements have been gratifying.—*Wallace A. Ely, Texarkana, Arkansas.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

True To Life

DEAR EDITOR:
It gets pretty tiresome drumming away on a typewriter eight hours a day for six days a week, but we are well rewarded for our work when night comes and we slip into a theatre seat to see our favorite actress or actor.

Who cares whether it is a mystery, tragedy, romance or comedy so long as we are whisked away to the land of day-dreams! Sometimes we like the nonsensical type of picture, for we don't want to think too hard—we just want to forget. But generally we want to see a good comedy or romance.

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

One of my old favorites was *The Gay Deception*, starring Frances Dee and Francis Lederer. It was such a gay picture. To see Frances Dee, as the stenographer who had just won some money, jump up and shout, "I'm quitting" and throw her carefully filed papers wildly into the air, I am sure made many a working girl laugh. Let's have more of this type of picture.—*Rosamond Whitehill, Farley Road, Los Gatos, Calif.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Let's Turn The Tables

DEAR EDITOR:
"The play's the thing" said Shakespeare, but while Hollywood is glad to use the old bard's stories they pay little attention to his philosophy. For my part, Hollywood, you can use the plainest girls on the set for the love interest so long as you give me stories with juicy plots, twist sequences, clever character studies and surprise endings. Sure I know that means more expenditure for script writers. Well, why not try it once? You have lost a great deal of money already the other way on building-up new discoveries, only to have them grow fat, or turn out to be flops.—*E. J. Kissell, 1945 E. 20th St., Cleveland, Ohio.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

I Suggest

DEAR EDITOR:
Ordinarily, I'm pretty satisfied with the pictures we get on the whole so won't harp on that point. But since you asked for it, here it is.

When some talented but little known actor or actress is seen in a picture and has made an impression on the audience (commonly known as "stealing the show"), the question always arises: "Now, who was that?" And, usually, no one seems to know. Here's my suggestion and remedy for that. Why not have the complete cast of the players together with the roles they portrayed listed at the end of each picture with only the important names mentioned at the opening? I always like to know just who I'm cheering for.—*Irma Kortbein, 1724 N. 40th St., Milwaukee, Wisc.*

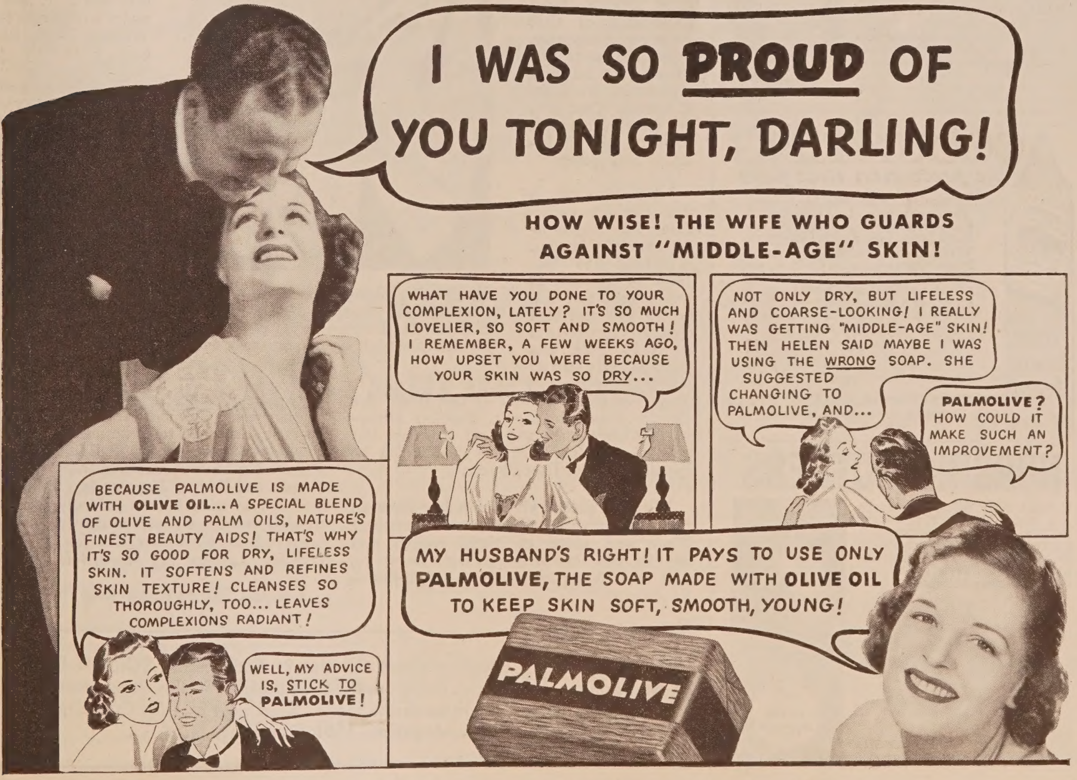
Our perennial-romance-corner finds the fetching Miss Lombard still happily clinging to the arm of her Mister G

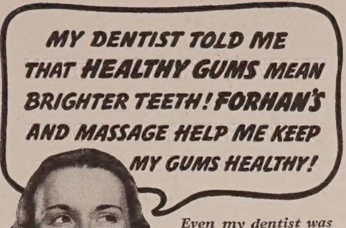
$1.00 Prize Letter

A Confession

DEAR EDITOR:
Although Kay Francis is one of the highest paid actresses on the screen, I confess I had never thought much of her portrayals, until I saw her marvelous performance in *Confession.* The plot of the picture was old, but Kay Francis made it new and breath-takingly interesting. Her complete power over the emotions of the audience evinced itself in the choked sobs that frequently broke the silence of the hushed theatre.

Jane Bryan, playing the part of the daughter whom Kay Francis as the mother, could not claim, played a difficult role with sympathy and understanding. Basil Rathbone, and Ian Hunter were also splendid in supporting roles. But it is Miss Francis' picture from beginning to end, and she well deserves the praise I hear on every hand.—*Kathleen Warren, 2162 Riverside Ave., Jacksonville, Fla.*


I WAS SO PROUD OF YOU TONIGHT, DARLING!
HOW WISE! THE WIFE WHO GUARDS AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR COMPLEXION, LATELY? IT'S SO MUCH LOVELIER, SO SOFT AND SMOOTH! I REMEMBER, A FEW WEEKS AGO, HOW UPSET YOU WERE BECAUSE YOUR SKIN WAS SO DRY...
NOT ONLY DRY, BUT LIFELESS AND COARSE-LOOKING! I REALLY WAS GETTING "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! THEN HELEN SAID MAYBE I WAS USING THE WRONG SOAP. SHE SUGGESTED CHANGING TO PALMOLIVE, AND...
PALMOLIVE? HOW COULD IT MAKE SUCH AN IMPROVEMENT?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
WELL, MY ADVICE IS, STICK TO PALMOLIVE!
MY HUSBAND'S RIGHT! IT PAYS TO USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE


MY DENTIST TOLD ME THAT HEALTHY GUMS MEAN BRIGHTER TEETH! FORHAN'S AND MASSAGE HELP ME KEEP MY GUMS HEALTHY!

Even my dentist was delighted at the improvement in my teeth and my gums!

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INFORMATION PLEAS

INFORMATION

I would like to know the name of the gangster who played in *Internes Can't Take Money*. His name in the picture was Hannon. Where may I address him? If possible, would you kindly answer this question for me in the April issue?—Marjorie.

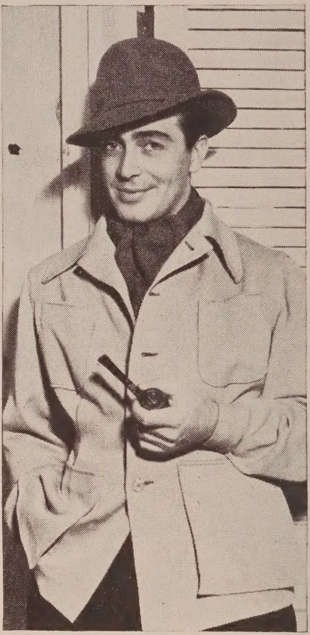
Sorry, Marjorie, but your request was received on February 5, and as our April issue had long since gone to press, we had to let it go until the May issue. The name of the man you refer to is Lloyd Nolan and he can be reached at the Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

I would like to know if James Ameche, the radio star, is a relative of Don Ameche?—C. V. W.

Yes, they are brothers.

Would you please give me a brief biography of that very romantic star, John Howard. We thought he was wonderful in *Lost Horizon*. Can you tell us what his next picture will be?—Alice and Betty.

John Howard is this month's candidate for "man-of-the-month" honors. Weighing 155 lbs., John is 5 feet 10 inches tall, and has brown hair and blue eyes. His birthdate is April 14, 1913. His pictures include: *Annapolis Farewell, Soak the Rich, Valiant is the Word for Carrie, Mountain Music, Bulldog Drummond Comes Back* and *Lost Horizon*. His next picture is *Penitentiary* in which he appears opposite Jean Parker.



Handsome John Howard, who is appearing with vivacious Jean Parker in Columbia's *Penitentiary*, poses for his many SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE fans

Will you please give me a few facts on the very talented Mr. George Sanders? Time and place of birth, height and weight. Whether he comes from the stage, and in which pictures he has played.—Linda.

After six months of voice training George Sanders was singing in a revue called "Ballyhoo." In quick succession, he has appeared on the stage with Edna Best, Dennis King and finally Noel Coward, whom he understudied in *Conversation Piece*. He was then cast as the villainous Lord Stacy in *Lloyds of London*, and since then, *Love is News, Slave Ship*, and most recently, *Lancer Spy*. He was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in the year 1906. Has green-gray eyes and light brown hair. He weighs 215 lbs., and is 6 feet 3 inches tall.

I would like a brief biography of Mary Maguire, that grand new actress who took a part in *Alcatraz Island*. Where may I write her?—Josephine.

Mary Maguire was born Helene Terese Maguire way down in Melbourne, Australia, on February 23, 1919. She is 5 feet tall, weighs 104 lbs., and has dark brown eyes and hair. She is under contract to Warner Bros., Burbank, Calif.

In order to settle a controversy, would you kindly advise me where Eduardo Ciannelli was born, nationality, age and what movies he has played in up to and including his last play.—M. S.

Born in Naples, Italy, on August 30, Eduardo Ciannelli is the son of an Italian father and English mother. When still young, he discovered he had an excellent singing voice and began to study for an operatic career. In time, he mastered a repertoire of baritone roles. For five years he appeared with various companies in Italy, France and Russia. *Reunion in Vienna* was his last play when he was suddenly beckoned to Hollywood for a screen career. His pictures include: *Winterset, Reunion in Vienna, Criminal Lawyer* and *Marked Woman*.

I would like to know who the leading

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK Magazine will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

man was in *Sunny Side Up*, also, the leading man in *Captain Blood*?—E. M.

Charles Farrell played opposite Janet Gaynor in *Sunny Side Up* and *Errol Flynn* played the lead role in *Captain Blood.*

Please tell me where I can obtain the song that Judy Garland sang to Clark Gable in *Broadway Melody of 1938*? Also a few facts about her, please.—June.

The title of the song you refer to is, *You Made Me Love You,* and you can obtain a copy of it in any music or department store. Judy is 4 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 100 lbs. Her real name is Judy Gumm.

How old is Jane Bryan? Is it true she was born in Hollywood? What is her height and weight?—Ruth T.

Jane was born Jane O'Brien in no other place than Hollywood, Calif., on June 11, 1918. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 113 lbs.

When is SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE going to run a story on my favorite little star, Marie Wilson? I really think she deserves a break in your magazine.—Molly O.

Shame on you, Molly O., for missing our grand yarn on Marie Wilson in the January issue. You can get a copy by sending fifteen cents in stamps to Fawcett Publications, Greenwich, Connecticut.

What's all this about a heavy romance betwen Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell? Hollywood says it's serious—but since Jimmy and Roz play the field we've got our fingers crossed!

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Now—with the active "*Skin-Vitamin*" it NOURISHES Skin, too

A CREAM that is powder base and nourishing cream in one! The new Pond's Vanishing Cream is a revelation to many women.

It is positively not a grease cream . . . It positively does not come out again in a "goo" . . . It holds your powder faithfully . . . *And*—it contains that blessed "skin-vitamin" which nourishes the skin and improves its texture!

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y.Time, N.B.C.

Screen Book Magazine's Beauty School

[*Continued from page* 50]

manner, had been hidden away in the drawers with them. Finally, when she is completely gowned, a dab of perfume on the ears, the chin, the hair. A touch of fragrance on the hands, she feels, leaves anything you touch faintly perfumed. Perfume touched to a fur piece will enfold you in luxury. And even if you don't have a fur scarf, try touching your perfume stopper to your eyelids when you are tired. And see how rich and rested you'll feel.

To make you sweet as an old fashioned bouquet comes a silky powder for the bath. An attractive brown-bordered can, in green and white wave-like motif, holds an ample supply of powder scented with a garden bouquet perfume. Even the hardest water becomes rain-water-soft when treated to a shaking from this can. You'll find, when you emerge from your soaking, that your skin is soft and baby white, and oh, so delicately perfumed. If you prefer a pine scent, you can have that, too—in a smart brown can with cream lettering. This delicious relaxing bath can be yours for a nominal sum—10 and 50 cents, or $1 will buy a can. I'd love to give you the name.

Carry your program of sweetness and light on with you into your dressing. Don't think that your perfumed bath will last you all day. Instead, dab on one of these flower fragrances from a well known perfumer. The graceful fluted crystal flacons are just the right shape for easy handling, the perfect design for dressing table display. The perfume comes in nine spring flower scents —Gardenia, Carnation, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Lilac, Yanky Clover, Jasmine, Narcisse and Violet. Each one is so much the natural odor of the flower, and at the same time so concentrated in essence, that you'll need only a drop or two to give you a garden-like fragrance. Try adding a real smell to the "carnation" or "lily of the valley" in the buttonhole of your spring suit, or to the gay flowers on your spring bonnet. You'll find that these breaths of sweetness are kind to your nose—and your pocket book—for the cost of each flower is only $2.50. Perhaps you'll have as hard a time deciding among them as I did——and want all, or several, at once. The name is yours for the asking.

You may find your perfumed bath, your whiff of fragrance, a grand pick-me-up, but to me there's nothing quite so refreshing as a clean face. Now I know just as well as you do that it's well nigh impossible to take time out in the middle of a shopping tour, a busy day in the office, or a long motor tour, and really go to town on your face with soap and water and creams. And that's just the reason I think you'll be as enthusiastic as I am about some clever little pads I found the other day which cleanse your face quick as a wink. These wisps are saturated with a gentle lotion that not only cleanses the skin thoroughly of dirt, grime and caked powder and rouge, but also soothes and softens the skin. A gay blue and white compact holding ten pads fits into your purse—for instant use anytime, any where. This can be refilled from the large jar in harmonizing decor which holds 110 of the anti-drying quick cleansers. Both of these come for the small sum of 55 cents, so do write me for the name.

Long and beautifully cared-for nails were once the mark of luxurious and easy life. If ever you've tried to keep on with your typewriter-pounding, bed-making or dish-washing and let your nails grow at the same time, you probably think they still are. Not so! Mandarin nails can now be the pride of every typist, every housewife. And you won't have to wear fancy jewelled nail protectors either. Instead, there's a white liquid that you apply in two coats—giving each one about 10 minutes to dry—under your nail polish. You'll need two coats of nail enamel to cover this—otherwise the white shows through. But when you're through with your manicure, you'll find that these magic preparations—the protector and the enamel—will help your nails grow out to a new "long," will keep your polish unchipped for days.

Creamy wax helps nails through "growing pain" stages

Bathasweet

Silky water softener doubles for old-fashioned bouquet

Soothing cleansing pads give you a quick facial, anywhere

There are two tricks you'll need to learn if you want to go in for mandarin nails. First, when filing your finger nails, leave a bit more nail than usual at the corners—this extra base will help protect and support the nails in their new length. Second, be sure to let each coat of protective liquid, each coat of enamel, dry thoroughly before going on to the next. Otherwise, they'll smudge and run together, and you'll have to start all over again. But if you take these precautions in manicuring, you'll find these new preparations true miracle workers. If you'd like to have their help in growing and protecting your nails, do let me know. An introductory set of the cream-like protector, an excellent enamel that comes in seven modish shades, and a polish remover costs $2.25.

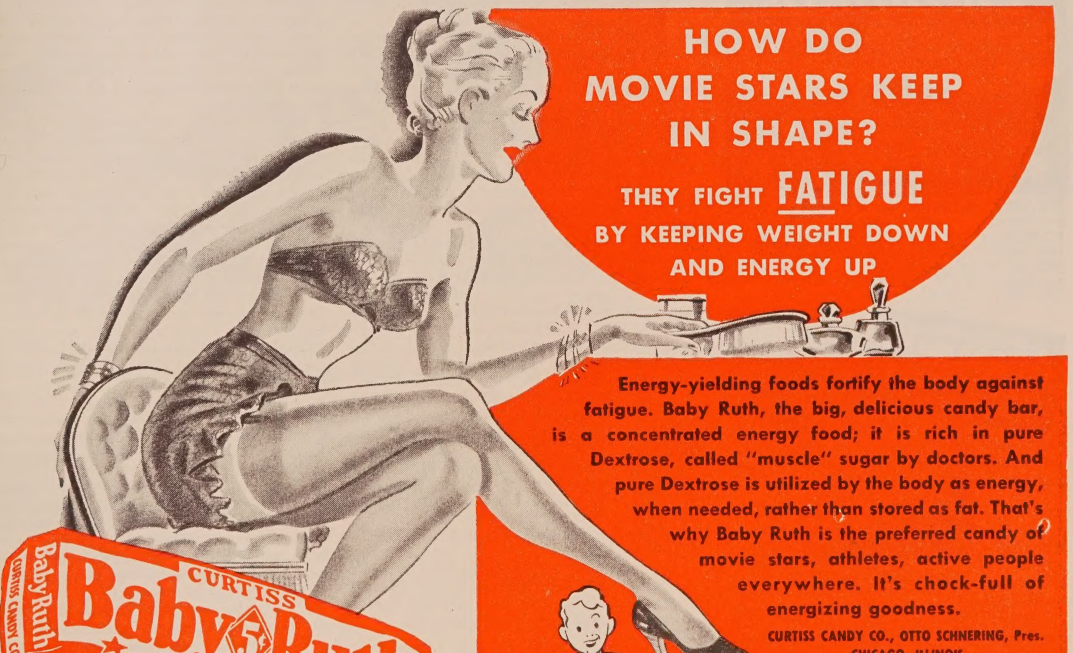
When applying nail polish, don't forget to have cleasing tissues handy—to protect your clothes, to wipe off excess polish. You'll find softies absolutely necessary for colds and spring fever, and for cleansing too. But that's no reason why they can't be decorative as well as utilitarian. After all, dressing tables should be flower-like for spring, too. So why not set upon yours a gay green and silver box of rainbow tissues. These truly famous sniffers come in layers of 100 each—in pink, white, orchid and green—and can peek out upon the world through a cellophane window in the side of the box. 400 of the extra size sheets (good, too, for keeping powder and dress front apart) come in each box, and three of the boxes cost only a dollar. Figure it out—can't *you* afford to bring spring to your dressing table? Of course you can, so be sure to write me for the name.

With the returning spring, a young woman's thoughts turn, and rightly so, to suits and gay spring dresses. In other words, to clothes. And when you start thinking of *your* clothes this year, give a thought, too, to the under-pretties which do so much to build up your figure so that *it* can make the clothes look their best. I'm talking about these wispy pink and white and peach, and sometimes black bits of nothing that you and I call bras.

The other day I was presented to the newest creation of the creator of a well known line of brassieres. This tiny song of a bra is going to make its presence felt—in the best of company—I feel sure. For it is cut in such a way as to mould your bosom into lovely rounded lines—a semi-pointed roundness that is quite different from the twin peak effect of the past season. Each breast pocket is made up of five sections which are just off triangle shape, and the entire breast area in this new bra is much rounder, less oval, than its predecessors. The separating inset between the breasts combines elastic with fabric in the grandest way possible—with give at the top and bottom, and anchorage in the middle. The result of all this is a brassiere which uplifts the bust, defines it, separates the breast. Comes in broadcloth, satin, lace and net, and I'll be glad to send you the name.

Do you need help in analyzing your face and figure and in making-up to bring out your best points? Then why not send your picture, together with a short description of yourself, to Janet Lynn, in care of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Miss Lynn will be glad to prescribe hairstyles, make-up, nail polish shades for you. Be sure to enclose an addressed envelope with 3 cents in U. S. postage when you write to her.

That dimpled darling, Sonja Henie, was never too tired to make the rounds of night clubs when she skated at Madison Square Garden on her recent record-breaking tour. Here she is at the swank Rainbow Room of Rockefeller Center with Harry Losee, dance director



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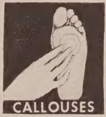
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Check shade desired: PEACH ☐ RACHEL ☐ BRUNETTE ☐

A Star Is Bored!

[*Continued from page* 31]

stumbled or stepped on her foot? Would *he* be the laughing stock of U. S. C.? So Eleanor enjoyed (?) the dance from the sidelines all evening. And was *she* bored!

MARY ASTOR has lots of boring moments and she wishes Hollywood hostesses would do something about it. Mary is always early for parties. Oh, the invitation may be for dinner at eight and Mary arrives at eight on the dot—but she is still early. Hers is always the only car in the driveway and the hostess is just stepping into her tub. So Mary now drives up quietly and if she seems to be the first arrival she drives around and around until there is more sign of life. And that's usually one to two hours after the time designated. Mary says she was born one-half hour too soon and she has been cursed with this "early arrival" complex ever since. She simply can't resist being on time—and being on time is the same as being early in Hollywood!

And speaking of Hollywood parties, Lionel Stander considers them among his most boring moments. (He'll probably never be invited to another after that bombshell, but I gather that he doesn't give a hoot, either). Lionel is a student and goes in for very deep reading. And so, when he enters a drawing room expecting a stimulating conversation about vital questions of the day, and instead gets a steady stream of "I wowed 'em with my latest" and "I ought to get a raise"—he slips off in a corner and yawns and yawns. And vows they'll never get *him* to a party again.

There's been more than one occasion on which Claudette Colbert was supremely bored. But recently she went through an experience which made all the other periods of boredom seem positively exciting. All her life Claudette had yearned "to get away from it all in absolute seclusion" and this seemed to be the golden opportunity for realizing the dream. So she leased a cottage in a secluded corner of the desert northeast of Palm Springs, seven miles from the nearest habitation. She had her car driven back to town and settled down to enjoy the experience of being completely alone. The Mexican woman who came in every day to cook and make the beds couldn't speak a word of English and Claudette couldn't speak a word of Spanish—so there was no idle chatter about the place.

Everything was exactly as she'd wanted it. And that was just the trouble. What had seemed so wonderful in anticipation turned out to be ghastly dull.

"In two days I was ready to scream from loneliness," she told me. "But the awful part of it was I'd talked so much to so many people about realizing my dream of seclusion that my pride wouldn't permit me to return to Hollywood until my two weeks were up. So I stayed and suffered—and how I suffered!"

Fred MacMurray's supreme dose of boredom overtook him at the tender age of twelve, when he was back on the family homestead at Beaver Dam, Wis. As Fred tells it:

"My grandmother was famous all over our part of Wisconsin as a quilter. For years she was always right out in front among the prize winning exhibits of quilts and hooked-rugs at the State Fair.

"But the year I was twelve, grandmother had a severe attack of arthritis. It crippled her hands so badly that she couldn't finish the quilt she had planned to exhibit that year. There weren't any of the girls in the family available, so granny picked on me.

"Every day, for nine days, she kept me at work on that quilt. She showed me where each piece went. She showed me just how to sew it on. And when I did it wrong, she made me take out the stitches and do it all over again. Naturally, she blamed me when the quilt finished way back among the also-rans.

"Not only was I mentally and spiritually bored, but I bored enough holes in my fingers to make ten cribbage boards."

ANN SOTHERN looks back upon her most boring experience with a bit of heartache, too—for this experience was a lonely one. She was traveling in stock years ago just at Christmas time. She joined a new stock company in the middle west as they took the train to the next scheduled town. She had never met anyone in the company and they all left her quite alone. It was cold and Christmas eve and Ann huddled in a corner of the train with nary a soul to talk to. The company arrived in the town late Christmas eve and all went to a dreary hotel. Ann took one look at the barren room and wanted to die. She was not only lonely but so bored with herself that she would have welcomed a chambermaid as a visitor. Next day after the performance the rest of the company hurried out to eat their Christmas dinners but Ann was too heartsick to think of food. There were no gifts from her family and no greeting cards from friends because the mail hadn't caught up with her in her successive changes of address. It was the most ghastly Christmas Ann ever could imagine—and certainly the most boring.

Bob "Bazooka" Burns says his Grandpa Snazzy has a better definition for boredom than is in the dictionary. According to Grandpa, the state of boredom is summed up by anything you don't know and don't want to know nothin' about is pure piffle, and havin' to listen to piffle is simply awful."

Bob didn't have a bit of trouble recalling his most boring moment because it occurred a short while ago.

"You know," drawled Bob, "the studio had a convention out here for the sales force, and because I was aimin' to do a picture called *Wells Fargo* for Frank Lloyd, the front office allowed as how I ought to show up and say a few words to the boys.

"I ain't never minded facing a convention crowd, because they're out for a good time usually and they'll laugh at most anything. So I went down there to the hotel feelin' pretty hopeful.

"I walked into the meetin' place and sat down quiet like, way in back, because there was a speaker goin' strong right then and I didn't want to interrupt. A few of the boys turned and nodded howdy and I nodded back to them and then we all settled down to listen.

"Well, sir, that fellow sure did spout a funny line. He was goin' on about dynamics and stress and displacement and things and stuff at a great rate. I waited most an hour to hear somethin' I could understand but he kept right on with his high falootin' lingo. So I says to myself that Grandpa Snazzy sure was right about piffle. Never had I been so bored. And I figured I'd better sneak out of there before I went plumb to sleep.

"I tiptoed out the doorway and there, starin' me right in the face across the hall, was a great big blue and silver banner readin': "Paramount Sales Convention," in front of another meetin' place.

"You know, I was so relieved I didn't even bother to find out whether that fellow was talkin' about automobile or airplane piffle, or what. But next time I go to a convention, I'll be sure to attend the right one!"

Bette Davis, who is the frankest and most outspoken star in Hollywood, doesn't have many boring moments in her crowded young life. But there are two things that make Bette look around for escape. One is gossip and the other is affectation. So if you meet Bette and want to hold her attention don't "dish the dirt" or put on an act. La Davis is not interested.

Errol Flynn told me he couldn't remember ever having a boring moment in his life—and for the very good reason that he never allows himself to be bored. His philosophy won't permit it. Want to hear it? "Live for the day; don't try to plan too definitely for something in the future and don't dwell on things of the past." That, according to Errol, makes every day *the* day of your life, and you can't very well get bored when you're living for just those twenty-four hours, can you?

MISCHA AUER'S most boring experience was during the three days he spent at Ellis Island when he first arrived in the United States. He had just escaped from untold hardships in Russia and looked forward eagerly to the security of the new home he was to find with his distinguished grandfather, Leopold Auer, the noted composer. Here would be peace and comfort and quiet. Young Mischa could hardly wait for the boat to dock.

The elder Auer sent his secretary to the boat to meet Mischa but, as it happened, the secretary met the wrong boat. Meanwhile Mischa found himself in durance vile for three days at the immigration station before they finally located him. The multitude of strangers around speaking languages of which he knew nothing; the bewildering amount of red tape he had to go through; the medical examination; the questions fired at him—all were very, very boring. And you know just how bored our Mischa can look! It was a disgusted and unenthused young grandson that met Leopold Auer's eye at the end of those three days!

Eduardo Ciannelli also goes back to his first days in this land of opportunity when he searches for the most boring moment in his life. Ciannelli came to the United States 24 years ago, knowing no English and using an English-Italian dictionary to make himself understood. He would point out the words he wanted to say and somehow got by. He knew no one and spent many a dull day in New York. Sometimes he would be so bored he would walk to the International Bank in down town New York where he discovered there were employees who spoke Italian and French. It was a lengthy trip and he had nothing in common with these strangers, but it was better to be bored with someone who spoke your language than be bored with someone who did not!

Even our youngest stars have their boring moments. Witness the petite Deanna Durbin who, at the tender age of 15, has had moments just too, too dull. Deanna's most boring experience was an interview held not long ago—and all because of a misunderstanding. The interview occurred while Deanna was doing the recording for five numbers in her new picture, *Mad About Music* and while, at the same time, she was having to learn a new number each week for the Eddie Cantor program. Because of this strenuous voice work, it was necessary for her to conserve her voice as much as possible. This situation was explained to the interviewer before she was introduced to Deanna, and she was told not to be surprised if the little star did not give lengthy answers to the questions put to her. The interviewer took it too much to heart, with the result that all during the luncheon hour she never asked more than about one question every five minutes.

Deanna, puzzled by this, tried to keep the conversation going. When the interviewer noted this, she thought guiltily that she was making Deanna talk too much, and so she shut up like a clam. The result was that the latter part of the interview ended with both of them staring at their plates, eating in silence and at a loss as to what to do.

Jeanette MacDonald only has to hear the words "going shopping" to register deepest boredom. Jeanette would rather work for hours on the set than have to shop for one tiny item. It's such a bore to her that she has her mother to do all her shopping, or else she telephones a shop, giving them her size, and asking to have something sent out for her approval.

And now Buddy Ebsen peeks in just long enough to give us this parting shot.

"My most boring moment was when the dentist started drilling on my back tooth!"

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Luck of the Irish!

[*Continued from page* 44]

when his father had lifted him to a stool in front of a newly-purchased piano and said, "Play, Michael, me boy, play," he had practiced from two to four hours a day and, strangely enough, had enjoyed it. So well, in fact, that by the time he was 16 he was giving recitals good enough to win the approval of music critics.

To the Shovlin household Michael's graduation became what was later to be recognized as The Day of the Great Commotion—and if you've never had the pleasure of listening to an Irish family commote you haven't heard anything yet!

"The moment we arrived home from the exercises," relates Michael, "my father said he had great things in store for me. He was going to let me start in at the bottom of his contracting company and work up. Music was out from now on. It had given me a sort of polish, but the time had come for hard work and I could set my alarm clock for an early start in the morning. Well, there I was with my diploma still in my hand, my career flying out the window, and my future as black as ever a villain was painted. Here was one Irishman who would never swing a pick. If I couldn't follow the career that he, himself, had chosen for me, I'd never follow a foreman in a contracting camp. Said I, quaking in my brogans. And the battle was on! Neither of us reached the point where we tossed dornicks or Irish confetti at each other, but both being stubborn and liking to hear the sound of our own voices, we did put on an argument that was a classic. Being extremely fond of each other, we finally calmed down and agreed to a compromise."

A week later, with his career in music laid aside forever, Michael went to work as a stock boy in a Woolworth chain store in Pottsville, Pa. He found a room at the Y. M. C. A., boarded with a private family, and out of a salary of $16 a week managed to put away a few dollars toward the day when he could satisfy his appetite for a fuller and freer life.

"I worked like a nailer," says Michael, "and the harder I worked the more I hated it even though I was made assistant manager before my first year was over. I would have quit long before only I wanted to show my father I could get along without working for him. Funny people, these Irish."

Working like a nailer had its results whether he hated the job or not. In order, he was transferred to larger stores in Altoona, Pittsburgh, Reading, and Philadelphia and when he was 21 his bosses honored his birthday by making him manager of a store in Bristol.

"I was mighty proud of that promotion," says Michael, "and, more determined than ever to show father I could succeed, I put on a sales campaign that in two months increased the profits of the store 213 per cent. My bosses were so impressed by that record that they made me manager of the store at Fifty-second and Girard streets in Philadelphia."

Michael held onto the Philadelphia job until he was 23 and then took the step he had wanted to take for many months.

He quit!

"I had discovered," he explains, "that as much as I loved music I could live without a piano, but that I couldn't go on living without one attempt, at least, to become an actor. Why this was so I can't say except that a visit to a movie would leave me wrought up and unsettled for days. A stage play was even worse. Something had to be done about it if I wanted to remain sane. So I sent in my resignation, took the $1,800 I had saved, boarded a train as Michael Shovlin and got off in New York as Michael Whalen—the name of my maternal grandfather."

Well, there he was in New York for the first time in his life—a brash, young, ambitious Irishman who had decided but a few hours before in Philadelphia that the only way to become an actor was to be one.

"I had known of Eva Le Gallienne's work with her Civic Repertory Theatre," says he, "and decided that as long as I was going to act my first move would be to join her excellent company, so about the first thing I did when I hit the Big Town was to present myself at her office and announce that I wanted an audition. That I got it was just another evidence of the luck of the Irish. Miss Le Gallienne confessed months later that she never enjoyed an audition as she did mine. It must have been funny at that—Mike Whalen without any stage experience whatever, trying to enact the part of a seventy-year-old miser who hoarded kernels of corn instead of money, and shaking so that he stumbled instead of walked across the stage toward one of the finest artists in the country!"

IT MAY be that Miss Le Gallienne did enjoy it, but she likewise must have been impressed with the young man's initial effort because she gave him a part in one of her plays.

"It wasn't what you would call a big part," confesses Michael, "but it was big enough for me and provided more thrills than anything I've ever done since. The role? Why, I was the captain of the guards in *Twelfth Night!*

After several months with the Civic Repertory Theatre, marked by astonishing progress before the footlights, his Philadelphia history repeated itself.

He quit!

And for no other reason, he says, than that the theatre had, somehow, utterly failed to live up to his dreams. When he quit the stage he almost quit eating—would have, most likely, but for the lucky stroke of good fortune that brought him work as a singer over radio stations WGBS and WABC. For months his rich baritone voice delighted thousands of dial twisters and just when it looked as though he were on the road to fame and fortune the work began to pall and, true to form—

He quit!

When he arrived in Hollywood a month later to crash his way into motion pictures the first thing he discovered was that Hollywood wasn't at all interested. The next thing he discovered was that there were thousands of young men and women ready to do a little picture crashing on their own account, and woe to Michael Whalen if he got in their way!

"There was one thing I decided I wasn't going to do," he says, "and that was to sit around biting my fingernails while waiting for something to happen. As a matter of plain truth, I couldn't have sat around if I had wanted to. I had a dollar bill in my pocket. That was all. Half of that was spent on bus fare to the studios, the other half for bowls of lentil soup, coffee, and stale bread. I finally got a job at a studio, not as an actor, but as a laborer. My first job in motion pictures was to sweep off the tops of three huge sound stages. So far as my picture work was concerned, pushing a broom proved to be the extent of my progress for the next three years. But I managed to eat and, believe me, that was something even though my daily menu seldom got fancy enough to include a steak. Chili, bean soup, lentil soup, carrots, bread and coffee was the usual bill of fare. It sounds like a starvation diet, and it probably was, but I knew that lots of people in Hollywood were eating less and so I didn't complain."

Keeping true to his promise that he wouldn't sit around and wait for something to happen, he shuttled back and forth between the studios, occasionally wrangling a week's work as a laborer—never as an extra. Once he obtained two months' work with the International Players of Vancouver, Canada. On the way back to Hollywood he stopped over in San Francisco and Santa Barbara to play in stock. Back in Hollywood he played for a while in a Los Angeles company in *Love Chiselers* and in a revival of *The Girl of the Golden West*. These were the highlights of a three years' existence that bordered on privation.

"The day that I ate my last piece of stale bread and drank my last half-cup of three-day-old coffee," he relates, "was the closest I came to writing back home for money. It was all I had eaten for three days and my waistline had shrunk so that I had to punch two new holes in my belt. That was the day, too, that I got a call from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to report for an extra job and found I didn't have enough money to buy gasoline for my broken-down flivver. Finally, after searching beneath the cushions of the davenport in my apartment I dug up 32 cents—and got to the studio just as the assistant casting director was about to put in a call for someone else. That's what you can call getting there in the well-known nick of time! We worked overtime that day and, being broke, I didn't eat until we got paid late that night. I was so tired and exhausted that when I did sit down at a lunch counter, all I could think of was bread and coffee! I ate a whole loaf of fresh, white bread and believe me, I haven't tasted anything since to equal it!"

THROUGH as an extra at M-G-M, but spurred on, now, by the wild hope that eventually he'd be in line for better parts, he went back to the little theatre productions in and about Hollywood. He was determined to keep busy and he did. More often than not he received no pay for his services, but whenever a production did show a little profit he got a share of it. He likewise got his share of bad breaks. There was the time, for instance, when he was all set for the supporting role in *Little Man, What Now,* directed by Frank Borzage, but was cancelled out because he was taller than the leading man. He was cast for the male lead in the Columbia picture, *A Man's Castle,* but since he had no name the story was rewritten and the part was given to Spencer Tracy. He came within an inch of playing the part of the sergeant in *Rain,* starring Joan Crawford, but again he was sidetracked at the last moment because he wasn't known in pictures. Everyone thought he was the leading man type but no one wanted him as an unknown. And last, but by no means least, he was told by a dramatic teacher at one of the studios that he had no future at all in pictures and that the smart thing to do was to go back into business!

"Instead," says Michael, "I went right back into the little theatre, more determined than ever to make my advisor eat his words."

It was while playing the lead of *Common Flesh* at the little Hollytown Theatre that one of 20th Century-Fox's talent scouts saw him, made such an enthusiastic report that Darryl Zanuck, the head man, went to see the play also. After seeing it, Zanuck signed Michael to a contract.

"I had all of twenty-seven cents when I entered Mr. Zanuck's office—and a long-term contract when I came out," Michael smiles as he tells it, "and almost before I could toss myself a bouquet or pat myself on the back I was cast as the romantic lead opposite Gloria Stuart in *Professional Soldier* starring Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew.

For the first time in his Hollywood existence he got a good glimpse of the silver that's supposed to be behind every dark cloud, and ever since he's been scraping off his share and stowing it away against a rainy day. Since his screen debut he has worked in 18 pictures, five of them as the husband or sweetheart of Gloria Stuart which establishes a screen matrimonial record of some sort.

Since his screen debut, he's been quite the fair-haired boy back in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. At St. Mary's school only honor students are permitted to sit in the seats he occupied when he was a student

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Your doctor will tell you that blackheads, pimples and other skin blemishes may be due to any one of a number of causes. But he will probably also tell you that very frequently they are caused by nothing more than failure to keep your skin *really clean.*

If that's the case, it's no reflection on your own personal habits of cleanliness. The truth is that ordinary surface cleansers too frequently *can not* remove the dirt that has collected in the small skin openings. What you need is a *pore-deep* cleanser.

There *is* such a cleanser—one that has proved successful with thousands. It is Pompeian Massage Cream. You massage this cream on your face . . . and as it dries you massage it off. When you apply it, it is pink. When you massage it off it is grey or *black*—laden with pore-deep dirt and oil.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT CORNS

by Robert M. Smith

FEW PEOPLE understand what corns are, or how to get rid of them. A corn is not live tissue. It is an accumulation of dead cells which become the focal point of renewed development. It gets bigger and uglier. As it gets larger, it goes deeper—the point of this plug-like accumulation pressing like a pinpoint into your flesh and against tiny nerves. That's what causes you intense pain.

Paring corns is not the answer. Corns get bigger and more painful. To get rid of corns forever, the "root" or dead cell plug must be removed. That gets rid of *that* corn. To prevent a new corn developing, shoe pressure or whatever caused it must be eliminated.

Bauer & Black, known best for their surgical dressings, spent years in developing scientific corn removers. The result is a modern medicated corn pad which takes shoe pressure from the corn. The medication relieves pain and soreness and at the same time gently and gradually loosens the "root." In three days it lifts out safely, easily and without the slightest discomfort. This pad is called the new Blue-Jay.

Millions have successfully ended corn troubles this simple way. It costs very little. 6 Blue-Jay pads cost only 25c. Get a box of Blue-Jay from your druggist. In three days you'll feel like dancing for joy.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. J-62, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. (Adv.)

there, and only honor pupils are allowed to use the books he did. Pupils are forbidden to attend movies, but since Michael has attained stardom they go enmasse from Wilkes-Barre to Scranton 30 miles away. Pictures are shown in Scranton before they come to Wilkes-Barre and the pupils can't wait! Scranton exhibitors know it and advertise in the Wilkes-Barre papers whenever they run a picture with Michael in it. And you can bet that the home-town boy gets top billing!

So fast and so far has this handsome Irishman progressed in two and one-half years that his fan mail equals that of Don Ameche who gets it by the carload. Not only has Michael forced Don to share top-honors in the fan mail department, but the Irisher is a member of more fan clubs than any other actor in Hollywood. All within two and one-half years, mind you.

Out of all the thousands of letters he has received from all parts of the world there is one he cherishes above all others—the one from a blind girl telling him that after regaining her sight after eighteen years of darkness the first movie she saw was one with her favorite star in it, that he had more than fulfilled her dreams of what she had imagined him to be. She had, so she said, been compelled to go back into her dark room for another three weeks after viewing the picture, but added that she was completely cured, now, and never missed a picture with Michael Whalen in it.

MICHAEL'S first act after getting his contract was to wire his sister, Claire, to join him in his Hollywood home on Lookout Mountain. Later, his mother and another sister, Dorothy, came out and the reunion was another Day of Commotion in the Whalen household. Right now Claire, who is a sculptress, acts as her brother's secretary, Dorothy is readying herself for the screen by way of little theatres, and the mother sees to it that her acting son doesn't get too much lentil soup.

Michael, like all Irishmen, has numerous idiosyncrasies. He hates lies and lying to the point of astonishing frankness. He's a vegetarian six days out of the week—and on the seventh gets meat hungry and consumes huge steaks. He hates to buy gasoline. He refuses to consider acting a career, considering it just as much a business as any other line of endeavor. He is extremely fond of telling stories of his grandfather Michael Whalen, who had 13 children. One daughter was the church organist and the other twelve made up the choir. The young actor, incidentally, has so many relatives he can't keep track of them all. His mother, a lineal descendant of President McKinley, had twelve brothers and sisters, and his father had nine brothers and sisters. On his last check made a few years ago he discovered he had 84 first cousins and scores of lesser relatives he couldn't even keep track of.

"Some years ago when Pathe Film had a contest for the largest, most prolific and healthiest family in the United States, my maternal uncle Michael Whalen of Philadelphia, got the award with eleven children, including two sets of twins. I don't know how many he has now."

Asked if there was anything to the report that he was headed altarward, the young star shook his head.

"As a great lover off the screen I'm nothing but a matrimonial good luck charm," he replied. "There's something about me that makes girls want to get married right away—to the other fellow. Take June Lang. I went out with her and before I knew it she married Vic Orsatti. She's not married now, but I'll bet that if I date her again someone else will come along and marry her. I went around with Alice Faye, introduced her to Tony Martin and in no time got an announcement of their wedding. Then I went places with Katherine De Mille. She's married, too. I took Claire Trevor to the West Side Tennis Club and Wilmar Hines met her and now she doesn't go out with anyone else. I went out with Phyllis Brooks, introduced her to Cary Grant and I'm lucky if I can call her on the phone. Five hits for them—and no misses for me. The one thing I seem to do wrong about this romance business is to introduce the right men."

From starvation to truffles (if he likes them) is the record of this young and handsome 20th Century-Fox leading man whose fondness for quitting one good job for another finally brought him to Hollywood and to fame.

Funny people, these Irishers!

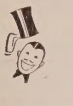
Dr. Francis Griffin, Irene Dunne's rarely-photographed husband, attended the *Tom Sawyer* preview with his lovely wife and Publicist Margaret Ettinger

OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

READ THE RATINGS IN THE TOPPER'S FACE!

MAD ABOUT MUSIC

Universal



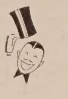
And *we're* mad about Deanna Durbin, the most entrancing youngster in the world. Her newest picture will undoubtedly put her right on top of the Hollywood heap, because it has all the elements that made her two previous vehicles so sensationally popular—plus a few more.

The story by Marcella Burke and Frederick Kohner is a simple one, but serves as an admirable background for Deanna's charm. She is the hidden daughter of a glamorous film star (Gail Patrick), and while she is proud of her famous mother, she must keep her a secret. So she invents an imaginary father, a big game hunter and explorer. In order to convince her schoolgirl chums that she's telling the truth, Deanna prevails upon a vacationing English composer (Herbert Marshall) to pose as her father.

Deanna is permitted to have a beau for the first time in her screen career! He's Jackie Moran, an ingratiating youngster. And the young star sings four numbers in her assured, effective soprano. And you'll like the entire cast—handsome Gail Patrick, smooth Herbert Marshall, Arthur Treacher, William Frawley, Helen Parrish and Marcia Mae Jones. Put *Mad About Music* on your "must see" list!

ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO

United Artists



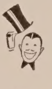
Something new and different to tickle the jaded appetites of movie fans is the spectacular new Samuel Goldwyn production that presents Gary Cooper in his most thrilling role to date. As the legendary thirteenth century explorer, Gary is dashing, handsome and perfectly cast.

The plot is strictly melodrama, and hasn't a dull moment in its entire length. When Marco Polo arrives in China, after incredible adventures, he is immediately thrust into a vortex of intrigue at the court of Kublai Kahn (George Barbier) where he arouses the animosity of the prime minister, Ahmed (Basil Rathbone). Then there's the fairy tale princess (Sigrid Gurie, a Norwegian actress of startling beauty and no small talents), who immediately falls for Marco Polo and his European love-making.

The supporting cast is superb, with Basil Rathbone giving one of his expected brilliant performances, and Alan Hale, Binnie Barnes, Ernest Truex, H. B. Warner and Ferdinand Gottschalk at their very best.

TOM SAWYER

United Artists



Mark Twain's immortal classic of boyhood comes to the screen once again in virtually perfect form—and the movie public owes producer David O. Selznick a debt of gratitude for his perfect casting, the faithful adaptation, the visual beauty so enhanced by Technicolor.

Tommy Kelly, a slight, captivating lad from the Bronx, New York, was chosen from thousands of applicants to play the title role—and he plays it to perfection. His *Tom Sawyer* is surely the *Tom* that Mark Twain himself would have selected. As *Becky Thatcher* young Ann Gillis is adorably quaint, and Jackie Moran, in his second important film of the month (the other is *Mad About Music*), is an admirable *Huck Finn.*

Adult players include the scene-stealing Walter Brennan as the village drunk, *Muff Potter;* May Robson as the skull-thumping

The Secret of Making People Like You!

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LISTEN, JANET, WHY DON'T YOU TRY IRONIZED YEAST? IT FILLED OUT MY FIGURE WHEN I WAS THIN AND RUN-DOWN
I CAN'T GET OVER THE CHANGE IN YOU-JANET- YOU'RE STUNNING
I GAINED 15 POUNDS WITH IRONIZED YEAST
A FEW WEEKS LATER
Posed by professional models

Many find it hard to make friends, and seldom have good times. Some are not attractive-looking and haven't the pep that brings popularity. Yet these handicaps are today in countless cases easily overcome. Thousands of formerly lonely "wallflowers" are now popular and sought-after. Read below how it is done and how to get this fascinating, helpful book.

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If your figure is too thin—flat and bony where there should be curves; if your skin is unhealthy-looking; if you appear tired and rundown—there's no need to despair. Thousands have gained 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh—cleared their skin to normal beauty—gained new pep and popularity in a few weeks—with these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

You see, scientists have discovered that many are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and Iron in their daily food. Without these you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in this new Ironized Yeast.

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Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book, "New Facts About Your Body." Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 285, Atlanta, Ga.

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DISAPPEAR
in 5 to 10 days

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Aunt Polly; Victor Jory, Nana Bryant, Donald Meek and Olin Howland. And director Norman Taurog deserves a special medal for his sympathetic, vigorous direction. Another "must see" picture.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM

20th Century-Fox

Once again the indefatigable Miss Shirley Temple is starred in a minor classic, and once again she deftly lifts a sentimental routine story out of the hokum class to grand entertainment. You will love her as *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—even if the Kate Douglas Wiggin fable has been abruptly modernized to suit the talents of the moppet star.

Shirley plays the role of a phenomenal child singing star who becomes an important radio personality and thus starts rivalry and contention between two factions of her selfish family. William Demarest is the conniving uncle who gets tired of promoting the youngster and dumps her off on her straight-laced aunt, Helen Westley. This throws Randolph Scott, a radio talent scout, into utter confusion, because he is anxious to sign Shirley to a big radio contract. The whole mix-up is straightened out by Shirley herself, who pretends to have lost her voice.

Bill Robinson again joyfully joins forces with the golden-haired young star in a difficult dance routine (it brought cheers from the preview audience); Randolph Scott and Gloria Stuart are an attractive romantic team; Jack Haley, Phyllis Brooks and all the others in the cast are admirable. The song numbers, mostly sung by Shirley, are topnotch.

HER JUNGLE LOVE

Paramount

Here's the thriller that ends all thrillers, all done up in beautiful Technicolor, and with photography that should have been bestowed on a better subject. *Her Jungle Love,* we regret to say, will please only the kiddies and mentally deficient—and Dorothy Lamour fans.

Ray Milland and Lynne Overman are a couple of aviators who crash on a jungle island inhabited only by Dorothy Lamour, an ape and a few assorted specimens of bird and beast life. Dorothy is handsomely done up in sarong and hibiscus and has a tendency toward homicide—until she decides that Ray is her dream boy. Then as a reward, the whole group is almost thrown to the crocodiles by a rajah who wants to exterminate the white race. Technicolor crocodiles are twice as terrifying as crocodiles in black-and-white, too!

Ray Milland, one of the screen's better young actors, is again wasted in a mediocre production. Some day, we hope, he'll get a part worthy of his abilities. Lynne Overman contributes some really first-rate humor, but the real star of the picture is "Jiggs," the monkey. He has personality, charm, real acting ability.

Katharine Hepburn goes madcap with a vengeance in *Bringing Up Baby*—and Cary Grant again has one of the high comedy roles he does so expertly

RKO-Radio is highly enthusiastic about its new "find"—stunning Vicki Lester, who will appear in *It Couldn't Happen Again*

SALLY, IRENE AND MARY

20th Century-Fox

It's getting to be a habit with this reviewer to go into loud cheers over those grand musicals turned out by Mr. Darryl Zanuck and his cohorts—and why should we change a habit? *Sally, Irene and Mary* is a pip of a picture, as you'll probably find out yourself.

Alice Faye and Tony Martin, Mr. and Missus in real life, are convincingly romantic as the leads, and sing most of the sure fire hit tunes between them. Fred Allen, in his second major film role, is a knockout. He is teamed with Jimmy Durante (who has never been in better form).

Marjorie Weaver (SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE's own discovery!) again impresses with her youthful charm and beauty, and the third girl of the title trio is the hilarious Joan Davis. Other grand cast members are Gregory Ratoff, Gypsy Rose Louise Hovick, and the Raymond Scott Quintet.

MERRILY WE LIVE

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The month's daffiest comedy—and one that's bound to please everyone except the old grouches who are beginning to complain about the current cycle of screwball movie humor. Personally, we're all for bigger and loonier films.

Everyone in *Merrily We Live* is a rugged individualist on a grand scale. There's Billie Burke, playing the dim-witted mother of Constance Bennett, Tom Brown and Bonita Granville. Billie has a habit of picking up tramps and trying to reform them—and the family suffers. She picks up Brian Aherne, who isn't a tramp at all (surprise!) and makes him the chauffeur—and from then on, things happen quickly.

The cast is top-notch, with Alan Mowbray giving one of his most elegant performances as a baffled and temperamental butler; Patsy Kelly as a cook, and Clarence Kolb as the bewildered head of the house.

THE BARONESS AND THE BUTLER

20th Century-Fox

The American screen debut of Annabella, top-ranking continental star, cannot be hailed as an unqualified triumph, in spite of an amusing story, good photography and William Powell as a co-star. Not only is she mis-cast, but her lack of knowledge of English makes her well-nigh unintelligible. Annabella is charming, radiantly beautiful and undeniably talented, but it's a pity her sponsors couldn't have waited longer before casting her.

Otherwise, *The Baroness and the Butler* is a gay, amusing and frothy film that should please the more romantic fans. And William Powell, in his first role in months, plays with his usual urbane skill. Henry Stephenson gives a delightful flavor to the role of Annabella's prime minister father (another accent!), and Helen Westley is amusing as his wife.

BRINGING UP BABY

RKO-Radio

We're going to lead with our chin in commenting on *Bringing Up Baby,* which some critics think the last word in scatterbrain comedy. There have also been rounds of applause for Katharine Hepburn, who makes her debut as a comedienne, which we cannot echo.

We have great respect for the talents of the individualistic Miss Hepburn, but found it rather deplorable to see her resorting to old time low-comedy methods (in one scene, she loses her skirt and is revealed in scanties!) in order to win popularity. Personally we felt that she was a bit bewildered about it all.

There's practically no story to *Bringing Up Baby,* but what there is revolves around *Baby* herself, a full-grown leopard, and Kate's efforts to win Cary Grant, a serious-minded young zoology professor. Cary, by the way, is just as good as he was in *The Awful Truth*—which is saying plenty. And Charles Ruggles is there to add laughs.

HOLLYWOOD STADIUM MYSTERY

Republic

Once in a while an inexpensive "B" picture turns out to be as entertaining as an elaborate spectacle. *Hollywood Stadium Mystery* is just such a production; it has suspense, good performances and all the ingredients that make for a good show.

Story tells of the strange death of a pugilist who is murdered just before a championship bout. Evelyn Venable is the heroine who writes murder mysteries and therefore is an expert on crime, and Neil Hamilton is a smart district attorney. They're a nice couple. The cast standout is Barbara Pepper, and there's radio announcer Jimmy Wallington as a sports commentator, Lynn Roberts and Smiley Burnette.

"STEP
ALONG MISTER!"
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

"DON'T rush me, woman! I'm in no party mood—but I'll brighten up in a hurry if you'll share that package of Beeman's! You know that flavor's a real joy reviver. It's got a frisky freshness, a tingly tang—in short, it's great.

If you don't know, the package is sealed airtight to keep all that luscious freshness inside. I'll stop on the way. We need a fresh package."

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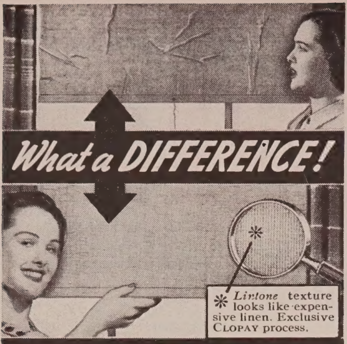
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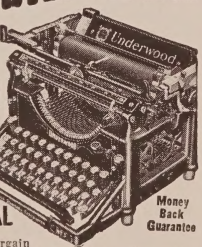

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Spring Cleaning

[*Continued from page* 53]

In planning any housecleaning campaign, it has been proved best to work from the particular to the general. That is, let us suppose we have rooms A, B and C all on one floor, which must be completely put in order. What order of work is best? It is most efficient to first tackle the closets, cupboards and shelves, sorting and cleaning completely before moving on to any more general all-around cleaning. Thus, start on the medicine closet in the bathroom, A, discarding old and useless supplies, cleaning and putting the chest in perfect condition. Next, if there is a linen closet adjacent, clean and rearrange that. Do closets in bedrooms B and C, airing, sorting, discarding and rearranging for summer clothing, carrying all winter wear outside for airing and later mothproofing.

Sort all dressers and other drawers, always carrying waste or discarded articles down to floor or cellar below.

Next take down window drapes, pictures and all small movable objects. If these can be washed and wiped, do so, and group safely on some steady surface, covered with a sheet. If they are metal and require special cleaning, put in a separate place set aside for all similar objects to be cleaned later. Now, with all the closets, shelves and drawers in order, and the movable bric-a-brac covered, start the large cleaning of walls, windows, and finally floors. For it's another good general principle to work from the ceiling downwards. Use fluffy wool mop or clean stiff wall brush on walls, depending on their covering. Use longhandled brush over window and door cornices, or use the special tool of your vacuum cleaner.

Be sure that radiators are cleaned from back to front and also from side to side, in between the divisions, as a most surprising amount of dust can lodge in these crevices. Rout out the heavy large pieces and dust behind dressers and desks with a damp cloth or brush with stiff brush. Keep sweeping up this dust as it gathers. Brush screens, if any, and windows, so they will be ready for later polishing. Hand wax or polish each piece of furniture with the right polish. Tackle the mattresses and springs (after bedding has been hung outside to air) with the hand vacuum, working slowly and pressing down firmly to make contact. It takes about 10 minutes to properly do each side of a single mattress, but what a thoroughly good job when it is finished! Then, last, after cleaning all these portable pieces, use a dust mop or hair broom on the floor, and leave room B, or C, for an hour or so with windows open, so any possible remaining dust may settle. Return to polish windows, mirrors and porcelain fittings (as in bathroom A), with a safe powder which polishes as it cleans.

Move on to rooms C, D, E or as many as there are, following the same method in each, that is always working from the specific job (closets, single items of furnishings etc.) to general cleaning (wall and floor surfaces). If there is more than one worker, organize so that one worker has one type of work to do and may proceed to do it consecutively in rooms A, B and C etc., followed by the other worker with another type of work. In this way, Workers 1 and 2 do not get in each other's way (or hair) and do not confuse their respective tools.

Mothproofing is a familiar part of spring cleaning. But the new and important extension of this idea is to mothproof articles which may be left just where they belong in the room. Thus, instead of rolling up rugs and filling with mothballs and laying away in closet or attic, the rug may be *left on the floor* where it belongs and is useful, and be mothproofed right there. Use your regular vacuum cleaner to which you fasten a sprayer attachment, filled with an odorless liquid prepared for the purpose. When the motor of your vacuum operates, a fine misty spray is directed against rug, chair or couch upholstery, blankets or garments, as you guide the sprayer easily with your hand.

How to clean soiled upholstery, polish silver, wash blankets are minor housecleaning questions which I will be glad to have you write me about, when you send for the free leaflet.

It was Napoleon who said, you recall, that "an army marches on its stomach." And that means *meals*! Housecleaning meals are often a worry to the busy woman who has all the work to do herself, yet muscular effort plus sketchy meals result only in nerves and headaches. Therefore, when you plan your cleaning campaign on paper, don't neglect to write down the supplies needed for "sinews" for housecleaning, plenty of plain but nourishing meals, based on simple recipes which are easy to cook and serve.

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
c/o SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE
1501 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the leaflet of Helpful Household Hints on Cleaning Equipment and Technique.

(This offer expires June 15, 1938)

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(Please paste coupon on penny postcard)

SB-5

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 18]

BEAUTY note: Edgar Bergen manicures Charlie McCarthy's finger nails with a pencil sharpener.

FOR a while there things looked pretty black for Ann Sothern. First her hubby Roger Pryor had to have a serious operation. Then her adopted son David, had to have his tonsils out. Next her sister Bonnie was all cut up in an automobile accident. Then her mother Mrs. Annette Lake fell down and strained her back. And to complete the picture, Ann's other sister Marion had to have an overly-affectionate tooth cut away from her jaw. Finally when the last patient was pronounced cured, Ann breathed a huge sigh of relief and decided to have a private little breakdown of her own. But before she got around to it, her pet pooch "Budgie" was taken ill. Ann rushed him to several "vets." They gave him X-rays and they tried everything. None of them could find anything wrong. By this time Ann was so weary of the whole mess, she threw up her hands in despair and exclaimed, "I guess 'Budgie' is just a mental case."

IT'S funny the reason producers can give for not using an actor. Lee Bowman who is new in Hollywood hasn't found out yet that an actor seldom hears the truth about himself. So as a result, when Lee was up for an important role recently he was broken-hearted when he didn't get it. When he wanted to know why, instead of telling Lee that they wanted a less-sophisticated looking actor, the producer told him that he photographed like a heavy. Lee went home and brooded for days.

ADMIRERS of the famous dancing De Marcos are hoping this story isn't true. Night after night all Hollywood flocked to the Trocadero to see the dancers perform. But some nights the place was only half-filled, because Hollywood retires early when there are early calls to be met. In referring to Hollywood the male half of the De Marco team is reported to have said that they weren't wasting their talents on a bunch of movie actors—but were waiting until they got back to New York where people really knew something.

WHEN all his friends got together and gave him a birthday party, Edgar Bergen was very touched. But Charlie McCarthy was furious. No one paid any attention to Charlie, so he sat in the corner and sulked. When the proverbial Hollywood cameramen arrived to take pictures of the guests, Bergen asked Charlie if he'd like to pose. Charlie put on a big act but finally gave in. Just when they got all set, Charlie, who was sitting on Bergen's knee gave out with a wild shriek and almost leaped to the ceiling. Bergen reprimanded Charlie se-erely for attracting so much attention. But Charlie crawled out of it by saying that it was all Dorothy Lamour's fault. She had pinched him just as the

Lovely Gladys Swarthout, at the Ballet with her husband, Frank Chapman, again upheld her high sartorial honors in a silver brocade evening gown worn with a short sable wrap and a high turban in matching brocade

Internationally Famous Star of Universal Pictures, Featured in "The Rage of Paris"

Danielle Darrieux

Her Style-setting Parisian Wardrobe Is Protected From Moth Damage by LARVEX

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Moths starve to death on Larvex-sprayed fabrics. That's why a thorough spraying with Larvex is the safeguard advised by scientists and used in famous movie studios.

Larvex is odorless, stainless and one spraying mothproofs for a whole year. The new Larvex continuous sprayer makes it easier to apply. An extra-easy way is to use your vacuum cleaner sprayer.

Larvex is economical, too. One suit of clothes costs less than 17c to mothproof when Larvex is bought by the gallon.

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ODORLESS
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One spraying mothproofs for a whole year

Look for this seal

MOTH PROOFED WITH LARVEX UNTIL WASHED AGAIN

IT APPEARS ON CLOTHES, BLANKETS, FURNITURE AND RUGS WHICH HAVE BEEN MOTHPROOFED WITH

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SPRAY LARVEX *with this* GE CLEANER

SPECIAL OFFER!
- 1938 G-E Cleaner
- Complete attachments PowerSpray for moth proofing
- ½ Gal. of Larvex

ALL FOR ONLY . . . $36.95

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Why is Clark Gable still King of Hollywood? What magic charm is responsible for the fact that he has kept his throne for almost a decade? Read the revealing, up-to-the-minute story on King Gable, by that penetrating observer, Leon Surmelian, in the June SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE.

Picture your hair WITH SOLO Curls

Jean Parker *featured in the* COLUMBIA PICTURE, "PENITENTIARY"

A few minutes and a few Solo Curlers are all you need to transform straggly, unattractive hair into soft, lovely curls. No lotions . . . no heat . . . no fuss.

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ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

That stormy petrel of the screen, James Cagney, is returning to the screen under the banner of his original sponsors, Warner Brothers, in *Boy Meets Girl.* Can Jimmy regain his long-lost place as one of Hollywood's greatest stars? Read Terry Lorton's frank discussion of the subject in the June issue of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

DON'T BE A "MARKED" GIRL!

DISFIGURING BLEMISHES* NOW EASILY CONCEALED!

SKIN BLEMISHES need no longer be embarrassing. Learn this simple secret of always having clear, lovely looking skin. Conceal Pimples, Birthmarks, Freckles, Scars and all discolorations with HIDE-IT. Waterproof—won't easily rub off—lasts all day until removed. $1 at Department and Drug Stores, 10c size at Ten Cent Stores.

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cameramen shouted "Hold it for a still." Dorothy proved that Charlie was telling a fib because she didn't have a single splinter in her hand!

WHEN Shirley Temple refused to sit on Cesar Romero's knee, everyone on the set began to get a bit alarmed. They thought this was a definite sign that Shirley was growing up and beginning to show adolescent signs of self-consciousness. It was Shirley's mother who finally got a reason out of her. Shirley said she didn't want to get her dress mussed!

THOSE working on the *Marie Antoinette* set are very pleased at the way young Tyrone Power is conducting himself. Always a gentleman and always friendly and agreeable, Tyrone still isn't carried away with the thought that he is working with a great star. He and Norma Shearer get along exceedingly well. But the minute he finishes a scene he either goes into his dressing room or goes over to talk with who ever is on the set. In the past the Shearer sets have leaned toward the sombre side. There has been very little gaiety with the whole business of making pictures taking on a very serious air. Even Miss Shearer's leading men of the past, have been prone to remain silent and undemonstrative, unless she expressed a certain wish.

That admirably happy young Hollywood couple, the Robert Youngs, step out for a bit of dinner dancing at Victor Hugo

DURING the rehearsal of the M-G-M broadcast, Fannie (Baby Snooks) Brice broke the strap on her brassiere. "Pardon me vile I dake care of a hold-up," cracked Fannie, as she disappeared into her dressing room.

ITCH

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Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other externally caused skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and swiftly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

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Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions with proper care. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Also used by professionals. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 56E, Providence, R. I.

A Teacher Confesses I Wanted My Fling

A daring outspoken confession by a pretty young teacher who decided she was tired of being "respectable." Also in this issue:

KISSES FOR REVENGE
Complete Short Novel

RUNAWAY ROMANCE
She wanted marriage—he wanted thrills.

THE PERIL WE SHARED
They found love at death's door.

And other great confessions

All in the MAY—

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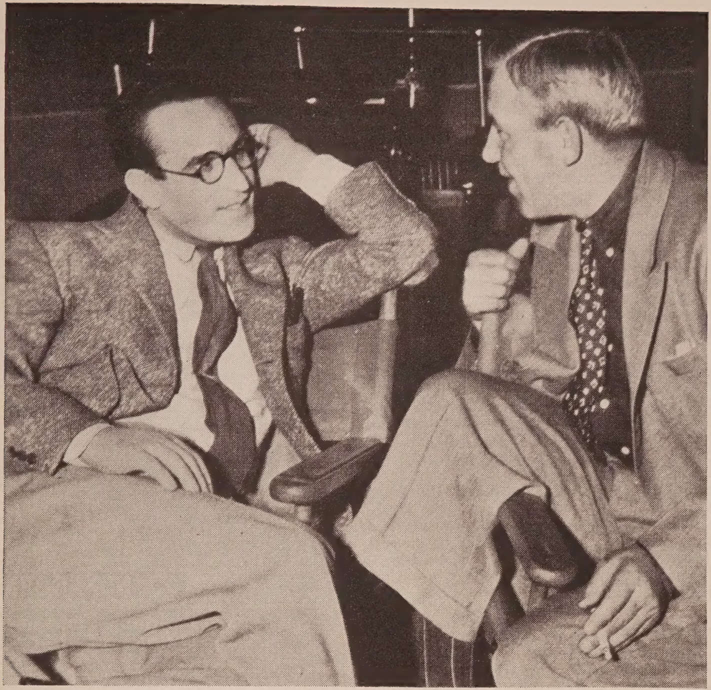
Romantic MAGAZINE



Harold Lloyd's millions of fans bemoan the fact that the be-goggled comedian makes so few pictures. But they'll soon see him in *Professor, Beware*, which he is making for Paramount

STANLEY SMITH is back in Hollywood to make pictures. It has been four years since he was on the screen. During that time he has travelled in Europe, acted on the stage, sang over the radio—and matured. A mellowed and grown up Stanley speaks of the loyalty of his fans. They have never ceased writing him begging him to return. It was Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger, who saw Stanley in a New York show and urged him to try his luck in the talkies. There is a great change in Stanley for the better. He feels he is better equipped now to really go to town in his work. And girls—he's even more handsome than before!

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., is paying off to Marion Davies these days. But the reason he makes out monthly checks in her name is that Marion is the owner of the small beach house Douglas rents.

WHEN Fred Astaire calls his old friend George Murphy on the phone, if Mrs. Murphy answers, Fred says, "May I speak to the hoofer?"

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., was so moved when he saw *Yank at Oxford*, he sent a wire to Barbara Stanwyck. "I don't know Robert Taylor," wired Doug, "But I just had to let him know how genuinely moved I was by his performance. I have visited all the places shown in the picture, so it really was a wonderful evening for me. Do you mind conveying this message?" And it just so happened that the wire was delivered at Marwyck Ranch at dinner time. And Bob Taylor was there for dinner!

PAUL GUILFOYLE became an overnight sensation at a party given by Fred Stone and his daughters. Just when things were beginning to drag, Paul did his impersonation of "Dopey," the dwarf of *Snow White*. Funny part of it is, Paul looks just like "Dopey." But his brilliant screen performances take him a long way out of "Dopey's" class.

TO WORK for Frank Capra is the answer to every actor's dream. When Una Merkel was sent over to see Capra for the role of the dancer in *You Can't Take It With You*, Una was so excited, she acted like Billie Burke. Without adieu Capra told Una she could have the role, but he wanted to take a test of her dancing. Una wasn't taking any chances. She pleaded with Mr. Capra to give her a week's time to learn a routine, because she hadn't been on her toes since she worked with Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye. Capra was so impressed with her honesty, he held everything up to give Una her chance. It now looks like Una will be dancing *without* tears in her eyes.

WILLIAM POWELL heard this story at a party recently. All the guests were sitting around telling of recent experiences. One man who owned a movie dog was bemoaning his fate. He said, "When they wanted a certain kind of dog to play opposite 'Nissa' the leopard in *Bringing Up Baby*, I took 'Sparky' over to see the director. The director was delighted, so was the producer, Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant, the stars. It was a role that would have made 'Sparky' famous for life. But just as I thought the whole deal was set, someone decided that they needed a 'Big

ONE MOTHER TELLS ANOTHER!

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SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX

FOR YEARS, millions of mothers have given Ex-Lax to their children to relieve constipation . . . "*It's just the thing for youngsters*," they said, "*so gentle and effective, and yet so easy to take*" . . . And now the word is spreading—Ex-Lax has been Scientifically Improved! America's most popular family laxative is *even better* than before! Better in 3 important ways:

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Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate flavor. It tastes *even better* than before!

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MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

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Ask for the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax at your druggist's. The box is the same as always, but the contents are better than ever! 10c and 25c.

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An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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Then he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any *other* man would have been equally helpless in *her* hands. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Send only 10c for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper.

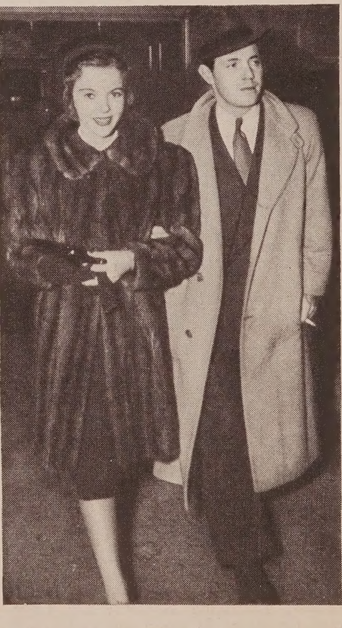
PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 42-E, St. Louis, Mo.

Name' for the part. So they sent out and got 'Asta.'"

EVERYTIME a new girl comes along who can do more than time step, all those wise boys who warm chairs behind shiny-topped desks, nod their heads knowingly and say, "Um-m-m, we'll put her with Astaire." Poor Fred has to go through the same routine every time and explain why it is so difficult for him to dance with just any girl who has two good legs. He can't dance with Ruby Keeler because she does a heavy tap that is completely foreign to Fred's style. When Ann Miller attracted a bit of attention, everyone right away thought of Fred. But Ann is just a head taller than Fred, all of which puts the Ginger Rogers stock way up on top.

HOLLYWOOD had it rumored that Mrs. Jack Oakie (Venita Varden to you and you) was in the hospital. But Hollywood didn't know why. George Cukor told Venita he would like to test her for *Scarlett* if she could put on a little weight. What girl wouldn't go to extreme measures for such an opportunity? And speaking of Venita, she gave up the editorship on her "Dog" newspaper and is now concentrating on sculpturing. One evening just at sunset, Jack was heard to exclaim, "Boy, oh, boy, I have to rush home now and let my wife make a 'bust' of me."

THERE'S a show that goes on unlike anything in the movies. John Fredricks the famous milliner is now established in Hollywood. His salon at Bullock's Wilshire is crowded daily with feminine Hollywood, who go mad over the unusual creations. But it takes Marlene Dietrich to really get the place in an uproar. When she enters Mr.



SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE's dream girl—and Louis Hayward's—is Ida Lupino, and we're all set for bigger roles for the English lass

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If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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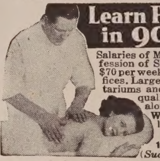

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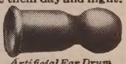

Artificial Ear Drum

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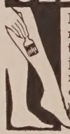
OLD LEG TROUBLE



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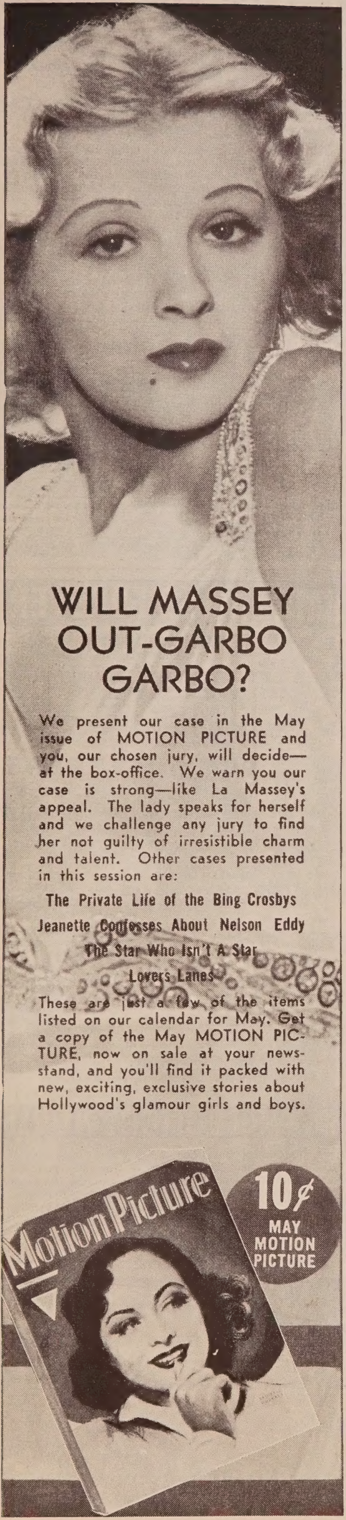

WILL MASSEY OUT-GARBO GARBO?

We present our case in the May issue of MOTION PICTURE and you, our chosen jury, will decide—at the box-office. We warn you our case is strong—like La Massey's appeal. The lady speaks for herself and we challenge any jury to find her not guilty of irresistible charm and talent. Other cases presented in this session are:

The Private Life of the Bing Crosbys
Jeanette Confesses About Nelson Eddy
The Star Who Isn't A Star
Lovers Lanes

These are just a few of the items listed on our calendar for May. Get a copy of the May MOTION PICTURE, now on sale at your newsstand, and you'll find it packed with new, exciting, exclusive stories about Hollywood's glamour girls and boys.

Fredricks drops everything and leaps to her side. Marlene usually greets him with an affectionate kiss. Mr. Fredricks scurries around collecting hats, talking excitedly and everyone in the place stops to watch. Marlene just remains her usual calm and collected self and seems to enjoy the show. And there's one thing that can be said for the hats and Marlene. She can wear them all and the more exaggerated they are—the more beautiful she looks!

WHEN the cry of the mob got too much for Cesar Romero, on his recent trip to New York, guess where he went. He got in touch with Sonja Henie, who is cleaning up with personal appearances and the two of them went—roller skating.

WILD Hollywood spends its nights knitting. The glamour gals have taken up this indoor sport with such a passion it's only the gals who can knit one and perl two, who are invited out. There are regular little knitting groups who meet just as religiously as a bridge club. They compare sweaters and suits. They talk over new designs. When Loretta Young came over to Myrna Loy's house recently and dropped a stitch—there was more excitement than if Loretta had dropped her mammoth star sapphire.

RUMOR has it that M-G-M frowns a bit when Sophie Tucker sings those naughty songs at benefits. For many years Sophie held her place with her public as the red hot mama of song. But Metro is trying to make Sophie over into the Whistler Mother type. And there's something about Whistler's mother singing "Everybody Needs Lovin'," that's just a bit incongruous.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY and Chester Morris went to the preview of *Tom Sawyer.* When David Holt, playing the tough kid, came on the screen, Bob began to squirm. "We were never that tough as kids," he whispered to Chester. "By the way, wonder what happened to Jackie Searle who played the tough kid in the silent picture." "He's probably playing the old judge in this one," said Chester dryly.

TONY MARTIN went shopping one day to buy a certain necklace that Alice Faye had seen in a smart shop window. But the last one had been sold just before Tony got there. Disconsolate he went to every store on Hollywood Boulevard. None of them carried the same thing. That night they went to the Trocadero. It was hot and stuffy inside so Tony excused himself and took a short walk down the Sunset strip. A few doors away stood one of the Eddie Cantor antique shops. Tony just gazed in the window casually. There right in the center was the very necklace he wanted. The next day Tony found out that he had purchased the original antique—the one the smart shops had copied at popular prices.

BETTY JANES, the sixteen-year-old diva, has quite a crush on Douglas McPhail, the new singing sensation at M-G-M. When that studio decided to let Douglas sing duets with Joan Crawford just for practice sake, Betty Janes looked a bit alarmed. But just for the moment. And speaking of Douglas, he has youth, appeal, fire and a singing voice that really thrills. He should go far if handled properly.

A New Thrill FOR YOUR Feet
Gloria Holden
Appearing in "The Life of Emile Zola" a Warner Bros. picture
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"Glider"
White elk; crepe sole

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Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands are developing. These gland changes often upset your system. At the same time, waste poisons from the intestinal tract may collect in the blood stream . . . bubble out on your skin in disfiguring pimples.

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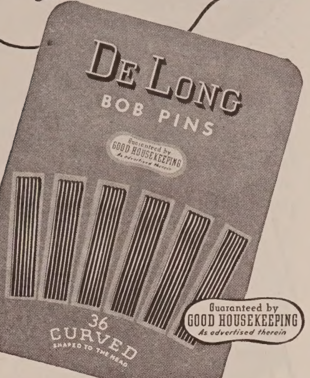
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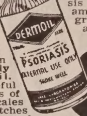

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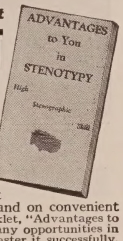

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Screen's First Lady Returns

[*Continued from page* 24]

him to her, and kisses him warmly, full on the mouth. Count Axel does not respond, and she pushes him back to look into his eyes. She looks at him silently, and finally he says, "For a minute you had me fooled."

"What?"

"The words were from Madame la Dauphine," he scorns her, "but the lips were those of Mademoiselle Ducros."

Cut!

The dramatic return of Norma Shearer was over, the first take good enough to print. And after that, one by one, other people on the set came over to warmly welcome her back to the studio.

SEVENTY-SEVEN days in all have been allotted to filming *Marie Antoinette.* A very long and expensive schedule, to Hollywood's way of thinking. But a mere drop in the bucket by way of comparison to the time and effort taken in preparing for this picture.

Norma herself prepared for the role by studying Stefen Zweig's biography of this brilliant French queen. She preferred to avoid any other authority.

"Zweig's word-portrait of Antoinette is so vivid and human that I am using it as my only guide in interpreting the role," Norma explained. "Reading more sources would only be confusing, since no two historians seem to agree on vital points."

The picture itself is based on this one biography, but M-G-M has gone to countless other sources for complete details. An entire volume of reference material was complied by Nathalie Bucknall, head of the studio research department. The book lists a bibliography of 1536 sources—a tremendous, unbelievable fact even in colossal filmland.

But before this story of painstaking research proceeds any further, it would be well to tell you why M-G-M officials expect so much of this film. The answer is found in a synopsis of Antoinette's life.

Marie Antoinette was betrothed to the man who was to become Louis XVI of France by her scheming mother, Marie Theresa. Antoinette was a romantic young lady, and looked forward to the marriage as a great event in her life.

The marriage took place, and only then did Marie find herself paired off for life with a man of deficient mentality, miserable appearance, incapable of fulfilling his marital role. For two years Marie despaired of any happiness, until she met the scheming Duke Phillippe d'Orleans, played by Melvyn Douglas. He led her into a life of gay parties, playing her against Madame Du Barry (Gladys George) who was the mistress of the reigning King Louis XV. It was during this period that she met Count Axel (Tyrone Power.)

Madame Du Barry succeeds in having Louis XV banish Antoinette. The latter has fallen desperately in love with Count Axel, and at this time they experience one night of love which is to keep her heart afire the rest of her life. The king, meantime, dies of smallpox, and Louis XVI takes the throne. Count Axel, declaring that he can love the Dauphine but must not love the Queen, sails for America.

When the revolution comes along, Axel tries and nearly saves the royal couple from the mob, but his plans fail by a matter of minutes, and the two are finally executed. Dramatic license is taken here to allow Axel a last moment with his beloved Queen.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

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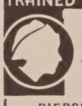

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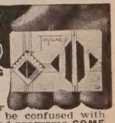

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Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!

Actually, Axel was about a city block away when the guillotine fell.

Thus Norma Shearer has fallen heir to a story that is packed with every kind of a human emotion. History now looks upon Antoinette as a queen of unrivaled brilliance, a woman who was caught in the mixed threads of fate, and died a martyr to an earthly love that was not destined to eventuate.

THERE are 152 speaking roles alone in this film. Other scenes will require 5,000 extras. Besides the three people already mentioned in the cast, other stellar personalities will include Anita Louise, Henry Stephenson, Joseph Calliea and Robert Morley. The latter was brought from England by Hunt Stromberg to make a test for the role of King Louis XVI because of a physical resemblance to the monarch's portrait.

To clothe the principals alone are some 1,200 costumes and 500 wigs. Adrian, M-G-M's fashion expert, spent months in Paris and Vienna this year getting authentic patterns for the clothes. The embroidery work on some of the gowns is so fine that it was done under magnifying glasses by women brought in from Guadelajara, Mexico.

M-G-M ordered 20,000 pairs of silk hose for the men in the cast, then set about to find shapely legs to fill them!

The wigs represent a highly costly item. Some of them, amazing things more than four feet high, have as many as 150,000 hairs apiece. A special baking apparatus was constructed to keep the curls in shape.

The competition between Madame Du Barry and Antoinette in part was responsible for the monstrous hair styles worn by women of that time.

It was considered fashionable to wear mechanical gadgets in the hair, such as windmills that whirled around, cuckoo clocks that really kept time and cuckooed, Swiss Alp scenes with cows, pigs, etc.

Adrian's description of a woman preparing for dinner in this period of history should console modern members of the male sex.

"Antoinette would begin her preparations at one in the afternoon," he explained. "She would be assisted by twelve ladies and at least one hair dresser. If she was lucky, she would be ready by six o'clock.

"First a light metal was suspended from her shoulders by straps. (They called these panniers, after the basket-carrying gadgets worn by Spanish donkeys.) These spread the dresses four feet on either side, which accounts for the wide doors found in the Palace at Versailles. Then a minimum of ten petticoats were donned. After that came the gown, heavily adorned with brilliants. It probably had thirty yards of cloth and weighed around fifty pounds. These are the clothes we have re-created for this picture, and it has been a tremendous task.

"After milady slipped into these garments, she applied a heavy white powder, and added rouge. The last thing was a spray of a variety of perfumes. Then, at last, Marie was ready for the evening."

Last summer found many M-G-M officials in France scouting around for production essentials. Mr. Stromberg got permission to film the Versailles Palace for authentic background shots. Scores of photos and detailed sketches were made of historic spots for studio duplication. Altogether, there will be 98 exterior and interior scenes.

EDWIN B. WILLIS, Superintendent of the property department, spent two months and a fortune in cash rounding up authentic props such as Louis XVI chairs, Louis XV chandeliers, Aubusson rugs and other items.

When the art shipment reached America, it turned out to be the largest single art cargo ever to enter the port of Los Angeles. Brought to M-G-M, the valuable antiques were put under a guard of six policemen.

The props for the film are not yet all complete. One order has the department stumped. It calls for 340 carriage horses, and is considered essential. Now a good prop man can find all the saddle horses needed for a small army, but the day of carriages is long gone and hard to recapture. But the order must be filled! Two carriages, relics of the period, were brought to the studio as models for dozens more to be constructed here.

Makeup problems are not confined to wigs alone. Jack Dawn, head of this department, had to make Robert Morley, the Britisher, look exactly like King Louis XVI. Dawn first made a plaster mask of Morley's face. From this he did a sculpture of Louis XVI, thus finding where facial changes would be necessary. From this model he made a cast, and finally arrived at the ultimate appearance of the king. Then Morley underwent hours of makeup experimenting before the exact effect finally was achived. The same sort of work was inflicted on other members in the cast.

Somewhere in the story a child is born to the royal couple, and must be shown. Director Van Dyke looked at his schedule and finally selected the natal day. Then he sent out an SOS to prospective mothers. As a result, he has 31 names on file and from them expects to find a new-born child for a quick, harmless camera shot!

This, in brief, is the story behind Norma Shearer's return to the screen. It is such an extensive thing that it can only be touched upon. But with all this great background of preparation, plus an overwhelming desire on Norma's part to make this her greatest success, M-G-M reasonably can be expected to come through with a film that will not only be the best in entertainment, but a substantial contribution to the re-creation of a great historical period as well.

THREE COMRADES

Which is rumored to be one of the most unusual new Hollywood productions, is the subject of a breezy, informative tale by Mary Hill in the June SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE. You'll enjoy this glimpse of a picture-in-the-making, with side lights on its stars, Robert Taylor, Margaret Sullavan, Franchot Tone and Robert Young.

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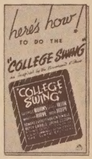

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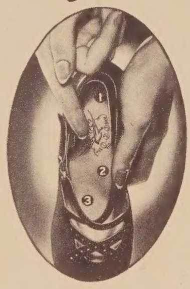

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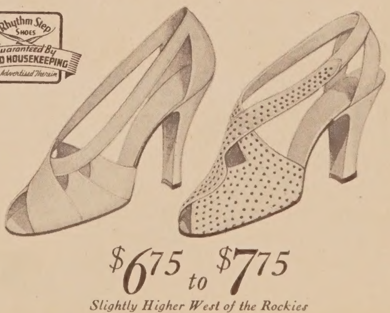

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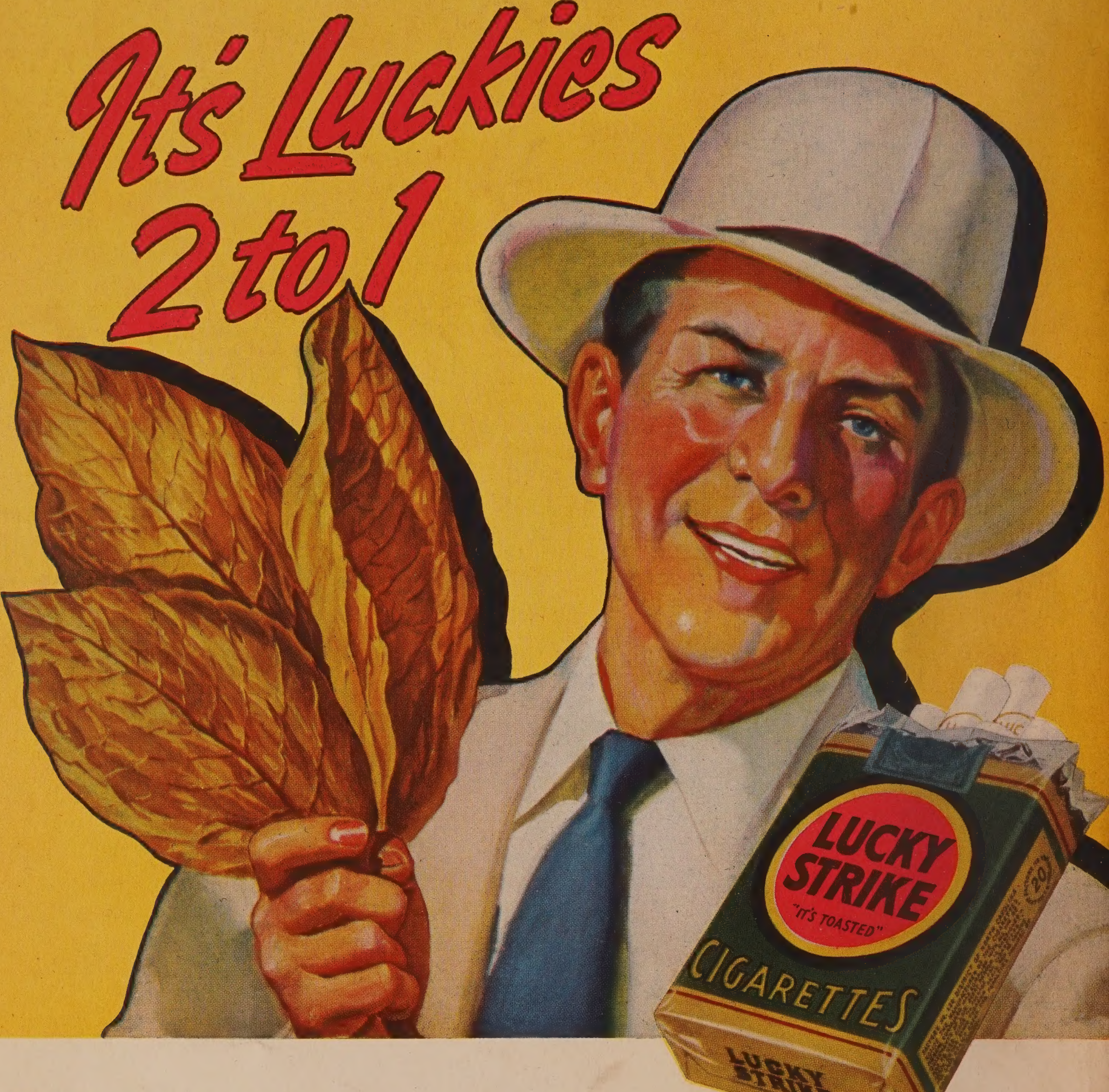

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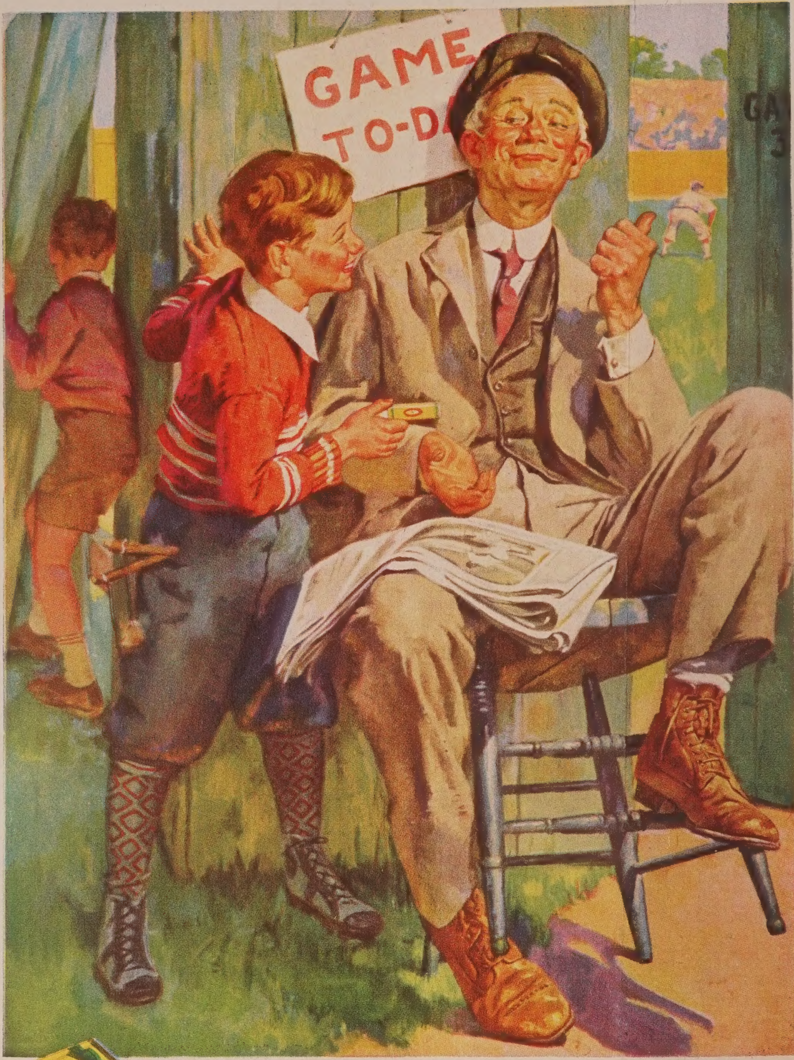

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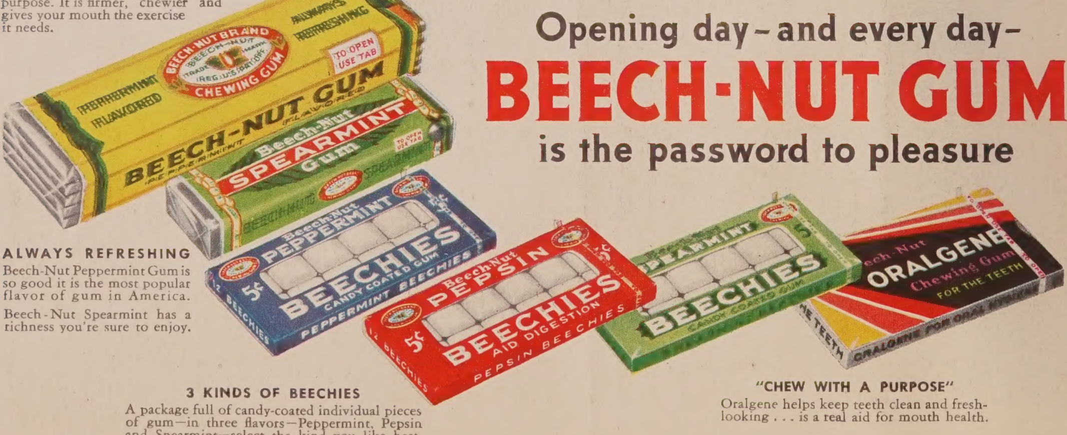
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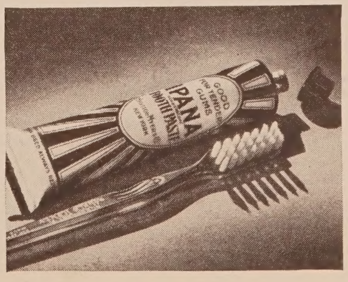
WHEN you see "pink tooth brush" *see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is merely another case of neglected gums. Because so many modern foods are creamy and soft, they fail to give our gums the exercise they need. That's why so many dentists today advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation increases within the gum tissues, gums tend to become firmer, healthier.

Play safe! Change *today* to Ipana and massage. Help your dentist help you to sounder gums—brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

VOLUME XX No. 5 JUNE, 1938

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●

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CHARLES RHODES, Photographer .... Top Photo by Bachrach: Frances Gifford

Our Cover Subject: Marjorie Weaver, who is rapidly zooming to Hollywood Heights as the result of winning a SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE contest! It's Marjorie's first cover, but take it from us, it won't be her last!

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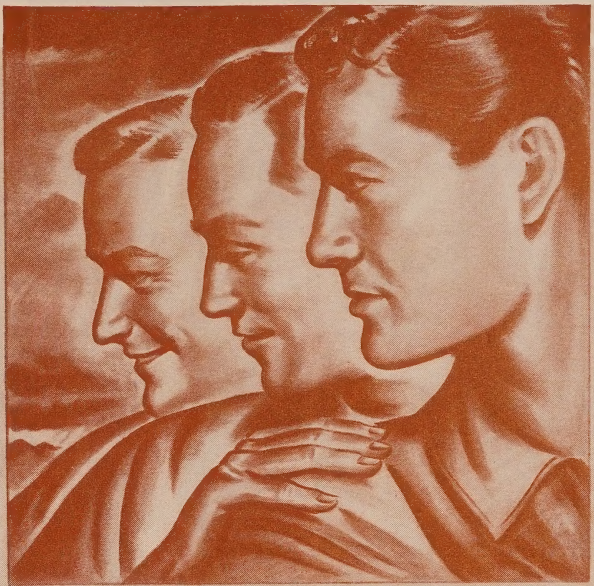
. . Torn from a million souls!



Out of the inferno of war came three men and a woman—to live their lives, to strive for happiness, to seek love . . . The most heart-touching romance of our time, brilliantly re-created upon the screen, from the world-renowned novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front".

ROBERT
TAYLOR
MARGARET
SULLAVAN
FRANCHOT
TONE
ROBERT
YOUNG

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Vivid Drama of Today

Three Comrades

with **GUY KIBBEE · LIONEL ATWILL · HENRY HULL**

A FRANK BORZAGE Production · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE · Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz
Screenplay by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward E. Paramore

Color-

with

ERROL FLYNN

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND · BASIL RATHBONE · CLAUDE RAINS

PATRIC KNOWLES · EUGENE PALLETTE

ALAN HALE · MELVILLE COOPER

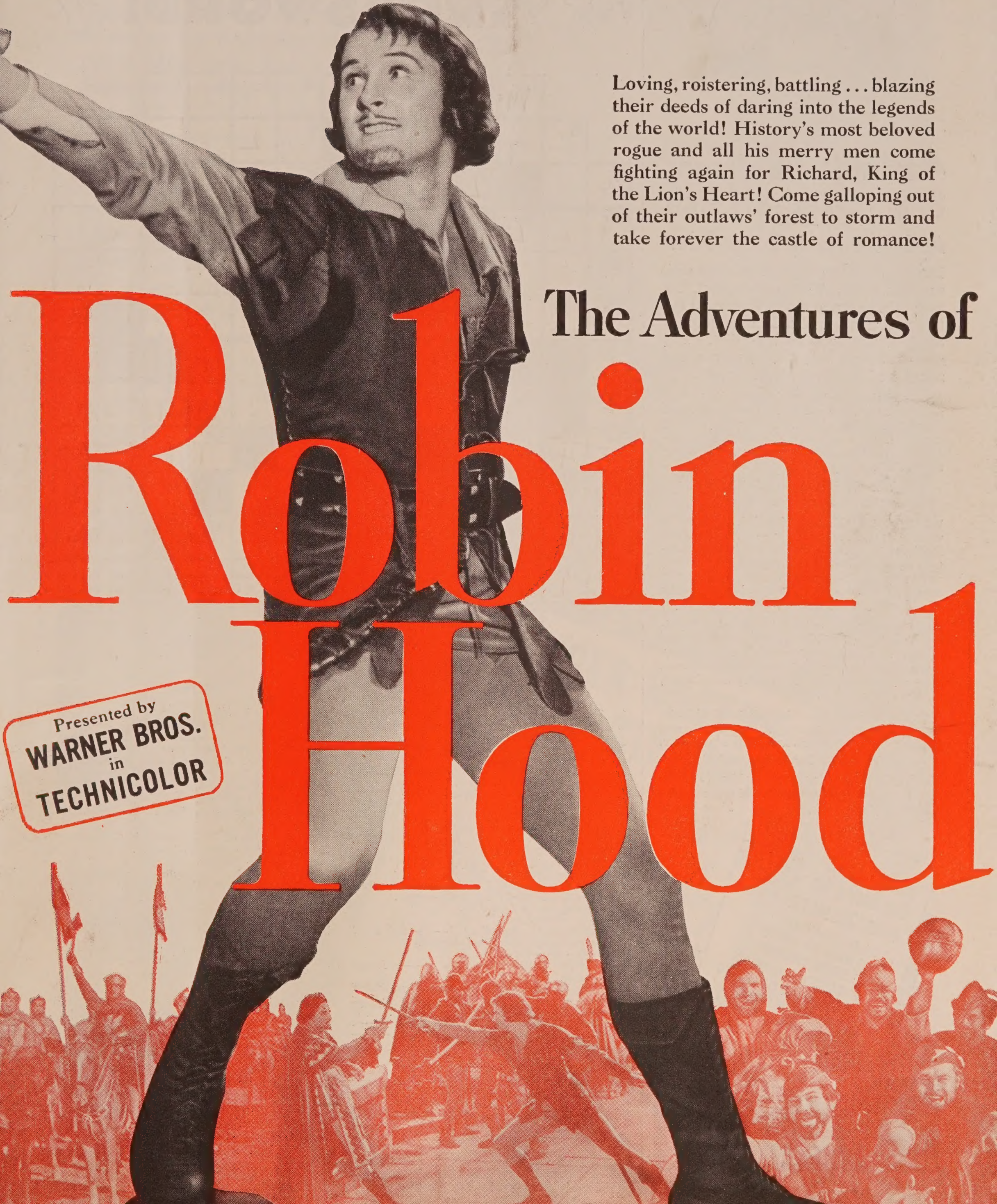
IAN HUNTER · UNA O'CONNOR

Directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller · Based Upon Ancient Robin Hood Legends · Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold · A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

NOW PAINTS

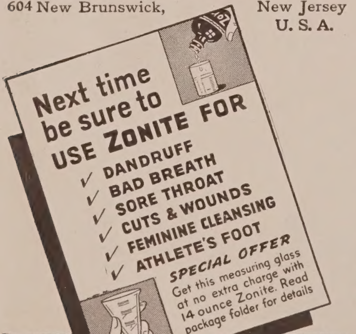
THEIR DASHING DEEDS TO LIVE FOR THE AGES!



Loving, roistering, battling . . . blazing their deeds of daring into the legends of the world! History's most beloved rogue and all his merry men come fighting again for Richard, King of the Lion's Heart! Come galloping out of their outlaws' forest to storm and take forever the castle of romance!

The Adventures of Robin Hood

Presented by
WARNER BROS.
in
TECHNICOLOR



DANDRUFF ?

4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch

And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution — 2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 604 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

Next time be sure to USE ZONITE FOR
✓ DANDRUFF
✓ BAD BREATH
✓ SORE THROAT
✓ CUTS & WOUNDS
✓ FEMININE CLEANSING
✓ ATHLETE'S FOOT

SPECIAL OFFER
Get this measuring glass at no extra charge with 14 ounce Zonite. Read package folder for details

ZONITE Is 9.3 Times More Active
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

TRY THIS CROSSWORD!

		1 M	2 A	3 C	D	O	4 N	5 A	6 L	7 D		
	8 C	A	L	L	■	■	9 I	L	O	N	10 A	
11 S	O	■	12 L	E	13 O	■	14 V	A	N	■	15 N	16 A
17 I	L	18 L	■	19 O	L	20 S	E	N	■	21 A	N	N
22 N	O	E	23 L	■	24 D	O	N	■	25 O	P	E	N
26 G	R	E	A	27 T	■	P	■	28 A	R	E	■	A
L	■	■	29 N	O	T	H	I	N	G	■	■	B
E	■	30 H	A	M	■	I	■	31 D	A	32 N	33 C	E
34 T	35 H	I	S	■	36 H	E	37 R	■	38 N	E	L	L
39 O	U	T	■	40 M	U	S	I	41 C	■	42 D	U	L
43 N	L	■	44 S	A	M	■	45 B	A	46 H	■	47 E	A
	48 L	49 E	I	L	A	■	■	50 R	A	51 Y	S	
		52 G	R	A	N	V	I	L	L	E		

ACROSS

1. She had title role in *Girl of the Golden West.*
8. Livingston, Corrigan and Terhune appear in ——— *the Mesquiteers.*
9. First name of Miss Massey.
11. ——— *Red the Rose.*
12. First name of actor who portrays *Mosquito* in *Girl of the Golden West.*
14. Bob Burns comes from ——— Buren, Arkansas.
15. Nils Asther's initials.
17. Robert Young's native state (abbr.).
19. *Senator Hearst* in *Gold Is Where You Find It.*
21. *Maggie* in *Women in Prison.*
22. Miss Francis, but not Kay.
24. *David* in *Josette.*
25. Joe E. Brown stars in *Wide ——— Faces.*
26. Anna Neagle was *Victoria the* ———.
28. *Women* ——— *Like That.*
29. ——— *Sacred.*
30. Remember the comedians, ——— and Bud?
31. To perform as does Fred Astaire.
34. ——— *Way Please.*
36. Dorothy Lamour's latest is ——— *Jungle Love.*
38. Polly Moran may be remembered as *Sheriff* ———.
39. *Mr. Boggs Steps* ———.
40. Deanna Durbin stars in *Mad About* ———.
42. Mary Astor is married to Manuel ——— Campo.
43. Nora Lane's initials.
44. Short for Mr. Hinds.
45. What actor exclaims to register contempt.
47. Mr. Abel's initials.
48. Her last name is Hyams.
50. Whose role was that of *Linda* in *Walking Down Broadway?*
52. She is famous for her brat roles.

DOWN

1. Mischa's initials.
2. ——— *American Sweetheart.*
3. Remember ——— Ridgley?
4. *Paul De Brack* in *Dinner At the Ritz.*
5. First name of Joan Bennett's screen husband in *I Met My Love Again.*
6. ——— Chaney, Jr.
7. Initials of 4 Down.
8. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* was filmed in this.
10. First name of feminine lead in *Saleslady.*
11. A star of *Outside of Paradise.*
13. *In* ——— *Chicago.*
16. A star of *The Baroness and the Butler.*
18. The girl in *Non-Stop New York.*
20. Whose role was that of *Mother Ralph* in *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry?*
21. Animal in film mentioned at 36 Across.
23. Her last name is Turner (poss.).
25. It often furnished music for silent films.
27. *The Adventures of* ——— *Sawyer.*
28. *Love, Honor* ——— *Behave.*
30. Successful screenplay.
32. *Strings* in *Hawaii Calls.*
33. *Mr. Moto* looks for these to solve a mystery.
35. *Sepp* in *Paradise for Three.*
36. *Of* ——— *Hearts.*
37. Vince Barnett likes to ——— his fellow actors.
40. Eskimo actor.
41. First name of boy actor known as *Alfalfa.*
44. Title of late Guy Standing.
46. ——— Leroy danced in *Start Cheering.*
49. Mr. Gwenn's initials.
51. Pronoun in Biblical films.

(Solution on page 89)

One of the Best Pictures you'll see this year! . . .

A new-slant love-story made to order for red-headed Ginger's blue fire, and wishful Jimmie's come-and-get-me charm! . . . It's a revelation in rich romance and heart-lined laughs! . . . Night-club Ginger married to college-professor Jim! . . . What a blow to culture in that moss-grown college town, when she tries to adjust herself to patterned life in a world where they use six-syllable words to say good-night! . . . IT'S POSITIVELY PRICELESS!

GINGER ROGERS
JAMES STEWART
IN
Vivacious Lady

JAMES ELLISON
BEULAH BONDI
CHARLES COBURN

•

PANDRO S. BERMAN
IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION

•

A GEORGE STEVENS PRODUCTION

Screen Play by P. J. Wolfson and Ernest Pagano

Don't Miss the Big Fight . . .
when Ginger locks claws with the prissy miss who tried to claim her man!

•

Hear Ginger Sing!
the tantalizing new blue ballad, "I'll Be Reminded of You"

RKO • RADIO • PICTURE

"YOUR LIPS ARE
MADE TO BE KISSED"

Men will Hunger...

for your kisses when you use the lipstick that gives alluring natural color to your lips. Tangee contains no paint—never coats the lips with ugly red grease. Instead, it brings out your own individual color—whether you are blonde, brunette or red head.

In the stick, Tangee looks orange...on your lips it changes like magic to a blush-rose. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee magic color-change principle. Its special cream base keeps lips soft—smooth. Try Tangee. 39¢ and $1.10. For a natural matched appearance use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

Untouched— Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips— Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

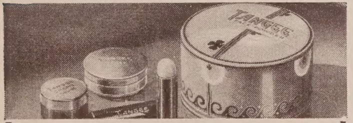
Tangee lovable lips— Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

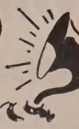


4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and TANGEE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). (15c in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test.
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*____________ (Please Print)
*Address*____________
*City*________ *State*________ F68

FILMLAND WHISPERS



WONDER how the M-G-M publicity department feels after that Garbo interview, in which she told the press that she had no idea of marrying Leopold Stokowski. When Wally Beery sailed for Europe it was obviously too good an opportunity to ignore. So it was announced that Beery (of all people) would be best man at the wedding. Garbo's few close friends back in Hollywood couldn't have been more surprised. Wally Beery was one person who definitely does *not* belong to the Garbo Clique.

HOLLYWOOD gossips and certain commentators (not you, Jimmy Fidler) recently spread a most unfair and *positively* untrue report about Barbara Stanwyck. So sure was Barbara that she *wouldn't* receive the Academy award, in all modesty she stayed away from the banquet where the statues were given out. Instead she and Bob Taylor dined with Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. While Bob and Franchot played chess, Barbara and Joan sat knitting and listening in front of the radio. Finally the announcement was made that Luise Rainer had received the award for the best performance of the year. A day or two later a Hollywood commentator said that Barbara had attended the banquet and when Miss Rainer received the statue, Barbara left the place with a mad on!

THOSE on the know confide that Carole Lombard has been quite upset at the way her picture with Fernand Gravet was received at its preview. Carole, who has been so wise in her selection of stories was worried during the making of this picture. But in true Lombard fashion she stuck to her agreement, hoping that the picture might eventually redeem itself. Hollywood came away from the preview voicing its disappointment. But the loudest voice of all was that of Lombard, who wise-cracked and kidded to cover over her hurt inside.

PHIL HOLMES returned to Hollywood recently and his first night back saw him dancing with Florence Rice at the Trocadero. The sad-eyed Phil was once quite in love with Florence and to all appearances Florence's feelings were mutual. Certain outside influences are supposed to have broken up their romance. Neither has married since and they have kept faith and friendship with each other. They looked so happy dancing that it seemed a tragedy that anything should have spoiled such sweet romance. Before they sat down again Phil whispered a request in the orchestra leader's ear. For then he played *Thanks for the Memory.*

WHAT an amazing person is Hollywood's Bette Davis. Already referred to as "Our Greatest Actress," Bette lost every ounce of that tremendous spirit when *Jezebel* was previewed. She asked the studio to give her twenty tickets because she wanted to take her family and a few friends. At the last minute she stayed home and paced the floor nervously until they all returned

[*Continued on page* 12]

—*Wide World*

At the memorable Academy Award Banquet: Janet Gaynor (who was one of the leading contenders for an award), her handsome swain, Tyrone Power, and gracious Fay Wray

"Dainty Girls Win Out"

says DOROTHY LAMOUR

DAINTINESS IS A CHARM THAT ALWAYS WINS. NO SMART GIRL NEGLECTS IT
A LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO INSURE DAINTINESS
ACTIVE LATHER MAKES YOU SURE —LEAVES SKIN REALLY SWEET —DELICATELY FRAGRANT!
LUX TOILET SOAP

STAR OF THE
PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION
"Her Jungle Love"

HOLLYWOOD'S beauty bath makes you *sure* of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely screen stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant. You'll love this Hollywood way of insuring daintiness!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

GANTNER
Floating Bra SWIM SUITS

DAMASK DAISY, knit Lastex-and-wool . . glamorously flowered . . $6.95

JUNGLE LEAF knit Lastex. Worn by Jinx Falkenberg, Hollywood favorite . . $6.95

FLOATING BRA'S amazing inner uplift . . a semi-detached bra . . glamorizes your every line! It creates smart-hip, slim-waist illusions by raising surplus inches to accent your beautiful, high-pointed bust!

For true girdle and bust control . . FLOATING BRA, exclusive with Gantner! At smarter shops everywhere! (Write for style book.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. F
S. F. Mdse. Mart, Chicago 1410 Bdwy., N. Y.

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 10]

Ray Milland and his vivacious wife were among the super-special Hollywood throng that turned out for the Academy Banquet (see other Academy pictures on page 24!)

three hours later. Even after they convinced her that the audience had cheered itself hoarse, Bette was still skeptical until the telegrams and letters began arriving the next day. Then she had to believe that her family wasn't being influenced by partiality.

FOR a while after he returned from England, Robert Taylor was quite worried. The change in drinking water had an odd effect on Bob's naturally beautiful white teeth. For a few days they lost their healthy lustre. But long before he started work on *Three Comrades,* Bob took special treatments and all his worries were over for the condition proved to be a temporary one.

LEAVE it to Dietrich, the glamorous, to crack out with one of the most striking and unusual hostess gowns. When she receives a few friends informally at home, Marlene wears a soft clinging gown of material that looks like leopard's skin. To complete the effect, Dietrich had open-faced sandals covered with the same stuff. The result is especially exciting and would probably appeal to any other actress but Hepburn. Kate had her quota of leopard spots during the filming of *Bringing Up Baby!*

WHEN he was notified that he had received the Academy Award, Spencer Tracy, who was recovering from a serious operation in the hospital, was overjoyed. In fact he was so pleased, the very next day he asked his nurse to wheel him up to the roof. A week later he went home, miraculously improved.

FOR many a long, weary day stories have been printed about Franchot Tone's great love for opera. Franchot himself has become a bit bored by it all and begged his studio to lay off. But the boys who publicize Franchot still insisted that he was the greatest music lover of all time. When the Ray Millands gave a house warming, Franchot and Joan were among the guests. Also Ann Sothern, who made quite a hit at the piano. Fred MacMurray, Bob Taylor and the other boys all had special requests to make. Then Ann asked Franchot what he would like to hear. Imagine everyone's amusement when Franchot replied, "Do you remember an old one called, *I Met a Bimboo Down in the Bamboo Isle?"*

WHEN Ethel Merman arrived in Hollywood, she brought with her a new expression that has become terrifically popular overnight. Ethel taught it to Cesar Romero, George Murphy and the rest of her crowd. The idea is that instead of saying she doesn't like a person or a thing, Ethel just cracks, "He's Strictly From Dixie." In other words, if it's "Strictly From Dixie," with Merman—it's out!

WHEN she gets a little older, there will be a new "Young" actress on the screen. Georgianna Belzer, Loretta Young's little sister, is growing up. And David Selznick thinks enough of her future possibilities as an actress to put her under contract. Some say she is being groomed for a role in *Gone With the Wind.* If they put off production much longer, Georgianna will be ready to play "Scarlett!" The salary given the newest actress of the Young household, is reported to be forty dollars a week. And when she starts to act, the salary is supposed to automatically jump to seventy-five.

HERE is one more reason why Margo (Mrs. Francis Lederer) is such an outstanding personality. While visiting in New York, the master of ceremonies at a popular night spot called on Margo to get up and do something. Naturally she was annoyed and quite embarrassed. She pleaded that there wasn't anything she could do without preparing first. Her heckler insisted that she sing something in her own tongue. So the Mexican Miss quite casually broke into *Bei Mir Bist Du Schöen.*

THERE'S a large storage company in Hollywood that auctions off uncalled-for furniture once every year. It was at one of these auctions that several trunks belonging to the late Marie Dressler were purchased sight unseen. All the Hollywood stars who have become very antique conscious wait for these auctions. They have learned that old family heirlooms can sometimes be purchased for a song. Recently the auction was held again. Fannie Brice was the first one to arrive, determined to bid on rare treasures for her new home. At five o'clock Fannie made her first purchase. She bought two tea cups and paid fifty cents a piece for them. And she was delighted with her bargain.

THE recent floods that hit Hollywood were really something terrific. But it took Ann Sothern to get a new fashion idea out of the chaos. Driving back from

—*Wide World*

Oops, Marie Wilson! Even if you *are* playing the role of a Brown Derby waitress in *Boy Meets Girl,* remember those revealing starched skirts!

I'M TEACHING GIRLS *A LOVELIER WAY* TO AVOID OFFENDING!

Cashmere Bouquet

I LOVE BATHING WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE EXQUISITE, PERFUMED SOAP THAT KEEPS A GIRL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

FIRST, THE DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER OF THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR..

THEN, CASHMERE BOUQUET'S LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN! LONG AFTER YOUR BATH IT GUARDS YOUR DAINTINESS IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap Colgate

ONLY 10¢ at drug, department, and ten-cent stores

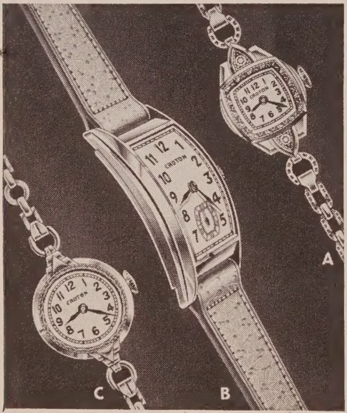
TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Lee Bowman and Lucille Ball, appearing in RKO-Radio's "Having Wonderful Time."
POST CARD
Having Wonderful TIME
THANKS TO
CROTON

The Watch Hit of Hollywood and All America . . .

Everything about a Croton is expensive but the price. You can't buy smarter, richer watch style. Regardless of price, your Croton *keeps accurate time* because it is made, jeweled and "timed" as expertly as the finest watches. Start "Having Wonderful TIME" with Croton, the greatest watch value in America! From $12.75 to $350 . . . At Good Jewelers Everywhere.



A. "MIAMI"—17 Jewels, 14k solid gold, 2 brilliant diamonds **$29.95**

B. "MAJOR"—Handsome Curved model. 7 Jewels, **$18.50**; 17 Jewels, **$24.95**

C. "LUCILLE"—Yellow Round model, matching bracelet. 7 Jewels **$12.75**
17 Jewels **$19.95**

CROTON WATCHES
"For All Time"
Croton Watch Co., Maiden Lane, New York

San Francisco, where she had been visiting her husband, Roger Pryor, Ann was forced to take a road that lead her through the Mojave desert. On the way there she ran into terrifying snow storms. So she was forced to stop and buy skid chains—something that is never needed in Hollywood. When she got home Ann hit on the brilliant idea of taking the chains and cutting them up into different lengths. From these she made a belt for herself, a choker and several chain bracelets. The rest left over was made up similarly and given to Ann's friends as presents.

KEN MURRAY and a party of friends were reminiscing concerning a certain studio once notorious for the number of relatives of the producer who were employed there.

"If," said one of the party, "all the relatives who were on that payroll were laid end to end they would stretch—"

"And yawn," completed Murray.

JACK BENNY is still laughing at Mary Livingstone. While Jack went to the fights one night, Mary entertained some girl friends at bridge. But when Jack returned home he found the house in a great state of excitement. Mary had suddenly become so drowsy during the course of the evening, her friends had put her to bed and called in a doctor. She was given a thorough examination but nothing serious could be found. Finally the doctor asked Mary if she had taken a sleeping tablet. It was then that Mary remembered that she had taken one in the afternoon when she wanted to rest. It had not worked then and Mary had forgotten all about it. And it cost her fifteen dollars to be reminded of it again.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT writes back to Hollywood that she has selected a wonderful assortment of that lapel jewelry for her friends. Among the articles purchased, Claudette picked out jeweled pineapples, cherries and big apples.

PRODUCER WALTER WANGER has issued a kindly note of warning to Charles Boyer. After his strenuous work in *Conquest*, Charles took a muchly-needed vacation. When he returned to work at the studio he discovered that he had put on a bit of weight where it wasn't the most becoming. Right now Boyer makes the box-office sit up and do things. So he is watching his diet while his tailor watches his waist line. And Walter Wanger watches the whole procedure and smiles approvingly.

BELIEVE it or not, Watson and Son, who tailor those stunning suits for Gable, Tone, Milland and MacMurray as well as many others, now have a new customer. Right now this special customer is the most important in Hollywood—and we're not forgetting that Dietrich, Crawford, Garbo, Lombard and others go to Watson's too. All work is put aside when a dinner jacket is needed. The finest broadcloths and the best workmen are put to work to make everything as perfect as possible for the famous new customer. His name? Oh, we almost forgot to tell you. Edgar Bergen calls him Charlie McCarthy.

WHEN Bob Taylor called Barbara Stanwyck up and asked her if she had enough food for two "Boxers," Barbara was taken aback to say the least. And just to make sure she had enough, she sent down to the market for an extra steak or two. Wondering just why Bob would want her to entertain two "Boxers," Barbara caught on when Bob arrived. The "Boxers" were a breed of dog. He had sent east for them and is going to breed and sell them to Hollywood. Bob says they are especially good as watch dogs.

WHILE the *Marie Antoinette* company waited for him to recover, Tyrone Power was home in bed with a cold. Evidently he wasn't too sick to think of a very novel way to amuse himself. Tyrone sent out and bought some electric trains. He had tracks built around the walls of his

—Wide World

Tyrone Power enjoyed his work on *Marie Antoinette* so much that he hung around the set when he wasn't needed—perhaps to admire the beauty of Queen Norma Shearer room and at certain spots he had holes dug in the walls to be used for tunnels. He probably had been planning that long before he ever dreamed of making screen love to Norma Shearer.

ANITA LOUISE has taken the M-G-M publicity boys into her confidence to the extent that she assures them she is going to have a be-eg announcement to make within the next few months. (Maybe just about the time *Marie Antoinette* will be released!) But being a lady what knows her feminine wiles, Anita won't even tell the boys if they are luke warm when they ask her if she has marriage on her mind. There are those who think it may mean an early merger with Bob Abbot, wealthy Bostonian who has moved bag and baggage into a Hollywood hilltop home. But Bob himself says "I have taken a year's lease on my house. I assure you it shall still be a bachelor's headquarters when that lease is up."

IT SEEMS that the very lovely Virginia Bruce believes in conserving her energy. When the studio asked Virginia to come and make some gallery portraits, she asked if she could have someone sit in for her until the photographer decided just exactly which pose he wanted her to assume. And whenever the studio sends a car for Virginia, for interviews, locations, etc, she always requests that they send their best car. Well, it makes extra jobs for people and we're always for anyone who helps the unemployment situation.

[*Continued on page* 67]

Those glamorous gowns Irene Dunne wears in *The Joy of Living* were all designed by RKO Radio's tall and clever designer, Edward Stevenson

NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK
NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART

She doesn't dream that underarm odor is the reason men pass her by!

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she *should* be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor — that underarms must have *special* care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of *past perspiration,* but Mum prevents odor *before it starts.* To avoid all risk of offending friends — use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be *sure* your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find *attractive!*

MUM IS QUICK! One-half minute is all it takes to smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin, harmless to every fabric. You can use it right after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum's sure protection lasts all day or all evening long. No worries, then, about unpleasant odor. For Mum makes underarm odor *impossible!*

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM

MY BATH ALONE CAN'T KEEP ME SAFE-THAT'S WHY I USE MUM!

TO HERSELF—
IT'S MARVELOUS TO DANCE EVERY DANCE AND KNOW THAT MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET!

For Sanitary Napkins— *No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.*

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

THE SERVICE OF THE STARS
1881 ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

On the lovely table of lovely MADELEINE CARROLL

STAR OF "IT'S ALL YOURS"
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Ask your dealer to show you the SEABRIGHT SET. With the Quantity Saving of $6.30, you can own this 50-piece Service for only $24.95. —And you receive a handsome $5.00 value Tarnish-Proof Chest and a beautiful Cold Meat Fork to match your design—FREE.

Special Offer
TO INTRODUCE THE
New SURF CLUB DESIGN

This HANDSOME Ladle for Mayonnaise, Cream, Dessert Sauces and many other uses.
25¢ regularly $1.00

This OFFER is for a Limited Time Only. See your dealer at once. If he cannot supply you—send 25¢ *(coin or stamps)* to P. O. Box 501A, Sherrill, New York.

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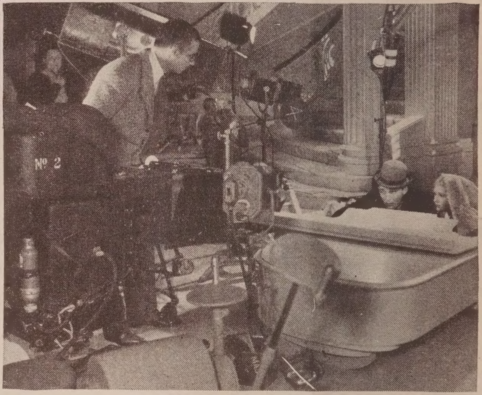
OFF TO MOVIELAND

Once again—by popular demand—we give you the FAWCETT MOVIELAND TOURS—the grandest of vacation trips

We present your hosts for the third Movieland Tour, the congenial Mr. and Mrs. Bob Burns, who have just moved into their beautiful new home



On the *Doctor Rhythm* set with Bing Crosby and Mary Carlisle. Each tour will be taken to a set to watch the actual filming of a current picture

THIS bit of news is by way of letting you know that even as you read this issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, some lucky folk are planning to board the special Fawcett-sponsored train for movieland. And, even though some of you didn't send in the coupon making your reservations for one of the best houseparties on wheels in the country, there is still time to do so.

As many of you already know, the first tour leaves Chicago July 3, the second leaves Chicago July 24 and the third leaves August 14. Exactly one week to a day later you will arrive in Hollywood. But let's not get ahead of ourselves, let's take a look at what we are going to see before we reach the magic city of the cinema.

When your train pulls out of Chicago, it heads directly for the north woods, crossing over into the state of Washington. At Seattle, you will be met by an ocean steamer and taken across Puget Sound and into Vancouver Island. After viewing the sights of the Island, you will be taken back to Seattle, thence to San Francisco.

In San Francisco, you will be afforded the opportunity of seeing the world's largest suspension bridge along with the other wonders the town has to offer. Chinatown will be yours and you will be shown many points of interest in the oldest city on the Pacific coast. But that's not half of it, for after you leave San Francisco your train heads southward to Hollywood and perpetual vacation land! Stars will be on hand to welcome you, and the whole town will take on a holiday aspect while its gates open to you.

On your first afternoon in town which, by the way, will be on a Sunday, you will be taken for a grand ride through the residential sections of Hollywood, out to Beverly Hills and then back to a star's home for cocktails before attending a coast to coast radio broadcast that evening.

For example, Warren William wants all

USE THIS COUPON

Movieland Tours
Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Illinois

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

SB-4

the members of the first tour out to his house on that grand afternoon. Members of the second tour will be entertained within the walls of Harold Lloyd's world-famous estate, while members of the third tour will be escorted to Bob Burns' home to see what he can do by way of entertaining you! So take your pick, ladies and gentlemen, and be sure to indicate on the coupon which of the three tours you really prefer.

WHAT a start for one grand round of activities! We start you out with a star-studded party and send you off with another one. *BUT* in the meantime, we will find the opportunity to sandwich in many other events to keep you happy. For instance, there will be a luncheon at Clara Bow's "It" cafe, there will be a trip through Max Factor's world-famous beauty salon where he makes beautiful stars all the more attractive. What with radio programs, parties, luncheons and hob-nobbing with the stars there will still be time left for some of you to make that side trip to Lake Arrowhead or to Catalina or to San Diego that you have been planning.

And there will be room for the grand farewell party that the stars plan to give you out at the Wilshire Bowl, the dance spot of the stars. Les Parker's famous dance orchestra will be a feature of the entertainment for Movieland Tourists at the Wilshire Bowl. *What a party that will be!* George McCall, your Hollywood commentator of Screen Scoops on the Old Gold program, will be your master of ceremonies just to be sure that you all have a grand time. Last year Bob Taylor was there for autographing as were Wayne Morris, Jimmy Stewart and a score of others. We were entertained royally that night by all the stars in Hollywood. There were gags galore, with that master comedian of them all, Hugh Herbert, playing pranks and telling stories. But then, we plan to duplicate it and go one better this year so you don't need to sigh, "Lucky people" to yourselves as you read this!

Be sure to bring along your autograph books, too. But remember, before you can even figure on doing all of this, you MUST fill out the coupon NOW and get it off to our Chicago office in the next mail.

But to go on with the story. You'll need summer things, the more informal the better, for Hollywood dresses for comfort at all times. However, it might be smart to bring something semi-formal along for our grand party will require a slight bit of dressing. Not too much however, for last year the stars themselves came directly from work to the parties and many of them were still in makeup. A light wrap will be enough to protect you from the chill California evenings and what a relief that will be! Many of you will be coming out of the tepid midwest into Southern California and will welcome our cool evenings with open arms.

By now many of you have not only seen pictures of last year's tours in this and other Fawcett magazines, but you may have seen Harriet Parson's Screen Snapshots of our last year's tours on the screen of your local theatre. Can you imagine that! Our last year's tour "made the movies" when they were out at congenial Jimmy Gleason's for cocktails.

This year's plans hold many more pleasant surprises, so get set for a grand round of fun.

Insure yourself against a last minute rush for reservations and fill out the coupon NOW. This is fair warning! See you in Hollywood!

I'M IN LOVE AGAIN – *and this time it won't be spoiled by Misfit Makeup*

"It's the real thing. I'm mad about him, but I'm so afraid it will end like the last time."

"It doesn't have to. But watch out for misfit makeup—that's one thing men don't like."

"Bless Mary . . . Tom proposed tonight! I'll never be without my new Marvelous Makeup!"

Don't risk Misfit Makeup...
"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"
SAYS Danielle Darrieux
Danielle Darrieux starring in the NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE "THE RAGE OF PARIS"

IF IT'S LOVE you're seeking . . . why take a chance with misfit makeup . . . unrelated cosmetics that clash, that can't look well together . . . or on you? Look *naturally* lovely with Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup! Here's . . .

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick . . . eye makeup, too . . . in color-harmonized sets. And here's makeup that matches you . . . for it's keyed to your true personality color, *the color of your eyes.*

NOW YOU CAN BE SURE your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest, because you're following Nature's plan *for you!* Stage and screen stars, beauty editors, fashion experts have approved Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. Thousands of women who have tried it agree it's the way to *immediate* new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW. Start now to build *your* matched set. Buy a lipstick . . . or rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara . . . in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup . . . only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢) in standard full sizes. *Your* drug or department store recommends this make-up, advises:

If your eyes are	
BLUE	*wear* DRESDEN *type*
GRAY	*wear* PATRICIAN *type*
BROWN	*wear* PARISIAN *type*
HAZEL	*wear* CONTINENTAL *type*

DATING TONIGHT? Then *beware* of misfit makeup. *Know* you're a knockout . . . in make-up that *matches* . . . makeup that matches *you!*

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MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP *by Richard Hudnut*

FACE POWDER
MARVELOUS
Harmonizing LIPSTICK · POWDER · ROUGE 55¢ *each*

Try it! Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to *your* eyes! See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that *matches* . . . and matches *you.*

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, FWG-6-38
693 Fifth Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send *my* Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup . . . harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

✓ *My eyes are*
☐ Blue ☐ Brown
☐ Gray ☐ Hazel

Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________

IT'S FUN O'CLOCK, MOUNTAIN TIME!
. . . and how the fun keeps mountin' up!

Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off'n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No.'s 1, 2 and 3!

...and there's romance in them thar hills!

Tony Martin as the singing radio talent scout "discovers" cute little Marjorie Weaver in Coma, Ky....and they've been in a coma of love ever since!

The RITZ BROTHERS in KENTUCKY MOONSHINE

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TONY MARTIN · MARJORIE WEAVER

Slim Summerville · John Carradine · Wally Vernon

Berton Churchill · Eddie Collins

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan · Screen Play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman · Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr. Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Songs!

Pollack and Mitchell's tunefullest, swingin'-est, best!

For the second successive year Luise Rainer romped away with the coveted Academy Award as the screen's best actress for her superb portrayal in "The Good Earth." We're eagerly awaiting her next M-G-M picture "The Toy Wife"

—*Photo by Willinger*

LUISE RAINER

Good-natured Randolph Scott will have one of the biggest breaks of his acting career in one of the title roles of Paramount's spectacular new production, "The Texans." Fragile Joan Bennett has the feminine lead opposite him

—Photo by Richee

RANDOLPH SCOTT

Captivating Olivia, of the melting brown eyes, continues to impress with her intelligent, thoughtful performances, and Warner Brothers says that "Robin Hood" will bring her new fame. "Four's a Crowd," with Errol Flynn, is her next

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

WHY GABLE REMAINS HOLLYWOOD'S KING!

By
LEON
SURMELIAN

Year after year Clark Gable holds the affection of his fans — and his fellow workers at the studio all vote him "tops." The reason —Clark himself, unassuming and always friendly!

FOR six consecutive years Clark Gable has been ruling the romantic roost of Hollywood—an unprecedented achievement in the annals of the modern screen. A recent newspaper poll indicated that he is still tops in feminine hearts, with a great and faithful following also in the male contingent of our film-going citizenry. And if the working population of Hollywood were to vote for the No. 1 regular guy in the fillums, Clark undoubtedly would be the winner.

There are two reasons for his continued popularity both on and off the screen. It takes more than dimples and lady killing stuff to retain the allegiance of a fickle and increasingly critical public. The cock of the walk of screenland's romantic lanes may not be a great actor, but he is certainly a capable one, otherwise he would have been dethroned long ago. If we forget *Parnell,* Clark has always turned in natural and convincing performances.

IT IS not generally known that Mr. G. had many years of stage experience behind him when he was signed up by the Metro lion to spill his masculine charms across the screen. He was already a seasoned trooper, with experience in a great variety of roles. His breaking into pictures and quick stardom was no accident. Ever since he finished high school, to make his way in the world, he wanted to be an actor.

But the beauty about Clark's acting career is that he cheerfully bore every hardship and fought hard to reach where he is today —but not too hard. He was primarily interested then, as he is now, in enjoying the moment, without bothering too much about the future. And on the shoulders of no movie great does fame rest more lightly.

You immediately realize the cause of his off screen popularity when you shake hands with him. He has big, powerful hands, with a steely grip. Clark has grappled with the raw realities of life with those tremendous hands of his, and the resulting hard knocks have made him the extremely human cuss he is today. Tolerant. Broad-minded. Understanding. As you know, he has labored with tough hombres in oil fields and lumber camps. And if he is today the movie king, he is a king with the common touch.

I hadn't seen him for a year as I met him again on the set of *Test Pilot,* in which the enchanting Myrna Loy, emotes opposite him. I said to myself: Here is Clark Gable, famous motion picture star, paying great fortunes to Uncle Sam as income tax, a man invested with the aura of a romantic legend, whose dimples and booming voice do strange things to feminine heartstrings everywhere. Mr. G. is not disappointing at all in real life. Off screen, he is an even more likeable and compelling personality, and you can't say that of many stars. Nevertheless, it was strange, very strange, to hear him tell me some unrecorded facts from his past, as we settled down in two canvas-backed chairs and he filled his pipe.

"I used to be like a gypsy," he said, his blue eyes shining with a reminiscent look. They are the eyes of a big guy with a mellow soul, the warm human sparkle of which the camera has never captured. "I remember I was so flat broke in Oregon that I would go to the beach with a shovel and dig on the rocks for clams. Nothing now tastes as good as a clam meal, prepared on an open fire right by the edge of the ocean." Being something of a connoisseur of clams myself, I agreed.

BUT Clark would be the last person to dramatize his hardships. "It was an easy life," he asserted. "In those days I never had a dollar and was always busted. But money was no object, and I was happy and carefree. When I was touring the sticks with various stock companies, I was stranded so many times that I would have been disappointed if I hadn't been. I was always on the go, moving from one town to another."

"A happy vagabond," I put in.

"Bum would be a better word," Clark laughed. He is at his best when he laughs. "I was rich if I had twenty-five dollars. I could easily live on that for two weeks, and I never figured more than two weeks ahead. It was only after I came to Hollywood and started getting my share of the movie dough that I began to worry about my future, invested my savings in annuities and laid aside all I could for a rainy day. In those days I used to wash my own shirts and handkerchiefs backstage, dump 'em in a large can and boil 'em. When I became prosperous, I had my own iron too—didn't have to borrow it from somebody else. Everybody did that in those days.

"Say, I remember the time when I used to play drums and clown in the streets to ballyhoo our shows. When we hit a new burg, five or six of us guys would stand at a prominent street corner, each playing a different instrument, and we made a lot of bad music to attract the attention of the public to the show we were putting on that night in a tent, barn or the local op'ra house. I wore a clown's outfit too." He burst out laughing.

"Clark, you've never told these things before."

"I guess not. If I told writers everything they would have to write whole books, and not articles."

Now, countless stories have been written exploiting various phases of Mr. G.'s life and character, yet it is always interesting to hear from the lips of aureoled hot shots their own sober, homespun stories. I asked him to tell me exactly how he started in the show business and what he did before success and riches came his way. And what follows is a brief, authentic autobiography, in Clark's own words. I took it down in shorthand, and it's printed without any additions or embellishments. I have only taken the liberty of deleting a few thunder words. You have never read Clark Gable's story in his own words before.

"I started as a callboy, in Akron, Ohio," Clark said. "I was born in Cadiz, a small Ohio town, but went to Akron after I graduated from high school. The theatre where I worked didn't pay me anything, and I had to earn my bread and butter by working in a rubber factory. After several months, I appeared on the stage, myself. My first part, I think, was a native in *The Bird of Paradise.* I didn't have any lines to speak, just atmosphere.

"I stayed with that company for two years, but I never got any real parts. However, I had the satisfaction of seeing my name, William C. Gable, eventually listed in the cast, 'way down at the bottom, of course. Then I went to Oklahoma, where my father had entered the oil business as a drill contractor. I earned good wages, around twelve [*Continued on page* 57]

Clark's new M-G-M picture, *Test Pilot,* finds him co-starring with Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy (top of page). In center, Clark acts as his own mechanic, and at bottom with Myrna in another *Test Pilot* scene

1

Meet The Winner!

2

3

4

Academy Award banquets are always important affairs, and the 1938 Awards were bestowed with half of Hollywood in attendance. At top of page (1) Louis B. Mayer with three of the winners, Frank Capra, Mrs. Spencer Tracy (who accepted for her husband) and Luise Rainer. Other participants were Dick and Joan Powell with Bob Hope (2); the Harold Lloyds (3); Charles Boyer, Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger (4) and Loretta Young, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale (5)

5

Shirley Temple is now allowed to attend her own previews. At left (1) we find the moppet star with her parents at the first showing of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* On the same occasion: Arleen Whalen and Richard Greene stop to chat with Arthur Treacher (2). Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson (3), also preview hounds, were snapped at the Warner sneak showing of *Fools for Scandal,* as were Bing and Dixie Crosby (4). Douglas Fairbanks, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and the ever-glamorous Mar-lay-na Dietrich (5) pose informally at one of the last race meets at Santa Anita

Candid-ly Speaking!

Margaret Sullavan has her first screen role in ages as the tragic *Patricia* of *Three Comrades*, and proves a grand foil for Bob Taylor

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH

By MARY HILL

"Three Comrades" is a worthy follow-up to "A Yank at Oxford"—with Robert Taylor in his best role to date, and Margaret Sullavan making a notable return to the screen

Mr. Thomas DeVane,
Editor, SCREEN BOOK,
New York, N. Y.
Dear Boss:

Remember that day at lunch in the M-G-M commissary, when you were vacationing in Hollywood recently, and you asked me to do some snooping on the *Three Comrades* company? You said, "Get something breezy, gay and with plenty of information. Our readers want to know all about this new Taylor picture—a red blooded follow-up for *A Yank at Oxford.*"

Well, I can fill that last requirement about the information—but about the gay and breezy I'm not so sure. Boss, I don't want to let you down on any of the points you stressed, but how can I be so darn light-hearted when the truth is that I was choked up most of the time? I'm telling you, that picture got under my skin. Even the weather was in sympathy. It rained nearly every day of shooting. A long, soggy, dismal California winter rain.

The dreary skies didn't seem to bother Director Frank Borzage a bit. In fact it fit in with his and cameraman Karl Freund's scheme perfectly. You see, most of the action took place on a set of the studio's back lot. Built to the tune of fifty grand, this set was a complete little German village, with crooked cobblestone streets winding up and down a hillside. Though it took up a quarter square mile, it was protected from above by huge sheets of canvas strung across the top of the buildings with wire. An idea of Freund's, who wanted to get unusual daytime lighting effects. Just enough rain seeped down to give the streets that slippery, soggy sort of dismal effect they wanted.

Wait until you see the narrow trousers, high laced shoes and strange outfits Bob Taylor as *Erich*, Franchot Tone as *Koster*, and Bob Young as *Lenz* are wearing! They play the three friends, bound by ties of camaraderie of the front, and the bitterness of post war experiences, so poignantly described in Erich Maria Remarque's best-seller.

I suppose because the other Remarque books, (*All Quiet on the Western Front*, and *The Road Back*) were all about war, I imagined this to be the same. But Director Borzage informed me that the story picked up from around 1920 until the time just before Hitler. That there will be a short prologue of war scenes to identify the heroes' background with the audiences—that is all. Ah, and that reminds me. They are going ahead with the picture even though they know it will not be shown in Germany. There is nothing in the film that could offend the present German government, in that the entire story occurs before it came into power. But Remarque is an exile, and therefore it will automatically be barred.

Margaret Sullavan, who plays the orphan girl *Patricia* in the picture, did not appear on the set for nearly a week after the shooting started. The first days had been devoted to showing the life of the three young men, who as the picture opens are owners of a small automobile shop, the pride of which is a phenomenally fast racing car, resembling an old wreck. Tone was supposed to have built it.

IT IS while the three of them are tearing down one of the winding village streets, and start an impromptu race with a car which tries to pass them that they meet Sullavan, who is riding with a profiteer. The camera, on a long boom, twenty feet or so above the ground, glides forward slowly from a side street, like a formidable mechanical dragon emerging from a cave. It picks up a close shot of Sullavan then shifts to Taylor whose face registers the symptoms of love at first sight.

At a glance you can see that Sullavan isn't a glamour girl in this film. She wears a little, rather pathetic black dress with white pique collar and cuffs. Her hair, a sort of light taffy color, is worn in a plain, straight bob. The hairdresser confided to me a little later that she had requested the simple coiffure from head make-up man Jack Dawn "because she wanted to sleep later." In other words, she'd rather get an extra wink of shut eye then look glamorous in the movies! Golly did you know she was so *little*? I hadn't noticed until she got out of the profiteer's car.

Little or not, she's got a mind of her own. Let me tell you a little by play I watched after the scene was over. Incidentally, Borzage's taking his time on the picture. He re-took the scene I just described seven times. But to get back to Sullavan's having a mind of her own—the publicity man who brought me to the set excused himself and went over to where she was sitting in a canvas chair, with one of those heavy peasant sweaters flung over her shoulders.

"Miss Sullavan," I heard him say. "Uh—there are a lot of newspaper fellas who'd like to interview you. And I'd like to do a few syndicate features myself. What kind—"

"None," she interrupted in a sweet, but very final tone.

"You mean you don't want to give—"

She shook her head swiftly. "Nope."

"But—" he protested.

"Look. In interviews I invariably get off on the wrong foot. Say too much or not enough. I'm not good copy," she said closing the conversation.

The publicity man gave her a silent look. "Okay," he said, as though thinking aloud. "I've handled a couple of Garbo pictures," and walked off.

Just then Bob Taylor came over and sat down on the edge of one of those suitcase looking things where they keep extra film to re-load the camera with. He looked quite a bit thinner than usual and I asked him about it.

He told me that he'd taken off the weight slaving on his San Fernando ranch during his two month's "vacation" after finishing *A Yank at Oxford.* Seems he wants to stay at the ranch all the time when he isn't working, and he's even getting rid of his big cars—trading them in for something smaller and more practical for the "country life."

"You weren't doing so badly this morning," I remarked, recalling how he'd whizzed by in a very sleek, very long tan Packard. The publicity man and I were riding out to the set on the tram when he passed. Time was when ladies of the press (and gentlemen, too) rode back and forth in elegant studio limousines. But efficiency experts at M-G-M started slashing budgets by getting the trams to carry more people at less cost. Ah, well! It was sort of fun swishing through the mud in the little bus.

I TOLD you earlier that *Three Comrades* got under my skin. And I wasn't kidding. The boys—Taylor, Young, Tone, Borzage and the rest of them, along with Sullavan, seemed to get along beautifully, but the usual note of levity found in picture companies was missing. The hectic, poverty ridden lives they were portraying had an effect on every one. You couldn't really stand around and watch those mobs of shabby young men during the scenes where the political troubles of the town were brewing, and be exactly gay. The undercurrent of tragedy, even the joyous moments of the four made you want to cry even while you laughed. The Borzage touch? You guessed it. Remember *Seventh Heaven, Song of My Heart,* and *Farewell to Arms* —all Borzage pictures? Then you know what I mean.

The picture does not vary much from the book, Borzage told me. In fact, the only real difference in the film is that Taylor and Sullavan marry. They did not in the book, inasmuch as *Patricia* had inherited tuberculosis from her once wealthy family, and would not do *Erich* that injustice. (Mr. Hays requires them married in the film, however.)

Despite the tragedy which is revealed as the story unfolds, there is *such* high gallantry and wistfulness in the film that it has many a bright moment, though it begins with the disillusioned lives of three men of thirty—who have nothing left but the faith in their own friendship. It builds with the love between them, later shared with Margaret Sullavan. It rises to a crescendo with the tragic death of Bob Young, who is mur-

[*Continued on page* 82]

BOB TAYLOR !

Dynamic Margaret Sullavan surrounded by the *Three Comrades* of the M-G-M picture—Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and Robert Young. Notice Franchot's authentic German haircut

WHY AM I AN ACTOR?

ASKS FRED MACMURRAY

Lady Luck, says amiable Fred MacMurray, has been uncommonly kind to him—or he wouldn't have become one of Hollywood's biggest stars!

BY TED MAGEE

Cocoanut Grove teams Fred with the lovely Harriet Hilliard

A MAN who jitters every time he faces an audience shouldn't be an actor. He has two strikes called on him—with very little chance of making a hit.

That's why Fred MacMurray wonders even now that he is a star. In fact, it is all quite puzzling to him. Fred believes it when he says he never should have been an actor. He knows blamed well that an audience still appalls him. He feels like a college sophomore trying to crash a spot in the senior class play. But all the same, he's a big star and he can't do anything about it.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Years ago, when Fred was a high school student in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, he had a momentary ambition to be an actor. But it was strictly one of those flash desires. He tried out for the lead in the school play, that one about *Boggs, Freshman.* He lost out for the top role, but he did manage to edge into the cast. His name got on the program because he appeared on the stage for one panicky moment during which he crossed the stage with a girl on each arm. And once, after that, he disguised himself with burnt cork and appeared in a local minstrel show.

"But that was all strictly evolutionary stuff," Fred insists. "I knew from the start I should be a musician. You see, my dad was a concert violinist.

"One summer during vacation I worked 20 hours a day as a pea canner. I managed to save quite a bit of money, and with it I bought a trumpet. My father had taught me how to read music, and before long I had landed in the American Legion band, a high school band, and a five piece jazz orchestra. That's how I managed to get a saxophone.

"Well, all this musical development gave me certain ambitions. I enjoyed playing at

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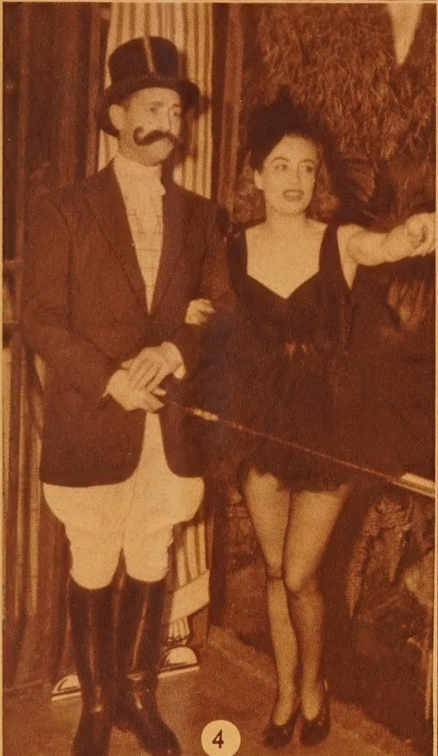
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PARTY IN PARADISE!

Lots of fans would think it Paradise indeed to attend a party with their movie favorites — but the Frank Borzages' recent circus party was held at the popular new Hollywood hot spot, the Hawaiian Paradise. Robert Young and his pretty wife (1) were prominent among the merry-makers, as was the ever-lovely Claire Windsor (2) with Franchot Tone. John King and Patricia Wilder, a new filmland twosome (3), added a romantic note. Joan Crawford (4) not at all worried about the run in her stocking, came as a bareback rider with hubby Franchot as a ringmaster. Most lovely blondes at the party were Anita Louise and Wendy Barrie (5). Bob Taylor and Missy Stanwyck were a right handsome Western pair (6) and that's Franchot Tone chatting with them. Leland Heyward, host Frank Borzage and Margaret Sullavan (7) were an interesting group. Hollywood voted the Paradise party a heavenly occasion!

—Fawcett photos

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NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT!

BECOMING a motion picture star is just about as easy as three things I can think of off-hand:

(1) Winning a sweepstake

(2) Being named heir to your unknown millionaire uncle's estate in Australia; and/or

(3) Suddenly waking up and finding out you ARE Charlie McCarthy.

There's nothing to it!

The way the statisticians have it worked out you merely have to win, hands down, in a 100,000 to 1 contest. That is, you must come out No. 1 man or girl in a horde of 100,000 extras, all of whom have the same tremendous ambition that you have, who are all working for the same goal!

It's nice work if you can get it!

. . . And yet, even more amazing than any statistics is the proven fact that—*you can get it if you try!*

Others have! Yes, some who are pirouetting dizzily on the very topmost Hollywood heights have gotten there out of sheer determination, because of an amazing grit, an ingenuity and resourcefulness which would put them right up there if they were secretaries, bookkeepers, infantrymen or sub-debs.

Take li'l Missie Lombard. She wasn't always Carole, the beautiful star of such tremendous successes as *Nothing Sacred* or *Fools For Scandal.* There was a time when she was plain Jane Peters (and what could be plainer?) Yes, she had been a beautiful Sennett bathing gal, all curves and comedy, and then she got her first major portrayal in *Me, Gangster.* But it didn't last. In fact, at one turn in the road things were looking so dark, as far as new screen assignments were concerned, that Carole took the out-door route to keep her face on the screen. Here was a capable dramatic actress who was willing to become the leading woman for Tom Mix in a series of rough-riding thrillers!

If you know your Hollywood you realize what *that* means. The only thing lower than you is the horse you're riding —and Carole rode her own, took the spills, leaped over cliffs and went through all the other rigorous stunts demanded of an open-space heroine. During that time she refused to let anyone double for her. She played her own dangerous scenes with the result that tales of her physical bravery became legend in the movie city. And then she got her chance. It was a one-picture engagement which moved her into a dressing room at Paramount—and kept her there! She had made good.

Ask Carole the recipe for her Royal Road to Success and she answers: *"I went out to get what I was after!"* And she did.

If your profile doesn't quite measure up to Robert Taylor's don't let *that* get you down. For Bob's looks, which have been called perfect without any exaggeration at all if you ask me, had, as Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan so wittily put it, "nothing to do with the case." It was like this:

Robert Taylor and Sylvia Sidney, above, are two stars whose determination made them famous players

Dorothy Lamour and Frances Farmer (top left) were elevator girl and theatre usherette, respectively, before tackling Hollywood. Clark Gable and James Stewart (bottom left) are others who proved that movie stardom can be won in spite of obstacles

The vivid Carole Lombard took the hard road to success—as a leading woman in Tom Mix Western films

By HELEN HARRISON

Although the odds were 100,000 to 1 against them, many of our leading film stars refused to accept defeat—and look where they are today—on the top!

Bob was given the role of a bank teller in a *Crime Does Not Pay* short made by Metro and released as *Buried Loot.* In this capsule epic Bob was the villain, and during the development of the story there was a terrific chemical explosion which "distorted" his handsome face. Jack Dawn, the lot's make-up artist, did a grand job.

This picture was the first of a proposed series to be made by the company, and as is customary, a great many executives were invited to the screening in one of the studio's projection rooms so that their opinion could be given.

It so happened that Lucien Hubbard, an associate producer of the picture, was casting *Society Doctor* at that time, and believing that the grotesque young actor who played the bank teller so realistically was a "find," Hubbard cast him for his first leading role!

If Bob had relied on his symmetrical features alone his Golden Opportunity would have been passed, for as far as he was concerned the picture might as well have been titled *Buried Looks.* Bob acted as he had never acted before and his first—and probably his last—"Lon Chaney" won him stardom!

DOROTHY LAMOUR and her girlhood pal, the late Dorothy Dell, had determined to make their way to the top. Starting out via the beauty contest route, Dorothy Dell forged ahead rapidly, finally wining the coveted title of "Miss Universe." Her loveliness and her voice led to one triumph after another and soon the youthful beauty was in pictures carving a brilliant and meteoric career.

But where was Dorothy Lamour? Born in New Orleans, having won the title of "Miss New Orleans" she felt fated to bloom and die there unseen and, literally, unsung.

Dorothy might have tried to crash show business then, but realizing the hopelessness of it during the depression, she took a job in a store. Believing there was more opportunity in Chicago she worked and saved and finally secured a position there in a large department store. She bent every effort toward modelling and, having achieved her aim, the modelling department was promptly discontinued because of the need for curtailing expenses.

Discouraged? No, she wasn't discouraged—not *too* discouraged. She took on a series of jobs, first as saleswoman, then as elevator operator—anything that presented itself.

A friend she had made while working in the store, another Dorothy (Dorothy Gulman), was handling publicity for the Morrison Hotel by arranging a series of "celebrity nights." The persistent little Lamour prevailed upon her for a chance to sing. Dorothy Dell coached her in

[*Continued on page 61*]

Hollywood is eagerly hoping that James Cagney, one of its favorite sons, will regain his former place as a reigning star

By
TERRY LORTON

CAN JIMMY CAGNEY COME BACK?

YOU can't blame Jimmy Cagney for wanting to find out. The Supreme Court still allows a man a fair measure of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Jimmy had a hunch he was gaining all three of these things when he abandoned Warner Brothers studio two years ago.

I don't think it took Jimmy very long to become disillusioned. But it took a great deal longer for him to untangle the wires he had crossed, and he pretty nearly lost all his fame as a screen star before he did it.

Now Jimmy is back on the home lot. He and Warners have forgiven everything. There's a "New Deal" in the air, and Jimmy's on the upbeat. And just in the nick of time.

Right now Jimmy is making *Boy Meets Girl* as his first production. Pat O'Brien is co-starring with him. Shades of bygone days! Pat and Jimmy were co-starred in *Ceiling Zero* when the court gave the two-fisted little guy liberty from his contract with the studio. It came after a bitter legal fight, and nobody's lawyer was speaking to nobody else by the time the whole thing was settled.

What was it that made this fuss worth while to El Cagney? Well, it's an interesting story, and maybe you can judge for yourself whether his sacrifices were worth it after all. A lot of people in Hollywood say that Jimmy went Shakespearean a-la-ham after that donkey role of his in *Midsummer Night's Dream.* And it's true that he was terribly enthusiastic over this type of acting after he had once tasted of its heady possibilities.

I remember talking with him one time about the picture. He raved over the whole thing. He was so blamed enthusiastic about it that he must have told half the town, too.

"Shakespearean drama—it's the greatest thrill in the world," he said. He recited verbatim part of the script, and demonstrated with a bit of impromptu acting exactly what he meant. "Why, man, that stuff beats the cops-and-robbers line of acting all hollow. I'm sick and tired of the same old bunch of pictures. Always the tough little guy out to do right by little Nell!"

And there you have the real thought down in his mind. It wasn't particularly that Jimmy thought he should portray Hamlet the rest of his life. He hadn't gone as arty on Hollywood as most people thought. But after several long years of playing the cop (with variations), or the

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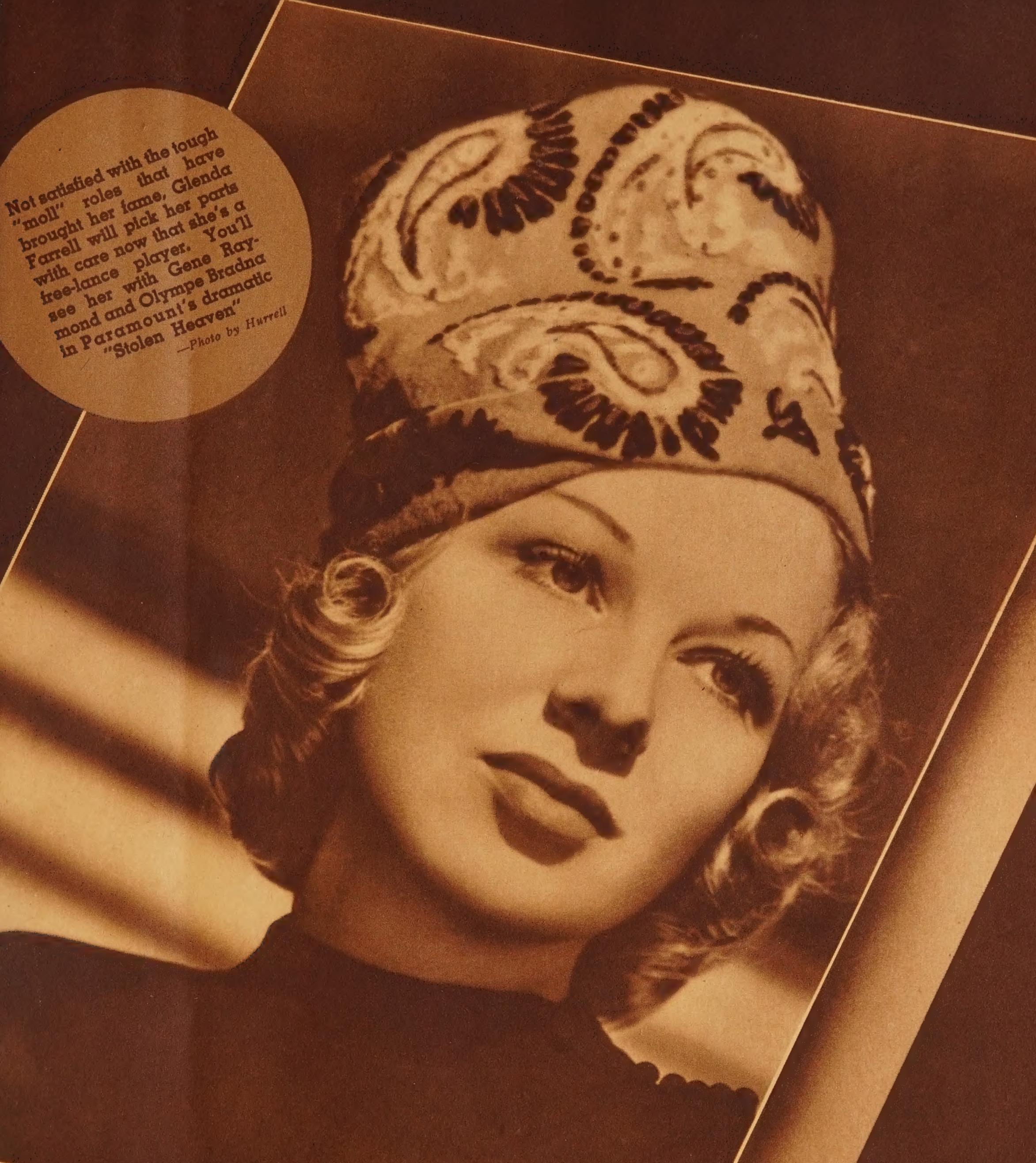

Not satisfied with the tough "moll" roles that have brought her fame, Glenda Farrell will pick her parts with care now that she's a free-lance player. You'll see her with Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna in Paramount's dramatic "Stolen Heaven"

—*Photo by Hurrell*

GLENDA FARRELL

SUMMER PREVIEW

Top left: Lovely Jinx Falkenberg prepares to give her new bathing suit a trial in the ocean blue. Top right: The waves whisper their approval of Grace Bradley's white wool suit. Center left: Warren Hull's two-piece wool suit is the reason for his apparent enthusiasm. Center right: Miss Falkenberg's astronomically-patterned suit features shoulder straps that are sublimely different. All four are manufactured by Gantner & Mattern. Bottom left: Eleanor Hansen (right) tells Mary Brodel (both wearing Matletex suits) that bathing in the early winter months is not unusual in sunny California. Eleanor's suit features a dark background with a light flower pattern throughout, while Mary's garment is of multi-colored diagonal stripes. Bottom right: Evelyn Knapp's one-piece Matletex suit is the newest thing in design and fit. These three are West Coast Manchester suits

IS JON HALL ON THE SPOT?

Jon Hall's overnight success has not changed the size of his hat—and from his fighting words, we don't believe that Hollywood will spoil him!

THE burning question of the moment in Hollywood is whether Jon Hall will be able to keep an even keel in the face of the wave of feminine adulation that has swept the country following first sight of his handsome, lithe figure in Samuel Goldwyn's *Hurricane*. Friends and foes of Jon's are sharply divided on the question. And here's what it's all about:

From a confidential peep into Jon's date book and a little checking up on the messages that come over his personal telephone wire, it would appear that he is the Sheik of the Moment. That the wimmin are mad, simply mad over him.

On his recent personal appearance excursion through the country, when he was making one-night stands as rapidly as the exigencies and the time limit of his tour would permit, members of the fairer sex wouldn't let him alone. His telephone rang at all hours. Girls from any and all strata of society haunted the stage door of the theatres in which he appeared. Not only the youngsters, the debs and the high-school girls, but respectable matrons, who should have been old and discreet enough to have their minds occupied with more seemly matters than a young movie idol, were determined to meet him and entertain him.

There is no doubt that the boy has charm with a capital C and appeal with a capital A. His broad chest,

[*Continued on page* 63]

By
ELISE
CORTON

Jon Hall, the new matinee idol, has had several romantic entanglements during his short Hollywood career. At bottom: Andrea Leeds, his first heart interest; in center: Jon with Patricia Wilder at a costume party: and at top, with Frances Langford (this romance is supposed to be the real thing!)

MARRIAGE A LA CARTE

By KATHERINE HARTLEY

At eighteen, Anne Shirley has her own clear and definite ideas about marriage—and her handsome husband, John Payne, agrees with her. They'll admit frankly that they're out to have fun!

A "different" Hollywood marriage is the one between Anne Shirley and John Payne

YOU expect a young movie couple, freshly wed, to move into a little white house on a hill 'mid chintzes and frills and all kinds of flouncy charm. You expect them suddenly to go domestic, and the girl, at least, will have her picture taken as she poses over the stove in a perspiration-beading atmosphere, and the photos in the paper will be captioned with that old Hollywood saw, "Bride cooks dinner for her husband."

But this isn't that kind of a legend at all, for it's a story of Anne Shirley and John Payne and their marriage, which falls not in the least in the Hollywood category. Theirs is a marriage which belongs strictly "unto the new generation," and in their "attack" on this most dangerous of all institutions, they can show a lot of the old

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SUNNY SUNDRIES

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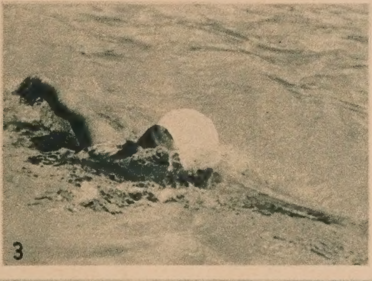
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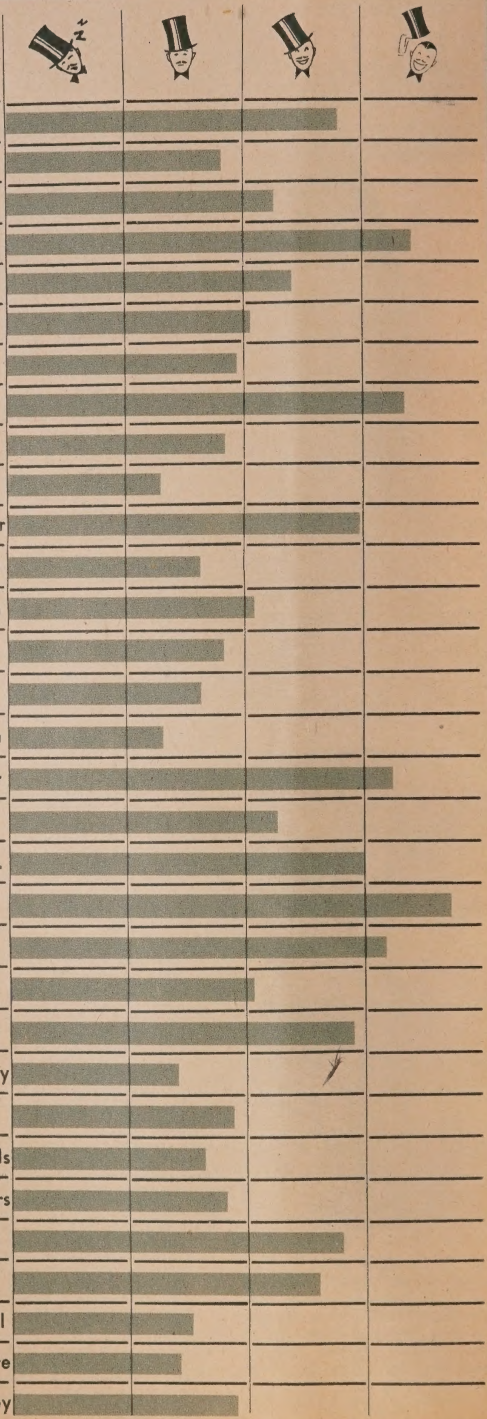
(1) Pretty Jean Rogers, Universal starlet, proudly displays her U. S. Rubber bathing suit. (2) What's this? Sure enough, it's Max Factor, famous Hollywood beauty expert, helping Mary Maguire adjust her U. S. Howland swim cap. The cap is guaranteed to keep the hair dry. But Max Factor is still skeptical. (3) Mary will show him. There she goes after diving into the pool. (4) Dripping wet, the charming Warner Bros. starlet comes up smiling. (5) Even Max Factor is convinced. Mary's hair is dry and fluffy. A suction band inside the cap does the trick

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)

Picture Title	Who's In It
REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM	Shirley Temple-R. Scott
CONDEMNED WOMEN	Anne Shirley-L. Hayward
JEZEBEL	Bette Davis-Henry Fonda
ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO	Gary Cooper-S. Gurie
THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS	R. Montgomery-V. Bruce
PRISON NURSE	H. Wilcoxon-M. Marsh
HOLLYWOOD ROUNDUP	B. Jones-H. Twelvetrees
GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST	MacDonald-Eddy
DANGEROUS TO KNOW	A. M. Wong-A. Tamiroff
OVER THE WALL	Dick Foran-June Travis
VESSEL OF WRATH	C. Laughton-E. Lanchester
WHO KILLED GAIL PRESTON?	Don Terry-Rita Hayworth
ISLAND IN THE SKY	Gloria Stuart-M. Whalen
LITTLE MISS ROUGHNECK	Edith Fellows-L. Carrillo
BLONDES AT WORK	G. Farrell-B. MacLane
CRIME OF DR. HALLET	R. Bellamy-J. Hutchinson
BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE	C. Colbert-Gary Cooper
TIP OFF GIRLS	L. Nolan-Mary Carlisle
THE JOY OF LIVING	I. Dunne-D. Fairbanks, Jr.
MAD ABOUT MUSIC	D. Durbin-H. Marshall
IN OLD CHICAGO	Tyrone Power-Alice Faye
BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL	J. Barrymore-J. Howard
FOOLS FOR SCANDAL	Carole Lombard-Gravet
NIGHT SPOT	Parkyakarkas-J. Woodbury
KING OF THE NEWSBOYS	Lew Ayres-Helen Mack
WHEN G MEN STEP IN	D. Terry-Jacqueline Wells
WHERE THE WEST BEGINS	J. Randall-Luana Walters
THE BATTLE OF BROADWAY	V. McLaglen-B. Donlevy
GOODBYE BROADWAY	A. Brady-C. Winninger
INVISIBLE ENEMY	Alan Marshall-Tala Birell
STATE POLICE	J. King-Constance Moore
RECKLESS LIVING	Robert Wilcox-Nan Grey



CINDERELLA GIRL—1938 STYLE

By E. J. SMITHSON

Proving that miracles still do happen in Hollywood, Arleen Whalen rose from her manicurist's table to become a movie star!

DURING the course of our Hollywood search for story material, we've had the pleasure of visiting with the movie great on sets and settees, in patios, in pantries, and on piazzas, but yesterday marked the first time we ever interviewed a star while helping her get a new "hair-do!"

This hair-raising adventure occurred when we went out to 20th Century-Fox to see, hear, and observe the Killarney-eyed Cinderella girl of 1938, Arleen Whelan, against whose screen inexperience Bossman Darryl Zanuck has been willing to gamble the success of a $2,000,000 production!

Arleen, so Publicist Frances Deaner informed us, was at the hair-dresser's, and we could go right over and enjoy a nice, long, informal chat. And within five minutes of our arrival we found ourselves assisting Ann Barr, the hair-dresser, in giving Arleen a finger-wave!

Finding yourself literally in "somebody's hair"—and a movie star's hair, at that, is really worth classifying as the "Big Event" in an interviewer's life.

Clad in green slacks, gray sweater, and white sneakers, Arleen was sitting before a mirror with her mouth full of hair-pins when we entered. She and the hair-dresser were having a friendly little quarrel that concerned itself, so far as we could judge, as to the proper way the hair should be combed, and as to the proper size of the curls that already were taking shape on one side of her pretty, graceful head. Just as introductions were over, Miss Barr was called away on some other task and Arleen said she could do the rest herself and right then and there is where we come into the picture.

"Take these hair-pins," she ordered with a twinkle in her blue eyes, "and stick 'em just exactly where I point." She placed a finger on the side of her head. "One here, one here, and another there. It's very simple. Ouch! I said my *hair,* not my scalp! That's much better. You see, my grandmother is coming from Colorado to visit me—she's sixty-seven and travels everywhere all alone—she's coming tonight—and I want to look especially nice. She'll just about *die* when I tell her that my very first magazine interview took place like this!

"Now put the next pin here. Fine! And the next one right here. You may not believe it, but I'm more nervous this minute than I was when I took my screen test! Now this pin you place here and—"

WELL, Arleen may not believe it, but we were just about as nervous after the twelfth pin as she was, screen test or no screen test, but what with sticking the little gadgets in her scalp instead of her hair and looking at her

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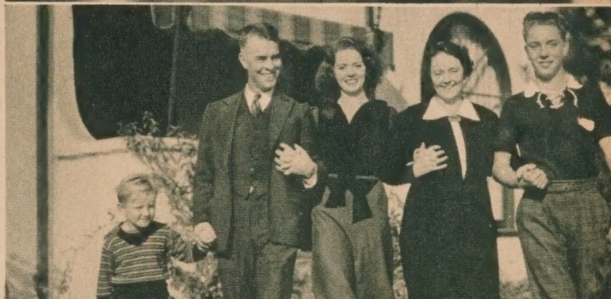


Arleen Whalen's unusual beauty has already made her a Hollywood star. Above left to right, you see her with her family—young Tommy, Father Arthur Whalen, Mother Whalen and Big Brother Robert. At left, Arleen as she appears with Warner Baxter in 20th Century-Fox's *Kidnapped*

HEARTY SANDWICH SNACKS

When Canapes "walk-on" you have a center attraction

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

For sandwich cravers—it's smart to serve sandwiches that are light and tasty enough to hit the spot

This delicious Baked Bean and Dried Beef sandwich is very popular with the hungry males

IN THE good old summertime it's sandwiches that stand in when other foods are inappropriate, troublesome or just played out, for there are sandwiches to fit every type of food role. Probably no other people but Americans so appreciate the sandwich trail whether it leads them to the drug-store counter, the Bar-B-Q or straight to the home dining table or refreshment tray. Thus our hostesses and homemakers have their work made both entertaining and interesting by the variety show they may offer on their sandwich platters.

It's smart to serve sandwiches because they cost little, they "carry" well on picnics and out-of-door occasions, they won't scorch or wilt if the guests are delayed, and finally because no comparable food gives as much nourishment in a space not much bigger than a vanity case!

So let's cheer the sandwich and employ it in all the following "lead" parts:

"Straight"—*Closed* or 2-slice sandwiches.

"Heavy"—*Toasted,* where bread is spread with filling only, the butter being on the *outside* of each slice so it will melt and brown while toasting on electric grill.

"Juvenile"—*Open-face* or 1-slice sandwich.

"Ingenue"—*Rolled,* like jelly-rolls, fastened with toothpicks, then cut in thin slices or "pin-wheels."

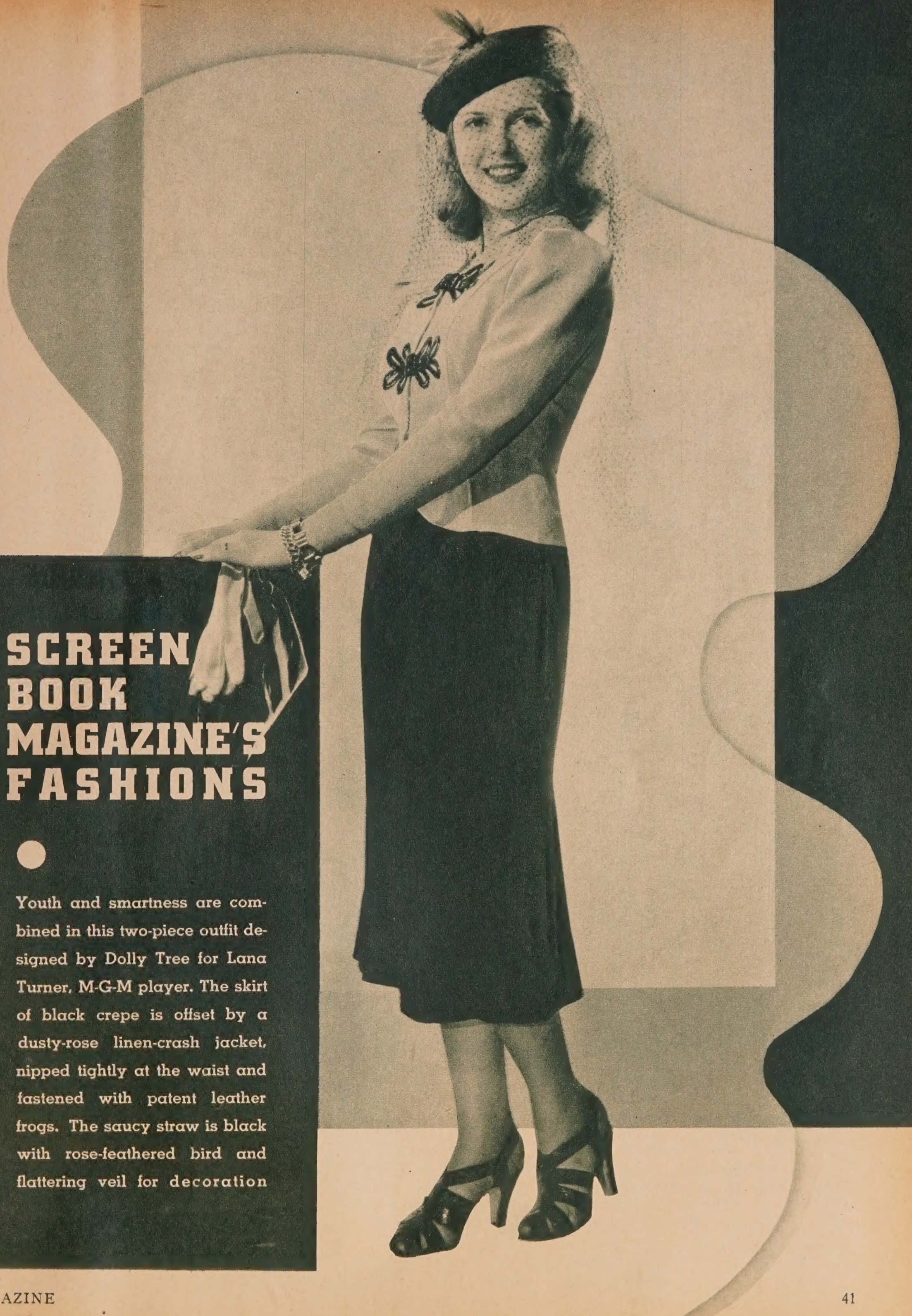
"Character"—*Ribbon* sandwiches made by combining layers of 3 different breads, weighted and chilled, then sliced just before serving.

And now for a fuller explanation of the business required of each of our leading types.

Generally it's the closed sandwich which we choose when we want to pack a lot of nourishment into small space. To make it hearty we can select the filling from thinly sliced cold cuts, sliced hard eggs, cheese, mashed sardines, or a chopped salad mixture of any of these blended with enough mayonnaise or creamed sandwich butter to make a smooth effect.

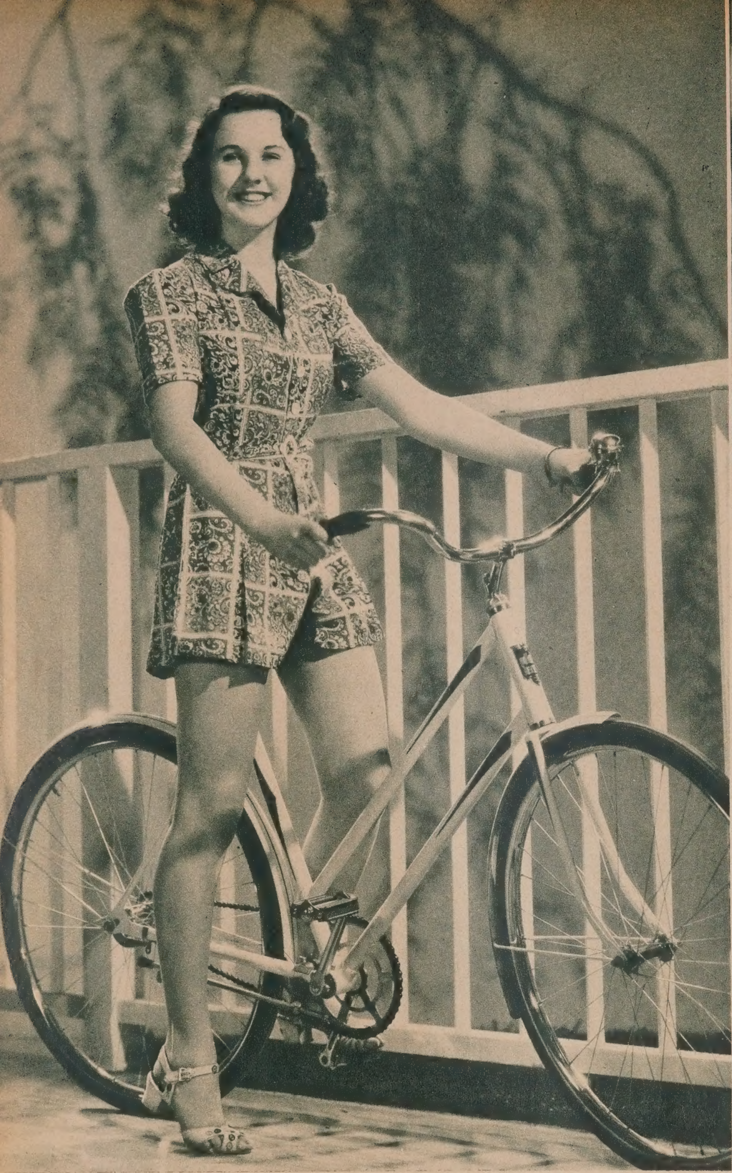
The main trick in making delicious sandwiches is to use bread that is not too soft (so it will not tear away from the filling), and to have the filling neither too dry nor moist enough to be unpleasantly sloppy. Follow the rule of "spread first, and slice second," and always use the sharpest of knives to trim the crust. Watch an expert "sandwich" or "counter" man, and is he deft!

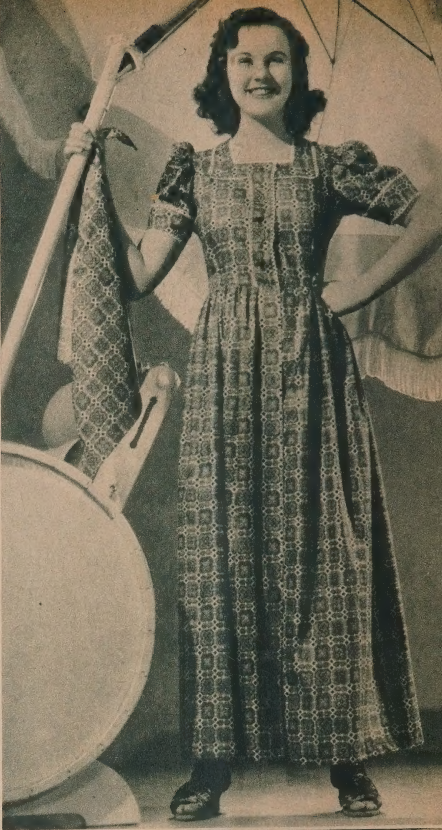
In most cases the butter to be used should first be [*Continued on page* 80]

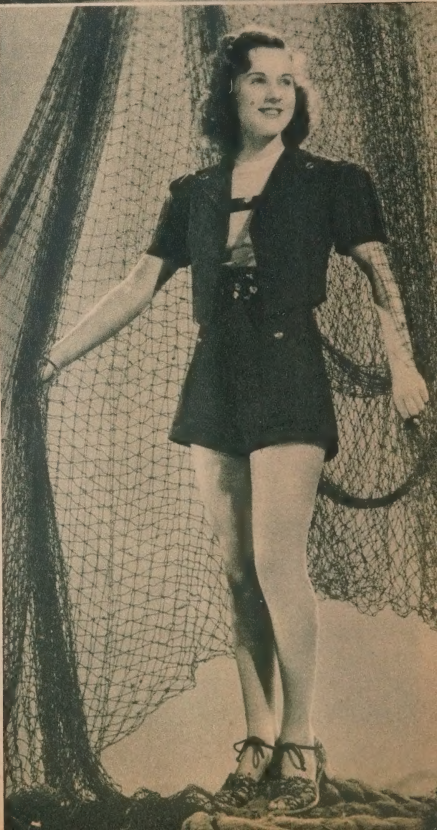


SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE'S FASHIONS

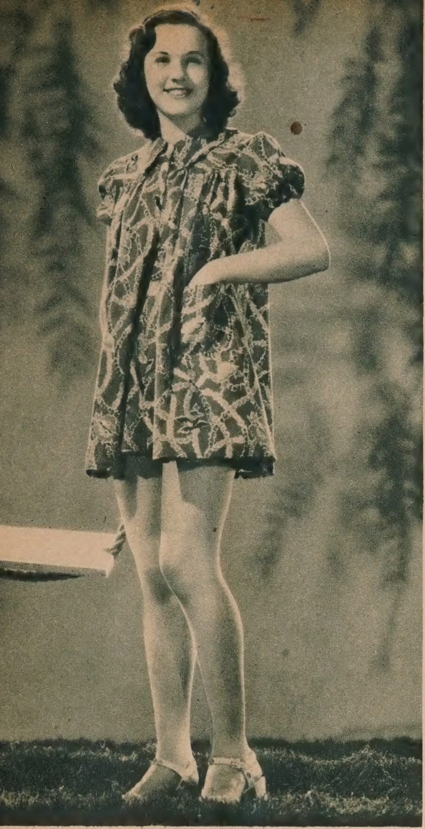
Youth and smartness are combined in this two-piece outfit designed by Dolly Tree for Lana Turner, M-G-M player. The skirt of black crepe is offset by a dusty-rose linen-crash jacket, nipped tightly at the waist and fastened with patent leather frogs. The saucy straw is black with rose-feathered bird and flattering veil for decoration



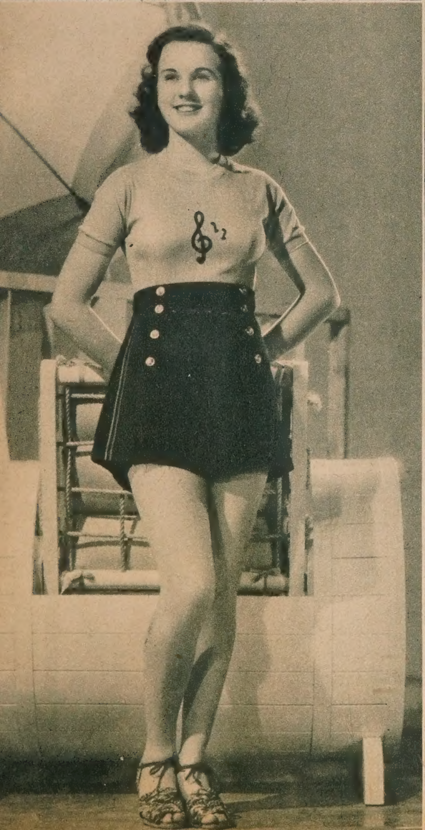


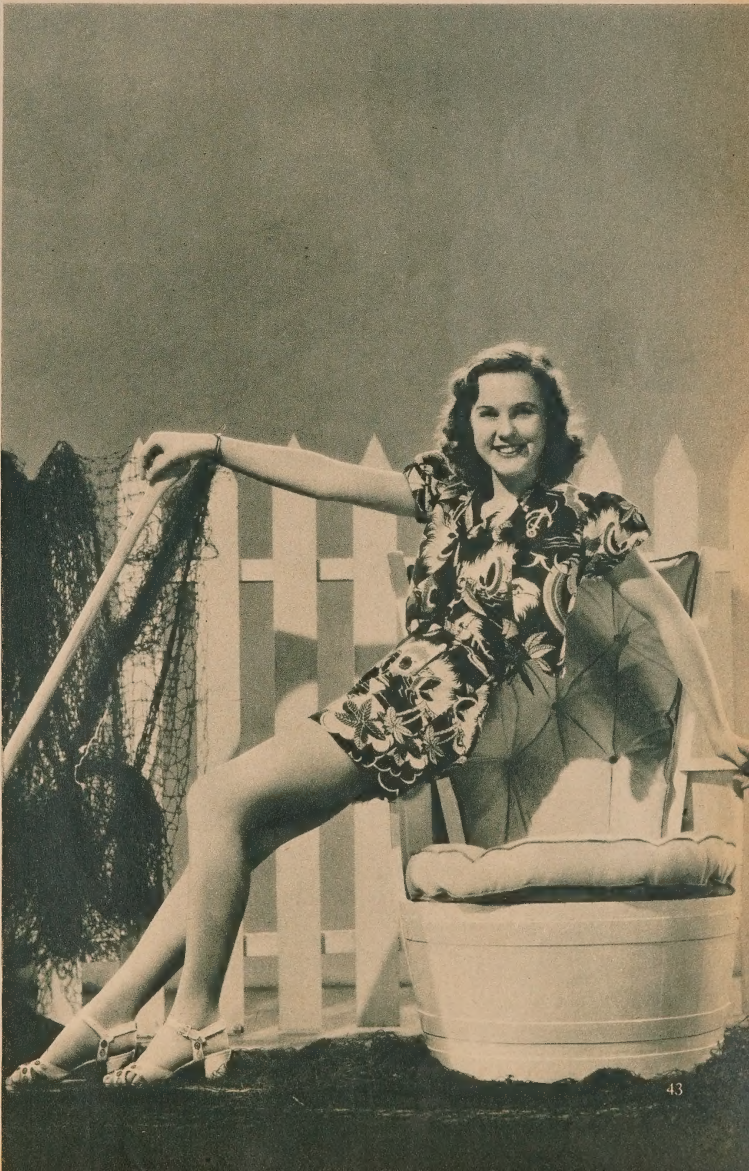


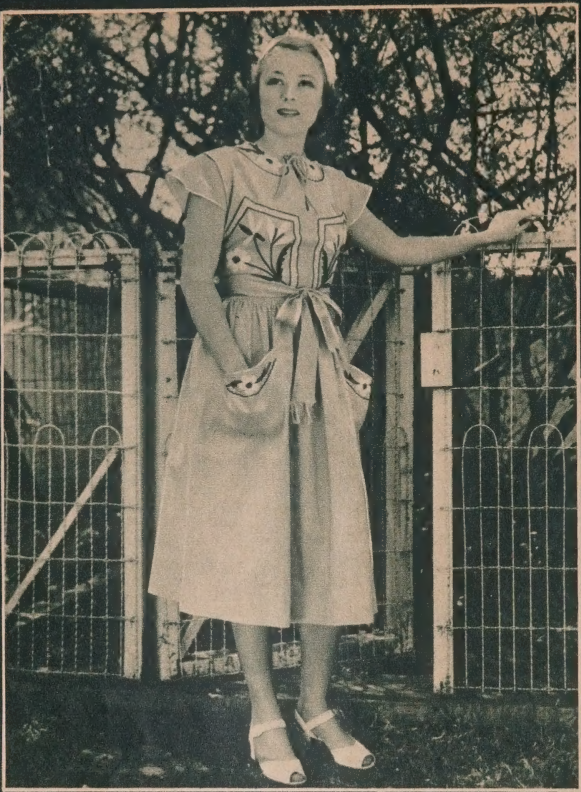
Top: Deanna Durbin, little singing star of Universal's "Mad About Music" was given a bicycle for her birthday and since then has acquired many costumes for cycling. This two-piece soft-toned paisley buttons up the front. Top right: The popular dirndl peasant dress of mosaic design features shades of deep red, blue, green and white. With this Deanna wears a matching kerchief. Right: Deanna's favorite playsuit is of navy blue gabardine with bright metallic buttons. The wide girdle and suspenders are decorated with colorful yarn flowers.



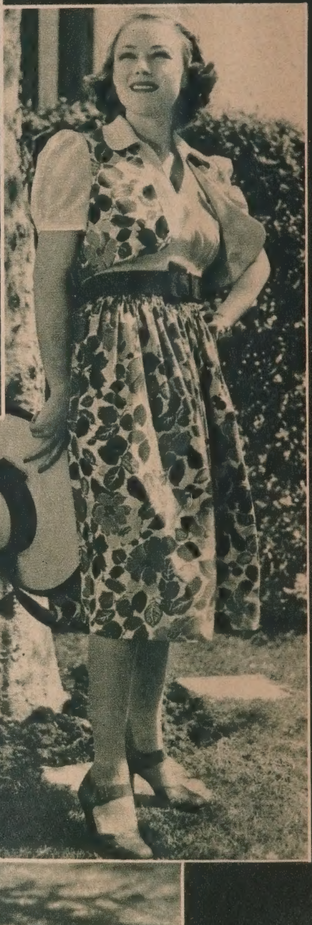
Left: Reminding you of sunny gardens, gay colorful flowers on a background of sky blue, fashion this charming playsuit. It has a halter top and pleated shorts but the news is in the little Boy Blue coat with high yoke over the shoulders and short puff sleeves. Below left: Admirably suited to the little singing star is this powder blue beach sweater with design of clef and notes on the bodice. Below right: Deanna's playsuit of navy blue seersucker with design of clouds, sailboats and umbrellas is one of the smartest to come forth for the summer season



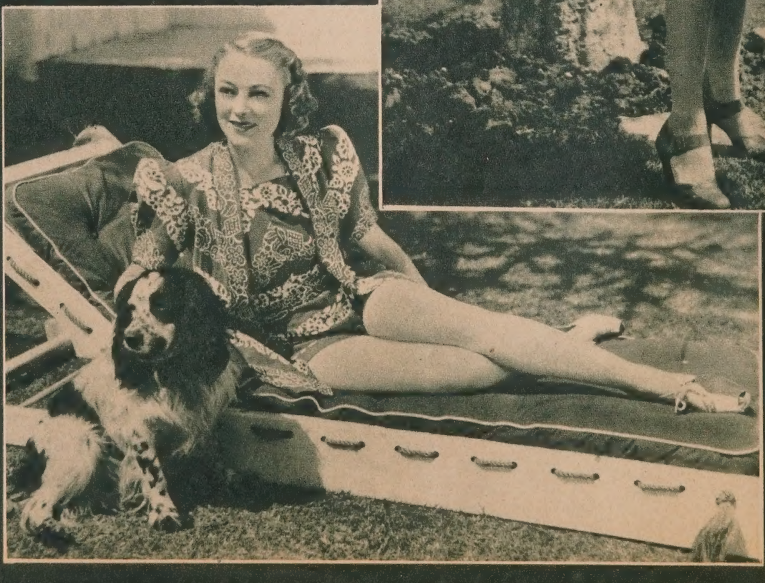


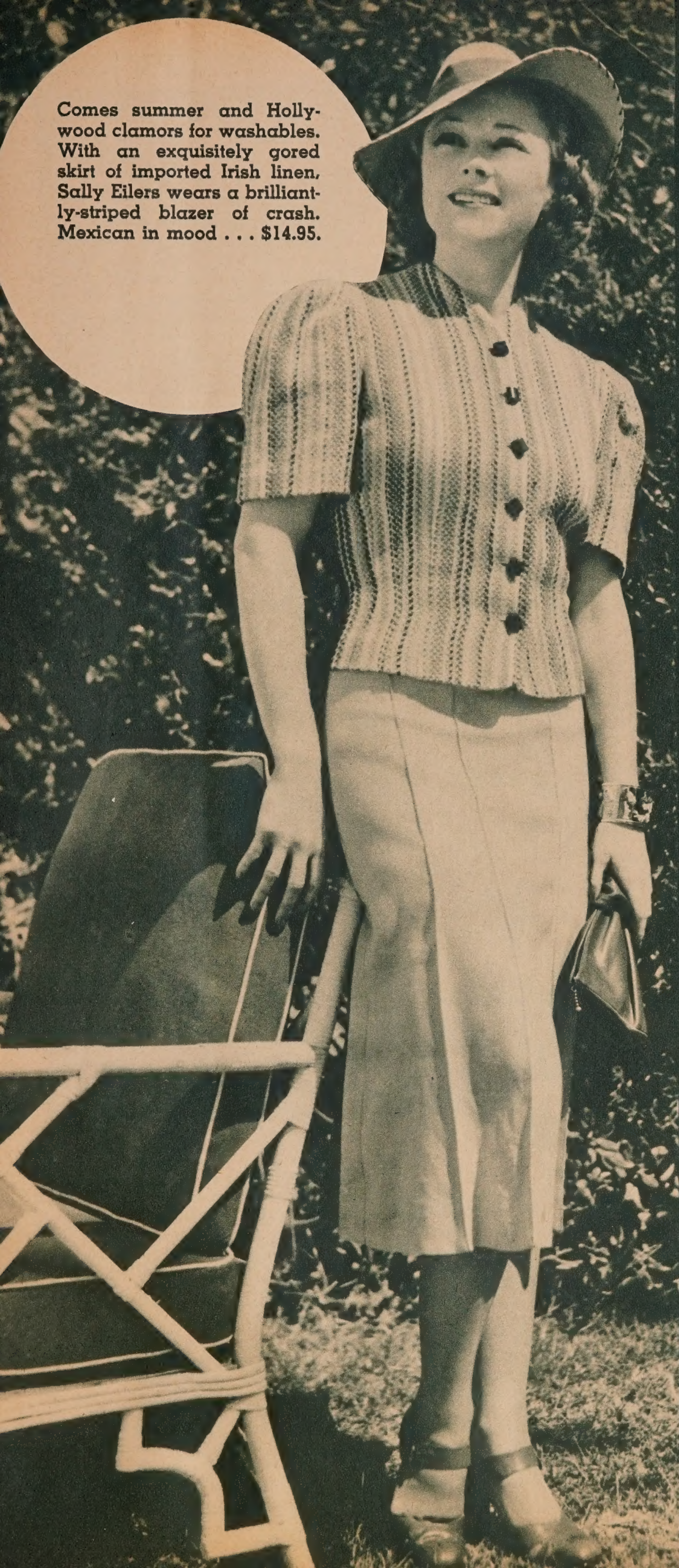


As picturesque as a Tyrolian village is this peasant dress of gaily printed Snia Fiocco with full gathered skirt, reversible bolero and stunning suede belt . . . $14.95.



Above: Sally Eilers, appearing in Universal's "Nurse From Brooklyn," models this linen dirndl, embellished with beautiful embroidered treatment on collar, bodice and pockets . . . $11.95. Below: Her favorite play ensemble is this sunsuit and matching coat of pique printed in a scroll pattern and only $3.95





Comes summer and Hollywood clamors for washables. With an exquisitely gored skirt of imported Irish linen, Sally Eilers wears a brilliantly-striped blazer of crash. Mexican in mood . . . $14.95.

THESE AND OTHER CALIFORNIA FASHION PREVIEWS EXCLUSIVELY AT

ABILENE, TEXAS	Minter Dry Goods Co.
ALBANY, OREGON	Sternberg Ladies Shop
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO	The Hazel Shop
ARKANSAS CITY, KANSAS	The Newman Dry Goods Co.
BAKERSFIELD, CAL.	Judd's Marvel
BELLINGHAM, WASH.	Wahl's
BEND, OREGON	The Silhouette
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.	Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
BOSTON, MASS.	Gilchrist's
CANTON, OHIO	Halle Bros. Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO	Halle Bros. Co.
COLUMBUS, OHIO	F. & R. Lazarus
DALLAS, TEXAS	Sanger Bros
EUGENE OREGON	The Broadway, Inc.
EUREKA, CALIFORNIA	Daly Bros.
EVERETT, WASH.	Grand Leader Dry Goods Co.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS	W. C. Stripling Co.
FRESNO, CAL.	The Vogue
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.	Herpolsheimer's
GREAT FALLS, MONTANA	The Paris Fligman Co.
GUTHRIE, OKLA.	Lintz Department Store
HOUSTON, TEXAS	Alaskan Fur Co
JACKSON, MISS.	Parisian
KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON	La Pointe's
KNOXVILLE, TENN.	Mayme McCampbell Shop
LANSING, MICH.	F. N. Arbaugh Co.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.	J. J. Haggarty
LOUISVILLE, KY.	Kaufman-Straus Co., Inc.
MEDFORD, OREGON	Burelson's
MILWAUKEE, WISC.	Gimbel's
MONROE, LA.	Bella Scherck Davidson Shoppe
MOSCOW, IDAHO	The Fashion Shop
NEW ORLEANS	Maison Blanche Co.
PEORIA, ILL.	P. A. Bergner Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	Gimbel's
PITTSBURGH, KANSAS	Frohlich's Style Shop
POCATELLO, IDAHO	Hassel's
PONCA CITY, OKLA.	Frohlich's Style Shop
PORTLAND, MAINE	Porteous, Mitchell & Braun Co.
PORTLAND, OREGON	Olds, Wortman & King
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	The Shepard Stores
SAGINAW, MICH.	Margo
SALEM, OREGON	Smart Shop
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH	Z. C. M. I.
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS	The Maurice Shop
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS	Siegel's Canadian
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.	City of Paris
SCRANTON, PA.	Scranton Dry Goods Co.
SIOUX CITY, IOWA	Pelletier's
SOUTH BEND, IND.	The Frances Shop
STOCKTON, CALIF.	Katten and Marengo, Inc.
STROUDSBURG, PA.	A. B. Wycokoff
SYRACUSE, N. Y.	C. E. Chappell & Sons
TAMPA, FLORIDA	Viola Todd
TOLEDO, OHIO	Lamson's
WARREN, OHIO	Halle Bros.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	Lansburgh's & Bro., Inc.
WATERLOO, IOWA	Ward S. Williams
WENATCHEE, WASH.	The Fashion Shop
WILKES BARRE, PA.	Isaac Long

FREE BOOKLET FOR THESE AND OTHER
ILLUSTRATIONS OF
CALIFORNIA FASHION PREVIEW STYLES
WRITE SCREEN BOOK,
6331 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dorothy Lamour, whose exotic beauty will soon be displayed in Paramount's *Tropic Holiday*, was a professional model before crashing Hollywood gates

MODEL BEHAVIOR

Many of the screen's foremost stars found modeling a stepping stone to movie fame!

By JANET LYNN

A MODEL doesn't have to be beautiful!

In fact, the girl who is too beautiful, too glamorous, isn't a good model at all. She sells herself instead of the clothes she's modelling. If she's a photographic model, she's likely to antagonize the magazine readers she is trying to sell! The gal who makes a success as a model must look like you or me, or like the wife or sister of the man who's buying. The girl who is neat, smart and appealing in her looks will be a success as a model—or as anything else. You and you and you needn't look with envy at the pretty girls in the cigarette ads.

And a model needn't stay a model all her life. Child models don't graduate into young matron models, and young fashion models don't grow into older women models. No indeed. Modelling is not the end-all of their existence. Models go on to bigger and better things. Some of them become people of importance in the stores where once they modelled. Others become actresses on the stage, still others go immediately to Hollywood. Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Dorothy Lamour were models. So were Betty Furness, Terry Walker, Jean Arthur and Joan Perry. Marjorie Weaver, winner of a SCREEN BOOK beauty contest, posed for advertising illustrations in New York before she went to Hollywood.

All this I learned when I visited the Mallon-Friel Studio, a well-known school for models with studios in New York and Chicago, and watched the girls go through their routines. I saw them learn to apply make-up to bring out their facial assets, learn to do their hair in a new, becoming and easy-to-arrange coiffure. (Changing the part, it seems, will sometimes do more to bring out a face than a completely new hair-do!) I saw them go through exercises to correct sway back, dowager's hump, and debutante slouch. And I watched as they practiced pirouetting, and walking up and down from the practice stage, just as though they were descending from the platform at a real style show.

Later I talked with Miss Mallon, supervisor and stylist for the Studio. From her I learned that a girl must learn to walk gracefully and to carry herself perfectly to be a successful model. Student models practice walking in front of a mirror, to music, in a straight line, around in circles. They place a book on their heads, and walk with that. The trick to this is that the head must be held just so otherwise the book tumbles. It is this upright carriage of the head and of the whole body that a model must strive for. She must never look down, never watch her feet, as she walks. A down glance of the eyes, without moving the head, will help set the feet right. Try balancing a book on your head, or a glass of water on each of your outstretched palms.

[*Continued on page* 48]

It helps their Skin more directly!

THE NEW CREAM WITH "Skin-Vitamin"

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, Jr.

MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

A NEW CREAM that puts the necessary "skin-vitamin" right into skin!—The vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue—which aids in keeping skin beautiful!

Since Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was announced, hundreds of women have tried it!

In this advertisement we are repeating the words of some of the first to try it—"A great advance"—"Keeps my skin better than ever"—"Gives better color"—"Keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin . . .

Exposure is constantly drying this "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

"A great advance . . .

"Pond's new Cold Cream is a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."
MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

"Helps skin more . . .

"I've always been devoted to Pond's. Now with the 'skin-vitamin,' it helps my skin more than ever. Keeps it bright and fresh looking all through the gayest season."
FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.

"Gets skin *really* clean . . .

"Pond's Cold Cream gets my skin really clean. Now it nourishes, too, and keeps my skin so much softer."
MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

Suppose you see what putting the "skin-vitamin" directly into *your* skin will do for it? In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks.

Use the new Pond's Cold Cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! **TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 6-CT, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City____________________State__________

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

Wear the Swim Cap that Movie Stars Prefer!

*Patented Suction Band Keeps Water Out

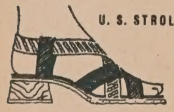
U. S. HOWLAND SWIM CAP

The one cap that REALLY keeps your hair dry

Screen stars know a dip in the deep can't harm a hair of the head that wears a U. S. Howland Swim Cap. With the watertight protection* of the one cap that really keeps the hair dry, they can dash straight from the salty sea to the eye of the camera, without an in-between trip to the hairdresser. This year's smart coiffures, with their upward swirls and curls, just demand the protection that only this truly watertight* cap can give. You, too, will want several for your various beach ensembles!

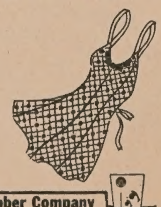
• • •

OTHER U. S. SWIM CAPS—in wide range of styles and colors—a choice for every taste, every mood, every type of face. Cap shown is No. 1841.



U. S. STROLLERS—SMARTEST, MOST COMFORTABLE beach shoes that ever walked across the sand. Use them for sports and all around play shoes as well. No. 852 is shown here.

U. S. SWIM SUITS—WITH A BEAUTY OF TEXTURE exclusive to U. S. Sea-Net, and U. S. Krepe-Tex. You'll adore their new high bust lines and clever adjustable straps. U. S. Sea-Net No. 1874.



U. S. WATER TOYS make the water and beach more fun for young and old.

United States Rubber Company
United States Rubber Products, Inc.

Model Behavior

[*Continued from page* 46]

Even though you don't intend to be a model, you can walk as gracefully as one. Swing your legs from the hips as you walk. Toe out ever so slightly, and rest your weight on the ball of your foot. Don't ape the men who toe straight ahead. Go feminine, and glide. But if you're less than five feet two inches tall, you're the exception to the rule. If you slither into a room people will think you're affected. Instead, you're the girl who has to put pep into her walk, be full of vim and life. You're a cute, lively little thing—so leave sophistication to your taller sisters.

Pretty gestures go with posture and carriage. And the trick here is to keep the wrist flexible. Daintily pull the skirt of an evening dress away from the stairs you're descending. Wave a fan (they're coming back in style) slowly, gracefully. Or pose a cigarette in languid, flexible fingers. Don't clutch! Don't grab!

A model's make-up, hairstyle, clothes, all must be keyed to her type. Each must become her, bring out her best points. Students at the Mallon-Friel School are taught to apply make-up of three different types—Society, Stage, Commercial. The society make-up is the one they'll wear for everyday, and for most fashion modelling; stage make-up explains itself, and commercial make-up is used for fashion photographs of all kinds. Beginners who have a prejudice against eye make-up are given a half-face test. One side of the face is beautifully made-up, the eyes accented with mascara, shadow, brow pencil. The other half is made up without the accent on the eyes. These would-be models are as convinced of the value of eye make-up by this test as you will be when you try it.

Our successful model must be neat and dainty. Dark hair on arms and legs will detract from her feminine charm, from the glamour of the clothes she wears, the products she tries to sell. Perspiration must not stain costly dresses, make its presence known in a crowded room. Our model will bathe twice daily, keep herself personally sweet. And that rule, like all the others, goes for you and you and me too!

IF YOU'VE been skeptical about eye make-up, but are willing to be convinced by that half-face test, I can recommend just the products for you to start out on. The mascara comes in two types—cream and cake. Both go on easily, without danger of smearing, flecking or running. Each comes in three colors, black, brown and blue. In applying mascara, use a side ways sweep of the brush, to coat the lashes thoroughly. Then take a fresh brush and brush the lashes upward—to separate them and curl them at the same time. Models brush the center lashes straight up, the side ones to the side, make the eyes appear longer, wider.

To go with mascara, creamy eye shadow in blue, blue-gray (both for blue-eyed girls), brown (for brunettes and redheads), green and violet. For evening, try wearing a blue shadow with a faint line of the violet just along the rim of the eye. Green over brown is another grand combination. If your eyes are very deep set, confine your shadow to a faint blurred line along the rim of the lid. That will make the eyes look larger without sinking them further into your head. Price for shadow, 10 cents, for mascara, 75 cents.

In applying one of this same company's three eye pencils (blue, brown and black) use quick, short strokes. You'll get a much more natural appearance than if you draw two hard, straight lines across your brow. The pencils cost 10 cents, too. And by the by, the blue one doubles very nicely for eyeshadow. Especially if you happen to be the girl with deepset eyes.

Freckles don't take kindly to photographs, and vice-versa. If you're one of those outdoor girls whose face looks like a tiger lily in the summertime, you'll want to follow the advice of the models, and use a bleach cream to lighten them. A manufacturer who has been in business for over thirty years offers such a cream that is easy to use, and gets results. You spread a light film of this freckle cream over a thoroughly clean face at bedtime, leave it on overnight. Wash it off in the morning with soap and water. Besides bleaching the freckles regularly, be smart when you and the sun get together. Wear a heavy protective cream as a base for your powder and rouge. And let broad brimmed hats protect your face and your hair. The cream costs 60 cents, and comes in a neat blue and white jar. I'll gladly send you the name.

MODELS need a rouge which goes on evenly, blends quickly, smoothly. Such is the rouge I've found for you. It's handmade, and that means, for rouge, what it used to mean for our mother's lingerie. And it comes from Paris—which means just what it always did and always will. You'll like the fine, soft feathery texture of this rouge that goes on as easily as powder. And your cheeks will like the luscious shade that the manufacturer is featuring. It's called Brique, and it's a natural for all cheeks, be they blonde or brunette. The cost is 55 cents, and I'd love to give you the name. There's a matching lipstick, too, in case you're interested.

For pretty gestures, pretty hands. To keep yours white and smooth, the right texture for close-ups and long shots, I recommend a creamy lotion compounded of several old and well-known skin softening ingredients. This particular lotion has been a favorite since grandmother's day, and it's no less so now. It soothes, it lubricates, it dries quickly, and is not sticky. What more could you ask? And yes, it comes in four sizes, in a red-labeled, red-capped bottle—at 10, 25 and 50 cents and $1. The 50-cent size has a dispenser top that makes it easy to get just the right amount of lotion.

A model who has to be on her feet most of the day—and be graceful about it—can't afford sore feet. She's the girl who has to be smart about her feet. She must wear shoes that look well and feel well. She knows enough not to try to cramp her 6½B foot into a 5A shoe. And she knows, too, that feet need care, need to be bathed and scrubbed with a foot brush, foot soap. In summertime, especially, they need extra care to soothe the burn from hot pavements, keep the feet cool and dry.

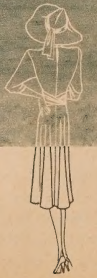
For all 'round foot care, all 'round the calendar, I suggest a grand kit which contains three products necessary for foot comfort. The first is a can of soap—which comes in granulated form so you have to rub it into the skin, massaging away the dirt and pore secretions, at the same time you stimulate the circulation. The grains of the soap will remove hardened callouses, deodorize and relieve aching feet. After this foot cleansing you'll want to massage the second product,

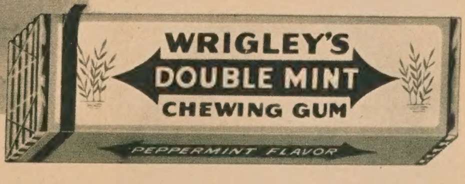
Healthful Double Mint *gum shows you this doubly lovely way to* *charm and popularity*

Men—women, too, for that matter—are attracted to a charming smile and smart clothes—a winning combination that healthful, delicious Double Mint gum enables you to have. The daily enjoyment of this double-lasting, mint-flavored gum provides beneficial chewing exercise which beautifies your lips, mouth and teeth, increasing the loveliness of your smile. You look your radiant best—a person people want to know. Try it today...Left, Double Mint gum introduces a new creation of Valentina whose clients from New York to Hollywood rank among the best dressed women in the world. Double Mint has put this charmingly becoming dress into a Simplicity Pattern for you. *This, then,* is Double Mint gum's doubly lovely way of helping you win admiration and popularity.

Keep young—**be doubly lovely the Double Mint way. Remember also Double Mint gum aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves, assures a sweet inoffensive breath. Buy several packages today.**

Left, *exquisite Double Mint gum dress produced in New York by* **VALENTINA,** *original creator of modern classic design —modeled for you in Hollywood by the gorgeous star of stage and screen,* **GLORIA SWANSON.** *Made available to you by Double Mint gum in* **SIMPLICITY** *Pattern 2784.*
At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety Stores you can buy this pattern.
Or, write *Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*





S-119

Do Men Long to Be
YOUR ROMEO?

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—and Romeo couldn't forget the pulse-stirring fragrance that Juliet wore.

TODAY'S ROMEO CAN'T RESIST the magic lure of Djer-Kiss—the exquisite fragrance that becomes *yours* when you wear Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?" —full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. X, New York.

Parfum
Djer-Kiss
Kerkoff

. . . genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

an antiseptic skin emollient, into your feet. This balm helps heal skin which tight shoes may have injured, takes away the soreness. In the morning, before putting on your stockings, dust the foot powder (Product No. 3) over your feet, into the stockings and shoes. It'll keep your feet dry, prevent them from perspiring and protect you from foot odor. If you're trying to break in a pair of new shoes, this powder will make the job easier. The long narrow can is just right in size for getting down to the toe of your stocking or shoe. Price of each item is 35 cents, the three in a kit cost $1. Want the name?

You'll be interested, I feel sure, in a most reliable anti-perspirant which has the approval and endorsement of the National Association of Dyers and Cleaners. The "ice" and the liquid forms of this product take effect the moment they touch the skin, stopping perspiration locally. The solid, or "ice" form is quick and easy to use. Just smooth a bit on the underarm, let it vanish into the skin, then rinse and finish your dressing. It will protect you from one to three days. If you prefer a liquid type of perspiration corrective, you'll find one of these two your dish. The ruby colored regular type takes about 15 or 20 minutes to dry, but protects you from three to seven days. The clear liquid dries almost instantly, keeps you free of perspiration from one to three days. Price, 35 cents for the "ice," 35 and 60 cents for the two sizes of liquids. These, incidentally, come with sponge applicators for your convenience in using. I'll send you the name!

What with summer coming on you'll want to pay a bit more attention to that superfluous leg hair—and get rid of it. Shorts, bathing suits and summer socks demand that you do something about the matter. And you'll want to, too, when you see how easy the job is with the smooth white cream I'm telling you about. You simply spread it over your unwanted hair—leg, arm or underarm—let it remain on for about three minutes, then rinse it and the hair away. Most satisfactory, because it can't leave a stiff bristly re-growth. The cream is perfumed to camouflage the odor of its chemical ingredients. Convenient tubes come in 10, 35 and 60-cent sizes. Name, please?

IS THERE A BABY IN THE HOUSE?

Then National Baby Week deserves a red circle on your calendar. Beauty for babies should be the slogan of your household. And baby will be beautiful if he is comfortable and healthy. To give him healthy beauty and to save yourself time and trouble, you should know about: An antiseptic oil used in hospitals for bathing new babies. Use it to protect tender skin from chafing, irritation, sun and windburn. Identify this delicately scented blend of oils by the label—a baby tub-sailing over a deep blue sea.

A pure, bland soap made from vegetable oils. The rounded cake proves easy to hold, even when baby squirms, lathers abundantly, rinses quickly. And it will be kind to the most tender skin.

A baby powder that sheds water like the ducks which waddle around its pink and blue can. The self-closing safety top of the can prevents powder spilling. The manufacturer's name on the encircled cross is your guarantee of purity and reliability.

Disposable diapers. They'll save you hours of washing, time and trouble. A dollar package contains 25 large size diapers or 50 small ones.

Cotton for swabbing out eyes, ears, nose, or applying baby powder. Sanitary packages in rainbow hues let you pick your cotton as you need it.

A gift set for wee tots. The pink (for girls) and blue (for boys) plastic jars of talcum, cream and cotton. Pressure on the tiny button at the back of the jar will produce a bird-like chirp for baby's entertainment.

For further details, write
JANET LYNN,
1501 Broadway, New York

Cinderella Girl—1938 Style

[*Continued from page* 39]

smiling image in the mirror, we did manage to learn a lot about this red-headed, likeable youngster who will make her screen bow with Warner Baxter in *Kidnapped.*

Until one day in May, 1937, twenty-two-year-old Arleen was a manicurist in a Hollywood barber shop, working for $18 a week and tips. She was unknown to movie moguls. And of all the thoughts and hopes that ran through her pretty head, none was directed toward the studios.

"I was feeling particularly blue when the movie lightning struck me," she confesses. "I had been employed as a manicurist in the Roosevelt Hotel for a year and a half and had quit to take up my new work in the barber shop because of better pay; but after a week or so, I felt that I had made the wrong move. You see, in the Roosevelt I had served mostly women, but the barber shop, I discovered, catered almost entirely to men—some of whom were great gagsters when it came to girls. I wasn't accustomed to it and at times I would get so fed up with the teasing that I couldn't speak. But I had to eat so I kept on working.

"And then, on May 27th, last year, Mr. Bruce Humberstone, a director at 20th Century-Fox, walked into the shop. I was sitting at my little white table when he came in and when he went past I moved my little sign, Arleen Whelan, Manicurist, hoping that he might see it. I had no idea that he was a director. He was merely another customer who had passed me by."

But he didn't pass her by for long. Fifteen minutes later Arleen came up to him and said in her low, soft voice, "Manicure, sir?" and right then and there the life of the pretty, hard-working little manicurist was completely and forever changed. Director Humberstone almost jumped out of his chair at the sound of her voice. He glanced around and saw her flaming hair, her expressive eyes, the grace of her movements—and believe it or not, another Hollywood star was born! When he was ready to leave he sought out Patrick Regan, the owner of the shop, and asked for an introduction.

"I thought it was another of those barber shop jokes," says the Cinderella girl, "and it took Mr. Regan fully half an hour to convince me otherwise. I told my folks about it that night and they were as skeptical as I was, but we all agreed that since Mr. Regan had been so serious about letting me have the next day off for the test, I might as well go through with it. I really had nothing to lose even if it did turn out to be a prize gag."

If the whole affair *was* a gag Arleen decided that it wasn't going to cost her much—so she took a bus to the studio the next day. When she got there she was still suspicious, although she says now that they really put on a show with her.

"I never moved so fast in my life. Men rushed me from make-up to wardrobe and from wardrobe to the test stage where a group of technicians and cameramen worked over me for hours. I was filmed in a score of costumes ranging from evening dress to swimming suits. Twenty-three close-ups were shot. A cameraman told me later that I had been photographed from every conceivable angle."

By this time Arleen had changed her mind. She knew, now, that she wasn't the victim of a practical joke and she was wildly happy one minute and scared to death the next. She didn't sleep a wink that night—

Two Little Play Suits Climbed the Hill...

Two little play suits climbed the hill—
One on Jack, and one on Jill.
Look at Jill's—so bright and gay!
But Jack's is full of tattle-tale gray.

For Jill's mom knows what Jack's does not—
That lazy soap just hasn't got
The pep to wash clothes really clean.
And that's why Jack's things look so mean.

If Jack's mom were as wise as Jill's,
She'd quickly cure her washday ills.
She'd get the *golden* bar today
That chases pesky tattle-tale gray.

Fels-Naptha Soap is what she'd buy—
So full of naptha, dirt *must* fly!
Then white as Jill's, Jack's clothes would be,
And as for mom, she'd shout with glee.

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Hollywood
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and neither did her family. The Whelan clan—father, mother, little brother Tommy, big brother Robert, and the Cinderella girl—gathered in the living room and talked in whispers about the incredible good fortune that had blessed them. Dawn was breaking when they went to bed.

Although the test had been only a silent one and a sound test was to follow, Darryl Zanuck, production chief of the studio, signed her up the next day after he had seen the rushes. And so it came to pass that in less than 48 hours—a record time for Hollywood—our Cinderella girl had been carried in her golden coach from a manicurist's table to the glamour of a big studio.

But this wasn't what left Hollywood gasping. It was the news that this unknown had been assigned to play opposite Warner Baxter in *Kidnapped* that set tongues to wagging. Not for years and years had a major studio cast a new-comer as a leading lady for her very first picture—a production that was to cost close to $2,000,000! That, said the Hollywood wise girls and boys, was taking too much of a gamble. Zanuck, the 20th Century-Fox, merely smiled and let the wiseacres talk.

"I was enrolled in the studio's drama school," Arleen told us, as we grew more expert with our hair-pinning labors, "and I stayed there for six months and worked from six to ten hours every day studying diction, poise, and gesture. It was all terribly difficult because I knew absolutely nothing about acting. I was self-conscious, frightened and nervous, but gradually, thanks to my good teachers, I overcame these handicaps."

THE hairpins were just about all set and we got a breathing spell while she taught us a few tricks on making curls. Although we refused to confess it, we were getting a bit self-conscious—but since it didn't seem to bother Arleen, we decided to give the curling the good old college try. After we had gotten two more set to the smiling satisfaction of the gay colleen, we learned that—

"I worked for weeks before I could soften the hard Colorado 'r's' that were in my speech. You may not believe it, but one of the hardest things I had to overcome was to walk without pointing in my toes! But I cured myself of that, too.

"My worst trouble was in getting enough rest. I was so excited that I rarely got more than an hour or two of solid sleep a night and with loss of sleep came loss of appetite, but I'm back to normal again, thank goodness! Now when you start this curl, take the comb, take a very small strand of hair, and take your time."

Well, the hair-fixing went on, and so did the story.

Producers at the Selznick studios had heard about Arleen and had asked to see her tests. They were in the midst of a search for a girl to bring *Scarlett O'Hara* to life in *Gone With the Wind* and Arleen looked like a mighty fine bet. With the permission of 20th Century-Fox she began studying a southern accent under tutors at Selznick. After three months of study she was voted the best of all Scarletts the studio had tested and an offer was made to buy her contract, but Zanuck refused to let her go.

"It was a great disappointment to me not to be able to play *Scarlett*," Arleen confessed, "but it made me very happy to know that 20th Century-Fox thought enough of me not to let me go. I'm sure I'm still the happiest girl in the world. I know this much—if I'm not, I should be!"

Ann Barr, the hair-dresser, came in and when she saw us with one of Arleen's red curls wrapped around a finger, she let out a yell that should have been heard as far as Long Beach. Maybe you don't know hair-dressers as we do, now, and maybe it's just as well that you don't. We'll skip what happened during the next five minutes by saying that the next time we get into anybody's hair, it'll be our own. Just the same, we have the satisfaction of knowing—if Arleen was telling the truth—that we did a pretty fair job. That is, for an amateur.

ARLEEN was born in Salt Lake City. When she was still a baby her parents moved to Twin Falls, Idaho. By the time she was ready for school the family was residing in Portland, Oregon. Pueblo, Colorado, came next, and then Los Angeles—where she enrolled in the Manual Arts High School. She was elected to the Girls Lyric Club in her freshman year. Piano, voice, harmony, music appreciation and theory were studied intensively during her four high school years. She was graduated from Manual Arts with high scholastic honors.

"Odd as it may seem, now," she says, "I never appeared in a school play. Acting failed to interest me. Even later, when I was at the beauty salon and women would tell me that I should try for the movies, I never seriously considered it for a moment. Knowing what I do today, I think I would have been very foolish to have attempted to crash the studio gates. It's too much of an impossibility for an unknown girl and there are too many heartaches to gamble away several years of your life in what is usually a vain struggle."

Prospects of fame and fortune have not caused Arleen to look with distaste on her former work. As a matter-of-fact, she's not a little proud that she was a manicurist—that she was able, without any help, to get a job for herself. "Doing that," she says, "gave me self-assurance—and a living."

Arleen goes out once a week on a "date." She has a number of boy friends who like to squire her around, but she doesn't favor any one of them. On the other six nights, she usually stays home and studies or else helps her fifteen-year-old brother, Robert, with his school work.

A pretty swell, modest, level-headed, hard-working young Irish colleen, this red-headed Arleen. She's the talk of Hollywood now. She'll be the toast of Hollywood within a year!

If she isn't, may we never be permitted to wrap a red curl around a clumsy, shaking finger!

THERE ARE ALWAYS THREE WOMEN! . . .

Who mould the career of any famous actor, says Melvyn Douglas. You'll find his views stimulating, intelligent and penetrating as revealed in the July issue of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE.

Marriage A La Carte

[*Continued from page* 36]

folks how it may be done, simply and without complications, and with the utmost happiness.

It's kind of an inspiring story, this one, because while it's not in the Hollywood pattern, it is the pattern followed by countless young couples in small towns all over the world, and if John and Anne can do it in *this* town where everything is usually so exaggerated, then they ought to be given some kind of a medal just for keeping sane and sensible! Most marriages in Hollywood are strictly "table d'hote"—you have to take everything which comes with it, as prescribed by Hollywood marriage dieticians. But Anne and John live strictly a la carte, picking and choosing as they go; no plan, no set menu; they do exactly as they feel when they feel like it—and this is the trick that's going to bring them success.

Here's what we mean, and in a few concrete examples:

In the first place Anne doesn't mind talking about that marriage, and that explodes a Hollywood custom right off. Anne, with the honesty and simplicity of her eighteen years, sees it as a part of her life which her fans, if they *are* interested in her life, would also be interested in, and she sees no reason for making it something hidden. You can catch her most anywhere, or as we did on the set of *Condemned Women,* and she'll sit right down and talk to you about it—not with eyes too, too aglow, and a slipped-on coyness, but with a straightforwardness and a directness that has always been characteristic of her.

"I suppose I ought to 'catch you up' on the beginning, where we met and all that. Well, it was on April 16th, last year. I don't remember the date particularly for sentimental reasons, but because it happened to be the day before my birthday and someone had given me a party, and that was where I met John. He came along with someone else, and I just met him, that's all. It wasn't even a case of love at first sight—oh, I suppose it would be easy enough to romanticize a little bit, now that we are married, and say that there was something that kind of gave me a little start in my throat, but"—and she grinned, "I can't even say that.

"You see, falling in love and getting married, that was something that never occurred to me then. You know when you've been in this business as long as I have—about fourteen years now—you don't thrill to a goodlooking face and an attractive young man quite as easily as most girls out of the business would do. And another thing, I've always played the child—heavens, it wasn't so many years ago that I played Myrna Loy as a child, and Janet Gaynor and Ann Dvorak, and Jean Arthur, and oh, a raft of them, even Frances Dee, and I've even *been* the child of some of them—so naturally everybody kind of thought of me like that too, and actors I met were always sort of patting me on the shoulder and all but talking baby-talk to me. And that didn't help me to feel any more grown-up either.

"So as I say, I met Johnny and a couple of days later at another party I met him again. It was an afternoon party and then suddenly it was about six o'clock and there was Johnny, one of the last to go, and there was I, and so he said, 'How about dinner?' He brought me home about twelve that night, and met Mother and said he'd call me a few days later, and he did and so we

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Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC *keeps your* MOUTH and BREATH SWEETER HOURS LONGER
Pepsodent Antiseptic

began to go out quite often. And we had fun. Fun!" Anne repeated the word with emphasis. "You know I think that was the thing that, more than anything, brought us together.

"LOOK, I want to tell you something. Fun. Isn't that what people are trying to get out of life? All of us? All of us have different meanings for the word of course—but basically it's the same. Enjoyment. Both Johnny and I have to work hard in the daytime, that is when we're on a picture, but days and evenings when we're not, we like to relax. And I can tell you quite honestly that that means we like to go out, and we like to dance, and we like to laugh and we like to have friends. At eighteen, if I told you otherwise I'd just be plain lying! I might say that I was deeply, deeply interested in music, and John was too, and so we both sit home and listen to Red Seal recordings and so that's why we get along so marvelously. But—" a scowl for all such dreamed-up pretenses—"Well, I like classical music and so does Johnny, but that's for thought and reflection; and more than that, at our ages, it's only natural that we should like Benny Goodman and Hal Kemp and Kay Kayser, because you can *do* something about music like that! The Big Apple, for example," she interjected with a grin.

"Now Johnny and I can go out and have fun like that and we can go here and there with friends, and we can have a whole evening for nothing but fun and laughter and good amusing conversation, and I tell you that counts for a lot in this world. I think if there were more people who took themselves out now and then there'd be a lot more Wooden Anniversaries than there are. Of course you have to 'get along,' and that was where Johnny and I clicked. He never once spent an evening telling me he didn't like my nail polish, or that I wore my clothes too short, or what did I see in so-and-so for a friend, and we never talked about each other's careers. Even now I don't advise him and he doesn't advise me, and if I have to work late and spoil a date he doesn't get upset about it, because he knows that the next time he's liable to be the one who has to phone and say, 'It's all off for tonight.'

"Look at today for example. We were planning to go to the Trocadero tonight for the De Marco opening, and I have a new evening dress which I've had since September and never have had a chance to wear, and I have a new evening coat too, and all day I've been looking forward to it—and I know Johnny has too—and now they tell me I'm going to have to work tonight. Well, so what!" She shrugged. "It's a disappointment, but that's the picture business. And besides, I daresay there'll be a lot more places where Johnny and I can go together, and get all dolled up, before old age begins to creep over us." That last with a sly eighteen-year-old twinkle). "What's the use of complaining—life's nothing to rush at—you just take the bad things along with the good, as they come.

"Well, we found out that we both felt alike about these things—and millions of others—so when you find somebody you do enjoy being with, you just ought to be sure you've got a good long lease on him. When Johnny asked me to marry him, I said 'Yes' without even stopping to wonder about that old business of career and marriage mixing, or was I too young, or what would Mother do if I left her all alone. I just felt those things would take care of themselves, as they have, and so we became engaged, and Johnny gave me a ring which had been in his family for a long time, a beautiful amethyst set in a crown, and right away I began to design my wedding ring—see, it's rubies and diamonds!—and I began to look around for clothes, and we decided to get married in Santa Barbara in September. Oh, yes, I talked to Johnny's mother and his brothers on the phone—they're back in Virginia—and then some of the girls gave me showers, and it was just like anybody else out in any small town getting married. We were getting married because we wanted to, and not to have any terrific publicity, so we didn't see any need for anything but a small wedding, and that's what we had.

"But that doesn't mean we were trying to keep it secret either. I mean there was none of that sneaking around corners and tipping the license clerk 'not to tell.' In fact the day we were coming back from Santa Barbara, that first time we went up just to get the license, we were driving in the car and turned on the radio and there was Jimmy Fidler saying, 'At the moment you hear this Anne Shirley and John Payne are driving back from Santa Barbara where they have just secured a license to be married, and all Johnny said was, 'Well, I was just going to ask you to pinch me to see if it's really true—now you don't have to!'

"No, it was all perfectly normal and natural—except that the bride wore blue—instead of the usual white. But the bride's mother was there, and several of the young couple's friends," she went on, as though quoting from a newspaper report.

"Naturally we wanted a honeymoon, but John was working at the time in *Love On Toast*, so we couldn't get away. In fact we hadn't even had time to look for a house, so we just moved into John's old apartment. Then after a while we found out we could be comfortable there, and save money at the same time, so we've been living there ever since. If we're happy there, do you see any reason why we should move, just to have more of a place to entertain, and to be in fashion? Do *you* see any sense to it?" Anne asked honestly.

AND in case there is anyone who would feel it necessary to answer in the affirmative, perhaps a slight degression, a brief history reviewed may show you more than anything the clear-thinking behind Anne's decision to stay in that small apartment. Anne knew of a couple one time, who had quite a degree of success in Hollywood. They rented a glamorous place and gave lots of expensive parties and soon their house was not only overflowing with hang-around guests, but there were quite a few bill collectors stalking up and down in front of the door, and in the melee the couple got out of touch with each other. A divorce threatened, but as a last resort they thought they'd try to go back to the beginning and start all over again. They took a small flat, without even one maid, and in the proximity of a few rooms they finally found each other again.

That, briefly, is the story, but it's one Anne often thinks about when some high pressure agent comes around trying to sell them a home in one of Hollywood's swanky suburbs. They could both afford to spend more than they're spending now; they could both afford to "put it on" a little bit, but "putting it on" also implies something else. It also means carrying more weight, and two young people starting out in married life together have enough responsibilities toward each other without adding other loads which all too often eventually succeed in diverting their interests.

So they're not even playing at "playing house," these two. There's a kitchen in the apartment, but they use it very seldom, and when they do, as is also characteristic of them, they both pitch in and pull out something together. John admits that it would drive him crazy to just sit there and be waited upon by Anne; who is he to be waited on by her when she plays just as busy a part in the world as he does! That's his very unselfish and honest attitude. "Besides," he adds, "I'm a better cook than she is." But even these "dinners-in" aren't very often, as they'd rather sit down and relax over a dinner of somebody else's stewing, after they've done a lot of stewing themselves all day at the studio.

"You know," said Anne, "just because John doesn't criticize superficial things like make-up and finger nail polish and how I look, that doesn't mean that I'd take advantage of it. I *know* that I look better sitting across from him in a restaurant, in my best clothes, and with my hair just right, than I would bustling around a kitchen, elbow-deep in dishwater. Of course one can't *always* be a lady of leisure, but now and then . . . And my chatter can be a lot more amusing too, than 'Oh, John, I forgot to get another pot holder and look, this one is so worn I just burned my fingers! Oh, heavens," and Anne tossed a hand which dismissed all those old-fashioned theories, "I know men still like their women a little domestic, but today you have to express that in your *feeling* toward him, seeing to it that he's happy, and sure of you, and making him know that he can trust you. It has nothing to do with apple dumplings like grandmother used to make."

All this, you must admit, sounds pretty enlightening from a girl of eighteen and a bride only since August, but that's what we mean when we say they're likely to make a success of marriage because they don't live by anyone else's laws. They make up their own as they go along. They don't even have any special plans about money. They each have their own checking accounts, and they each have their own annuities, and when something big comes along—like buying a new car—then they decide how the expense should be divided between them. They usually like to keep their bank balances about even so neither will feel wealthier than the other; so if Anne's is a little above his—her salary is naturally more than his as she's been in pictures longer—she would probably take over the bigger part of the car payment.

This is a new angle on the Hollywood money problem and a sane one, since it isn't so often what you spend that makes the trouble, but what you keep, and a rapidly mounting "sum total" on one side of the ledger can be a very real danger! And speaking of laws, we must also add that there's no in-law trouble in this particular family. Everyone knows that Anne and her mother have been very close in all their long struggle throughout the years, along the road which finally led Anne to a secure place in pictures. But there was never any Mother-intrusion in this marriage, and now that Anne has found another life for herself, so has Mrs. Shirley turned much of her interest elsewhere. It was just a short while before Anne was to be married that she came home one day and told her mother that she had run into a woman on the lot, someone who had just come to work in the research department, and she had asked her to say that Lucy said "hello." Mrs. Shirley nearly went wild with joy. She and Lucy had played in the same musical comedies twenty years before, and now these two after all these years are back together again, sharing the same apartment, sharing the same memories, and having much to talk over together.

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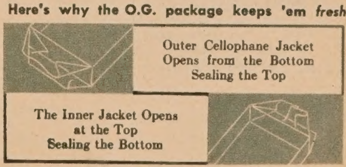

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The Inner Jacket Opens at the Top Sealing the Bottom

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When Anne tells this last part of the story, she says, "You see, that's what I mean when I say things take care of themselves. What's the use of saying that you can't do this because of that, or you can't do that because of this—heck, if you keep your head and move along in the direction you feel like taking, one step at a time, it'll all straighten out for you. John and I don't live like big-time stars, because we're not. We don't spend that way either. And I guess maybe I don't talk like it either spouting all those ideas about what we're going to make of our life, the big design for living! All I know is that we just get along together, and as long as we get along, is there any reason for changing? We're each living like we've always lived, and that means simply."

It means more, we might add. It means that here are two kids, one of them six feet three, the other only a five feet two—but in spite of this actuality, in spirit they both see eye to eye, and they *pull* shoulder to shoulder, and that's the kind of team work that's bound to bring them happiness.

And by the way, in speaking of her apartment, Anne also pointed out another reason for not having a big home. "John and I want to make lots of trips together. Oh, not on palatial boats to China and Africa—we haven't gotten that far yet even in our imaginations, but we do want to hop in the car and go to Arizona and New Mexico and Texas, and up into Nevada, and I think it's nice to have a place where you can just go out and lock the front door and then forget it for a while—not have to worry about anyone stealing the antiques."

Since it was John Payne's great granduncle who wrote that famous old song, *Home Sweet Home,* we just wonder if the old gentleman would mind if these two youngsters, a new branch on the family tree, would write a new and brighter note into this world known melody. The feeling would be the same, but there would be a new and brighter touch to the singing—or should we say *swinging*—of it!

Bewitching Ann Miller gets her biggest screen break in the daffy role of the ballet dancer in Columbia's *You Can't Take It With You,* adapted from the famous Broadway play. And (good news!) it will be directed by Frank Capra

Why Gable Remains Hollywood's King!

[*Continued from page* 23]

dollars a day, but it was hard work, and I didn't like it. After spending a year and a half in the Oklahoma oil fields, I beat it to Kansas City, where I applied to a booking office for a job. I told them I was an experienced actor, which was a damn lie. They gave me a job with a barnstorming troupe. I was a general utility man, drove trucks and helped put up the tents before I put my make-up on."

"How much did you earn?"

"Anything I could get from the management. I was lucky if I made ten dollars a week. Generally I averaged around three or four. I have played for cooperative companies, earning as little as 65c a week. But I was happy, as long as I acted." He took out an envelope from his coat pocket, and showed me two snapshots of the impecunious young Gable, hair well groomed, eyes smiling, with a twinkling dimple on each cheek. "We went from one little town to another," he continued, "and gradually worked our way to Butte, Montana, where we went flat broke. It was winter, all the mines were shut out, and I couldn't get any kind of work.

"So I hopped on a freight train and went to Portland, Oregon. I nearly froze to death, it was so cold in my box car. Boy, I'll never forget that trip!

"Friends had told me to look up so and so in Portland. When you are in the show business, there is always somebody who knows somebody else. In Portland I landed a job with a fly-by-night company that was just leaving for a little fishing town called Astoria."

"What did you play by now, Shakespeare?"

"Hell, no! We did cheap shows. *If I Were a Mason, East Lynne, Get Rich Quick,* and things like that."

"Haven't you saved any of those old programs? The editor wants me to send him a few."

"I wish I had. I never saved them. Everywhere I went they asked for a scrapbook, but I never kept one. You see, in those days all the stock companies were listed in Billboard Magazine, and if I told a booking agent I played with such and such company in Oregon for three months, he could check it right away. There are a few programs in which I appear as William C. Gable, but they are in court now, and I don't think you can get them. When the Mrs. Norton trial came up, they were submitted as evidence."

THE show business was in a slump in Oregon, and Clark eventually realized even a healthy young actor has to eat. "I got a job through an employment agency with a party of engineers surveying some lumber tracts in southern Oregon," Clark went on. "I carried their instruments. It rained every day and night, and was mighty unpleasant work. I drifted to a lumber camp, and when I had saved enough money went back to Portland. The show business was still in the dumps. So for a while I did office work, first with a Portland paper, then with a telephone company. In the meantime I improved my acting by joining a little theatre which put on amateur plays.

After a year and a half in Portland, I came down to Hollywood to try my luck in pic-

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MENNEN
BORATED POWDER
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Recommended by more doctors than any other baby powder

tures. I started as an extra. It didn't work out so well.

"I went to Louis O. Macloon, who was producing *Romeo and Juliet* in a Los Angeles theatre, starring Jane Cowl. He gave me a bit. I went out on the road with Miss Cowl, as understudy of *Mercutio.* We were eight weeks on the road, and I enjoyed every minute of it. When I returned to Los Angeles, Macloon put me in *What Price Glory,* as one of the three sergeants. That was my first big part on the stage. Then, I played with Lionel Barrymore in *The Copperhead.* I played with Pauline Frederick in *Madame X.* I was a judge with a gray beard. I've played a lot of doddering old men with beards. I was too big for my age to be a juvenile.

"As studio casting directors couldn't see me as anything but an extra, I went to New York. I wasn't anxious to get into the movies anyhow. I joined a stock company in New York and went to Houston, Texas, as second man. When the leading man quit, they gave me the job. I held that for thirty-two weeks. It was in Houston that I had one of the most embarrassing moments in my life. We were doing a mystery play and the stage was darkened. As I was sneaking up on the villain, a loaded gun in my hand, I tripped over a chair and fell to the floor, ripped one leg of my trousers, and the gun went off. The audience roared, thinking it was a comedy scene.

"When I returned to New York, I went to Arthur Hopkins. He asked me, 'Where do you come from?' I said, 'I come from Texas.' He was doing a play, *Machinal,* and promised to give me a reading in three weeks. He gave me a job all right—the lead, a big break.

"I had always dreamed of playing on Broadway, and now I was actually doing it. It seemed as though I had arrived. Then I played in several other shows, *Blonde Widows,* produced by David Belasco and *Gambling,* produced by George M. Cohan. We had quite a cast in Al Woods' *Love, Honor, and Betrayed.* Alice Brady played one of the three leads. George Brent played the chauffeur. Glenda Farrell played Alice's daughter. All except Miss Brady were unknown then. Macloon sent me a wire, wanted me to come to the coast to play in *The Last Mile.* I came out, and I haven't been in New York for a play since."

As *Killer Mears* in *The Last Mile* Gable attracted the attention of movie moguls, who were now yammering for his services. Gable had a big part waiting for him in New York, but Lionel Barrymore, who was a director then and may be said to be his discoverer, gave him a screen test and convinced him that the movies, which Gable had good cause to despise, were the coming thing in the show business.

I was under the impression Gable started as a heavy in pictures, but he said: "I started as a cowboy in a western."

TODAY Mr. G. is the greatest masculine attraction on the screen. He admitted that he intended to retire from pictures in five years, and then enjoy life. A motion picture studio is too much like a factory to him. Born with a yen for vagabondage he wants to knock around the world. "At heart, I'm still a gypsy," he states. The five years have passed, and now, he says he will retire in *ten* years! But this story has already shown that his various jobs off the stage were merely interludes in an acting career that began at the age of 17 or 18 and continues to this day. Chances are he will never retire.

He used to live in the Beverly Wilshire hotel, but recently he acquired a ranch in San Fernando Valley, thus returning to the soil, for he spent his early childhood on a Pennsylvania farm. His mansion, properly speaking, is his station wagon. He eats out all the time. You never see him in the nocturnal jiggeries, and his tastes still run to the picturesque simplicities of gypsy life.

Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks (who may be Mister and Missus by the time you read this) dine before a preview at the Brown Derby with Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach

Why Am I an Actor?

[*Continued from page* 28]

dances. As a matter of fact, as long as I had a horn to toot, an audience couldn't make me nervous. But once I had nothing in my hands, and my success depended on my voice—brother, I knew I never ought to be an actor."

When Fred left high school he didn't follow a musical career immediately. He tried, for three months, a job with a local stove company, but somehow the career, despite the product, did not seem so hot. Fred quit, and enrolled in Carroll College at Waukesha, Wisconsin. In case you never heard of it, this is the school that turned out Alfred Lunt, who qualifies by all tests as one of the nation's finest actors.

But Fred had no stage ambitions at Carroll, either. He played football during that one year of higher education, and in his spare time earned money with his sax. He played in a band at a roadhouse.

"That left me no time for other activities. I had no thespian ambitions. In fact, two things made me blush furiously—being the center of attention in a crowd of any size, and dating girls. So far in life I had sadly neglected this latter business. It would be an understatement to say I was a little bashful."

One year at Carroll fixed a strong desire in his mind. Fred wanted to be a musician, and at the moment his greatest desire was to work at the College Inn, Chicago's top night spot at the time. Fred tried out for the band, but didn't make the grade.

After that episode, Fred had to find out that he definitely was not a vacuum cleaner salesman. So he tried a job in a sporting goods store, and did a neat job of peddling everything from shot guns to golf clubs. He really knew nothing about the products, but that didn't stop his enterprise. Fred just let the customer pick out something he liked, and the sales talk came after that. What he said didn't matter—the customer always left with what he wanted.

FRED still played frequently in orchestras at night, and had not his mother and her aunt desired to visit Los Angeles, Fred might never have left the Windy City. But he chose to drive them to Hollywood, and as long as he was here, Fred decided to make a stab at acting.

"I was highly unsuccessful," Fred admits, "even as an extra. I felt very sure, after a few weeks, that I should never, never be an actor. One or two directors, however, momentarily contemplated my possibilities. They asked me if I could read lines. I said I had read a few in high school, so of course they forgot me on the spot."

Fred had just about decided to go back to Carroll College again when his mother fell and injured herself. She was hospitalized for fourteen months and he had to keep on working. Meantime, he made several recordings with George Olsen and Gus Arnheim. He began to get fresh ambitions as a musician.

From a radio station to the Warner's Theatre in Hollywood was Fred's next move. A current attraction, the California Collegians, were scheduled to swing into New York for a stage show, and they needed one more member because Ted Beach, one of the boys, had decided to re-enter college. They picked Fred up as "Rex Beach," a pseudonym required because of contract matters. The contract said a fellow named Beach had to be one of the orchestra.

Ordinarily Fred could face his audience without qualms because there was always a trumpet or something around. He might do some comedy stuff, but he was not, by any stretch of the imagination an actor. That is, not until he reached New York.

Lots of people know he got his break there when the orchestra appeared in *Three's a Crowd*. But they don't know that Fred went into the thing as a musician, and came out doing about twelve scenes as an actor—of sorts. In one scene, for instance, he was Libby Holman's lover. In another, her husband. It was all very upsetting to Fred, but he was an actor, qualms or no qualms.

But despite these complications, MacMurray still regarded himself as a musician. And why not? He was the only member of the Collegians band who could read a note of music. All of them except Fred played by ear. So when a new piece was to be learned, Fred taught each man by turn his individual contribution. And if that didn't make Fred a musician, what did?

Roberta was next. And important, for during it he met his future wife, Lillian Lamont, a model, and he took a screen test

Lovely TO LOOK AT
...BUT NO FUN TO KNOW!
I'M SORRY TO LEAVE EARLY, MADGE, BUT NOBODY BUT YOU WILL MISS ME. PEOPLE *NEVER* PAY ANY ATTENTION TO *ME* AT PARTIES!
RUTH, WILL YOU LET ME TELL YOU WHY? IT'S HARD TO SAY—BUT YOU REALLY OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
SORRY TO BREAK THIS UP, PHIL, BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO MONOPOLIZE A POPULAR GIRL LIKE RUTH!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND RUTH'S SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
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from Oscar Serlin, the talent scout. When he looked at the results, Fred was at last positive that he would never be an actor.

No? A week later Paramount signed him and sent him to Hollywood. He did nothing for six months but wish he weren't an actor, if indeed he were. And then, quite suddenly, they cast him with Claudette Colbert in *The Gilded Lily*.

The MacMurrays are a strong tribe. They never faint. But they darned near do. Fred didn't know whether to consider this success at last, or his worst dreams come true.

During the first week of shooting, he decided on the latter conclusion. He was so scared that Claudette occasionally would reach over to stop his trembling. Until he knew different on preview night, he considered himself the world's worst actor.

Fred has made a lot of pictures since then. He is one of the studio's biggest stars. But he still gets the jitters.

"Sure, I've made the grade," he told me the other day between scenes of the new Paramount musical, *Cocoanut Grove*, honestly, "but I'm not convinced. There are plenty of reasons why I think I should never have been a star.

"For instance, temperament doesn't drive me to wanting to bar visitors on the set. They just scare me to death. If I'm doing a touchy scene, I get the jitters even with the grips and juicers looking on. Guess I'm just too darned self-conscious for the job.

"And I don't live like they say stars do. Lillian and I seldom go anywhere at night, unless it is over to some friend's house for a quiet game of bridge. We don't cater to the Troc or the other night spots. We don't attend the big premieres. We just sort of stay at home, like the people used to do back in Beaver Dam."

FRED looked up as a young lady in the studio commissary shoved a book under his nose. "I'm from Wisconsin," she said with a bright smile. "Would you sign, please?"

"Sure," said Fred, and he scribbled his name. "We were just talking about Wisconsin. Where you from?"

"Milwaukee."

"Oh—good. I spent a lot of time there."

She thanked him, a bit flustered, and walked away. But at that she wasn't half as embarrassed as Fred was—he just doesn't possess the *sang-froid* for such occasions. And probably won't, even after he has signed ten thousand more little books from Wisconsin and points east.

But Fred was back at it, still trying to prove he should never have been a star.

"Why, just recently I made my first big personal appearance. It was up in San Francisco, where they were opening *True Confession*. I went up for the event, and was back stage with the rest of the crowd. Suddenly the master of ceremonies was giving me a build-up out in front of the curtain. And then, when people started clapping, he waved for me.

"I turned to the nearest human being and said helplessly, 'What'll I talk about?'

"'Oh, just anything—but talk,' I was told.

"My friend, I was scared witless. But I went out to my doom. All I could see was a mass of faces. If they hadn't very kindly kept on clapping, I don't believe I could have done more than gasp, 'Oh!' But they gave me a few seconds to collect my alleged wits, and I managed to crack out with the usual things.

"Finally I sort of got control of myself, and everything rolled off smoothly. But every time I told a joke, there was a horrible pause before the laughs began rolling back. It's fortunate I only told about a dozen of them—I've a gray hair for each."

Perhaps this explains why Fred might have been just as happy selling golf clubs to Chicagoans, or blasting on a trumpet in a hot band. If you're selling clubs you can at least swing 'em to keep the mitts busy. But when you're dishing out speeches before an audience, or making love to beautiful girls like Claudette—well, it is a little different story, at that.

If film stars were absolutely required to act like famous people, Fred still wouldn't be an actor. He can't do that, even if he were willing to try. The way he underplays his own importance isn't a deliberate thing. Fred just naturally depreciates his own abilities. He thinks Lady Luck was awfully kind to him. He tries real hard to do a good job, but is never convinced as to the final result. He can't help remaining a small town boy, no matter how much Hollywood influence crowds around him.

He is phlegmatic. He won't be in a hurry if he can help it. And he isn't inclined toward getting excited. Result? No real temperament. You won't find it in a man who gets scared instead of getting grandiose.

This MacMurray man is really quite a wonder. He never tried to be an actor. He didn't study dramatics. And he will never learn to play the real-life role of a star. But he is one, just the same. So maybe it won't hurt Fred one bit to go right on saying, "Really, I should never have been an actor."

You can find people who don't like their Hepburns, their Garbos, their Cagneys—sure, you can find them everywhere. But we've never found a fan who didn't like MacMurray. Wait a minute—sure, those people are bound to exist, but they're in a very trifling minority. So Fred can go right on pressing his point. No one who likes him will believe it.

Generally busy with their screen and radio chores, an evening out is a big event with Alice Faye and Tony Martin. Here they're at the smart new Hollywood spot, La Conga

Nice Work If You Can Get It!

[*Continued from page* 31]

Dancing on the Ceiling, coached and coached and *coached* her! As it was a radio program there would be no encores. As far as Dorothy was concerned there *couldn't* have been for she knew only one song!

It wasn't much of an opportunity, just a long chance, but it led to a job as soloist with Herb Kaye, the leader of the orchestra which had accompanied her on that fatal first night. It led, too, to a radio program and a fat movie contract and leads in such pictures as *Tropic Holiday* and to marriage with Herb Kaye, whom she adores. But it hadn't fallen at Dorothy's feet. She had tried and tried and tried and finally, she got it—her chance, her success—she'd earned it!

Jimmy Stewart might still be pounding the pavements or saying, "Moddam, the car awaits without," in livery and brass buttons on the stage in Kalamazoo, Michigan, if it hadn't been for a French waiter—and a lively imagination!

Jimmy simply haunted the casting offices. But he didn't rush up to the desk, flash a dental smile and give off the masculine equivalent of Allure. He used to sit away back there in the corner, very quietly, crouched behind the *Examiner,* and keep his ears *very* clean.

One day there was a call for a tall, slender young man which just about fit his blue print. His long legs ached to run up and his tongue longed to pronounce the sentence "Here I am!" But he just sat. And listened.

"Can you speak with a believable French accent?" was repeated again and again. And each time he heard what its owner hoped would pass for just that and what, instead, sounded more like an importation from San Francisco's Chinatown.

Jimmy lost no time. He grabbed his hat, put his paper in his pocket and ran—for the door!

He had often eaten at a swell little French restaurant nearby and, because he was lonesome and blue and down on his luck, he had spent a lot of time talking to a waiter there, a waiter with a perfectly beaucoup Champs Elysee twang. *That* was Jimmy's meat!

Soon he was talking and listening with the careful ear of the actor who must memorize quickly and retain precisely. It went on for hours, off and on, "between courses" as Jimmy tells it—other people's courses. And then the waiter felt a tip in his hand—one that didn't jingle, it rustled and he was the richer by five incredible dollars!

Jimmy went back as fast as he could, praying between accent aigues and circonflexes that luck was with him. It was! And stardom was just a detour around a French verb!

PERHAPS the things which at the time they occur seem the greatest handicaps are the very wellsprings from which ambition grows. At all events if Sylvia Sidney had not met parental objection, overcome it and then proved her point by the most intense application, we might not have witnessed the success she has repeatedly achieved.

It was only after pounding the Broadway pavements for two long months that she received her first professional engagement in *The Challenge of Youth,* which might well have been named for her own personal experience. With that first serious obstacle vaulted she was serene in the knowledge that at last she had "arrived." Or almost—

On the second night of the try-out of that play in Washington she felt indescribably ill as she made up in the tiny dressing room. Broadway—Hollywood—success—they all passed in kaleidoscopic disarray in her fevered mind. How ill she felt, how miserably, horribly, awfully ill! It was almost time for the curtain. What should she do? Run back to her own little room or watch her hopes die as she sat here quietly in a sort of semi-coma, or could she walk on and say her lines automatically out of that subconsciousness which was now all that seemed real?

Without making any actual decision she finished making up, heard the curtain call, walked on and took her place. Soon people were talking. Words, words, words. She answered, mechanically. Then, in the middle of the act, she was granted a blessed respite. She had fainted.

After the curtain was lowered for a minute she managed to draw on some hidden strength and finished the scene. Then she was examined. The doctor called it appendicitis and ordered an immediate operation. She refused. With a show of spirit she fin-

COURSE I'M YOUNG BUT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN ALMOST GOT ME!
READ THIS GIRL'S STORY!
WHERE'S BILL THESE DAYS? HAVE YOU TWO HAD A SPAT?
NO, BUT HE HASN'T TELEPHONED. AND THE LAST TIME WE WERE OUT TOGETHER, HE DID NOTHING BUT RAVE ABOUT JANE, AND HER "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!
WELL, MEN ADORE LOVELY COMPLEXIONS—AND YOURS IS SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING LATELY! REGULAR "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! MAYBE IT'S THAT SOAP YOU'RE USING... WHY NOT CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE?
WHY WOULD PALMOLIVE MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL...A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
I'LL CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!
BILL RAVES ABOUT MY COMPLEXION, NOW THAT I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

ished the performance and continued until the end of the week—when it closed. Subsequent examination showed a torn ligament in her right side, the result of a fall during rehearsals. After two weeks in bed she was ready to do battle again.

She has continued to battle. Work, work and more work have been the implements of her success. Her creed: *"You get what you work for—if you work hard enough!"*

JANET GAYNOR, the *A Star Is Born* girl *lived* the very part she made believable in the finest role she has ever done—a comeback role if you will!

This lovely little titian-haired girl found no high road to the *Seventh Heaven* of motion picture supremacy. She worked for $18 a week in Frank Moore's Shoe Shop on Geary Street in San Francisco, she was an usherette in the Castro Theatre—a motion picture house—there. Then her family moved to Hollywood where her mind was a house divided between the beckoning movies and the impatient business world from which it was necessary she play her own unimportant role. It wasn't a case of a lark or a fling at some fun. She *had* to make good. One hundred thousand to one. And she *did!* She not only made good once—but she did it again—which is harder. Janet knows it's nice work if you can get it. She knows it in double talk.

There's another girl in Hollywood who ushered in a movie house, the Paramount Theatre in Seattle. It was only spare change because she was working at the Bon Marche department store there until they bounced her because she just couldn't keep her sales book straight. But she knows other work too—harder work. She's washed dishes and waited on table, she's punched the clock in a dye factory and taken care of children for two bits—other people's children. None of it meant a thing. She was going to act. On the set. Her name? It's Frances Farmer, one of the most promising of all the new crop of star-comers.

Frances believes in confining her acting to the studio. She is simple, unaffected and unstudied in her private life, but nothing will ever keep that girl from her goal. It must have been quite a thrill to return to that same Bon Marche to autograph copies of Edna Ferber's *Come and Get It,* the picture which brought her immediate recognition.

"I felt rather foolish about it," was her simple comment, "it wasn't as though I had written it!"

Perhaps Frances wouldn't suggest dishwashing or the care of the infant as the ideal way to prepare for movie stardom, but she'd tell you, in her straight-forward manner, that it's worth it if it gets you there. And there's no answer to that!

But the, as Clark calls it, "extra-curricular career of Gable," is one of the most amusing yet indicative experiences of any star. It's nice work if you can get it. Oh, yeah?

About eight or nine years ago Clark Gable was Mr. X of Hollywood—the unknown quantity of the motion picture. He was in line for a role at Pathe, a glorified Western called *The Painted Desert.* Mr. Gable, that is, was in line for a role IF he could ride. Could he? Er, of *course* he could! (Mr. Gable speaking.)

Mr. Gable left the studio that night with the part and a call for eight o'clock at the studio next morning. He had come into his own!

But had he?

Clark couldn't ride. His experiences with horses consisted of friendly proffers of sugar or red apples. You can't be a rough-rider on that.

He went to the local riding academy and told them he wanted to learn to ride THAT NIGHT! People don't do things that way. People don't, but an aspiring actor will. They told him he was crazy; they told him, that is, in a nice way. Their opinion still stood.

They brought on a stallion and Clark asked for a plug. They compromised on a horse. Clark said that *no* building will ever seem as high. Well far into the night—for six hours to be exact—he received the most intensive study of horseflesh which may ride any human bow-legged. Next morning he reported at the studio, sore—but immensely satisfied that he was a rider.

"It's nice work if you can get it," Clark remembers painfully, "and you *can* get it if you try—but sometimes," he added reminiscently, "sometimes an avid actor will try in the worst possible way!"

Tarzan Weissmuller is a sucker for new cars, and our photographer found him at the Brown Derby picking out a sporty model with the assistance of Jon (Torso) Hall

Is Jon Hall on the Spot?

[*Continued from page* 35]

slim waist, the trim leanness of him, those soft brown eyes which have a way of looking tenderly into one's eyes across a luncheon or dinner table, make him an intriguing young man.

Even before *Hurricane* was released, and before the girls through the country spotted him as a new load of sex appeal, the wiseacres of Hollywood had a premonition when Jonny was suddenly taken up by Countess Di Frasso, that something pretty interesting was about to emerge. For Di Frasso, one of the leaders of Beverly Hills and Hollywood society, who is always on the *qui vive* for a gay party, has a way of picking "likely" young men. It was she who annexed Gary Cooper some years ago and made him into very much of a young beau about town with Bond Street clothes and Elsa Maxwell's champagne dinners. Last year, she took over Cary Grant—on the eve of Cary's great strike in pictures.

So-o Dorothy Di Frasso picked Jonny Hall. She gathered him up with one fell swoop right after the big bust-up of Jonny's romance with pretty Andrea Leeds and put him hard at work beauing her places. Of course, it's not really hard work but fun taking Di Frasso around because she goes to the best places. At this writing, even in the face of all the admiration and attention he has had from wimmin all over the country, he's still devoted to her.

Give the boy credit. He wanted to escort her, his benefactor, and his companion and friend long before he became famous, to the formal premiere of *Hurricane* in Hollywood. If he'd had his way, she would have been sitting beside him in those spotlighted center row seats with him in the Carthay Circle the night he first tasted fame.

But—he was given orders by Mr. Goldwyn's henchmen to make a quiet appearance with his mama and papa and sister. It was carefully explained to him that he now "belonged" to the public, that he was a new personality and that he must be introduced as an unattached young man. No, no, he couldn't go with Di Frasso. Better to go with the family and be considered as a great new "catch."

Jon resented this studio supervision over his personal affairs, as what man wouldn't? But he obeyed instructions. After all, Mr. Goldwyn had given him his chance. What Dorothy Di Frasso said, I don't know, but probably inasmuch as she is both a good sport and a worldly wise woman, she probably advised Jon to do as bid.

Jon was not only annoyed and angry, but he began to fight off encroachments into his private and social life, which brings us up to the problem of the current controversy that rages around him—can he, is he, keeping his head? Has his hat size swelled?

HIS foes in Hollywood say that Jonny is taking himself far too big. He won't do this and he won't do that. Specifically, here are some of the things said:

"M'dear, have you heard about Jon Hall? They say he has the most tremendous big head and that. . . ."

Or a phrase to this effect in one of the columns:

"Jon Hall, the lad who flashed in *Hurricane*, is said to be going temperamental since his success. Careful, Jon!"

"I haven't changed," Jon told me over the luncheon table at the Vendome one noon. "I don't know where people get all these fancy ideas. I'm just the same.

"I like certain things and I do certain things. For instance, I don't drink. I don't like it. I'm not a prissy or a prude but I like to swim and I want to keep myself physically fit and drinking and swimming don't mix.

"I had one experience being drunk. . . . It was when I was much younger. I was in the South Seas. It was a very hot day and I came in and somebody gave me an orange juice cocktail. It tasted awfully good and I was thirsty. I had another and another and my head started to spin and I passed out.

"I had an awful headache afterward and I didn't like the way I felt and I've never had a drink since. I don't like the stuff and what it does to you. We don't have it at home, although my father is Swiss and there has always been wine in our house and on our table. I don't even drink the wine.

"That, however, is my personal business. It's just a part of me and what I want to do.

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I don't care what other people do. They can drink all they wish.

"They've said that I won't speak to old friends now that I have a contract. That isn't true. My friends are just the same. I am fond of certain people and always have been, but I'm not going around glad-handing a lot of people who snubbed me when I was down.

"I kept a little black book when I was struggling to get somewhere. I kept a record of what happened to me day by day and when people were cruel or snobbish, I noted that as well as the unexpectedly kind things that were done for me. I know today who my friends were and who my enemies were and also know exactly who are the four-flushers who knifed me in the back then and say they want to be friendly now. Only they're still throwing knives behind my back!

"It's the four-flushers who are trying to start trouble now. I don't know why it is, but whenever a fellow gets a break there are a lot of people who make it their business to try to make trouble for him. I pay no attention. That burns 'em up and then they start talking."

Sounds like pretty clear-headed, if youthful, thinking-things-out! Yes, indeed, I don't believe that Mr. Hall with his forthright left and right punches in the direction of the enemy, is going to win any medals for slick, smooth suave diplomacy, but at least, you have to admit he doesn't beat around the bush. He's not soft putty in anyone's hands.

He's a stubborn lad. You glean that as you talk to him. It sticks out in the line of his chin. Nobody is going to tell him to do something that he thinks is wrong. And nobody is going to run his life.

He told me a little, a very little, about the break-up of his romance with Andrea Leeds, and it was indicative of his character.

"I was very fond of her," he said, "I am now. But, we didn't agree. She couldn't tell me what to do—I wouldn't take it. She's a strong-minded girl, and well, I've got my own ideas about things. I'd tell her to do this and then she'd do the opposite.

"I want to get married myself and have about nine children. Or maybe seven. Anyway, lots of them, sons and daughters. I want a home and a lovely wife." (Two days later when I talked to Andrea Leeds, *she* told me she wanted seven children and she expected to have five of them before she was thirty-five. She'd even bet that she would be married in another couple of years.) Well, maybe the two of 'em got their ideas about marriage and children from each other, and then called it off. At any rate, the Leeds-Hall romance is deader than a door nail right now.

A stubborn lad? His stubbornness and his fight to be Jon Hall, a guy, not just a Goldwyn puppet taking bows on theatre rostrums was exemplified in that personal appearance tour under the chaperonage of one of Mr. Goldwyn's representatives. It was the first time that Jon had really traveled through the United States. Only once before had he visited in New York and but briefly. So-o he resented being rushed in and out of cities which were proving interesting to him. Particularly Boston with its historical landmarks, its old New England culture, the unexpected genuine hospitality he found extended to him.

He resented being rushed out of New York back to California when he was having "fun," when he was just discovering that he was having dates galore and when he could visit a few of the town's giddy night spots and smart hotels and indulge in some of the good times and gayety that he had missed when he was plain Charles Locher trying to make the grade in Hollywood.

Being young, and being himself, Jon Hall with that stubborn jaw, just plain set his foot down and said he wouldn't leave Boston, he wouldn't talk to any more people. When this leaked out, Hollywood called him "temperamental," and said his hat band was expanding.

I don't think it is. I don't think he's temperamental. Maybe it wasn't good business from the studio angle for him to tarry in the East and frolic with new girl friends, but it was fun! And can you blame any good-looking lad for wanting a fling?

When I talked to him I was captivated by his charm and good manners and his boyish frankness. I liked the way he talked about himself. He wasn't a shrinking violet—he didn't carry modesty to an extreme but he certainly wasn't bragging. He had a casual, self-assurance that I admired and envied. He was definite about himself.

"I am Charles Locher, the son of my father. Or Jon Hall, if you wish to think of me by my movie name. I was brought up in the European tradition. I have responsibilities to myself, my family, and to my friends. I hope I know what is right and what is wrong, black from white. I have always wanted to be a success. I have had ambition. But because I have had a first taste of success is no reason why I should suddenly overthrow my principles and all my thoughts and feelings to the wind and try to be what people in Hollywood think I should be!"

Speaking of his name and his Tahitian background which has been widely publicized in connection with *Hurricane*, he was exceedingly frank.

"Actually," he grinned as he confessed this, "the longest time I ever spent in Tahiti was six months. Although I have visited there for short periods, I have lived in California. I went to school in Switzerland and studied for the diplomatic service.

"Of course, my Tahitian stay and background helped a lot in my getting started. Mrs. Gouverneur Morris—you know Ruth Morris—whom I met over there, has been simply swell. No, John Ford didn't really discover me although he okayed my test. In reality, he has been our next door neighbor in Hollywood for several years, and I have gone in and out of his house a lot. I was just another young fellow to him and I'd never asked him for a job, and he was the most surprised man in the world when he found that the test he liked was of that kid from next door!

"What's going to become of me in Hollywood? I don't know. I hope *Hurricane* wasn't a fluke and that I can do something in this next film Mr. Goldwyn has planned. Meanwhile, don't let anybody kid you. I haven't changed. It's being myself and not a stuffed shirt that's got people talking."

ROSALIND RUSSELL'S NIGHT OF TERROR!

As strange a story as has come out of fantastic Hollywood will be revealed in the July SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE! You'll be amazed when Rosalind Russell, the sophisticated star of glamour films, tells of the experience that turned her into a terrified, helpless girl. ***Don't miss it!***

Can Jimmy Cagney Come Back?

[*Continued from page 32*]

robber (with more variations), he was darned sick of the whole business and would just as soon have nothing more to do with it.

The studio couldn't see eye to eye with him on this. And it certainly had its side of the story. For instance, the box office checkup. In 1935 Jimmy rated No. 10 in popularity, based on the extensive check made by the *Motion Picture Herald*. A guy named Joe E. Brown was No. 9, and a little girl called Shirley Temple had skyrocketed to the head of the list.

Well, Warners knew that Jimmy couldn't be among these great first ten stars unless the public liked the cops and robbers stuff. With rare exceptions, it was not willing to depart too far from the two-fisted sort of thing which had made this star so famous. So the studio turned a deaf ear to his pleading with a flat statement like this: "No, Jimmy. We know what the nation expects of you. It's unwise to stray too far."

And Jimmy, who had set his heart on other things which he considered more substantial, gathered up a batch of other grievances he had filed away in his mind, and went to court.

HE FOUND out that the Warner contract was binding in nearly every feature. As I recall the decision now, only one small thing gave him the emancipation he sought. His contract had called for equal or top billing in any picture he made. And just at that time *Ceiling Zero* was being exhibited at a company-owned theatre in Beverly Hills. The marquee of the theatre flaunted the name of Pat O'Brien, but overlooked Jimmy.

It was all the violation he needed to gain release. Warners appealed the court's decision, but Jimmy, a very happy young fellow, galloped away for an extensive vacation to forget the whole business.

Came the 1936 Box Office Selections. The name of Cagney had dropped well below the first ten. Shirley Temple was still tops, and Joe E. Brown was right there, going strong. But no Jimmy.

I imagine that he himself was beginning to wonder whether the victory was worth the cost. He managed to get a contract with the little independent Grand National studios, and they immediately slapped him into a picture with all the production money they could gather together. The film was neither good nor bad. It was, in a word, a programmer. Distinctly not the type of thing to throw the Cagney name back to the top of the heap.

When the 1937 selections were released by the *Herald*, Shirley again was tops. Joe E. Brown had slipped from the list of big ten, and Jimmy was nowhere near the top. Another film at Grand National did not make much difference. He couldn't sign with any other major studio in Hollywood as long as that appeal awaited a decision in the higher courts. The Cagney destiny, for the time being, was stymied.

From a purely professional standpoint, Jimmy would have been much better off to have settled his differences with the studio long ago. Only the next year will tell whether he can regain his former tremendous popularity. I hope he can.

But the public is like a fickle woman in its tastes. Jimmy rode to stardom on a gangster bandwagon because that was the sensational thing of the moment. He was a dynamic, driving fellow who got there with his fists swinging. One grapefruit, slapped noisily into a woman's face, keynoted his entrance to fame. That single scene labeled Cagney for the whole country, and skyrocketed him to the top. Too bad that he couldn't take such fame and like it! But then, perhaps any of us would tire of the same sort of characterization year after year.

Perhaps you will point out *Ceiling Zero* as absolutely not a case of cops-and-robbers. Well, that's what people tried to tell Jimmy before he left Warner Brothers. But Jimmy insisted it was the same old stuff, the same general idea, with a new variation. *He wanted, more than anything else, to do something really substantial.* No matter how wrong as a professional move, it was a worthy idea in theory.

It's all in the point of view. Most of us thought that Jimmy, playing the role of *Dizzy* in *Ceiling Zero*, had gotten just where we wanted him. We liked that carefree, take-a-chance spirit. It was his character as ideally as we could imagine it on the screen. Strange, then, that he shouldn't have been tickled to death to portray the role of a gay, reckless airplane pilot.

LOVE ALMOST FLIES OUT THE WINDOW

Tom has been calling on Marion, but he's "different" somehow—seems uncomfortable. Marion wonders what she could have done.

She spends a week end in the country with her best friend, Helen. Tom is there, too. He pays attention to another girl, and Marion is brokenhearted.

That night Helen finds Marion crying in her room—making up for the big dance. "If I can't win Tom back, I don't want to live," she sobs.

Helen, frightened, tells Marion about *underarm odor* and begs her to try the new Odorono Ice. "It's a sure way to protect your glamor," she says. "You'll have Tom back in no time." Marion is thrilled!

2 WEEKS LATER—
Tom proposes! He confesses that he was distracted by someone else for a while—doesn't know what got into him. "I don't blame you a bit, Tom darling. We won't talk about it . . . but I won't ever offend again!" Marion says happily.

TRY THIS SURE WAY TO PROTECT YOUR GLAMOR

REMEMBER, if you keep your underarm always *dry*—you *can't* offend. So don't take any chances of losing friends, love. Check that underarm perspiration—and all odor—before it starts. Then *you* are fresh and your *dress* is, too. The new *Odorono Ice is *sure*. Checks perspiration and all odor 1 to 3 days. Easy to use, non-greasy, actually cooling. Start today!

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BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Of course, you must realize that neither his dislike of cops and robbers stuff, nor his desire for more Shakespearean things unduly charted the course Jimmy followed in the courts. He unquestionably had a multitude of lesser grievances. Whether he was justified or not in his complaints was something for the courts to decide—and they did. But his victory came from an unimportant little thing we have already told you about.

IF MEMORY serves, Jimmy's chief legal concern was over the number of pictures he was required to do each year under his contract. I believe he thought five was the limit, whereas he had been doing six. For that asserted breach of contract, he wanted his freedom. Six pictures a year, if they are important ones, is a big task for any actor. A schedule like that will keep him pretty busy. But, unless he can afford to be pretty independent about it, he can survive the terrible ordeal without a break in health. And Jimmy has always looked mighty rugged and ready to these eyes! No, any way you consider it, the man was just plain unhappy about the whole thing, and he wanted to get out to make his own way for awhile.

Make no mistake about it—if Jimmy's contract had just merely terminated, with no small of legal gunfire involved, he would have been successful in his move. Other people have done it, and the change frequently has been for the better.

But legal complications kept any other studio from stepping in and signing him—that is, any *major* studio. And a Cagney needs the best production methods and distribution possiblities if he is going any higher than his previous tops. When Jimmy found no other studio willing to father his career, he should have been able to see the writing very plainly on the wall. And being a smart fellow, he probably did—only he was not going to give up the quest without exploring every other possible out.

A person couldn't help sympathizing with Cagney, or at least admiring his courage. But of course a person could do that and still question his judgment. It may have been the thing he wanted to do, but from the looks of the matter, it wasn't exactly wise.

Jimmy did in court just exactly what made him famous on the screen. He took rash, dynamic action, swinging a pair of legal fists with all the force he could muster up. And that's a fair description, in slightly different terms, of his screen popularity.

Earlier in this story I suggested his return to top heights in the eyes of the public was problematical. And it is, in a way. I think it can be done if he tries very hard, and the studio hammers the product home. Enough Americans like this kind of a man to make him a permanent screen hero. But, at the same time, a vigorous, driving personality of the Cagney type also has its critics. Two years ago Cagney was tops despite them. Now he has the job of getting back up on Hollywood's scale, knowing that a certain percentage of the public, from an impersonal standpoint, would just as soon forget him.

In America most popularity polls merely call for votes on favorite stars. Perhaps the greatest and most extensive poll in England, one that is considered a reliable index to public tastes, calls for positive and negative selections, both. And the top person in the "dislike" column a year ago was James Cagney.

The English are psychologically different from Americans. They probably consider Cagney representative of our aggressive ways. Their staid traditions clash with our more dynamic progression. So Jimmy, because he is typically American, takes the beating from that quarter.

He gets some of the same sort of opposition on these shores. People, remembering that grapefruit he threw into a woman's face years ago in a gangster film, frequently assume he is a roughneck and not at all a gentleman.

Now I know parts of this country where such a reputation is a distinct asset. And in those regions, El Cagney is a sure-fire hero right alongside Buck Jones, Tom Mix, and Teddy Roosevelt. His image will reach those screens with a mixture of cheers and maybe gun shots. The return of red-blooded Cagney will be a happy event.

If he can get the same kind of a reception in the staid eastern slopes of these United States, Jimmy is a cinch to do a comeback. It is something we will all cheer for—with some anxiety. It will take all of a year to tell just what lies ahead for the little guy with the big heart and a bigger courage.

And here's Jimmy, the inimitable Cagney, with his charming wife at the Academy dinner. Why not try copping an "Oscar" for yourself in *Boy Meets Girl,* Jim?

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 15]

WHEN Carole Lombard went on a recent week-end trip, the democratic one dragged along a battered-looking old suit case. At one end it was marked with the initials C. P. When everyone puzzled over the strange letters, Carole enlightened them. "Don't forget," she said. "I was once married to Philo Vance!" You know him as William Powell.

RAY MILLAND has come to realize that one cannot even joke without getting into hot water. When Ray learned that Dorothy Lamour was going to build a house right next door to him, he amusingly cracked. "You mean I have to see her every day whether I'm working with her or not!" The next morning when he walked on the set, Dorothy's hairdresser, makeup woman and wardrobe woman gave him a very cold shoulder indeed. Finally Ray asked Dorothy what was wrong. Even she didn't know until the girls finally broke down and confessed they were sore at Ray. Dorothy came back to Ray with the news and thought it was a swell joke on all parties concerned. So Milland says he will talk to himself next time he gets an urge to be funny!

IT SEEMS that her studio is using bad judgment in the way Olivia deHavilland is being forced into pictures. It's a great compliment to the talents of the lovely Olivia, but it also has its drawbacks. In the first place the public gets tired so easily when it sees a favorite too often. And last but not least, Olivia has worked so hard and steadily, she is on the verge of a nervous collapse. She now has to eat her lunch alone in her dressing room. No phone calls are put through and a "Do Not Disturb" sign is placed on her door. Here's hoping the producers will remember the fate of some of our other stars who were worked too hard by their bosses!

BELIEVE it or argue, but Fred Astaire who makes every list of the ten best-dressed, wears those elastic-topped sox that sell for fifty cents a pair in all haberdashery shops. Fred likes them especially, because they eliminate garters. Yet he gave solid gold monogrammed garters to his friends for Christmas.

WHEN Hollywood was all but inundated by the stormy weather, the inimitable Alan Mowbray stood looking out of the window at the Hollywood Athletic Club. "In London," said Alan drily, "This would be referred to as a balmy day."

EVEN though she is working at the Columbia studios, Hepburn comes to her own studio every morning to be made up. When she was asked why, Katie explained that she was just treating the Columbia engagement like a location job. She's very happy in *Holiday* however, and the Columbia studios are only a few blocks down the street.

EMERGENCY calls brought doctors and nurses running to the hospital room of Lionel Barrymore. Down the hall they could hear him ranting and carrying on. They expected the worse. Cautiously they entered his room only to find him sitting up in bed with a script in his hand. Lionel, whose leg has been bothering him, was trying out a few of the lines he will speak when he recovers and goes into Frank Capra's production of *You Can't Take It With You.*

SOMEONE is being very wise in the grooming of Alan Curtis. Very quietly Alan is working out every day, getting his very handsome torso in even better form. There's a whale of a prize-fighting story waiting and I guess the powers that be are not forgetting what *Kid Gallahad* did for Wayne Morris.

WHY producers have over-looked the fragile beauty of Anne Nagel is another Hollywood mystery. The widow of Ross Alexander resembles Loretta Young, but her beauty and coloring are decidedly individual. Anne, who has terrific responsibilities since the death of her husband, was recently released by Warner Brothers. She is seen occasionally with Eliot Daniel, who is Rudy Vallee's personal accompanist. He is giving Anne piano lessons but Anne insists they are only friends.

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Creamy.....☐
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Ruddy......☐
Sallow.....☐
Freckled....☐
Olive......☐
SKIN Dry☐ Oily☐ Normal☐

EYES
Blue.....☐
Gray.....☐
Green....☐
Hazel....☐
Brown ...☐
Black ....☐
LASHES (*Color*)
Light ....☐
Dark.....☐
AGE

HAIR
BLONDE Light.☐ Dark.☐
BROWNETTE Light.☐ Dark.☐
BRUNETTE Light.☐ Dark.☐
REDHEAD Light.☐ Dark.☐
If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐

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FOR ONE TO THREE DAYS

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Destroys body odors. Easy to apply; harmless to clothing; and ideal on sanitary napkins. Just a little under the arm and ZIP!—you're free of perspiration odor.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
THE BEST TO BE HAD
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ARMS, LEGS and BODY
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ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
EPILATOR

Simple. Quick. Leaves no trace of hair. With each package of *ZIP* Epilator, you get a dollar bottle of BOUQUET JORDEAU—a refreshing fragrance. A $2.00 value for only $1.00. Good stores or send $1.00 to

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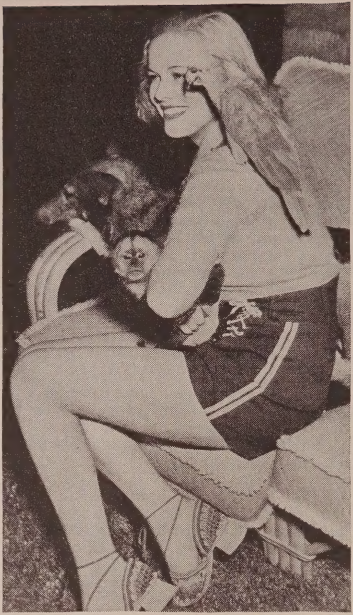
And Use This New 7-DAY SHAMPOO for BLONDES That Keeps Hair Brilliant, Lovely And Lustrous For A WHOLE WEEK

If you are "doing" your hair in any of the fascinating new coiffures, you can now keep it looking "just shampooed"—for a whole week, with this amazing new 1-day shampoo, made especially for blondes. Called New Blondex, a single wash instantly removes the dull, dingy, oil and dust-laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse-colored and old looking. Done in a few minutes, and at a cost of but a few pennies. New Blondex gives your hair that glorious, lustrous, shimmering radiance that often comes only in childhood. All shades of blondes find New Blondex helps to keep their hair lighter and lovelier. Start New Blondex today. New combination package, shampoo with separate rinse, at all stores.



Florence George likes living in Hollywood because she can have a menagerie. The Paramount player already owns a pup, a monkey, and Archie, a vociferous parrot

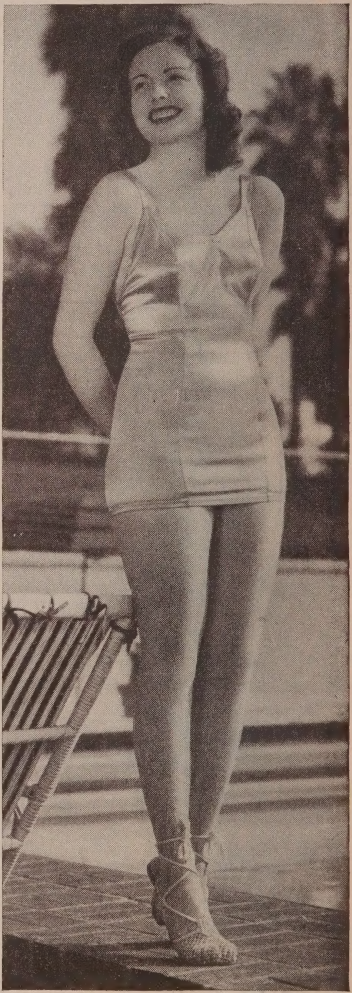
BEING off the screen for so long is a serious thing with Barbara Stanwyck, but she only kids about it to cover up her discouragement. Her phone rang one day and it was a total stranger who had somehow secured Barbara's private number. At first he wouldn't state his business until he saw the star. When he saw it was a hopeless job of getting into Barbara's home, he confessed that he wanted her to get him in the movies. "Say," cracked Barbara just before she hung up, "*I'm* trying to get in myself!"

THE old-fashioned hat pin is playing a return engagement. Gail Patrick hit on the idea when she attended an auction and saw some unusually beautiful hat pins with jewelled heads. She bought six of them for twenty-five cents. Since she has worn them out in public, the smartest hat shops in Hollywood have had requests from the glamour girls, who don't want Gail to put anything over on them.

THE day Norma Shearer didn't show up, on account of illness, for *Marie Antoinette,* created a stir of excitement at M-G-M. Hundreds of extras who had been up since the crack of dawn to get made up and into wigs and costumes, would automatically lose a day's work. Finally the studio called Anita Louise, who was home sick with a cold. Anita got up and brought her doctor with her. By doing her scenes, Anita brought a day's salary to people who were depending on the money for their evening meal.

THURSDAY night diners at the Trocadero gasped and sputtered over their blue point oyster, when Mona Barrie, dancing with Stanley Smith, went into what promised to be a strip tease. Actually, Mona was wearing one of those new pastel-colored dresses that features an extra-over skirt of black. The skirt is detachable so the dress can be worn as a solid color. The skirt is also made so that it can be removed and placed around the shoulders as a cape. And that's exactly what Mona did when she grew a bit too warm from her terpischorean efforts. But for a split second all eyes in the place were bulging as Mona with the assistance of Stanley, stopped and very calmly began to take her skirt off!

WHEN a picture is finished in Hollywood it is a time worn custom for all the cast to appear together in the gallery and pose for poster portraits. Errol Flynn and others showed up at the Warner studio when Errol's last picture was recently completed. But Rosalind Russell, who had been borrowed from M-G-M to play opposite Errol, didn't want to come back. "Roz"



For a newcomer, Universal's Mary Brodel is attracting considerable attention from the Hollywood that adores stunning girls

Lovely in a frock of sheer black with chartreuse flowers is blonde Della Lind, who'll appear in Hal Roach's *Swiss Miss*

wanted to go to the races and said so. But little troubles such as this have a magic way of reaching the front office in a record length of time. So the pictures were taken and Rosalind went to the races the next day instead.

IT'S a good test for an actor when he works on the radio with Bob Burns. That popular comedian (who is one of Fred Astaire's favorites) never gives the same cue. His co-workers never know what he is going to do next, as Bob always changes his lines at the last minute.

KAY FRANCIS had her flood problems when for a while it looked like her beautiful new home in Gopher Gulch (of all names!) was going to be swept away. But the water changed its course and left Kay huge banks of mud right up to her doorstep. Always original, Kay invited her friends over for a "mud digging and not a mud slinging" party.

HIS studio's form of disapproval had little or no effect on Brian Aherne's love for flying, when the recent floods set in. Brian hopped in his trusty plane and headed for the water-covered districts. Flying as close to the ground as possible, Brian dropped food on house-

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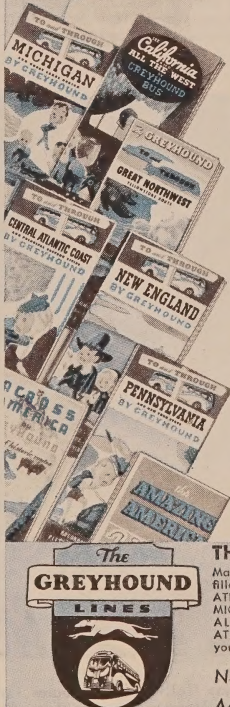
GREYHOUND LINES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CENTRAL ATLANTIC COAST BY GREYHOUND
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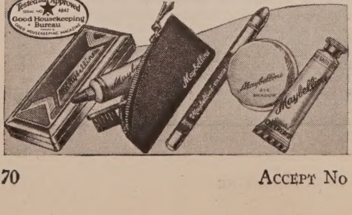
Eleanor Fisher
"Miss Typical America"
appearing in
Paramount's
"True Confession"

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

GLAMOUR!—elusive enchantment—did you know that "your eyes have *It*" more than any other feature? Don't let it slumber there—touch Maybelline Mascara to those neglected lashes with a few simple upward strokes of the dainty Maybelline brush. Deepen the mascara at the outer edges to make your eyes appear larger, farther apart, more expressive. Then see what long, dark, silky, luxuriant lashes you have. Maybelline is harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting.

- Next—eyebrows. They hold the secret to your individual expression and charm. So be sure you accent them—use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.
- Then—a bit of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow on your upper lids—blend it from the center outwards toward your temples for the most delightful effect.
- At night—gently smooth a bit of Maybelline Eye Cream into the sensitive, tender skin around your eyes. It will help ward off those persistent little crowsfeet and eye wrinkles that mar one's beauty.
- Discriminating women all over the world rely on these exquisite Maybelline aids to glamour. You, too, will be delighted with the added charm, beauty and expression they will give you.

- Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold metal vanity ... 75c. Refills ... 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case ... 75c. Both come in Black, Brown, Blue. Maybelline Eye-brow Pencil, in Black, Brown, Blue (blue used as eye-liner), Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. Maybelline Special Eye Cream. Purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. Insist on Maybelline!



tops and carried on rescues. Whenever he'd see a survivor clinging to some floating object, Brian would signal men in boats who raced to the tragic scene.

MADGE EVANS and Una Merkel, who have been friends since the first day Madge arrived in Hollywood, were highly amused at a recent magazine article. The writer went on to tell how many different kinds of social groups there are in Hollywood. He ended up by saying that Madge and Una were the types who never attended Hollywood parties. "The only reason we don't go," opined Madge "is that nobody ever asks us!"

HOLLYWOOD is going to sit up and take notice when they see the Francis Lederer performance of *Golden Boy.* It isn't generally known that Francis once won several amateur wrestling contests in Prague. What's more he has medals and a perfect physique to prove it. Stella Adler directs the play that stars Stella's own brother, Luther, (who is supposed to be head man in Sylvia Sidney's life) on the New York stage.

PERSONAL to Bette Davis: We happened to be sitting in the next booth from you when you were dining in Lucys the other day. We couldn't help overhearing your entire conversation—since voices carry so easy in that place. It was a very nice conversation, by the way, and no family secrets divulged. However, you might go back there sometime and want to get a little steam off your chest. This is just to let you know that you shouldn't get *too* steamed up—on account of the neighbors!

IF SAM GOLDWYN has his way (and he usually does), Carole Lombard will do a picture for him. But the mighty Missy ain't takin' no chances, even with Hollywood's best producer. Carole asked to see a completed script first before she'd even give a verbal agreement.

IT WAS close to the last day of the Santa Anita racing season. Franchot Tone went to watch the horses and came away a sadder, wiser young man. That night he took Joan dancing at the Troc. When Garwood Van asked Franchot what he wanted the orchestra to play, Tone cracked, "Play, *You Made Me What I am Today* and dedicate it to Seabiscuit!"

SOMEONE had better take that telephone away from Luise Rainer before it becomes a habit. Recently Luise went on the air. And the fertile brain of some writer created another telephone scene for Luise, which was practically the same thing she did in *The Great Ziegfeld.* Luise insisted on holding a dead telephone in her hands when she went on the air. She also had the house in darkness with only a small spot light on her face. By the time she had gone through her telephonic histrionics, Luise wound up with her head on the table, sobbing as if central had actually plugged her in to the right number.

THE Gary Coopers, who were headed for Europe, have returned to Hollywood. To show you just how conservative movie stars have become since the early days, when friends inquired why the Coopers hadn't gone on ahead with their plans, Gary confided that he thought the trip would prove too expensive.

HOLLYWOOD is a strange, strange place. A year ago Ralph Bellamy couldn't get a job. The producers said he wasn't romantic, didn't have any box-office appeal and all that. Now when they are looking around for someone to play one particular part, they refer to it as "A Ralph Bellamy type of role." And Ralph owes it all to *The Awful Truth.* Since that picture, there are so many jobs for Ralph, he turns them down by the dozens.

Add to familiar Hollywood twosomes (and mighty attractive, too): Marsha Hunt and Jerry Hopper, who was that way about Martha Raye once-upon-a-time

JEAN Muir is back in New York, where she will do a play and then go into summer stock opposite Phil Huston. After that Jean will return to Europe again unless something very unusual happens in Hollywood. After finishing her play in London, Jean went on to do pictures and personal appearances in Ireland and Scotland. She made many times the salary she earned in Hollywood and has built up a terrific following for herself in the old country.

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., left to say goodbye to his mother, who was sailing for Europe, the RKO studio asked him what he was going to do in New York. Doug explained that he would only be there two days and would probably see the Gertrude Lawrence show and one his stepfather, Jack Whiting, is in. But to a Hollywood press agent, that little story became the awakening of a great romance with La Lawrence. Doug, who is a devoted friend to Marlene Dietrich, was furious. He issued strict instructions to the studio publicists not to stretch their imaginations in his behalf, without at least asking his permission first.

WHEN carefully wrapped bundles addressed to Una Merkel, began to arrive from different cities in the East, Una got all excited. Three arrived at one time

[*Continued on page* 76]

Latest baby star is tiny Janet Kay Chapman, who is said to be a sensation in the Warner thriller, *Little Lady Luck*

"GRAND FLAVOR, YES?"
"YES, AND GOOD FOR YOUR TEETH, TOO."
Beech-Nut ORALGENE Chewing Gum FOR THE TEETH
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MOVIE STORY Magazine
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MOVIE STORY's program for June is topped by RKO-Radio's coming smash hit—*The Joy of Living,* starring Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Better hurry to your nearest newsstand and get your June MOVIE STORY now.

INFORMATION

INFORMATION PLEAS

Please tell us if a double was used for Tyrone Power during the fighting sequence in the picture *In Old Chicago* or did Tyrone actually receive the blows? Does he answer his fan mail personally? What is his correct mailing address? Where may we obtain photos of him? And what is the color of his eyes?—Eleanor, Joan, Irene, Madeline and May.

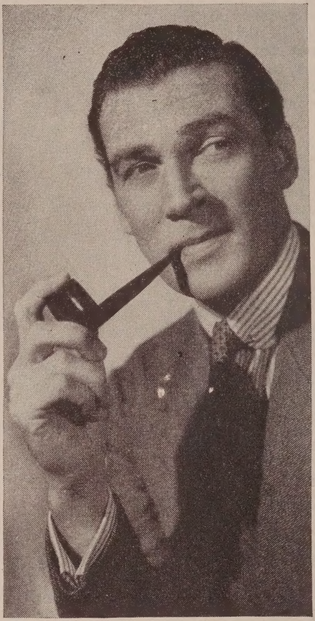
Yes, girls, Tyrone actually took the punishment in that picture. It's all in the day's work, you know. He personally answers as much of his fan mail as possible. Twentieth Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, Calif., is his mailing address, and they will gladly send you a picture of him upon receipt of 25c to cover the handling and postage. His eyes are dark brown.

How about more stories on Deanna Durbin? A girl who can cheer you up and never let you down deserves it.—Pearl U.

We hope you didn't miss our story on precious Deanna in our May issue. If you did, you'd better scurry to the nearest newsstand for a copy. Don't miss her in *Mad About Music*, for it is a fine picture.

Having just seen Walter Pidgeon in *Man Proof*, I can not understand why such a talented actor has not been given better breaks? May I please have a brief biography of him?—J. V.

This month, our "man-of-the-month" honors go to Walter Pidgeon. Although Pidgeon starred in many Broadway musical shows, he does not care to sing in pictures as he prefers to play dramatic roles. He will soon be seen in *The Girl of the Golden West.* Six feet three inches tall, he weighs 180 lbs. And with the combination of grey eyes and black hair we readily understand and appreciate the tremendous demand for information regarding this grand actor.



Dashing Walter Pidgeon will portray his most dramatic role to date, in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's spectacular musical production, *The Girl of the Golden West.* Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy have the lead roles

What is the name of the theme song used in the Monogram Picture, *The Outer Gate?*—Q.

Prelude No. 34, composed by M. Bakaleinikoff & J. H. Wood and published by Irving Berlin, Inc.

Please tell me where I may obtain a picture of Sonja Henie?—Ruth S.

Twentieth Century-Fox Studio, address listed elsewhere in column. Don't forget to send 25c.

I would deeply appreciate it if you would tell me whether Loretta Young or Simone Simon is going to play opposite Tyrone Power in Twentieth Century's *Accent on Love.*—Frances.

Loretta Young was originally scheduled for this part but Simone is replacing her.

Would Warner Bros. send me a picture of Benny Goodman and his famous drummer, Gene Krupa? To me, these two stole *Hollywood Hotel.* —Wally.

Upon receipt of 25c per picture requested, Warner Bros., Burbank, Calif., will gladly send pictures of your favorites. This small charge covers handling and postage.

Would you please tell me where I can write to Ray Milland?—J. R. S.

At Paramount Studios, address elsewhere.

Will you please give me a brief biography of Don Ameche? Where may I obtain his picture? And the cost, please?—Gloria W.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK Magazine will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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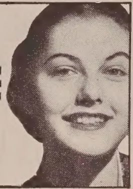

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Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week; if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it — NR Tonight — Tomorrow Alright.

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A Schulberg-Paramount Pictures Player

If it's hair beauty you're after, try Solo Curlers. They're lighter, stronger, easier-to-use. Beauty experts rcommend them. Buy a few to-day.

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SOLD AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

Don was born Dominic Felix Ameche in Kenosha, Wisconsin, on May 31, 1908. And his ancestral heritage from sunny Italy accounts for his hazel eyes, his sunny smile, and delightful personality. He is six feet tall and weighs 170 lbs. Going from one picture to the next with startling rapidity, Don is a mighty busy man these days, what with tending to his weekly duties of Master of Ceremonies on the Chase and Sanborn radio hour. His latest picture is *In Old Chicago,* with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power and lovable Alice Brady. He will soon be seen in *Josette,* in which his leading lady will be, Simone Simon. Send 25c for his picture, to 20th Century-Fox Studios.

Where can I get pictures of Errol Flynn, John Howard, Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie and Alice Faye?—Josephine N.

Warner Bros., address listed elsewhere, will supply you with a photo of Errol Flynn. Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., is the address for John Howard. And the remaining three may be reached at 20th Century-Fox Studios, address listed elsewhere. Don't forget your 25c for each picture.

Would you kindly inform me of Franciska Gaal's latest picture? Also, where may I address a letter to her?—J. W. G.

Miss Gaal's latest picture is *The Buccaneer* in which she appears opposite the swashbuckling Jean La . . . (pardon us) Fredric March.

Please tell me the name of the dance that Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy did in *The Awful Truth?* Where could I get information regarding this dance?—Susan B.

The studio's name for this dance is The Balboa Flip, and they claim it was a concoction of the new craze of dances, namely: Shag, Trucking and Suzy-Q. Any well-known dance studio will supply you with the information you seek.

Has there ever been a motion picture, either silent or talkie, entitled, *The Girl Of The Golden West?*—C. B. M.

The Girl of the Golden West, co-starring two songbirds, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, will have been released by the time we go to press. There was also a silent version of it many years ago.

Please give me all possible information on Alan Curtis. I have just seen him in *Mannequin* and think he is wonderful. —S. F.

Alan Curtis, whose real name is Harry Ueberroth, was born in Chicago and educated at Northwestern University. Chance led him to commercial modeling and since then he has capitalized on his exceptional good looks. He spent the entire summer of 1935 in Paris posing for various artists. Tall, dark and handsome, this young man is destined to go far in the cinematic world. He will be seen next in *Yellow Jack* in which Virginia Bruce and Robert Montgomery have the lead roles.

We have just seen *Fools For Scandal* in which blonde Marie Wilson plays the part of Carole Lombard's maid. Why don't the producers recognize the talents of this charming actress and give her better parts?—Tommy and Joan.

You will be happy to hear, I'm sure, that lovely Marie Wilson will play the lead role in *Boy Meets Girl,* with Jimmy Cagney as her leading man. Isn't that grand?

GRAND FOR 17 SKIN TROUBLES

FROM EXTERNAL CAUSES

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That's why millions use it

IF YOU suffer from any of the skin troubles listed above don't be discouraged. Try this modern treatment which has already brought skin relief to millions of men and women—Noxzema Skin Cream!

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for the relief of Burns and Eczema. Nurses discovered how effective it is in treating Pimples, badly Chapped Hands, Chafing and other skin irritations from external causes. Noxzema relieves most itching irritations almost instantly—promotes much quicker healing.

Noxzema is not like old-fashioned greasy, messy ointments. It is a dainty, snow-white stainless cream that vanishes into skin pores, carrying with it soothing helpful medication. You can use it freely *day and night* to help more quickly clear your skin. No wonder women have recognized Noxzema as *"The Modern Treatment* for Skin Troubles."

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Take advantage of this limited time money-saving offer. Get your generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 15¢ *at any drug or department store—today!*

15¢

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Clip this coupon as a reminder to stop today at your nearest drug or department store for your 25¢ trial jar of Noxzema for only 15¢.

If your dealer can't supply you, send your name and address with 15¢ to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 66, Baltimore, Md.

Hear ye! Hear ye! All ye puzzled housewives! Keep right in step with the moderns and send for your free SANDWICH STAND-IN booklet now, before our limited supply is exhausted. Turn to page 80 for full details.

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LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER

ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

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This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 85¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

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GRAY
HAIR
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At home, without risk, you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in.

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When emotions are stirred *you perspire!*

Work and play, and summer weather aren't the only things that make you perspire. When you cry or get angry or excited, especially in those intimate moments that mean so much, perspiration becomes more active.

Beauty, charm, personality—all the feminine attributes that win a man's affection—can be completely marred by under-arm odor.

Careful women use DEW — the modern deodorant. Stops perspiration and keeps the under-arm dry regardless of what you do. Be as gay and active as you please without thought of perspiration odor. Be confident of your daintiness.

Use DEW to guard frocks from ugly perspiration stains.

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SAYS:

"My Hope Chest Dreams Came True"

When you choose this love gift that starts a home, insist on a chest that will give absolute moth protection. Demand a genuine Lane—the world's only tested aroma-tight cedar chest. Free moth insurance policy written by one of America's largest insurance companies given with each Lane Chest. See the glorious new Lane models now at your Lane dealer's or write for illustrated folder.

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Alice Faye Chest—superbly matched woods in smart new blonde color. Top has rounded waterfall effect . . . $34.50.
Slightly higher in West and Canada

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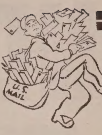
The Gift That Starts a Home



THE POSTMAN RINGS

U.S. MAIL
U.S. MAIL

Rosella Towne, Warner Brothers' newest addition to the cutie-pie category, will be seen in the new filmusical *The Cowboy From Brooklyn* in which Dick Powell once more resumes his singing chores

$15.00 Prize Letter

A Music Lesson

DEAR EDITOR:

For many months I've nursed an aggravating complaint that reached a new agony with the picture, *Lost Horizon*. It is a protest against the loud music that accompanies every tense scene. An airplane plummets to the ground amid the furious sawing of violins. A fierce battle is fought to the time of thunderous orchestras. A boy makes love to a girl and presto a set of invisible serenaders lull her into the proper frame of mind. Music in its right place does create a more receptive mood, but today it is used too promiscuously.

In *Lost Horizon* during the airplane crash and the subsequent rescue, one could imagine that every musician in America was enthusiastically joining in. It was decidedly unwelcome. I am a music lover, but in most pictures there is so much harmony that one becomes satiated with it long before the show is over.—*Jess F. Blair, Pleasant Valley Rural School, Brownfield, Texas.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Thanks for the Memory

DEAR EDITOR:

After a burdened day of household duties, slipping into a soft chair at the movies is like the feel of a cool breeze on a hot day. Watching stars like Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Crawford or Barbara Stanwyck, beautifully clothed and moving about in fashionable niches, should stir longing, desire and envy in a housewife's heart. But does it?

I love to watch the glamorous stars. I will always be grateful for the art and beauty and entertainment they offer. But last summer I visited Hollywood, seeped in all its glamour, its hard-working, tired, spent-out, rushed stars, and though I was thrilled, I was definitely glad and thankful to get home, back to my duties, to my husband and my children. To home, where I can do as I choose, unsynthetically and untinselled—home, the niche so few of the stars really enjoy.—*Mrs. J. J. Bures, 1640 South Wisconsin Ave., Berwyn, Ill.*

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

$5.00 Prize Letter

Personal Development

DEAR EDITOR:
I should like to thank the movies through your department for making a better person of me.

After seeing Sonja Henie ice skate, I decided to learn how to skim over the ice with the greatest of ease. I'm improving. Jeanette MacDonald made me want to sing, and I now take dancing lessons because Ginger Rogers' grace made me conscious of my awkwardness on the dance floor. Above all, I have proven to my own satisfaction that there are very few things the stars do that ordinary people couldn't do if they really tried. I am grateful to those glamorous creatures for challenging me to make the most of my gifts by displaying their achievements.

I am not lacking in modesty. I merely want to say that I am no longer envious of the people in the tinsel city of Hollywood. Now I *know* that they have worked *hard* for what they have today.—*Gertrude Lepick, 700 Kayton Ave., San Antonio, Texas.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

To the Rescue!

DEAR EDITOR:
I hereby enclose my opinion of Thomas Beck, entitled "Fair Play For Thomas Beck, Please!"

Why don't the studios give Thomas Beck the breaks he richly deserves? He hasn't been given the big important roles which he can do as well as my other favorites, such as Power, Taylor, Gable, Powell, Tracy and Ray Milland.

Incidentally, I wouldn't be admitting this without proof as Power is my tops among all.

Mr. Beck is always in the second feature which is very unreasonable, so why not please us by giving him a break and make us all happy.

You Thomas Beck fans, what do you say to my high point of view? Do you agree with me?—*Grace Maruki, 432 Towne Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

You've Got Everything

DEAR EDITOR:
I have just finished reading a copy of SCREEN BOOK Magazine and how Tony Martin is getting his "break" at last! I think he stole the show from the stars and everyone else in *You Can't Have Everything.* He spells Romance with a capital "r". He has a technique all his own in rendering a song. There is always something that makes you remember a good picture. The something that stands out in my memory of this picture, was the slow, graceful movement of Tony Martin's song to the girls gliding down the steps. Here's hoping he will have a chance to do something big, as he has what it takes—voice, looks, poise and appeal.—*Mrs. J. F. Hargrave, 158 Brantley St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

False Depictions

DEAR EDITOR:
It would indeed be a pleasure to see a motion picture that correctly depicted the newspaperman of today and his office. The screen audience has been compelled to accept, as the counterpart of every reporter, the antics of a gin-drinking, cigarette-smoking Lothario who persistently talks back to the city editor.

Movie-goers know him immediately because he is sure to have his feet on his desk, his hat on the back of his head, and a blonde on either side. Chief among his accomplishments, apart from scooping daily every other paper in the city, is the art of exhaling cigarette smoke while he talks. True, the modern newspaperman would be far too colorless to be interesting, but how nice it would be to see him for once correctly portrayed.—*John McKinven, 1 Pearl St., Athens, Ohio.*

An all-star cast from Warner Brothers recently enlivened the nation's airwaves: Wayne Morris, Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane, Pat O'Brien and youthful Jane Bryan. They all appeared on the highly popular weekly Lucky Strike program

That Luscious New Shade is CONGO!

"Thrilling with Spring Costume colors," SAYS
JOAN BENNETT
charming star of I Met My Love Again

CONGO is fascinating...utterly feminine...in tune with Fashion! Congo is Glazo's newest nail polish success—an enchanting deep orchid-rose picked by stylists to harmonize with the season's blues, grays and beige.

Wherever you go you'll see Congo. It's a color men admire, too. Accent your costume with this latest, perfect shade. And remember Glazo's other smart new colors: TROPIC... SPICE...CABAÑA. Each is a gem of beauty. You'll love their variety!

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1. LONGER WEAR—lasts for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! Meets the demand for a slightly heavier polish that really *clings* to the nails.

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Thousands get relief from

PIMPLES

blackheads, and other skin blemishes this simple, pleasant way!

Your doctor will probably tell you that pimples, blackheads and other skin blemishes are often caused by nothing more than failure to keep your skin *really clean.* That's no reflection on your own personal habits of cleanliness, because ordinary surface cleansers too frequently *cannot* remove the dirt that has collected in the small skin openings.

If that's what's causing your trouble, by all means give POMPEIAN Massage Cream a trial! POMPEIAN has proved successful with thousands! It really gets *all* the dirt! Simply massage this cream on your face . . . and as it dries massage it off. When you apply it, it is *pink.* When you massage it *off,* it is grey or *black*—laden with pore-deep dirt and oil.

POMPEIAN is a *pore-deep* cleanser. But it does much more than merely clean the skin. It stimulates the circulation in your skin . . . leaves your complexion glowing with a new youthful radiance! POMPEIAN Massage Cream makes your face *look* and *feel* much younger!

Try POMPEIAN yourself! Get a jar from your drug, department or variety store. Or if you prefer, send 10c for a generous sized jar and book of helpful beauty hints about the care of the skin. Use coupon below!

SEND 10c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

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NAME

ADDRESS

10c, 20c and 25c AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page 71*]

Mr. Smith (who was also *Asta* in *The Thin Man*) gravely accepts a special Academy award for distinguished acting from his great admirer, Humphrey Bogart

and she thought she must have a very enthusiastic commuting admirer. But when Una opened the bundles, she discovered they contained her husband's laundry. He had been away on business and in leaving had instructed the laundries to mail his clothes home when they were clean again!

A YEAR ago to the day Jimmy Stewart did a closeup with Ginger Rogers. It showed him getting up from a night club table starting to walk out. The long shot was taken that day and the next day Jimmy started on that sick spell that kept him off the screen for many long months. When he finally returned to the studio and they picked up production from where it left off, Jimmy was photographed getting his hat and coat from the check room girl and seen leaving the night club. In other words a year had actually passed since he started that scene. So in reality it took Jimmy exactly three hundred and sixty-five days to get up from the table, walk across the floor and make an exit.

ADRIAN has designed a special form-fitting dress for Myrna Loy that is the last gasp in fashion innovations. The way the dress is made and all, makes it impossible for a button, a hook and eye or even a zipper to be used without spoiling the effect. Something had to be done to assure Myrna that she wouldn't suddenly become subject to great exposure. The problem was finally solved. The dress was held on with adhesive tape.

MARLENE DIETRICH has started to take singing lessons from the famous Nina Koshetz. All of which looks like Marlene will eventually sing for her supper—in the movies of course.

IN LEE BOWMAN'S modest Hollywood apartment, there are no portraits of Hollywood celebrities. Instead Lee still clings to pictures of his early day school pals, who served in friendship when he needed them.

WHEN Louis Hayward is working in a picture he gets very self-conscious if Ida Lupino comes on the set to watch him. So Ida respects his wishes and stays away. However, she was sent to see a director of a future picture and that director happened to be directing Louis at the time of Ida's appointment. It was business and Ida couldn't allow anything to interfere. Still she didn't want to upset the boy friend. When she learned there were a lot of extras on the set Ida got an idea. She put on a very plain dress, slicked her hair back under her hat and stayed with the extra group, until Louis went into his portable dressing room. Then she had her interview!

MARY LIVINGSTONE still doesn't know if Dorothy Lamour was kidding. But it makes an amusing story either way. Dorothy had out of town guests to entertain and the guests wanted to see a radio broadcast. So Dorothy, who admitted that her program (the one that features Charlie McCarthy) was so popular it was always impossible to get extra seats, asked Mary Livingstone if she would get her some tickets for the Jack Benny Show!

NOT so long ago Ona Munson and Stanley Smith were popular as a team on stage and screen. Then both went to New York and Europe and forgot all about Hollywood. They have met again back in Hollywood and are going to team. But instead of trying to make a comeback in the movies, they are being very smart in doing a "Boy Meets Girl" series on the radio.

THE saddest girl in Hollywood during the floods, was Una Merkel. The water didn't damage her property but it did loosen a boulder on the hill just above. The boulder just happened to catch Una's pet Scotty and it died in the hospital from the injury.

THE Fred MacMurrays couldn't be a nicer host and hostess, but Fred just has to have his little laugh. He has one of those home recording machines and delights in keeping it turned on when people are in the room. All the conversation is recorded and later on it is played back from the record. Imagine how you would feel if you told some amusing little story on your best friend and then suddenly heard your own voice telling it back again. At that, Fred might solve the gossip situation.

IF YOU think Fannie Brice is a remarkably young-looking woman to be the mother of a grown daughter, you should see Fannie's mother. She could easily pass for the older sister of "Baby Snooks."

WHEN a Hollywood radio commentator gave out the untrue report that the floods were raging through the Marwyck ranch and Barbara Stanwyck

'Tis a wise actor that listens to his director's instructions—and Ray Milland is no fool. When Director George Archainbaud talks over scenes with him on Paramount's *Tropic Holiday*, Ray drops everything to stop, look and listen

Man's Eye View!

UNSIGHTLY HAIR SPOILS YOUR CHARM

Rinse It Off This Quick, Easy Way!

This season's shorter skirts . . . sheer stockings . . . and modern bathing suits . . . keep women's legs in the spotlight. See that yours are always smooth and feminine. Avoid unsightly hair!

Simply spread NEET (like a cold cream) on unwanted hair. Then rinse off with water—that's *all*. NEET gently, safely removes hair invisibly close to the skin surface. It leaves your arms and legs satin-smooth. NEET—used by millions of women —is easier and safer than shaving.

NEET *leaves your legs like velvet*

Avoid Bristly Razor Stubble

NEET eliminates bristly re-growth that follows shaving—sharp-edged stubble that may snag stockings. NEET ends danger of cuts—prevents razor-roughened skin.

For lovely legs and arms—with no unsightly hair—get NEET today! At your drug or department store. Generous trial size at all ten-cent stores.

NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

BRIGHT TEETH MEAN A LOT TO ME! THAT'S WHY I MASSAGE MY GUMS WITH FORHAN'S—IT HAS A SPECIAL INGREDIENT FOR THE GUMS

She knows that it is vital to cooperate with her dentist at home!

Massage gums and clean teeth twice daily with Forhan's. It makes teeth brilliant, helps keep gums firm and healthy. For a trial tube, send 10¢ to Forhan's, Dept. 605, New Brunswick, N. J.

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Lovelier Blonde Hair

NEW CINEMA CREAM METHOD

Everywhere blondes are more popular! You, too, can have beautiful—lustrous—fluffy blonde hair that wins admiration INSTANTLY! Now in 5 to 15 minutes—at home—you can lighten your hair to any flattering shade you desire with one application of LECHLER'S "569" INSTANT HAIR LIGHTENER, the New Cinema Cream Method. Brightens hair immediately! Looks natural! LECHLER'S, applied as an antiseptic white cream—easy to use—lightens only hair where applied. Not a liquid bleach! Does not run to hair ends and so cannot streak! And LECHLER'S does not affect your permanent wave.

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ROMANCE WRECKED BY UGLY PIMPLES?

Here is how to help keep skin-irritating poisons from your blood

Don't let repulsive-looking hickies rob you of charm . . . ruin your chances for friendship and affection . . . spoil your good times. Find out what the trouble may be, and take steps to correct it.

During the years of adolescence, from 13 to 25, important glands are developing. These gland changes upset your system.

At the same time intestinal waste poisons are often deposited in the blood stream, and may irritate the sensitive skin of your face and shoulders. Pimples break out.

Fortunately, there is a way to help keep these skin-irritating poisons out of your blood. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, 3 cakes a day. The millions of tiny, *living* plants in each cake of this fresh food help to remove the wastes the natural way and clear the skin of pimples. Thousands of young people get results in 30 days or less. Act now. Get Fleischmann's Yeast and eat it faithfully. See how your skin clears up.

couldn't get out, Joan Crawford just happened to be listening in. Joan got so upset she asked her chauffeur, who is the head of the Boy Scout troop, if he couldn't take all his boys and go to the rescue. However, before the chauffeur even had a chance, the phone rang and it was Barbara. She said she was perfectly safe and the only thing different about her place was the swimming pool. Where they came from she didn't know, but Barbara said the pool was full of ducks who were having the time of their lives!

JOHN BARRYMORE has a pretty good imagination and realizes that they have to do a lot of screwy things in the movies. However, he couldn't take it when he was handed a snuff box that he was supposed to use in a scene. When it came time to snuff, John discovered the prop man had filled it with coffee. "I can't take my coffee this way even if it's Maxwell House," said John, naming the brand of coffee the M-G-M people plug on their radio show.

NEWEST worry of Hollywood's heart-throb stars is the mass attack technique of their fans.

Latest victims are Bob Taylor and Clark Gable. From the University of Alabama there came, in one day's mail to Gable, 331 letters from co-eds, each of them demanding an autographed picture. Letters were all postmarked same hour.

Then to Bob Taylor came one letter—from the president of the senior class of an eastern university, asking for 297 autographed photos, each of the gals in the class wanting one.

Home was never like this!—think lucky Assistance League patrons when Mary Maguire and Barbara Pepper act as waitresses at a charity function

YOU don't have to believe it, but Marjorie Gateson's press-agent tells me that Marj just WON'T leave for the day's work without listening through John McCormack singing *Just for Today* on her phonograph!

HOLLYWOOD really showed its heart when Marie Wilson got the role opposite Jimmy Cagney in *Boy Meets Girl.* Everyone from Carole Lombard on down was pulling for Marie. And that strange little charmer was in a state herself. Every night she actually prayed for hours that she'd get the role. And you somehow believe her when she

Why so thoughtful, Harriet Hilliard? Surely you're not listening to a "play back" of one of your own songs in Paramount's musical *Cocoanut Grove.* At any rate, your stand-in, Yonda Hayes, seems to be enjoying herself!

—*Jack Partington, Jr.*

Why so plaintive, Deanna? Maybe it's because there were too many autographs to sign at the tea party recently given for young Miss Durbin in Manhattan

tells it to you in her earnest way. Jimmy Cagney himself was very touched at Marie's sincerity. Then, when after the first day's shooting Marie's eyes swelled up and closed, Cagney almost cried out of sympathy. Doctors were called in and Marie visualized her big chance being taken away from her. But it was only a temporary condition, caused by Marie's extreme nervousness. "Oh, gee," sighed Marie whimsically, "Gosh, oh, gee, but I'm a lucky Wilson!"

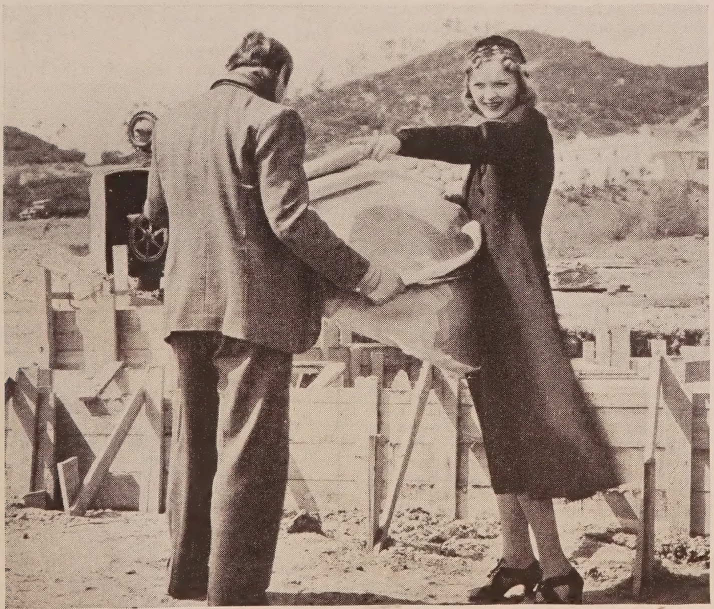
PICTURE the amusement of Arthur Hornblow over the huge fan-letter received by Myrna Loy from the "We Want to Marry Myrna Loy Club" of an eastern city—on account of Mr. Hornblow IS married to Myrna—Clark Gable's embarrassment at being dubbed the "screen's best-dressed man," because he really likes to wear a frowzy old leather jacket and slacks.

DEANNA DURBIN is—believe it or don't!—a Boy Scout! Honor of being the world's only girl member of a Boy Scout troop came to her when San Diego's Troop No. 42 voted her an honorary member, gave her an engraved certificate of membership, and in the presentation ceremony, had the Troop band play the "March Deanna" they had especially composed for her.

SMART-KID of Hollywood is Arleen Whelan's kid brother, Bob. Bob gets $2 a week spending money, but spent it too soon the other week, and needed more cash to take his sweetie to the movies. So did he borrow from his movie-star sister?

He did NOT. Instead, he rounded up some 15 or more of his school-chums, charged them a dime apiece to come to his house one night to meet his famous sister. He even talked

[*Continued on page* 88]



Wonder where the gifted Russian actress, Anna Sten, is these days? We'll tell you—building an elaborate home in Santa Monica canyon and waiting to prove her great acting ability in new Grand National films

"STOP GROWLING!"

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

"QUICK— cheer up with a stick of Beeman's! There's nothing like that delicious Beeman's flavor to drive off a grouch—that fresh zip and tang is a tonic.

Do you know why it tastes so refreshing? That airtight package keeps the flavor fresh and delicious as the day it was made! Now don't be selfish—I'll have a stick of Beeman's too!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

. . . BUT ISN'T ALL MASCARA JUST ALIKE?

NO!... WINX IS DIFFERENT! FINER TEXTURE ∴..LOOKS MORE NATURAL..KEEPS YOUR LASHES SOFT AND SILKY!

For more beautiful eyes, be sure to get WINX — mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil. Look for the GREEN PACKAGES.

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WINX the Finer Quality MASCARA

HAIR KILLED FOREVER

KILLED PERMANENTLY

From face or body without harm to skin, by following easy directions. Our electrolysis device is used by physicians and is guaranteed to kill hair forever or money refunded. Your electric current not used. **Only $1.95** complete. Prepaid or C.O.D. plus postage.

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Easy to Beautify Skin with MERCOLIZED *Wax* CREAM

Make your skin young looking. Flake off the stale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful underskin by using Mercolized Wax Cream regularly. Give your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. ***Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.***

Hearty Sandwich Snacks

[*Continued from page* 40]

combined with some or all of the filling before being applied to the bread. Nothing is more of a mistake than to take the cold butter jar from the refrigerator, dig out a lump with a knife, and then try to make it spread satisfactorily on the slices. Always "cream" the butter first, so it is slightly *softened* and actually *whipped* to the right consistency. An important secret to sandwich success is making a true "sandwich butter." Thus butter plays the "Bit" parts in our sandwich cast. Like this:

JOE'S HEARTY SANDWICH

6 slices lean bacon
3 ripe bananas
12 slices buttered whole wheat bread
1/3 cup softened peanut butter
Watercress
Sweet Pickle Relish

Fry bacon carefully until evenly crisp, then cut in small bits. Whip bananas to soft pulp with silver fork, and add bacon. Spread 6 slices buttered bread lightly with peanut butter, then cover with banana-bacon filling. Place second buttered slice on top of each, and press together. Serve with garnish of watercress and pickle relish. (These may be toasted on electric grill, if desired.) (Makes 6.)

The hot sandwich, contrary to popular belief, is as suitable, if not more so, in hot weather as in cold. For strenuous summer sports and recreations require quick energy snacks to keep up good form and pep, and a hot dish gives just what is needed. Many mixtures may be used for the hot open or closed sandwich, such as creamed mushrooms, melted hot cheese, hot buttered vegetables, creamed oysters or shrimp, minced clams or left-over meats. The hungry ice-box raiders will be able to hang a MEN AT WORK sign on the kitchen door, when they gather round and concoct this stout sandwich:

ICE-BOX RAIDERS' CHEESE DREAM

4 slices white bread, crusts removed
8 tablespoons prepared mustard
1 cup beer
4 (¼-inch) slices cheese spread
8 half slices lean bacon
Dill pickles
Bottled beer

Spread each bread slice thickly with mustard, lay on baking sheet, and brown lightly in oven. Remove to table. Sprinkle each slice with beer, cover with cheese, and top each with 2 half strips of bacon. Return to oven until cheese is melted and bacon done. Serve immediately with pickles and beer or ale. (Thick ring of ripe tomato may be laid on top of cheese and under bacon, if desired.) (Makes 4 "open-face" dreams.)

THE open-face, rolled and ribbon sandwiches are of prime importance for entertainment refreshment. When they do a walk-on, the appetizer or bridge tray, the tea or buffet table, becomes the center attraction. When made small and garnished elaborately, the open-face sandwich becomes the decorative *canape* so popular at the cocktail hour. And here is where metal cutters enable anyone to turn out little crescents, stars, hearts and other motifs which make guests exclaim, "What fascinating little tidbits!" As these cutters cost only a few cents each, an assortment should be in every kitchen, as they can be used also for cookies and desserts.

The rolled sandwich is of course most ornamental and is generally served sliced in the form of individual "pinwheels." But another sophisticated make-up with a similar technique produces the handsome loaf of striped sandwiches which may serve as the table centerpiece. Its making sounds more difficult than is the actual doing, and while this sandwich may not be served often, it is really one of the easiest ways to provide for a group of 10-12 persons. Here's the trick:

BRIDGE SANDWICH LOAF

1 long sandwich bread loaf
Mayonnaise
6 slices ripe tomato, peeled
1/3 cup cheese relish
1 head crisp lettuce, shredded Sweet-sour Pickles
2 packages (6 ounces) cream cheese
¼ cup heavy cream
Radish roses
Watercress

Remove all crust from day-old bread, and carefully cut loaf into 4 *lengthwise* slices. Lay No. 1 slice on platter covered with wax paper. Spread with mayonnaise, then cover with tomato rings. Spread No. 2 slice with mayonnaise and lay face down on tomatoes. Spread with cheese-relish spread, and cover with slice No. 3. Spread No. 3 slice with mayonnaise and cover with shredded lettuce. Spread No. 4 slice with mayonnaise and place face down on lettuce. Whip cream cheese to soft consistency with heavy cream, and spread thickly over all outside of loaf, like frosting. Set to chill 3 hours in refrigerator. Remove to serving platter and garnish alternately with alternate radishes, pickles and watercress. Cut in ½-inch slices.

Variation: Substitute thinly sliced cooked chicken for tomatoes, and olives and crisp bacon for cheese relish. Then add 3 tablespoons currant jelly to cream cheese frosting. Prepare as above.

When the summer season is at its height, and that means the sandwich season too, why not outfit a special shelf in your kitchen as a jolly little snack-bar where your sandwich cast may repose? And for props, provide sharp knives, a small wooden cutting board, waxed paper and several fancy cutters. In the nearby refrigerator, keep a company stock of sandwich spreads, tasty cheese, peanut butter, tart jelly and sliced bacon for impromptu gastronomic performances—and no need for rehearsals! In other words, stand by for sandwich stand-ins!

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
c/o SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE
1501 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Frederick:

Please send me the leaflet containing the Sandwich Stand-Ins, including Crab and Pimiento Sandwich Spread, Baked Bean and Dried Beef Sandwiches, and Hearty Lunchbox Sandwiches.

(This offer expires July 15, 1938)

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(Please paste coupon on penny postcard)

SB-6

ATTENTION

"MISS MONOGRAM" ENTRANTS!

Thousands of photos of "Miss Monogram" contestants were examined by the judges (above, left to right): Ralph Daigh, Managing Editor of Fawcett Publications, James Montgomery Flagg, one of America's foremost artists, and Tom DeVane, Editor, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE wishes to express its thanks to the many, many entrants and only wishes that there could have been a prize for each and everyone of its faithful readers.

A WORD to all you thousands who entered SCREEN BOOK Magazine's contest to select a girl to go to Hollywood as "Miss Monogram," with all expenses paid and a contract to appear in the Monogram production, *Romance Of The Limberlost!*

We thought we'd be able to announce the lucky winners in this issue, but due to the enormous response from girls who wanted a chance at Hollywood fame (our offices were literally swamped with pictures and coupons!) we will be unable to give the good news until next month in our July issue.

However, the judges of the contest, (James Montgomery Flagg, famous artist and illustrator; Ralph Daigh, Managing Editor of Fawcett Publications; Tom DeVane, editor of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, and Scott Dunlap, Vice President In Charge Of Production at Monogram Studios) have narrowed the field down to a handful of finalists, who, at the moment of writing, are being personally interviewed. Mr. Flagg, incidentally, has already discovered several girls whom he intends to use as models for his famous magazine covers—a high honor indeed!

"Miss Monogram" will make her screen debut in *Romance Of The Limberlost* with distinguished company—for a last minute flash from Hollywood informs us that Jean Parker and Eric Linden will have the leading roles! And Scott Dunlap tells us that our "Miss Monogram" will have a really important role in the production—not a mere "flash!"

There is one more point concerning the contest that we must stress again, and that is the returning of photographs to the entrants. THIS IS ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO DO, as was explicitly explained in our rules, and we sincerely hope that our readers will refrain from requesting this, as we cannot make exceptions.

Realizing how anxious you all are to learn the results of the contest, SCREEN BOOK Magazine will definitely announce all winners in the July issue.

Charming Young Star
Now Featured in Columbia Pictures
Jean Parker

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Larvex is odorless, stainless and one spraying mothproofs for a whole year. The new Larvex continuous sprayer makes it easier to apply. An extra-easy way is to use your vacuum cleaner sprayer.

Larvex is economical, too. One suit of clothes costs less than 17c to mothproof when Larvex is bought by the gallon.

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NON-INFLAMMABLE
One spraying mothproofs for a whole year

MOTH PROOFED WITH LARVEX UNTIL WASHED AGAIN

Look for this seal

IT APPEARS ON CLOTHES, BLANKETS, FURNITURE AND RUGS WHICH HAVE BEEN MOTHPROOFED WITH

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Left: "Half-Way" is little more than a "frame-work"—leaves upper breasts uncovered yet supports perfectly — $1.00. Send for *free* Style Booklet F: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

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Name ....
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Behind the Scenes With Bob Taylor!

[*Continued from page 27*]

dered in a political riot. Then fades away into something too exquisitely sad, yet ineffably beautiful, as Margaret Sullavan, breathing her last from her dread inheritance, whispers, "It's right for me to die, darling—when I'm so full of love," and falls back into her husband's arms.

Faithfully,
Your Correspondent,
MARY HILL.

Susan Hayward is one of the lovelies recently signed for stellar grooming by Warners—and she'll go places if she continues displaying such good form!

NOT A PROBLEM CHILD

We mean, Margaret Sullavan. For the first time in four years, Margaret Sullavan talks, exclusively to us, and she has quite a story to tell—take it from us—in the June issue of MOTION PICTURE, now on sale at your newsstand.

We don't like to brag, but the June MOTION PICTURE is *EXCLUSIVE* and after you read it you can brag, too, about all *you* know about Hollywood. Here's a hint of what you'll find in the June issue:

Joan (Crawford) Answers All Rumors

Why Errol Flynn Runs Out On Hollywood

"I Haven't Even Started Yet"—Luise Rainer

And that isn't all. Get a copy of the June issue now, it's full of surprises!

10c
JUNE
MOTION PICTURE
Motion Picture
Special Photo Art of Your Movie Favorites!
Feature Stories and Exclusive Interviews—
Joan Crawford, Don Ameche, Margaret Sullavan

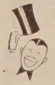
OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

READ THE RATINGS IN THE TOPPER'S FACE!

You'll be seeing a new and elegant co-starring team when Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Stewart appear in *Vivacious Lady* (the picture held up by Jim's long illness)

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

Metro-Goldwyn



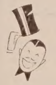
You MacDonald-Eddy fans are going to have a swell time when you see their newest (and longest) picture. It gives you two hours of scenery, Mexican bandits, early California atmosphere and songs, songs, songs—and that's a lot for any-one's money!

The story of *The Girl of the Golden West* isn't as familiar to the younger generation as it is to their parents. David Belasco originally produced it in 1905, with Blanche Bates as star. Later it was made into an opera, and it has been filmed twice previously. But the plot remains the same—Jeanette MacDonald is the Girl who runs a mining town's only saloon, Nelson Eddy is the bandit who loves her, and Walter Pidgeon is the lovesick sheriff.

Although the stars have but two duets, each is offered plenty of opportunity for vocal pyrotechnics. Particularly nice is Eddy's "Senorita" serenade. Admirable cast members include Leo Carrillo, Buddy Ebsen, Leonard Penn and the stunning Priscilla Lawson.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE

Paramount



All right, all right, you tough critics—supposing *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* IS pretty thin as regards story! Who cares about story when there are the elegant performances of Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper and the deft direction of Ernst Lubitsch to be considered?

Claudette (who looks lovelier than ever, if that's possible) is a strong-willed French girl who discovers that her rich American fiance (Cooper) has had seven wives before her. He just buys 'em—he's that rich. So Claudette gets her dander up and decided to teach him a lesson. She marries him! From then on it's one hilarious complication after another, with both stars at their superlative best.

Ernst Lubitsch hasn't lost that smooth gift for directing, either. And the supporting cast is ideal, with Edward Everett Horton as amusing as ever as Claudette's blustering father, David Niven, who displays charm as a sappy Englishman, and the sputtering Herman Bing. You'll have fun.

lovely
MARY ASTOR
featured in the Columbia picture
"There's Always A Woman"

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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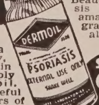
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



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THE JOY OF LIVING

RKO-Radio

We'd like to be able to say that Irene Dunne's new picture came up to the mark established by *The Awful Truth* —but it doesn't. There are amusing situations, some snappy dialogue and a new co-star for Miss Dunne in Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but the result falls short somehow.

Irene is a fabulously famous musical comedy and radio star who is the mainstay of a large and extravagant family. Alice Brady and Guy Kibbee are her parents, Lucille Ball and Frank Milan her sister and brother-in-law and the Steiner twins her nieces—and what a tribe! But when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a happy-go-lucky millionaire from the South Seas, enters her life and tries to make her break with her family, poor Irene is torn between love and loyalty. You guess how it ends!

There's a particularly mirthful scene with the two stars in a roller skating rink, and another sequence where Miss Dunne gets tipsy in a beer garden. And there are several songs sung by the lady in her deservedly popular fashion.

JEZEBEL

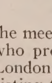
Warner Bros.

Remember Bette Davis' superb performance of Mildred in *Of Human Bondage*? Well, Bette is *Mildred* all over again in *Jezebel,* only this time she's all done up in hoop skirts and uses the best southern accent this side of Cape Cod—and her characterization is really something to write home about.

Miss Julie is really the terror of ole N'Awleans, suh. She goes around wrecking men's lives at the drop of a hanky—nice men, too—like Henry Fonda, who simply oozes gallantry, and George Brent, the most Celtic southern gentleman you ever heard, and Richard Cromwell, who sounds exactly like Henry Fonda if you shut your eyes. Pretty soon no one will talk to her, because she wears a red gown to a ball, and teases Cromwell into killing Brent. Then when Fonda, her own true love, returns to New Orleans married to a northern belle, Margaret Lindsay, Bette really goes to town.

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL

Warner Bros.



The diverting Carole Lombard, ably assisted by Fernand Gravet, indulges in some amiable foolery in Mervyn LeRoy's last production for Warner Bros. and the result is worth anybody's time.

Carole plays a daffydill American movie star who is vacationing incognito abroad. In Paris she meets an impoverished French nobleman who promptly falls for her, follows her to London and involves her in a scandal by insisting that he become her cook.

Missy Lombard gives her customary dexterous performance (although it hasn't the socko of *Nothing Sacred*) and Gravet is decidedly ingratiating.

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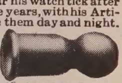

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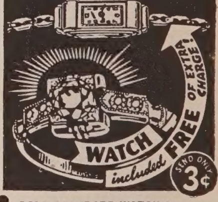
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MEET THE SCHNICKELFRITZES!

The Schnickelfritzes (left to right) include Stanley Fritts, Freddie Fisher, Paul Cooper, Nels Laakse, Ken Trisko and Charles Keenig. You'll see them in *Gold Diggers in Paris*

By

GEORGE K. SHAFFER

HOLLYWOOD'S pet proteges of the moment, since their first appearance at a local night-club, are the dizzy, daffy boys who comprise this band with the tongue-twisting name, the Schnickelfritzes.

Leader Freddie Fisher organized his band in Winona, Minn., where they were a tremendous success at a local night club. They came to the film city as a result of this engagement, a handful of phonograph records made in Chicago and a personal "discovery" by Rudy Vallee.

Whether you measure their musical output by quantity, a calorie, quality of queerity, the Schnickelfritzes ("impish fellows" to you) give you more of it than any band which ever took the lid off a bag of tricks in Hollywood. Even dowagers dissolve their inhibitions watching the Schnickelfritzes go through an hour's performance, wherein they play more jew's harp, jug, mouth organ, ocarina, sandpaper, cymbal, frying pan, cowbell, slide whistle, washboard, empty bottle and auto horn music than any other specialty band.

Ogled by the showgirls who play with them in the musical film, *Gold Diggers in Paris,* (along with Rudy Vallee, Rosemary Lane, Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins) requested for autographs by filmdom's swanky ones after a "corn music" recital at the haughty Trocadero cafe; besieged by other studios hopeful of crowding out Warner Bros.' options for additional films succeeding *Gold Diggers,* and half bewildered by the sudden surge of money and popularity which their film invasion is promising them, Freddie Fisher and his homespun colleagues have yet maintained their farmyard moorings as to clothes, haircuts, twangy voices, personal thrift; but, pre-eminently, as to their sense of humor.

This comedy buildup is what first rivets attention on the Schnickelfritzes.

It is only after their fans have laughed themselves purple, stomped their feet, and got into the mood to wear paper dunce caps at their antics, that the fans suddenly pinch themselves and turn to each other in tones of discovery, to say, "But these clowns are great musicians!"

Fisher, the band leader, is one of the best clarinetists in American band history. Rudy Vallee has watched plenty of bands, and cupped his ear to plenty of clarinet experts, and Rudy says so.

Fisher, like his friend and sponsor, Rudy Vallee, also plays a mean saxophone.

In addition, Fisher is the "sweet potato" virtuoso when his Band converts itself into an ocarina sextette. He also plays the slide whistle, the flute, and could wrestle the oboe if needed. His chief role is as the comedy bell wether of his band; for instance, it is Fisher who wears the stovepipe hat out of which come puffs of real smoke when his gang shuffles about the stage like a locomotive in the railroad ballad "Old Hank."

The 33-yead-old band leader has the sort of seamed face and knowing blue eyes you wouldn't expect of an ex-tractor

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machinist from Spillville, Iowa. Fisher, his pretty young wife, and little blonde daughter, Joan, who is an eight year old with lively blue eyes, lived all through the freezing winter of 1937 in Winona, Minn., in a trailer parked in the back yard of a home. They paid $5 a month for their water, light, rent, and bathing privileges in the landlady's home. "If fresh air is healthy, we laid up a lifetime supply of health in that trailer when it was 20 below zero," Freddie remembers. Such recollections prompt Fisher and his five team mates to agree that they want to dedicate the rest of their lives to farming in California, if the Band Business hits a Recession.

FISHER'S fellow musicians are:

Stanley ("Red") Fritts, who plays trombone, baritone horn and "the contraption" (about which more later); Nels ("Nellie") Laakso, who is a glum looking young Finlander from the upper Michigan iron mines who is only 23 years of age, could pass for 35, and who, musicians say, is truly exceptional in his mastery of the cornet; Paul Cooper, pianist and arranger for the band; Charlie Koenig, bass fiddle and bass horn player; and Kenneth Trisko, trap drummer.

The instruments mentioned, are these men's specialties. Every one in the band plays seven or eight instruments. The entire band, for instance, could play ring around a rosy with each other's instruments, each man exchanging his own with the next man's instrument, and each able to a competent job of fingering the other fellow's valves or strings.

The Schnickelfritzes assembled in Winona, Minn., about two years ago. All of them came from small cities of the midwest and, as they will tell you, all still proudly remain capable of milking a cow or plowing a field. Most of the boys had done some barnstorming with minor bands around the prairie belt county fair and lodge hall circuit.

Fisher, who is 33, and comes from Clayton county, Iowa, boasts of being "one of the best creamery hands in the Hawkeye State." He also worked in a garage as mechanic, got a normal school diploma at Fayette, Ia., and had put in half a dozen seasons trouping around the corn belt with county seat bands, before he started to organize his own present aggregation in Winona.

Paul Cooper, the pianist and arranger, is 34, and comes from St. Joseph, Missouri. Broad shouldered and handsome, with brown hair and gray eyes, Cooper had toured with small bands, had been an actor in vaudeville and repertoire, and had been a radio announcer in Wichita Falls, Tex., before he joined up with Fisher's Schnickelfritzes.

Besides the piano, Cooper plays the bird whistle, cymbals and a big green ocarina. "Part of my early career through Nebraska included some pick and shovel work," Cooper says, "So you can see how favorably impressed I am with belonging to a hit orchestra."

During Cooper's film debut in *Gold Diggers in Paris* he was reunited in Hollywood with his long absent father, Victor L. Cooper of San Francisco, who had not seen his son in 18 years. The elder Cooper had located the younger musician by reading notices and looking at photographs of the Schnickelfritzes in their motion picture tomfoolery.

Stanley ("Red") Fritts, 27-year-old trombonist, and a gangling redhead, is a champion single handed, full piece orchestra. For certain effects Fritts plays the B-flat baritone horn, the E-flat alto horn, the ocarina, the jew's harp, the musical jug, and the "contraption," but not all at one time.

The contraption is sort of a stanchly built

Lucille Ball's grand work in *Stage Door* has made her increasingly important at RKO. Now she's Joe Penner's love in *Go Chase Yourself*

easel, down whose front has been fastened a washboard, and around whose sides and top of whose framework are a variety of other oddities including a frying pan, a couple of iron cymbals, a cowbell, a doorbell, a bicycle bell, a klaxon, a ratchet with a revolving handle, and nine bulb handled auto horns. The auto horns each blow a different note in the scale when squeezed, and Fritts squeezes them so dexterously in turn, that he plays a solo in *Listen to the Mocking Bird*.

For bass effects, there is one large auto horn attached to the floor, upon which the performer steps to get his bottom note.

Fritts sends the Schnickelfritzes' constituents into ecstasies when he bends his full 6 feet 3 inches over this "contraption" in the full vigor of one of their numbers. He strums the iron washboard with fingers which are protected by thimbles on the three middle digits of each hand, and wears out one thimble every ten days. You can imagine what he would do to his fingers without the thimbles.

When he came to Hollywood, Fritts was slightly dubious about his kind of music, and brought with him the certificate from Omaha, Nebr. Barbers College which he had recently won upon completion of one year's performance with the snippers. Fritts, like Fisher and Cooper had also done considerable previous barnstorming about the Missouri Valley States in small-time bands, but says, "I thought I had better quit that and go to Barbers College, when I wore out my taste for hamburgers for breakfast, dinner and supper." Fritts' home town is Lyons, Nebr.

Nels Laakso, whose 23 years makes him the "baby" of the band, got his job with the Schnickelfritzes little more than a year ago, through an ad he had put in a theatrical magazine. Next to Fritts he is the tallest, and due to a knack of rolling big, hazel eyes, and curling his lips into odd twists while blowing his horn, he is the most conspicuous of the bandsmen.

Laakso has dark brown hair, a crisp little mustache which he totally hides when he curls his lip upward, and a perpetually sad expression, which is one of the comedy assets of his troupe. Laakso triple tongues, and easily reaches high C on his cornet. He can play practically any horn he picks up, but his work with the Schnickelfritzes' specialty numbers is more or less limited; and takes in only the cornet, harmonica, slide whistle and sweet potato. He also plays a pot and a heavy bronze ship's bell, and makes a choo-choo sound in the railroad ballad, "Old Hank" simply by sucking on the mouthpiece of one of his horns. His father is a miner in Wakefield, Mich.

Charles Koenig, brown haired and gray eyed, sticks rather closely to two instruments during the Schnickelfritzes' melodic madness. These are the tuba and bass viol. Koenig also plays the ocarina in one number. Charlie takes regular calisthenics after band practice which he says he needs "because I weigh only 155 pounds and have to wrestle a tuba weighing 28 and a string bass weighing 21".

Koenig earned the $345 to buy himself his first bass horn by digging graves in a cemetery in Superior, Wisc., his home city. He is 26, brown haired and blue eyed, and says that the only disadvantage to his present profession is that blowing a bass horn, "seems like it makes a fellow kind of deaf."

Kenneth Trisko, 29, sandy haired and blue eyed, is the trap drummer. He is from Owatonna, Minn. With a band such as Freddie Fisher's, the trap drummer and his accessories cover a goodly part of an acre of stage space. Trisko is a rather small fellow, and he has to cover this area at a lope, particularly when the sound effects call for vibraphone or xylophone work. The bulk of the layout of Trisko's toys is devoted to three smaller drums, a kettle drum, a bass drum, three cymbals—one of which he taps with his foot; five temple gongs, triangles, hollow wooden blocks, conch shells, castanets, and jigglers to suit any musical flavor.

The Schnickelfritzes were brought to Hollywood by Warner Bros. on Rudy Vallee's recommendation, and were at first supposed to make two appearances in *Gold Diggers in Paris*. But their first "takes" in this film so titillated the risibilities of Studio Executives J. L. Warner, Hal Wallis and Sam Bischoff; and so pleased the two co-directors, Ray Enright and Busby Berkeley, that the rustic musicians were successively entered into more and more numbers, until they now are represented by eight tunes in the picture.

From Hollywood they probably will accept the offer waiting for them, but not yet signed by them, for a ten weeks guarantee at a large New York night club, but will afterward return to Hollywood for more engagements in motion pictures. Their radio and phonograph record contracts will be fitted in between these major engagements.

All members of the Schnickelfritzes are married except Koenig, and all the wives save one, are "home girls" from midwest farms or small towns. "We know we're just a bunch of country boys" says their spokesman, Fisher. "We may not know exactly how all these high powered contracts got started, but we certainly appreciate them, and we're all smart enough so that if this money quits coming in we'll have enough saved up to go out and buy us some California farms, where we can settle down and enjoy life in the old way."

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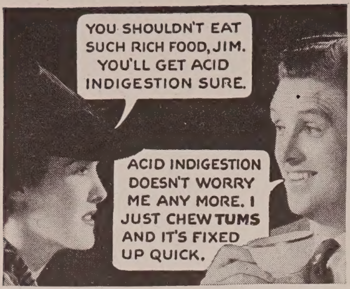
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Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page 79*]

Arleen into emoting one scene from her current picture, for the kids!

NOT many years ago, Bryant Washburn was the Clark Gable of his day . . . The other day, Washburn—now 49 years old—issued this plea to Hollywood: "All I ask is a chance to earn a decent living for myself and my family. I don't want to star; I don't want wealth; I'm fed up on glamor. I've had 'em all. All I want now is steady work at acting—the only job I know."

AH, SUCH is fame—from far-off Damanjug, on the Philippine Island of Cebu, a fisherman has a daughter named Conchita Zozabrado. From Conchita came a letter to Shirley Temple, saying that she had induced

Imagine the thrill of American Airlines passengers to have beautiful Virginia Field in the plane! The 20th Century player recently vacationed in New York

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One Way Passage was recently broadcast from Hollywood on the Gruen Watch program, with Ronald Reagan, Gloria Dickson and Dick Foran in leading roles. Wonder if Kay Francis and Bill Powell listened in to others acting their famous roles?

her papa to name his new fishing boats, one, the *Shirley*, the other, the *Temple* . . .!

TWO months ago, Jean Arthur secretly came back to Hollywood, secretly started taking massage treatments. No star takes such treatments for fun. I told you then to be watching for Jean to call off her battle with Columbia, return to the screen. And—she *has* called off the battle and returned. She will be in *You Can't Take It With You*, in the role that Olivia de Havilland was originally to play.

Olivia wanted that role. She wanted the chance to be directed by Frank Capra. But she had to give it up. She needed a rest too badly—after five pictures in unbroken succession. That's why she is in Honolulu now, not in *You Can't Take It With You.*

Puzzle Solution

		M	A	C	D	O	N	A	L	D		
	C	A	L	L	■	■	I	L	O	N	A	
S	O	■	L	E	O	■	V	A	N	■	N	A
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N	O	E	L	■	D	O	N	■	O	P	E	N
G	R	E	A	T	■	P	■	A	R	E	■	A
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	L	E	I	L	A	■	■	R	A	Y	S	
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UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

MAYBE we're wrong.

Maybe, judging from what appears on the screen night after night, the motion picture industry is correct in its belief that extras aren't actors.

As a matter-of-fact, we'd be willing to go before any board of inquiry and, without advice of counsel, testify to the same thing. Not only that, but we'd be very glad to add, if pressed on the point, that it's our belief that there are a lot of actors who aren't actors—and never will be!

But board of inquiry or not, we'd never subscribe to the smug and cruel conceit of the motion picture industry that extras aren't people!

It was a dreadful shock to us to learn just the other day that one of the richest, greatest, and most publicized industries on the globe has been so completely neglectful, so viciously selfish, so utterly self-centered as to overlook the misery, the heart-ache, the poverty, and the illness that stalk through the extra ranks of Hollywood. It was, as we say, a dreadful shock to learn that the industry that has made its name a household word in almost every nation of the world has yet to make its first charitable attempt to lend the helping hand of the Good Samaritan to these forgotten men and women of Hollywood who are so badly in want.

We're not referring, now, to the Joan Crawfords, the Mary Pickfords, the Jimmy Gleasons, the Pat O'Briens, the Jean Hersholts and scores of other splendid men and women in the acting profession who keep their purses well-filled and always on call to their less fortunate friends.

Nor do we refer to the relief agencies financially-backed by film executives and actors to take care of their own.

But by no means does that prevent us from indicting the motion picture industry as a whole for its cruel and callous indifference toward the extra. It's an incredible situation—but the industry, out of the bounty of its largesse, has never yet given a single generous and worthy thought to the provision and backing of an organization within itself for the relief of this needy, ill, and indigent group.

EXTRAS may not be actors. We won't take issue with that since we admit that our critical judgment hasn't been developed to the point where we can honestly distinguish one from the other. But extras *are* people—motion picture people—and as such surely deserve, and surely should obtain, the same aid that an actor obtains when he is in need. But such is not the case, we are sorry to say.

Such a condition should not, of course, exist—particularly in an industry where profits are enormous, salaries fabulous, free and easy spending the rule rather than the exception, and where men and women like the Crawfords, the Gleasons, the O'Briens, the Hersholts and scores of others give until it hurts—but because it does exist, we'd feel little less than criminal if we failed to call this condition to the attention of those hundred of ambitious young men and women who are making eager preparations to crash the gates of Moviedom.

From the very moment of their appearance in the town called Hollywood they must remember that when they begin their struggles to get a foot on the ladder of screen fame—and go broke and become ill while doing it—there is no relief organization sponsored by the industry in which they hope to work to which they can turn for assistance.

They must remember that when they are down, they are really *out* in Hollywood!

IT WOULD be advisable, too, that these ambitious young men and women consider carefully another obstacle against which they will have to contend almost before they get within sight of a studio gate.

What with every major studio cutting its personnel and its budget as these two items have never been cut before, more employees, from actors to prop boys, are out of work than ever recorded in the history of the industry.

Another obstacle that these ambitious young men and women will have to struggle against is competition. On the assumption that they will have to climb from the extra ranks to reach stardom, if they climb at all, it may interest them to know that at present there are more than 18,000 registered extras in Hollywood and that every one of these 18,000 are more than willing to fight at the drop of the hat for recognition, however slight. It is well that they know, too, that the average yearly pay of these registered 18,000 extras reached the amazingly meager total of $250! And that out of this vast number only two earned last year more than $2,000!

What becomes of these boys and girls when they find themselves out of work, when their money is gone, when illness strikes them down, when they are down and out and learn that since they aren't regarded as actors by the motion picture industry they aren't entitled to help? We wish we knew. We'd like to know how they feel when they discover that they are not even regarded as *people* by those with whom and for whom they work.

We do know this, however. It's a sad and terrible commentary on life—even as it's so gaily lived in Hollywood!

W. H. FAWCETT,
Publisher.

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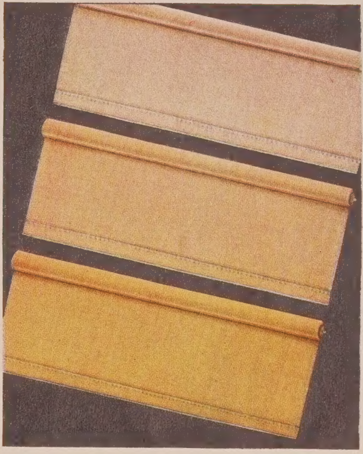

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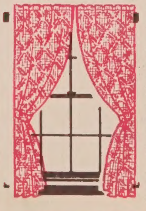

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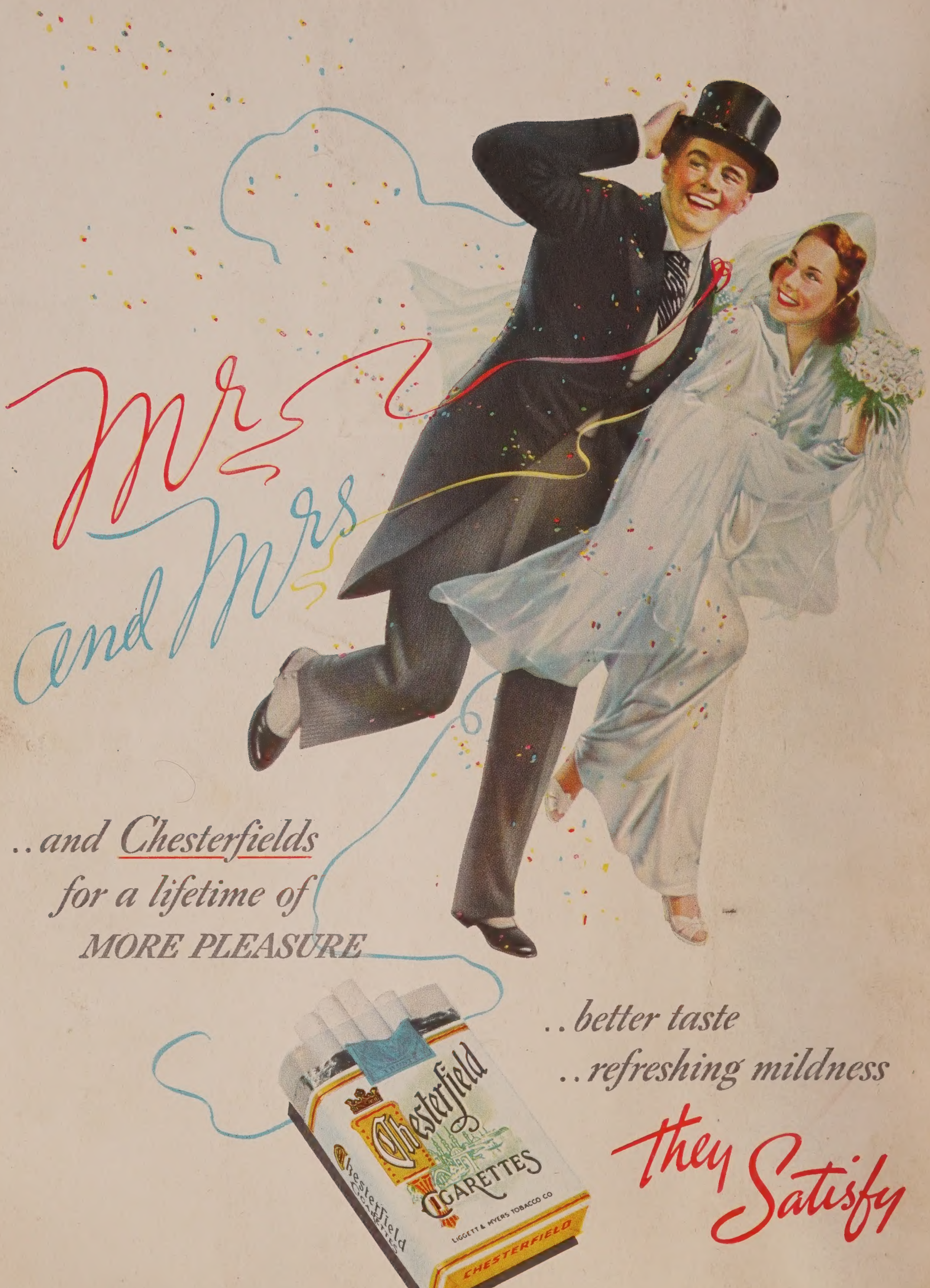
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..*refreshing mildness*

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KAY FRANCIS SIGNS A LIFETIME CONTRACT!

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

JULY

SCREEN BOOK
10¢

SECRETS OF A HOLLYWOOD FORTUNE TELLER!

LORETTA
YOUNG
Natural Color Photo

Side view of the main lodge and one of the many log cabins.

A NORTH WOODS VACATION

Treat yourself to a delightful, economical vacation among the lakes and fragrant pines of northern Minnesota at "America's most complete summer resort." Make new friends and become one of the thousands who call Breezy Point Lodge their "vacation home."

Breezy Point Lodge is on the shores of Big Pelican Lake, 120 miles from Duluth, 150 miles north of Minneapolis. Golf on emerald green and watered fairways. Sun yourself on a white sand beach. Ride horseback through stands of pine. Fish for bass, pike, or trout. Dance each evening at dinner. Play billiards, tennis or bowl on Breezy Point's bowling alleys. There is every sport at Breezy, including trap shooting, archery, etc.

There is a mammoth three-story hotel of gigantic fir logs, plus the convenience of beauty shop, tailoring service, and all the niceties that will make your vacation complete. Half a hundred log cabins, each with several rooms, complete with fireplace, bath, kitchenette, sleeping porch, etc., are available for those who prefer them to rooms in the hotel.

Breezy Point is delightfully cool. Official average temperatures are lower than those of any other summer resort in the United States.

Easily accessible by motor car, train or bus. Rates start at $2 per day, $5 per day with meals. Golf $1 week days. Other prices in proportion. Season from June 20 to Sept. 1. Write for reservations.

BREEZY POINT
SAN FRANCISCO
MINNEAPOLIS
ST. PAUL
DENVER
LOS ANGELES
OMAHA
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
ST. LOUIS

FAWCETT'S BREEZY POINT LODGE

PEQUOT · MINNESOTA

A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT

After your bath, don't fail to give underarms Mum's sure care!

WHAT a wonderful *lift* a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It starts you off so gloriously fresh and alive.

But even the most perfect bath can't protect you all evening long. Underarms must have *special* care—that's why smart girls, *popular* girls, follow every bath with Mum! They know that a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours *to come*—makes odor impossible.

Many a girl who starts out fresh, loses that freshness before the evening's over. If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a *second* date and a *third*—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum. Then you'll never risk offending others, never risk spoiling your own good times. Always use Mum.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute is all you ever need to apply Mum.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is completely harmless to every fabric. And Mum is gentle, actually soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE FOR MUM —Thousands of girls use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's gentle, safe, sure. Avoid worries and embarrassment with Mum.

ONE HALF MINUTE AND YOUR CHARM IS SAFE

THAT BATH WAS GRAND! NOW A TOUCH OF MUM UNDER EACH ARM AND I'LL BE SAFE ALL EVENING!
TO HERSELF: FRANK'S THE NICEST MAN I KNOW! AND HOW THANKFUL I AM NOW— FOR MUM
MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

VOLUME XX No. 6 JULY, 1938

TOM DeVANE
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CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer....**Top Photo by Fryer: Jan Holm**

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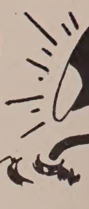
TWO YEARS IN A ROW
THE PRIZE AWARD!

Talented Luise Rainer again wins the Academy Award. This time for pathetic Olan in "The Good Earth." Last year for Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her new role is her greatest!

Luise Rainer as
"THE TOY WIFE"

. . . who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in . . . "life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may" . . . you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans' gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O'Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.

FILMLAND WHISPERS



Just to remind us that Fourth of July is just around the corner, Jack Benny enlists the aid of two Paramount starlets to pose for the willing cameraman. That's Zoe Dell Lantis on the left and the highly publicized Betty Grable right

WHETHER you're a second cousin to Janet Gaynor's aunt or delivering a can of film, each person entering the David Selznick studios goes through the same routine. When he or she passes through the gate, a small card is presented. On it is humorously printed, "No, we *don't* know who is going to play Scarlett O'Hara."

NEVER let it be said that Hollywood doesn't do the right thing! A testimonial dinner was held recently to honor Mack Sennett. Prominent producers, directors and actors gathered around a large table to pay homage to the former comedy producer, who gave us such stars as Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle and many others, both dead and living. Individually each guest at the dinner extolled the virtues of Sennett and told of the great part he had played in building up the industry. They drank to Mack Sennett's health and they wished him everything good. But of all the famous persons present, the only one who didn't have a job—was the guest of honor himself!

NOT so long ago the name of Ralph Bellamy made producers go screaming out into the night. But that was before *The Awful Truth.* Yet, after Ralph had scored one of the biggest hits of the year, a daily columnist came out with an item and referred to Ralph as, "A former Hollywood screen favorite." All we can say is, the columnist wouldn't think so if he could get a load of the same producers who used to avoid Ralph, now fighting each other off, trying to get to him!

JUST in case they consider him for *Golden Boy*, John Beal is going to be ready. Every day he doesn't have to work, John goes over to his trainer's house and takes a workout. He already puts up a pretty mean scrap. By the time they get around to casting the picture, John will be able to give a knockout performance as the violin-playing prizefighter!

JOAN CRAWFORD'S birthday party was really a surprise to the star. When Franchot Tone called up all her friends and begged them to keep it a secret, for once in Hollywood, the news didn't get out. The Fred Astaires, the Irving Berlins, the Ray Millands, Della Lind, Barbara Stanwyck, Bob Taylor, Cesar Romero, the George Murphys all presented Joan with various pieces of minature silver for her collection. Joan, with a huge emerald green cabbage rose sitting smack on the top of her head, looked radiant. She amused her guests with the details of her day. Just as she was leaving her house to go to the studio, two dozen fans waiting outside her door, presented her with a corsage and burst into "Many Happy Returns of the Day." Joan was so touched and excited that when she pinned on the corsage, she pinned her glove on with it. The most unusual gesture of all came from a flying fan. An aviator, swooping down so close Joan could almost see him, dropped flowers in her swimming pool. There was no message and no card attached, so Joan has never been able to thank her enterprising admirer.

IT WAS a big day in Joan Crawford's life when she visited Shirley Temple on the set. The two got along famously. When it came time to go, Shirley took Joan aside and whispered something in her ear. Later on Mrs. Temple asked Shirley why she had been so secretive. "I gave her my private number," said Shirley. "And I didn't want anyone else to have it!"

IT'S kind of hard to know just who and what to believe in Hollywood. Especially when publicity men make and break all the rules of the game. At the Sunday night Trocadero show, Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene really looked as if they were putting their hearts into their feet when they danced. But it just so happens that Richard is starting a picture with Sonja Henie. So the next night he was again at the Troc, this time dancing (not quite so happily) with the kitten-like Sonja. It's really hard to know in which direction the heart lies in Hollywood. In the meantime there are always the fans, who love to imagine that their favorite screen lovers are re-eally that way off screen too.

WHEN Una Merkel invited guests for dinner recently, she greeted them all with a big smile on her face. "Oh, I've got the nicest suprise for you," beamed the one and only Merkel. "Someone sent me one of those astrological books. After dinner I'll see what today holds for each one of us." After dinner the guests gathered in the den Una took out the book, turned to the right page and promptly went into hysterics. After she had recovered her breath, this is what she read to her guests: "Today is your day for meeting crackpots and lame ducks!"

THE name of Bob Abbot and the face of Bob Abbot for some time have been associated in Hollywood with Anita Louise. But Bob also happens to be very fond of a

[*Continued on page* 8]

HERE THEY COME ON A MILLION DOLLAR SPREE TO WAKE AND MAKE AND TAKE PAREE!

Those gorgeous "Gold Digger" lovelies have taken America twice! Now see what they do to 50 million Frenchmen!

"GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS"

HEAR . . . for the first time on the screen—
The SCHNICKELFRITZ BAND

& 4 Brilliant Song Hits
"Day Dreaming" • "A Stranger in Paris" • "The Latin Quarter"
"I Wanna Go Back to Bali"

Starring
RUDY VALLEE
ROSEMARY LANE • HUGH HERBERT
ALLEN JENKINS • GLORIA DICKSON
MELVILLE COOPER • MABEL TODD • FRITZ FELD

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT • Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and Warren Duff • Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Maurice Leo From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren and Al Dubin • A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

"DANDRUFF ITCH?"

Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *(This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)*
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *(This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)*
3. Rinse very thoroughly. *(Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)*
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. *(This relieves dryness.)*

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

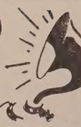
TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 704 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

Next time be sure to USE ZONITE FOR
✓ DANDRUFF
✓ BAD BREATH
✓ SORE THROAT
✓ CUTS & WOUNDS
✓ FEMININE CLEANSING
✓ ATHLETE'S FOOT

SPECIAL OFFER
Get this measuring glass at no extra charge with 14 ounce Zonite. Read package folder for details

ZONITE Is 9.3 Times More Active
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

FILMLAND WHISPERS



[*Continued from page 6*]

Joy Hodges tossed a gay party at New York's swank Stork Club recently for her friends, Allan Jones and Irene Hervey. That's Michael Bartlett with Joy in center. Joy, incidentally, soon returns to Hollywood and Universal

little lady named Ann Nagel (widow of Ross Alexander). When Bob had a birthday recently, Ann gave him a party. As a gift, Ann presented Bob with a tiny gold harp to be worn as a gadget on the end of his watch chain! ! (Anita, in case you don't know, is an expert on the harp).

THE party that Dorothy Lamour threw for Eleanore Whitney's twenty-first birthday was really something. Charlie McCarthy was there in person and warned everyone that Eleanore would remain twenty-one for many years to come—because it had taken her many years to get there! Martha Raye went in for purity in a big way. Her draped white chiffon gown was set off by a *most* unusual old-fashioned hairdress. Martha wore her curls piled high on her head—and to complete the picture, interwoven in her locks were two white doves. Later on in the evening, purity took a holiday when Martha suggested the Big Apple. Dorothy Lamour did the calling, and everyone present, including Martha's doves, trucked on down!

WE MIGHT just as well face it once and for all. Mickey Rooney *isn't* suffering from an inferiority complex! When the youthful actor isn't slipping water-filled paper cups into producer's coat pockets, he's leading the Big Apple at the Cocoanut Grove. And when the band leaves the stand for intermission, Mickey elects himself to leave his table, walk over to the piano and entertain the patrons with a few numbers. Remember a long, long time ago when children were told to be seen and not heard? But that wasn't in Hollywood—and not all children are as versatile as Mickey.

WHEN husband Herbie Kay opened at the Cocoanut Grove, Dorothy Lamour decided that it was a very special occasion. She planned a big party and invited all the Paramount executives. But she refused to describe the new gown she was having made, so the studio publicity department was just as much in the dark as anyone. Dorothy arrived at the Grove in a big mink coat that came clear to the floor. When they called on her to sing, she stood up, threw off her coat and displayed a formal floor length sarong!

BELIEVE it or not, the one and only Fanny Brice has now gone in for magic. And she's darn good at it too. No Hollywood party is complete unless Fanny brings a rabbit out of something. As long as she doesn't make "Baby Snooks" disappear, we personally don't care what miracles she performs!

ONE of the happiest persons in Hollywood today is a woman who rents houses and sells real estate. She works on commission and she works hard. She is her own boss and there is no one to discourage her or criticise her if she doesn't turn in a good performance. A

[*Continued on page 10*]

NEW STARLIGHT FOR HOLLYWOOD

The New Universal proudly presents The American Debut of

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

The girl whose exquisite beauty . . . charm of performance...has made her the most beloved stage and screen star in all Europe . . . The star of the sensational MAYERLING . . . which all America has taken to its heart!

DANIELLE DOUGLAS
DARRIEUX • FAIRBANKS, Jr.

in

"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

with

MISCHA AUER · HELEN BRODERICK · LOUIS HAYWARD

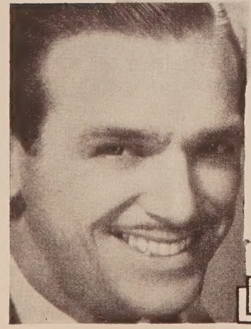
Original Story and Screen Play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson

Directed by HENRY KOSTER who made "3 SMART GIRLS" and "100 MEN AND A GIRL"

Produced by B. G. de SYLVA

CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production

UNIVERSAL PICTURES



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR

Creature of a thousand new moods of femininity!

HELEN BRODERICK

MISCHA AUER

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 8]

few short years ago she was a high priced star. She played opposite the most glamorous of all screen lovers. His name was Rudolph Valentino. Her name and the name she gives you if you consult her about real estate—is Agnes Ayres.

A LUCKY boy is young Tim Holt. With the famous Jack Holt for a father, Tim has someone to advise him and guide him in his screen career. Jack has already suggested that Tim save his money and invest it in ranch property. When the distant day comes that Tim no longer wants to be in the movies, it is Jack's hope that he will be in a position to go into the horse raising business.

THEY'D love to call it a romance in Hollywood, but we'll just say that Lee Bowman and Margaret Roach (daughter of producer Hal) make a mighty nifty couple on the floor.

FERNAND GRAVET won't be forgetting Newton, Kansas, in a hurry. Coming across the country, after being in Europe, Fernand's train was held up in Newton by a terrific blizzard. It got so bitterly cold the French star felt the need of a little artificial stimulant. As everyone knows, the state of Kansas and John Barleycorn have very little in common. Finally, someone did tip Gravet off to a special place that might accommodate him. But when he found it they asked three dollars and fifty cents a shot for liquid merchandise that ordinarily sells for sixty-five cents a throw, Fernand decided it would be much cheaper to freeze it out!

PERSONAL to Bette Davis: Irving Berlin still wants to meet you. Irving said he was "engaged" to you for some time. But now since he's seen *Jezebel*, he's definitely "married" to you!

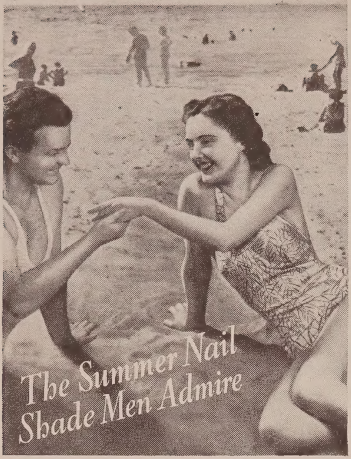
KATHARINE HEPBURN is another one who has a good eye for business. In odd moments Katie collects miniature silver and rare old music boxes. You'll see a lot of them when you see *Holiday*. And just remember they belong to Hepburn and she just rented them out for props and collected handsomely.

HOLLYWOOD publicists are a bit down on Ginger Rogers at the present moment. And it's most unfair to Ginger. Besides working in *Vivacious Lady*, at the same time Ginger has been rehearsing the dances for her next pic-

[*Continued on page* 12]

—*Wide World*

Imagine being married almost a year without a honeymoon! But Alice Faye and Tony Martin finally got away from the studio and sailed for Honolulu


The Summer Nail Shade Men Admire

You'll find a dash of Magic in CABAÑA!

MAKE your summer nails lovely with CABAÑA, the color *men* admire. Here is a flattering, tawny red . . . fresh, gay and stimulating . . . a color that throbs with romance!

You'll want CABAÑA in the city to wear with stylish blacks and beiges. You'll need it in the country for your South Sea prints and whites. At the beach CABAÑA suits the scene . . . it makes moonlight dances forever memorable . . . it holds a promise of thrilling things ahead.

Use this striking shade to accent summer highlights in your hair . . . the sunny undertone of your complexion . . . the glamour of your summer self. Get CABAÑA *today!*

Glazo Is Ideal For Summer!

1. LONGER WEAR — new Glazo lasts days longer without peeling or chipping. Slightly heavier—*clings* to nails.
2. EASY TO APPLY — goes on evenly. Will not streak or run. Dries quickly.
3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE —won't fade or become dull in sun or water.

Get Glazo's smart new colors — CONGO, SPICE, TROPIC and CABAÑA — at all drug counters. Extra large size, only 25¢

GLAZO
Cream Polish
CABAÑA

GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

A Bride Now...

will she **keep** Romance?

"Don't let Cosmetic Skin develop—rob YOU of love"

Claudette Colbert

LOVELY SKIN WINS ROMANCE. SO WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH UNATTRACTIVE **COSMETIC SKIN**

COSMETIC SKIN DEVELOPS WHEN PORES ARE CHOKED WITH DUST, DIRT AND STALE COSMETICS. **LUX TOILET SOAP'S ACTIVE** LATHER GUARDS AGAINST THIS DANGER

I ALWAYS REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP.** IT'S THE SAFE, EASY WAY TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Are You a MODERN CLEOPATRA?

THE GLAMOUR-QUEEN of the Nile knew this fascinating secret — the lure of a smooth and deliciously fragrant skin...

TAKE A TIP from History's No. 1 Charmer and keep always adorable with the romantic, lingering scent of Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?" —full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. C, New York.

. . . genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS (Pronounced "Dear Kiss") TALC By KERKOFF · PARIS

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 10]

ture with Fred Astaire—*and*—working at night on three weeks' retakes on *Having Wonderful Time.* So it's little wonder that Ginger is so exhausted she finds it next to impossible to give out intelligent interviews. She has asked to be spared until she gets caught up on her rest a bit, but a certain few writers "just know" that Ginger is only trying to be difficult.

HOW'D you like to have Phyllis Brooks for a sister? Her brother isn't doing any complaining, especially since Phyllis took to keeping company with Cary Grant. The brother and Cary are practically the same size. All of which means that Cary buys so much more clothing than he can ever use—so he passes it over to the brother of the girl friend!

THERE'S a rumor to the effect that Alice Faye was punished by her bosses for insisting on bringing back the Universal Studios cameraman to her home lot. Alice never looked lovlier than she did in *You're a Sweetheart.* So it was only natural that she would want the same man to photograph her in *Sally, Irene and Mary.* However, Hollywood was shocked at the preview when they caught a glimpse of Alice and how badly she looked. It's only a rumor but they do say that the cameraman was pulled off the picture because he concentrated too much on Alice and too little on the rest of the cast. The new cameraman, according to rumor, was instructed to give Alice the worst of it to teach her a lesson.

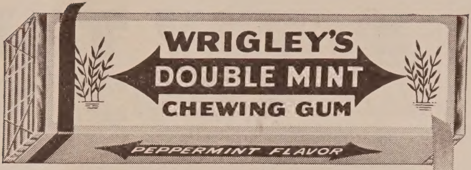
WHEN Paramount studios heard that Anna May Wong was going to bob her beautiful hair, it rose on its hind legs and howled its disapproval. Anna May, being a maiden good and true, promised them that she would never appear on the Paramount lot with short hair. And she's sticking to her word. She bobbed her hair but whenever she has to call on her bosses she pins the knot back on again. So far not one of them know the difference!

TRAGIC indeed was Francis Lederer's grief on the opening night of *Golden Boy* at the Lobero Theatre, in Santa Barbara. Joseph Greenwald, famed New

[*Continued on page* 80]

CANDID CAMERA SHOTS OF YOUR MOVIE FAVORITES
SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE
10¢
WHY CLARK GABLE REMAINS KING OF HOLLYWOOD

Of course Pat O'Brien reads SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE! The Fawcett cameraman grabbed this exclusive picture of the Warner star on the *Boy Meets Girl* set



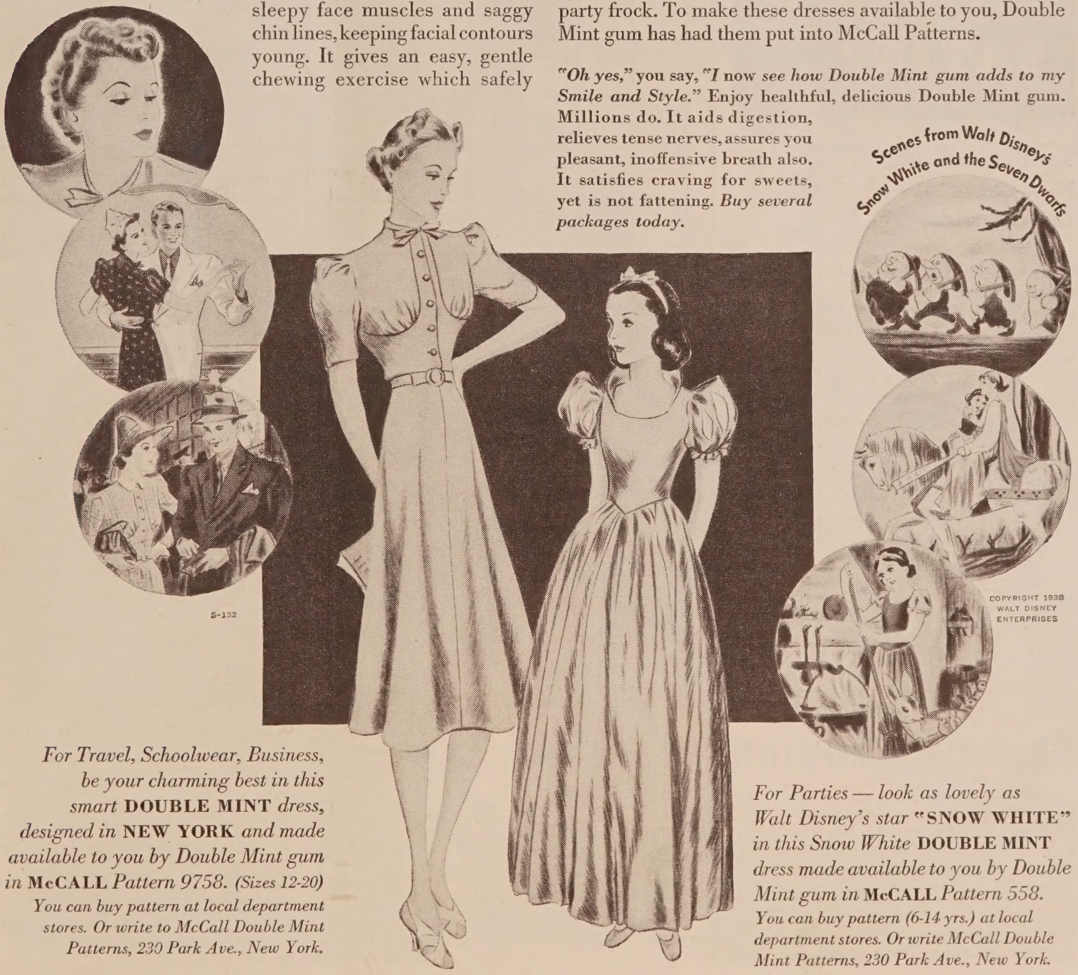
A doubly lovely *You*
this healthful Double Mint way...

HERE is a charm secret which everyone knows brings admiration from men—women, too, for that matter. It is that doubly lovely look which refreshing *Double Mint gum* adds to your smile and style. And this is more than a pretty promise as you see by reading below—

Add loveliness to your smile • The daily enjoyment of delicious Double Mint gum, in this soft food era, supplies beneficial chewing exercise... In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young. It gives an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely massages your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whitens your teeth. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent and friends like you better. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions • Through Double Mint gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringly, in the most advanced style. *Below left,* is an attractive, new dress of real feminine appeal. *Below right,* is the new Snow White Double Mint party frock. To make these dresses available to you, Double Mint gum has had them put into McCall Patterns.

"*Oh yes,*" you say, "*I now see how Double Mint gum adds to my Smile and Style.*" Enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum. Millions do. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures you pleasant, inoffensive breath also. It satisfies craving for sweets, yet is not fattening. *Buy several packages today.*


Scenes from Walt Disney's Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
S-132
COPYRIGHT 1938
WALT DISNEY
ENTERPRISES

For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, be your charming best in this smart **DOUBLE MINT** *dress, designed in* **NEW YORK** *and made available to you by Double Mint gum in* **McCALL** *Pattern 9758. (Sizes 12-20)*
You can buy pattern at local department stores. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

For Parties — look as lovely as Walt Disney's star **"SNOW WHITE"** *in this Snow White* **DOUBLE MINT** *dress made available to you by Double Mint gum in* **McCALL** *Pattern 558.*
You can buy pattern (6-14 yrs.) at local department stores. Or write McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

BURLAP HANDS
TURN SMOOTH AS
SATIN?

Try this Amazing,
New Oil of Milk
Lotion, and see!

DUART
Oil of Milk
LOTION

When your hands feel like burlap . . . red, rough or sunburned . . . they have lost some of the natural oil that keeps skin lovely.

Here at last is a lotion that contains oils scientists declare are similar to the oils of the skin. These amazing oils come from sweet pure dairy milk.

Try this thrilling new Oil of Milk way to soothe a sunburn and to keep skin soft and lovely always. Ask for Duart Oil of Milk Lotion at any cosmetic counter. 25c—50c.

DUART
CREME OF MILK
creme
DUART
Creme of milk
PERMANENT

CREME OF MILK CREME
Complete beauty care for your skin in one creme. Contains real milk-oils processed with other oils. At all cosmetic counters. 25c to $1.65.

2-PURPOSE LIPSTICK—Special softening ingredients combined with permanent color in new California shades. 25c and 60c.

DUART OIL OF MILK LOTION

DUART, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed is 10c. Please send me a bottle of Duart Oil of Milk Lotion.

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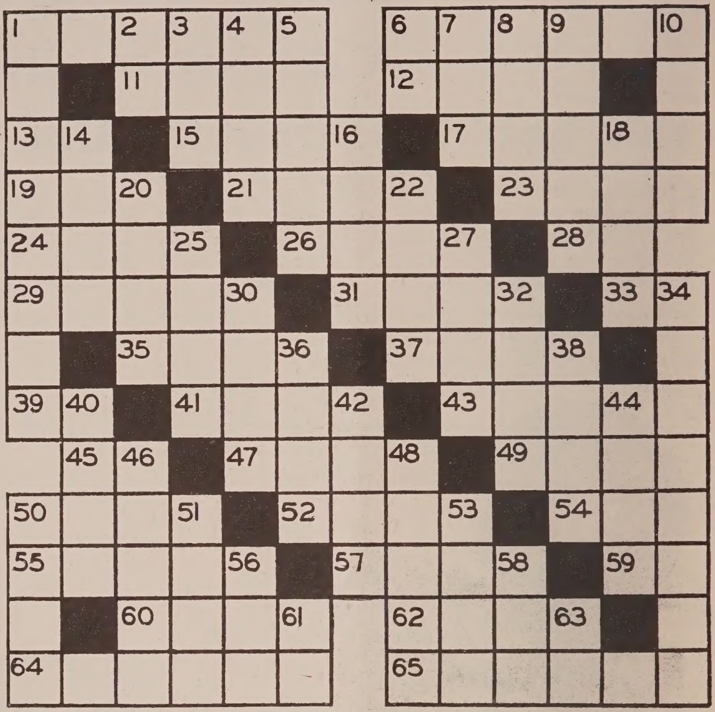
*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________ 110

CONTAINS MILK-OILS IN OTHER LOTION INGREDIENTS

TRY THIS CROSSWORD!



ACROSS

1. Hero of *Love, Honor and Behave.*
6. He is starred in 20th Century-Fox films.
11. First name of British miss in *The Girl Was Young.*
12. Principal male character in a screen play.
13. Mr. Colman's initials.
15. Her first name is Irene.
17. Radio announcer in *The Kid Comes Back.*
19. Arliss had title role in *The Man Who Played* ———.
21. Janet Shaw's former one was Ellen Clancy.
23. *Amy Lawrence* in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.*
24. First name of actor who was justice of peace in *She's Got Everything.*
26. *Hitting a New* ———.
28. Nelson Eddy's native state (abbr.).
29. Spools on which photographic films are wound.
31. ——— *Out for Love.*
33. Kane Richmond's initials.
35. First name of Mr. Harolde, movie villain.
37. One of two brothers seen in *The Bad Man of Brimstone.*
39. Tully Marshall's initials.
41. First name of either star of *Says O'Reilly To McNab.*
43. He played opposite Joan Crawford in *Mannequin.*
45. *Bringing* ——— *Baby.*
47. ——— *the Missus.*
49. He is appearing with Bebe Daniels in British films.
50. Norma Shearer is one.
52. Snow White became lost in this.
54. ——— Yong is a Chinese actress.
55. First name of portrayer of *Mr. Moto.*
57. Descriptive of Stepin Fetchit, colored comedian.
59. Miss Linaker's initials.
60. *The Girl* ——— *No.*
62. She was *Nana* in *Life of Emile Zola.*
64. M-G-M's popular male star.
65. You'll see her in *Having Wonderful Time.*

DOWN

1. Fonda's screen wife in *Jezebel.*
2. Mr. Novarro's initials.
3. *Murder on Diamond* ———.
4. First name of actor who was *Yerkes* in *Little Miss Roughneck.*
5. ——— Padden was the warden in *Women in Prison.*
6. Miss Harding's initials.
7. *When G* ——— *Step In.*
8. He was the butler in *The Joy of Living.*
9. Modern movies are filmed in this.
10. Mrs. Charles Laughton.
14. Songs in *Rosalie* were by ——— Porter.
16. First name of Mr. Jannings, German character actor.
18. His last name is Rhodes, he portrays Latin comedians.
20. Animal pal of puma in *Sequoia.*
22. First name of one who was *Col. Bowen* in *Spy Ring.*
25. Krazy Kat can scratch with this.
27. Former husband of Sally Eilers.
30. That long, lanky comedian.
32. First name of Mr. Hackett, seen in westerns.
34. The reporter in *Making the Headlines.*
36. What Wheeler and Woolsey did as *High Flyers.*
38. Former wife of Richard Barthelmess (poss.).
40. Descriptive of Dopey, one of Seven Dwarfs.
42. Whose role was that of *Pascual* in *Little Miss Roughneck*?
44. *Constable Sacker* in *Bulldog Drummond's Peril.*
46. Comedienne in *Merrily We Live.*
48. Sheriff in *Wide Open Faces.*
50. *Night* ———.
51. Ralph Morgan's ——— name is *Wupperman.*
53. Remember Marie ——— in silent films?
56. *Rose of the* ——— *Grande.*
58. It changed Mae West into a brunette in *Every Day's a Holiday.*
61. *The Crime of* ——— *Hallet.*
63. Initials of a star of *Girl of the Golden West.*

(Solution on page 80)

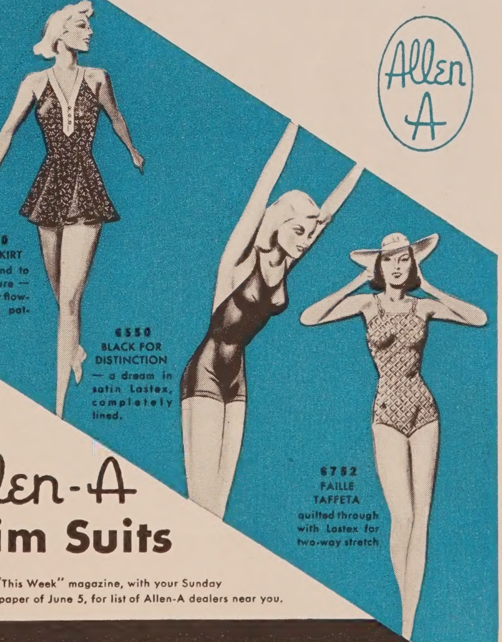
Watch for the Allen-A Swim Suit style week

June 6 to 11

sponsored by Allen-A dealers—to make a thrilling summer for you at surf, pool or beach

You'll find special style showings of flattering Allen-A swim suits at leading stores throughout the country from June 6 to 11. There's so much that's new, you really must see what Fashion does this season for your figure — your natural coloring — everything that helps you "make a picture" in your swimming costume . . . Allen-A expresses the smartest trends from sub-tropical Winter resorts — designed by Trebitsch—interpreted in colorful new woven fabrics and fine woolens knitted in Allen-A mills — every model actually swim-tested and truly "See-Worthy" . . . *Spring-needle knitting* affords extra elasticity which assures that intriguing "poured-in" look and longer wear. Allen-A swim suits are available in new, fascinating shades. Write for beautifully illustrated circular and dealer's name.

Allen A



6660
FLARE SKIRT
that is kind to your figure — in the new flowered dot pattern.

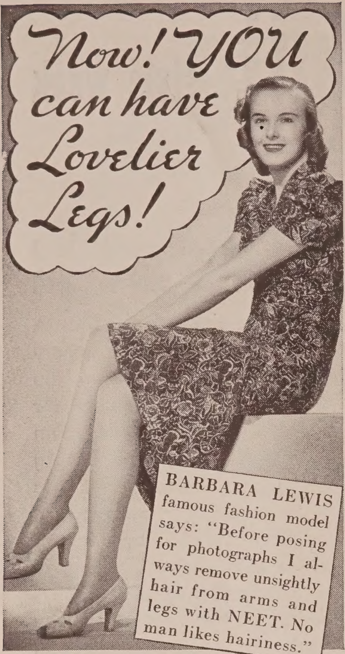
6550
BLACK FOR DISTINCTION
— a dream in satin Lastex, completely lined.

6752
FAILLE TAFFETA
quilted through with Lastex for two-way stretch

Allen-A
Swim Suits

★ See "This Week" magazine, with your Sunday newspaper of June 5, for list of Allen-A dealers near you.

the Allen-A company
Kenosha, Wisconsin
Bennington, Vt.


Now! YOU can have Lovelier Legs!
BARBARA LEWIS famous fashion model says: "Before posing for photographs I always remove unsightly hair from arms and legs with NEET. No man likes hairiness."

UNSIGHTLY HAIR WASHES OFF QUICKLY

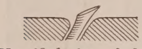
with New Cream

In a bathing suit... evening gown... even through stockings... unsightly hair spoils your charm and drives away romance.

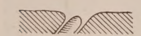
Now you can easily have *lovely legs and arms*—free of ugly hair. Just spread on NEET, as you would a cold cream. Then rinse off with water! NEET removes all hair—delays re-growth—leaves your skin petal-soft and satin-smooth.

Avoid Unpleasant Razor-Roughness

Say good-bye to rough skin and sharp, wiry hairs that grow in after shaving. No razor stubble to snag your stockings . . . no danger of cuts when you use the safe and easy NEET method.



Magnified view of sharp bristly hair after shaving. Snags stockings.



NEET removes hair *below* skin surface — delays re-growth—*no razor stubble.*

Don't let summer romance pass you by. Shorter skirts, summer dresses and beach wear spotlight *arms and legs* as never before. *See that yours are lovely.* Do as millions of women do—remove unsightly hair with NEET. Get it *today!* At drug and dept. stores. Trial size at 10c stores.

NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

LET'S GO HOLLYWOOD

Harold Lloyd, film comedian whose latest screen opus is *Professor, Beware!* is snapped with his two lovely daughters, Gloria and Peggy, by Harold Jr. Mr. Lloyd is host for the second tour and is eagerly planning a gala welcome for the Fawcett Movieland Tourists.

RIGHT this instant a happy-go-lucky (did we say lucky, I'll say they are) bunch of grand people are planning to enjoy all the pleasures movieland has to offer. Stars by day and stars by night, and all these pleasures can be yours if you act NOW. There is still sufficient time to make reservations for any of the three tours.

The first tour will be leaving Chicago July 3rd. Warren William is the host for this tour and has already planned a gala welcome to his ranch for cocktails and a swim. The second tour leaves Chicago July 24th. Harold Lloyd will be your host at this party and promises many surprises. The last tour leaves Chicago August 14th., and this is the tour that Bob Burns has promised us he will entertain at his beautiful home. No doubt many of you read in the papers that the home of Bob Burns, who is host for the third tour, suffered a little in the flood (unusual weather) we had out here last winter. What little damage was done however, was repaired long ago and Bob is all 'rarin' to show you some REAL Southern hospitality. But that is only part of it.

After your train leaves Chicago you will be whisked across the great expanse of northern Minnesota woods to the cool Puget

Let's all go Hollywood—Hollywood, the cynosure of the entire world—where gaiety and thrills galore await you. Join the Fawcett star-studded party now, before it's too late. Give yourself the vacation you deserve! You'll never forget it! You'll never regret it!

USE THIS COUPON

Fawcett's Movieland Tours,
360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name ....

Address .... S. B. 5

Sound area where you will go on a boat excursion over to Vancouver Island. From there your train heads south to San Francisco where you will be allowed to visit Chinatown on this stop-off. Your visit to the Bay City will be a pleasant one and one full of surprises.

When you board the train again in San Francisco, you won't get off again until you have arrived in Los Angeles. At the train you will be met by members of the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce and a screen star or so. Your party will be presented a key to the city of Hollywood at this time and be tendered official recognition by that city. Cabs will be waiting for you at the depot and before you know it you will be comfortably situated in your hotel. The rest of this glorious morning will be left to you to be spent in any way you see fit. Many of you will want to go to church while others will want to look up old friends.

Sunday afternoon marks the starting point of FUN. For this is the afternoon set aside for a tour of the residential districts of Hollywood and Beverly Hills. On this tour screen stars' homes will be pointed out to you and no doubt you will see many of them out for a Sunday afternoon walk or ride or covering the bridle paths on their favorite mounts.

IT IS this Sunday afternoon that Bob Burns plans to take care of you all out at his place. After the Burns' party, the busses head back towards Hollywood and to Woodbury broadcast which at present features Tyrone Power. Ty will be off the air for the summer but a fine all Hollywood cast takes his place and they'll put a show on for you that you won't soon forget. It's a little too early to predict who all will be on the all star Woodbury show this summer but we'll say here and now that it will be a dandy.

The next day, Monday, will be yours. There are so many attractive points of interest here in Southern California that we felt we had to give you a day to yourselves. Catalina Island looks inviting every summer, as does Lake Arrowhead, Santa Barbara and San Diego, to say nothing of the fine beaches that dot every mile of Southern California coast line. Monday would be a fine day to do a little shopping in Hollywood's exclusive but reasonable shops!

Tuesday, however, will hold many more Hollywood thrills for you. It is this day we have set aside for a luncheon out at Universal Studios with the stars right in their own dining room! A feature of the Tuesday forenoon program will be a tour of Columbia Square, the new CBS Hollywood studio from which some of the most elaborate network programs originate. A motor tour of the lot has been promised. Leaving Universal, you will be whisked away to Max Factor's world famous beauty salon. After a tour of that famous establishment (Mr. Factor promises a surprise for us) the busses will head back to the hotel where you may make ready for the grand event of the tour . . . a dinner dance with the stars out at the world famous Wilshire Bowl. You will dance to the tunes of Les Parker's famous orchestra. You will wine and dine with the famous stars. And last but not least, George McCall, Old Gold's famous commentator promises to be your Master of Ceremonies that evening.

One last thing remains. All these things cannot be yours unless you fill out the attached coupon AT ONCE and send it in to our Chicago Office. Do so now and we'll be seein' you!

I HOPE HE'LL PROPOSE TONIGHT!
THAT'S WHY I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!
EVERY GIRL WHO'S IN LOVE OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT CASHMERE BOUQUET...THE EXQUISITE PERFUMED SOAP THAT GUARDS DAINTINESS SO SURELY AND IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR! AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS...KEEPING YOU ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!
LATER THAT EVENING
...AND I KNOW A LITTLE COTTAGE IN BERMUDA THAT WOULD BE SWELL FOR A HONEYMOON!
OH, BILL DARLING... HOW WONDERFUL! (AND TO HERSELF) I'LL ALWAYS GUARD MY DAINTINESS THE LOVELY CASHMERE BOUQUET WAY!
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
COLGATE
Cashmere Bouquet

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

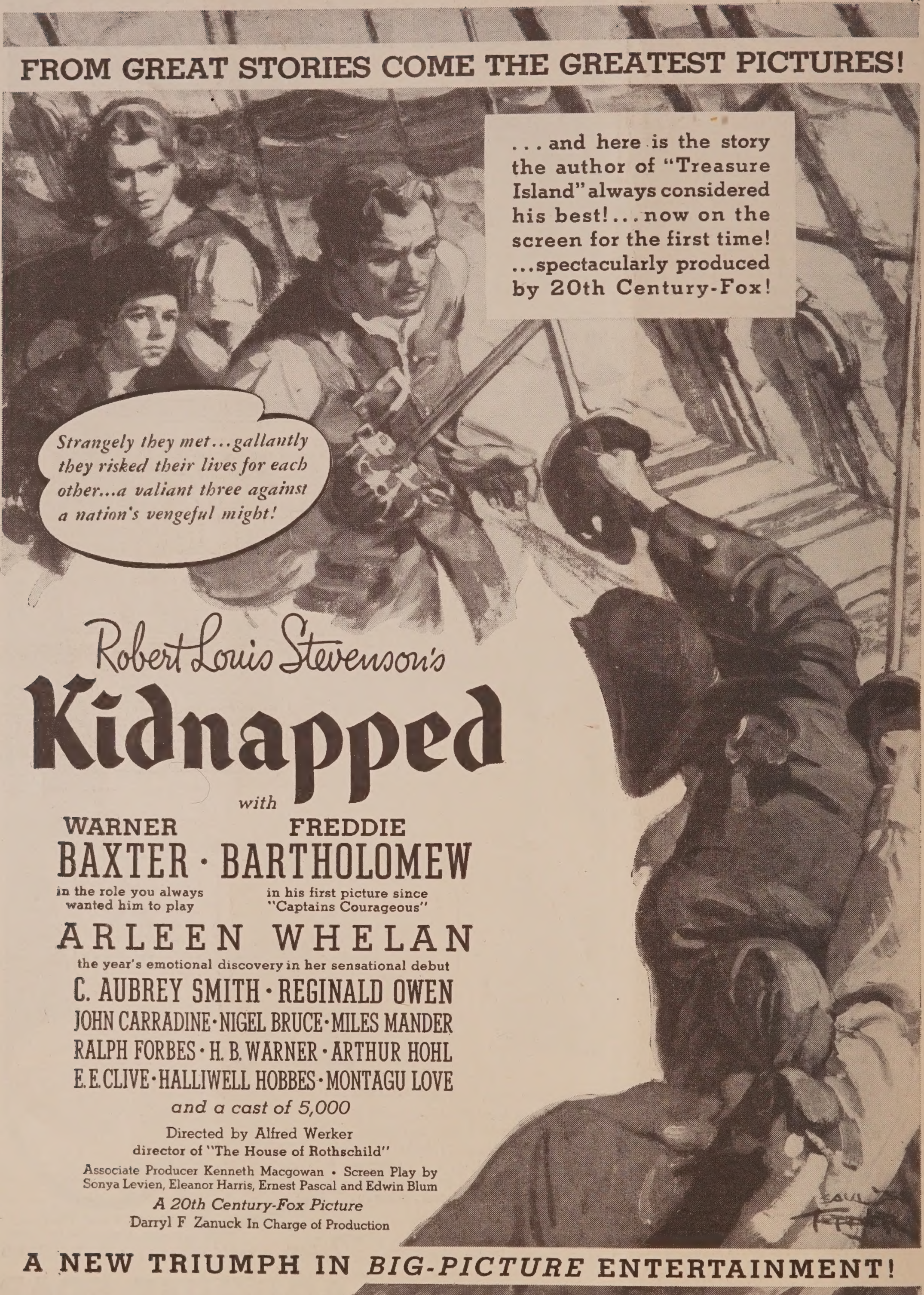
Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* — BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

FROM GREAT STORIES COME THE GREATEST PICTURES!



. . . and here is the story the author of "Treasure Island" always considered his best! . . . now on the screen for the first time! . . . spectacularly produced by 20th Century-Fox!

Strangely they met . . . gallantly they risked their lives for each other . . . a valiant three against a nation's vengeful might!

Robert Louis Stevenson's

Kidnapped

with

WARNER BAXTER · **FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW**

in the role you always wanted him to play

in his first picture since "Captains Courageous"

ARLEEN WHELAN

the year's emotional discovery in her sensational debut

C. AUBREY SMITH · REGINALD OWEN

JOHN CARRADINE · NIGEL BRUCE · MILES MANDER

RALPH FORBES · H. B. WARNER · ARTHUR HOHL

E. E. CLIVE · HALLIWELL HOBBES · MONTAGU LOVE

and a cast of 5,000

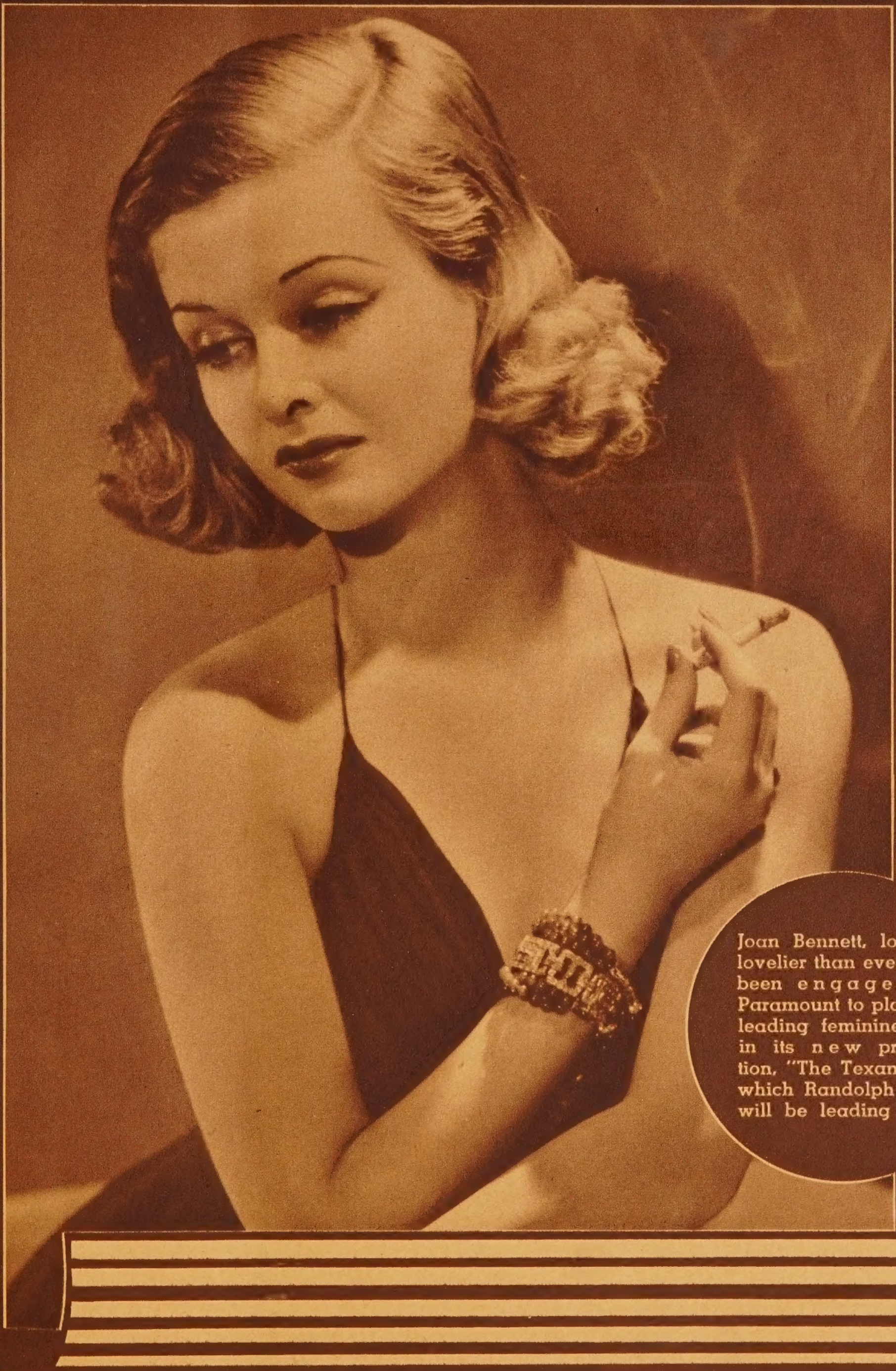
Directed by Alfred Werker
director of "The House of Rothschild"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan · Screen Play by
Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F Zanuck In Charge of Production

A NEW TRIUMPH IN *BIG-PICTURE* ENTERTAINMENT!

JOAN BENNETT

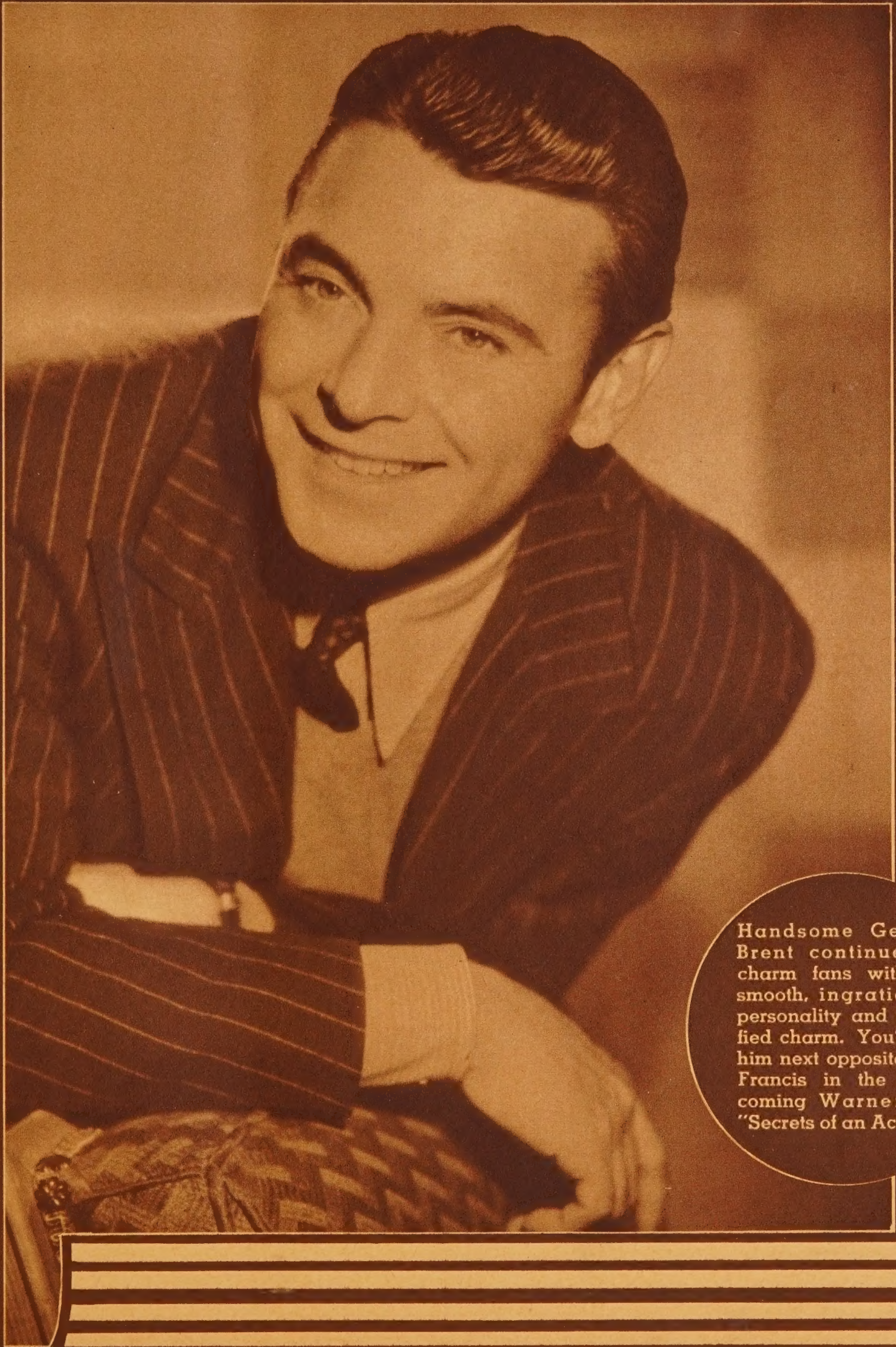


Joan Bennett, looking lovelier than ever, has been engaged by Paramount to play the leading feminine role in its new production, "The Texans," in which Randolph Scott will be leading man.

KATHARINE HEPBURN

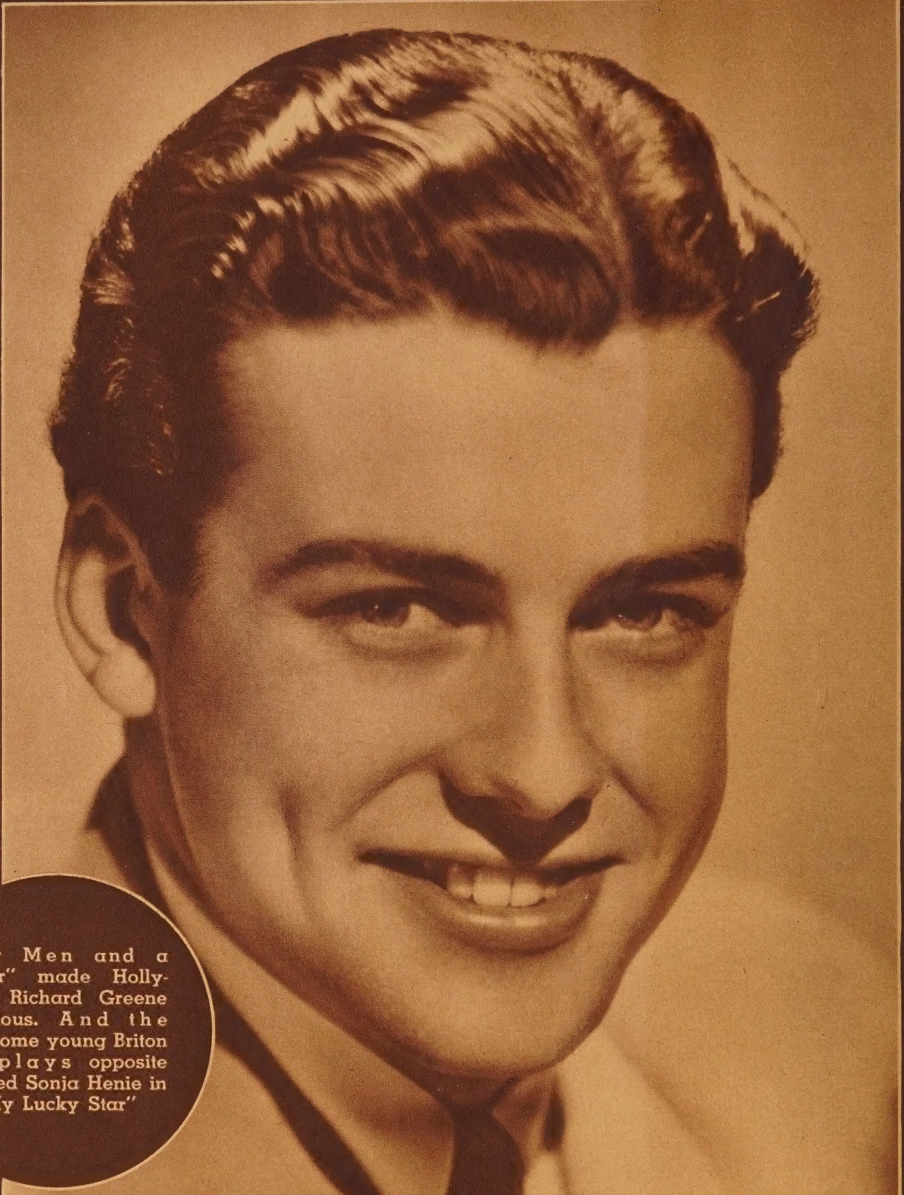
Dynamic Katharine Hepburn's first picture away from her home studio, RKO Radio, is Columbia's "Holiday," in the role that brought early day talkie fame to blonde Ann Harding. Cary Grant again plays romantically opposite

GEORGE BRENT



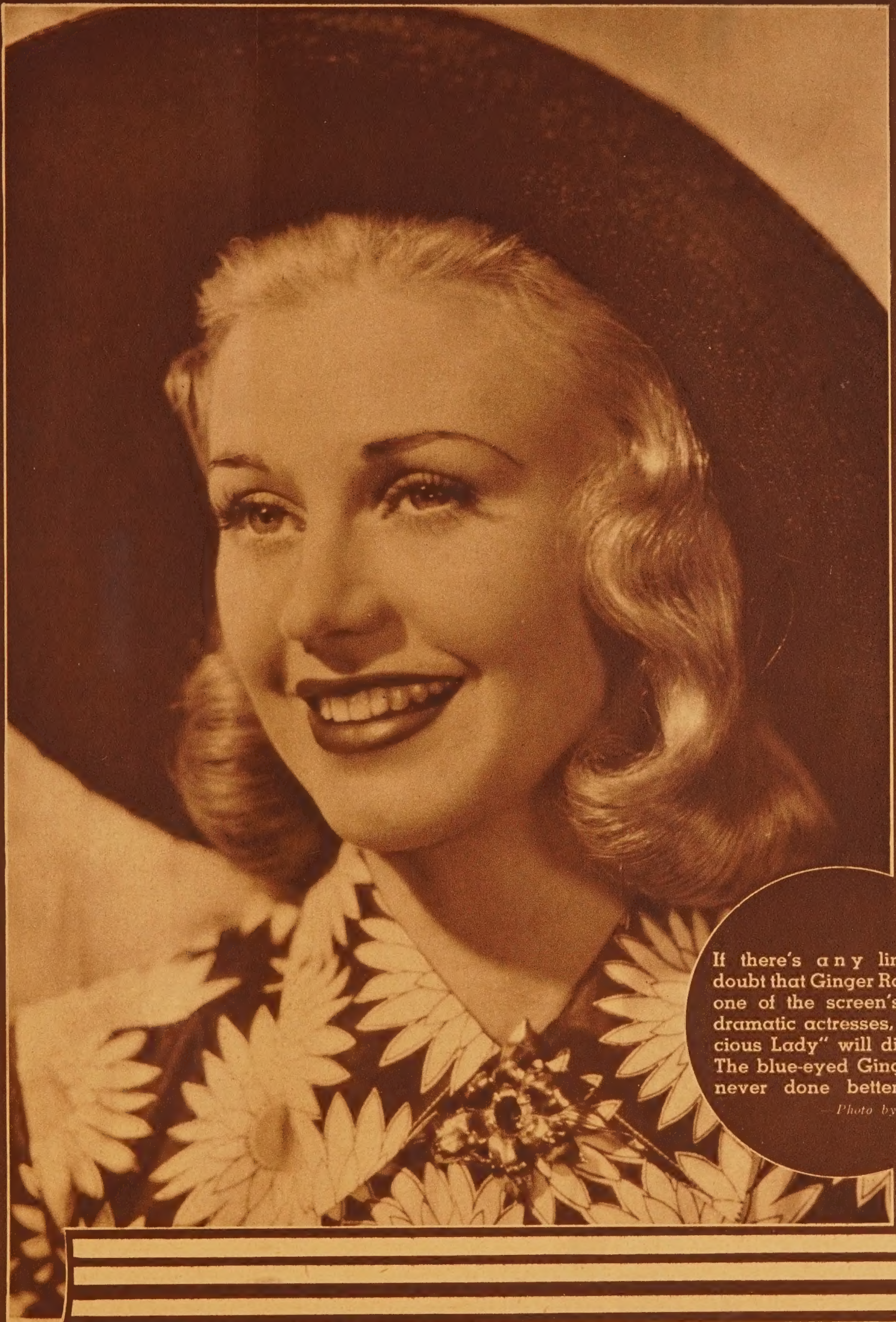
Handsome George Brent continues to charm fans with his smooth, ingratiating personality and dignified charm. You'll see him next opposite Kay Francis in the forthcoming Warner film "Secrets of an Actress"

RICHARD GREENE



"Four Men and a Prayer" made Hollywood Richard Greene conscious. And the handsome young Briton next plays opposite dimpled Sonja Henie in "My Lucky Star"

GINGER ROGERS



If there's any lingering doubt that Ginger Rogers is one of the screen's finest dramatic actresses, "Vivacious Lady" will dispel it. The blue-eyed Ginger has never done better work
—*Photo by Bachrach*

KAY FRANCIS SIGNS

By TED MAGEE

Kay Francis has found real love at last—and just to make sure that nothing will spoil her happiness, she is giving up her career for the man she loves!

I HAVE never before seen Kay Francis so radiant. There is a new beauty reflected from the eyes of one of the most beautiful women on the screen. There is a new strength in her words, in her actions. *Newness* is the word for Kay. I have talked with her, and know.

It has all come about in the past three months—one brief flash of time during which she met and fell desperately in love with the handsome Baron Raven Erik Barnekow. And the transformation was complete when they suddenly announced their plans for marriage.

Kay will go to the altar with him in the autumn, and unless the picture changes very sharply, she will retire from the screen. I feel very safe in saying this, even though Hollywood is the most variable town on God's green earth. And no matter how much most of us will regret her plan to retire, I don't think she will reconsider for one minute.

The fall social season was in full whirl when "Erik," as Kay calls him, walked into her life. He was a guest at a party being given by Countess di Frasso, one of Kay's closest friends. The situation was in no wise different from any other brilliant di Frasso party—music, wine and gaiety. But when these two looked at each other over formal words of introduction, a vague and inexplicable something passed between them. It must have been a harbinger of love, because love came so quickly and overwhelmingly soon after that.

It must have been a wonderful thing for Kay, for somehow she has always seemed so lonely to me. I have watched her many times on the set at Warner Brothers, knitting endlessly between shots, apart from all the bustle of life around her.

Those busy hands, ceaselessly plying the needles, seemed to give away something she would never admit—that inside of her was a heart beating restlessly, that there was a vast, empty void which only could be filled by some new and overwhelming interest.

Kay never talked about it—she has never been one to discuss the personal side of her life either with the press or her own friends. She just sat there in her chair, forever knitting, and when someone would step up beside her to talk, she would smile brightly and find some inconsequential thing to say, always trying to hide the real truth of her loneliness.

And then she met the baron. Countess di Frasso must have known immediately that here was the answer. Surely Kay knew it, and her "Erik," too. For that fateful night was the beginning of it all, and when they parted, the baron had arranged to see her again.

THIS nobleman from Germany and this queen of filmland had quickly discovered one important fact—they came from such different places, yet they had so much in common.

She says so now, when you can coax her to talk at all about the baron: "We enjoy the same things, you see. We have a gay time going to the fights. We enjoy watching the same sports. We both play tennis and love it. We think in like terms. And we equally dislike night club life."

That's just the start of it, of course. But when two people from different ends of the earth suddenly discover such parallels, they can't help but find how much further go their mutual tastes.

Kay's betrothal came so suddenly that the whole movie world was taken by surprise. Wisely, she called in the members of the press covering Hollywood and introduced them to her husband-to-be. The reporters got a chance to meet this man and size him up. And never was one group of skeptical journalists more unanimously impressed with the personality of one man.

The inevitable question quickly cropped up. What, she was asked, became of Delmar Daves, the man who had escorted her everywhere these past few years?

Kay did not allow her engagement to bring embarrassment to him. Had she announced her engagement while he was in Europe, the usual unhappy consequences would have followed. Ship reporters would have met him in New York with amused, glittering smiles, saying, "Look what happened while you were away. What have you got to say about that?"

And he could have replied, "And why shouldn't she get engaged?" It would have been an honest and truthful answer—but what a holiday the reporters would have had with that too-typical Hollywood statement!

So Kay and the baron kept their secret until he was back in Hollywood—and they told him first. Delmer had met Kay's fiance, and approved. It is the way things ought to work out more frequently in life—but don't.

I SAID that Kay Francis will retire from the screen in the autumn—and coincidentally, she will be married to the baron. That, I am sure, is the plan. Her contract terminates at that time with Warner Brothers, and she has no intention of renewing it with them, or signing with any other studio.

[*Continued on page* 56]

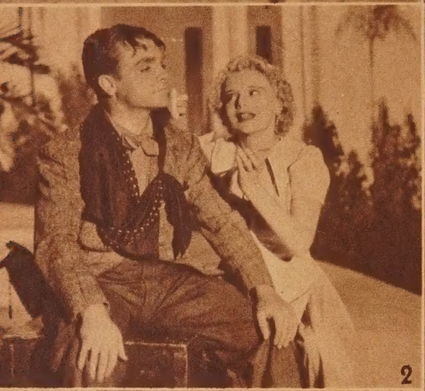
Kay Francis' husband-to-be (below) is described as unassuming and charming. And he is giving up his German title to be plain Erik Barnekow, American aviation official

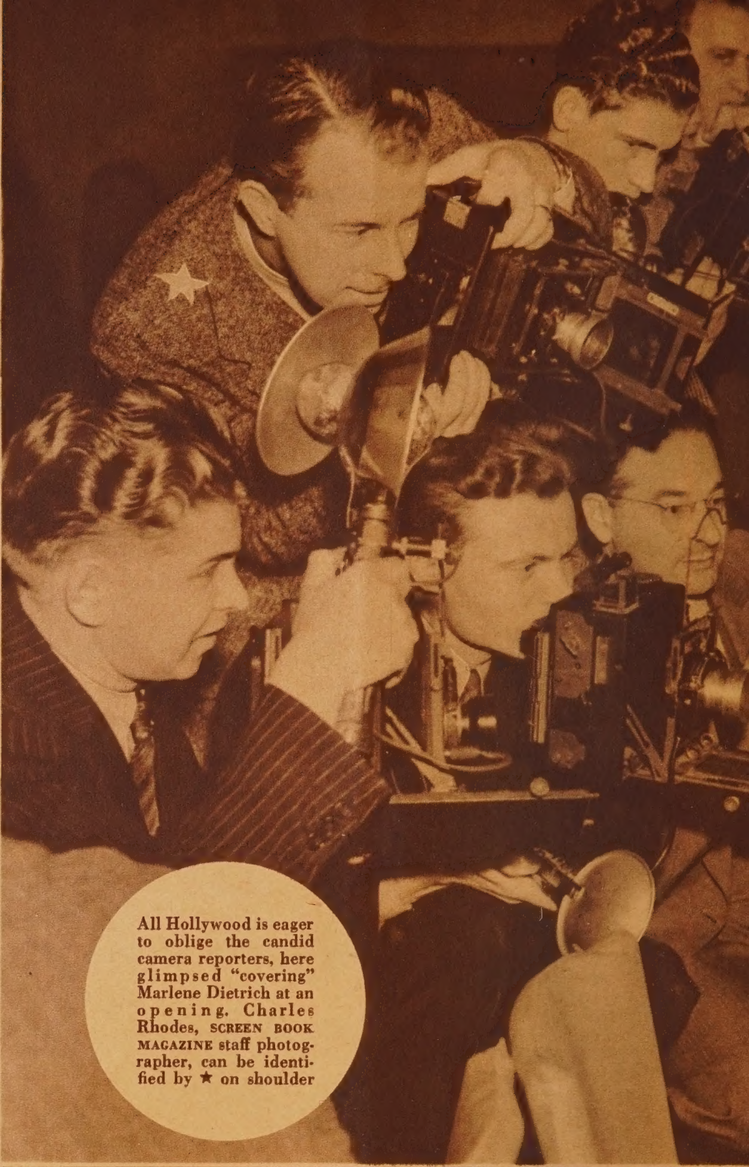
LIFETIME CONTRACT!

A new portrait study of the glamorous Kay, photographed especially for SCREEN BOOK Magazine by Elmer Fryer. Her new Warner Brothers picture is *Secrets of an Actress*

Baron Raven Erik Angus Barnekow was born March 10, 1897, in Pomerania. His family appears first as land owning Knights in the Eleventh Century on the Isle of Rugen, which changed hands between Sweden and Germany so many times. His mother is the oldest daughter of the late Count Sholto Douglas, famous philanthropist, founder and owner of the Westeredeln Potash Mines. He is heir to his father's castle and country estates in Pomerania. In 1914, Barnekow joined his father's regiment in the Royal Horse Guards, and was transferred to the Royal Air Force in 1916, where he flew in the first Richthofen pursuit squadron for over two years—his official record being fifteen victories.

His pursuit and ambition at the present moment is to become an American citizen, so that he may be known as just Mr. Barnekow.





All Hollywood is eager to oblige the candid camera reporters, here glimpsed "covering" Marlene Dietrich at an opening. Charles Rhodes, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE staff photographer, can be identified by ★ on shoulder

Now we've seen everything! "Slapsie Maxie" Rosenbloom, who is rapidly becoming a top-flight screen comedian, gets knitting lessons from Claire Trevor (1) on the set of *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse!* That cute Marie Wilson gives a final touch to Jimmy Cagney's makeup for the hilarious *Boy Meets Girl* (2). Paul Kelly proudly shows his leading lady, Beatrice Roberts (3) a day-old calf, the first born on his elaborate new Northridge ranch. Joan Fontaine and the personable British newcomer, Derrick de Marney (4) were rumored romancing during the filming of a current RKO film—but they say it isn't so. Ginger Rogers and her *Vivacious Lady* director, George Stevens (5) are glad to pose for friendly candid cameramen

WITH THE CANDID CAMERAMEN!

—International

10

9

8

6

7

At left (6) we find that delectable French morsel, Danielle Darrieux, getting direction from Director Henry Koster (who made Deanna Durbin famous). Martha Raye, dancing with Buzz Boggs (7), made a sensation at the "Big Pineapple" party at the Victor Hugo with her scanty leopard skin costume—and who wouldn't, with her legs? Bob Hope and Bing Crosby (8) settled a golf wager of long standing when Bob acted as Bing's caddy for a nerve-wracking eighteen holes. SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE contributor, Jerry Asher, chats with his good friend Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., (9) during the filming of *Having Wonderful Time.* And Edward Arnold told Barbara Stanwyck and Melvyn Douglas a few nifties after a recent CBS broadcast on which they co-starred (10)

SECRETS OF A HOLLYWOOD FORTUNE TELLER!

Wendy will soon settle down

Watch your health, Carole!

Lovely Joan won't marry soon

Lasting success for Crawford

Will Paulette be a Countess?

Don't marry Hugh Hepburn!

WHO is the best fortune teller in Hollywood? Who is the most sought after psychic—the one whom the stars visit, not once, but over and over again? Everyone wants to know, and the answer is Madame Lola!

It usually takes three to four weeks to get an appointment—she's that popular. On rare occasions you may get to her sooner, if there is a cancellation.

But strangers send cablegrams from mid-ocean begging for one hour. Stars form a line to the left and wait humbly for their turn. Motion picture directors, producers and other important executives consult Lola.

Famous lawyers, writers—Who's Who from the social blue book go to Lola.

"Lola" is a charming person—gray-eyed, feminine, well groomed. Her hair is cut like a boy's—brushed straight back. She talks very fast in a curiously high voice.

She is fully aware of the fact that she startles people with her incredible accuracy. She likes it if you jot down notes as she reads the cards. Lola is an extraordinary person—quite unlike most people who tell fortunes. For instance, there is not the slightest trace of cunning about her. She is quite detached from the personal, although heaven knows she is intimately involved in all of her consultants' lives.

Lola lives in a beautiful house in a fashionable neighborhood between Beverly Hills and Hollywood. Lola's great-grandmother was an Irish mystic who waited for her to be born, saying, "I cannot die until this grandchild is born, so that I can give her my gift of reading."

This she did. "I am the third generation in my family with this Celtic gift."

Lola smiled. "In Ireland people such as my great-grandmother and I were called *witches!* I've been able to see—to *know* things about people since I was a very young child. It never surprised me. It came as naturally as singing comes to some people.

"After my little girl was burned to death I was pulled out of my grief by the sudden realization that I must use this psychic power to help others out of their sorrows.

"And that is exactly what I do—I take the information that comes to me when I give a reading, and I try to re-*mold*—to *build* up. You know, of course—people invariably come to me when they are at their lowest ebb, when there is a doubt or fear or great unhappiness in their lives. I try to have them leave me with a *lift*. There are times when a person must be encouraged to carry on."

Lola is quite detached by her endless stream of visitors. I myself met Lola through the young daughter of one of the most famous attorneys in Los Angeles. For two years we met at various parties. Her first question was always the same, "Have you been to Lola yet?" Her insistence began to intrigue me, so I called one day and asked for Lola's address. She told me and described Lola's house. "It's that lovely one, with trees around it—very near Fay Wray's. I'm sure I've helped pay for it," she added laughingly, "I go so often."

ONCE you go to this amazing person, you keep on going to her, which is *not* a customary thing to do with most fortune tellers. Lola explained this complimentary situation very simply.

"I am right in ninety percent of my readings. I may be a little off as to *time,* but not often."

Here are a few of Lola's prophecies for her star clients. You can check on them, just for fun, and see how right she is.

"Take Joan Bennett. It will be a sad mistake if she marries at this particular time. It won't last if she does. I have a feeling in my heart that she and Gene Markey will go back together.

"Dolores Costello will marry in 1939. It will be to a man from another country.

"John Barrymore is back on his famous feet—and how! He will be true to Elaine. He must watch his health at the end of this year.

"I told Fay Wray a year ago that she would divorce. It is best for her to for-

ckets of money for Lola Lane

Miriam got a brand new hubby!

Should Jeanette duck Nelson?

Another marriage for Loretta

Fay must forget unhappiness

By ADELHAIDE KAUFMAN

Madame Lola, Hollywood's most famous seer, knows all the stars—and she reveals many provocative secrets in this timely story

get her past. She should go back into pictures. She will marry again and the next marriage will be a successful one. Before this happens, she will return to the stage and sign a big contract.

"Eleanor Whitney will meet a man from Chicago. They will marry.

"Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor! I've read for both of them many times. They've both been hurt by men.

"Ruth should stay in Europe. Hollywood is not the place for her. She must watch her health.

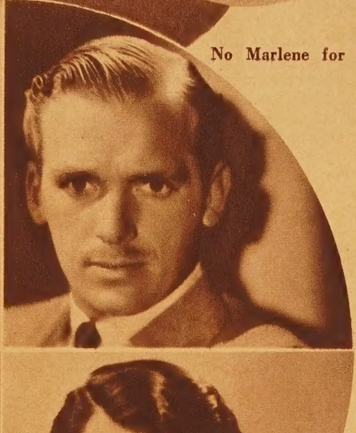
"I told Mary Astor before she knew it herself, that her new husband would be Manuel del Campo. I even told them to wait until a certain date before they married. They are ideally happy.

"Miriam Hopkins comes to me often and I go to her home. She is a fascinating personality. When I said one day, 'You will marry a man with the initials *A. L.*' she wouldn't believe me. She said, 'Oh, Lola, if only you are right!' I said, 'Well, I am right.' And to the hour of the day I told them it all came true. She married Anatole Litvak.

"I predicted that Katharine Hepburn would sign with new studios—Selznick and M-G-M. If Hepburn marries

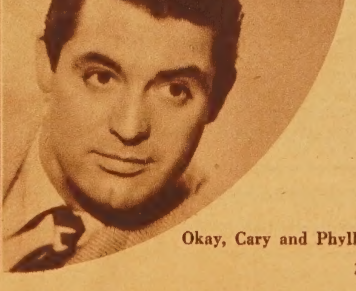
[*Continued on page 72*]

Watch planes, Clark!



No Marlene for Doug

Will the Flynns part?



Okay, Cary and Phyllis

fter completing her lead
ole opposite Errol Flynn
n the Warner film, *Four's*
Crowd, Rosalind Russell
eturned to her home studio,
M-G-M, for *The Citadel*

ROSALIND RUSSELL'S NIGHT OF TERROR!

By
SONIA LEE

Never before has Rosalind Russell revealed the desperate situation that found her the heroine of a fantastic adventure—a SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE scoop!

THE tales the stars can tell—

The stories they *fear* to tell because they test belief—

And yet, it is such memories, such experiences, that help them translate emotion to the screen and make their acting memorable!

An executive recently said to Rosalind Russell: "We are considering you for the lead in *The Citadel,* but you have never been hurt very much, or frightened very much, or desperate—like the girl in the picture. You've always been a lady. We wonder—"

Rosalind interrupted, and finished the sentence for the producer. "You wonder if I can do it!"

She might have told him of her starvation days in New York during the time she sought a footing in the theatre.

She might have told of heartbreaks and disappointments and hopelessness in her early beginnings, which one would never suspect of the aristocratic-appearing Rosalind Russell.

And she might have told of that one desperate fantastic night of which we shall tell you now. Which made Rosalind say to the producer—"But I *have* known terror! I can do it!"

• • •

THE director said, "Well, that washes us up. It's all in the can, Rosalind!"

"I'm dreadfully tired. I'd like a few days of rest. Do you think it would be all right if I went down to Palm Springs?" Rosalind asked.

"Sure. And if we need you for retakes we can get you there."

It was a matter of minutes only before Rosalind was out of the voluminous velvet gown she had worn in her final scene, and into a trim tailored suit. She wiped off her makeup, threw a few essential things into a week-end case, and was shortly whizzing through the studio gates.

It was late afternoon, but with luck, she would get to Palm Springs by dinner time. The road was smooth as a ribbon, traffic was light, and the wheel was easy in her hands.

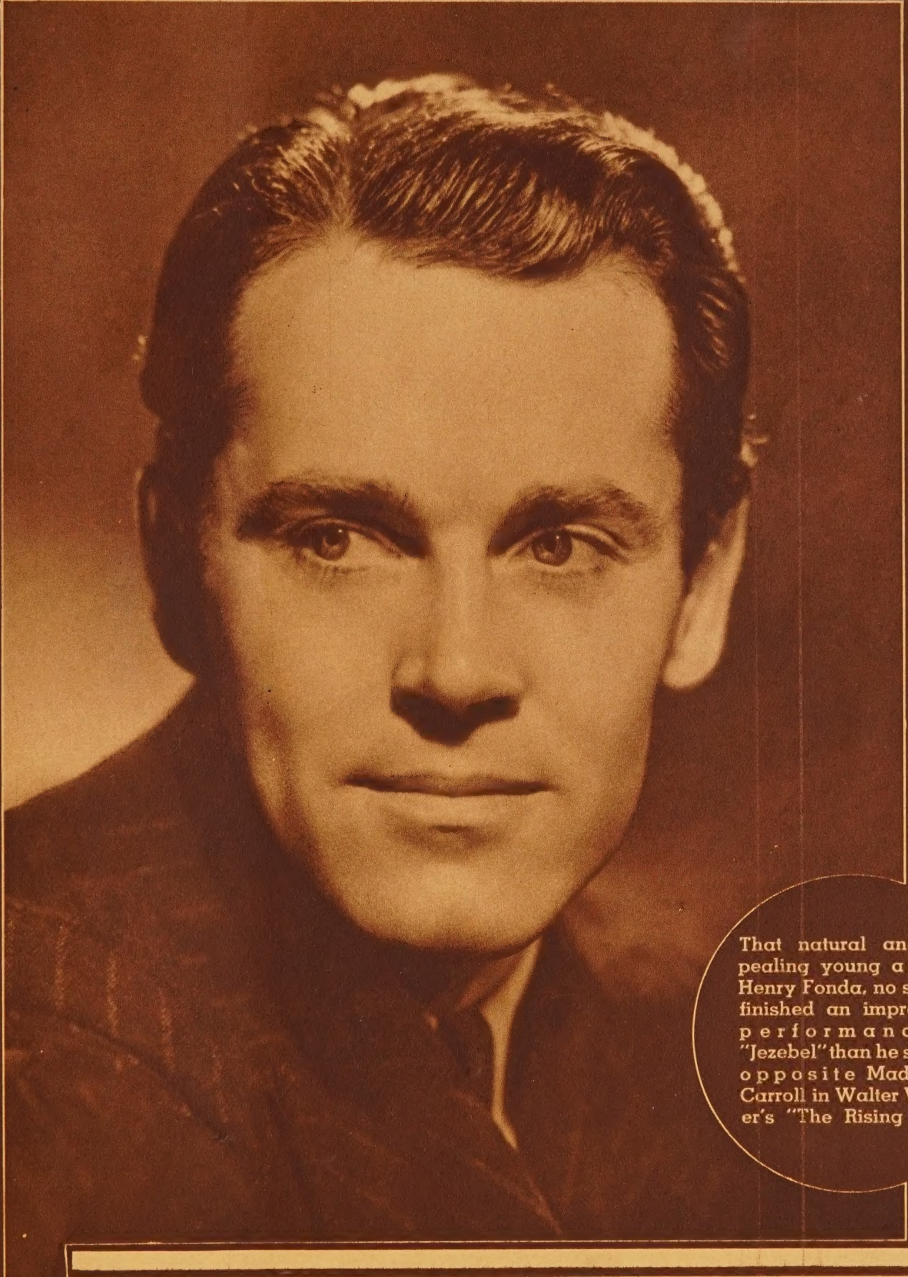
With each mile the cares of the studio receded behind her. This was to be her first holiday after months of arduous work. And she would make the most of it!

The sun began falling fast. The mountain peaks were still a brilliant rose, when in the cuplike valleys below her, the first lights were turned on.

Her progress was slower than she had expected. In her relaxation, in her relief, she had lost

[*Continued on page* 62]

HENRY FONDA



That natural and appealing young actor, Henry Fonda, no sooner finished an impressive performance in "Jezebel" than he started opposite Madeleine Carroll in Walter Wanger's "The Rising Tide"

I HAVE NO REGRETS

A refreshing, new slant on a Hollywood star who remains in a class by himself, unassuming Dick Powell. By his friend Dick Mook

Above, a grand new portrait study of the star who admits blandly that he is satisfied with life in general! One reason is Dick's lovely wife, Joan Blondell, with him at left. Another is pictures like *Cowboy From Brooklyn*, in which Priscilla Lane is his leading lady (below)

IN THIS industry of making pictures where every actor—and actress, too, I might add—has an axe to grind, I nearly choked on my dessert recently when Dick Powell casually remarked, "If I had my life to live over again there are very few—if any—things I'd want different."

I thoughtfully finished my dessert before any more such startling disclosures should completely wreck the rest of my meal.

"Now, Dick," I began when he failed to ask if I'd have anything more, "you really mean you're satisfied with life in general and your own lot in particular?"

"Perfectly," said Dick. "I think I'm one of the luckiest people alive."

"You don't want to be a director? You don't feel you should be playing Spencer Tracy's and Paul Muni's parts? You don't feel you're not appreciated on your own lot? And you don't believe you're being pushed around to develop other people?"

"The answer is 'No' to all your questions. Maybe it sounds a little smug to say I'm satisfied with my lot but I've been so lucky I think I'd be mighty ungrateful if I weren't satisfied.

"Look back. When I was a kid, while my father was never what you'd call wealthy, none of us ever went hungry. There was [*Continued on page* 64]

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AT THE TRI-GUILD BALL!

When the various Guilds of Hollywood (Actors, Writers and Directors) got together for a mammoth Ball, virtually every celebrity in Movietown turned out. There were those spectacular beauties, Dolores Del Rio and Virginia Bruce (1) with 20th Century-Fox mogul Darryl F. Zanuck; Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone (2), with Joan shedding gardenias, orchids and glamour all at the same time; Gary Cooper got something in his eye (don't we all?) at the height of festivities and was attended by Mrs. William Goetz (3); Paul (Fine actor) Muni with his devoted wife made one of their infrequent public appearances (4). At top right, we find Richard Barthelmess smiling while Miriam Hopkins demonstrates what she'll do when the food arrives (5); that's Robert Riskin looking t'other way. Cesar Romero obviously approves of Richard Greene's Ball companion—and so do we! It's Arleen Whelan (6). Our photographer grabbed this flash of Joan Crawford just as the lady remembered where she'd left a valuable compact (7). Cesar Romero isn't apparently disturbed. Jean Arthur, all over her one-girl strike, chats with one-time co-star, Joel McCrea (8)

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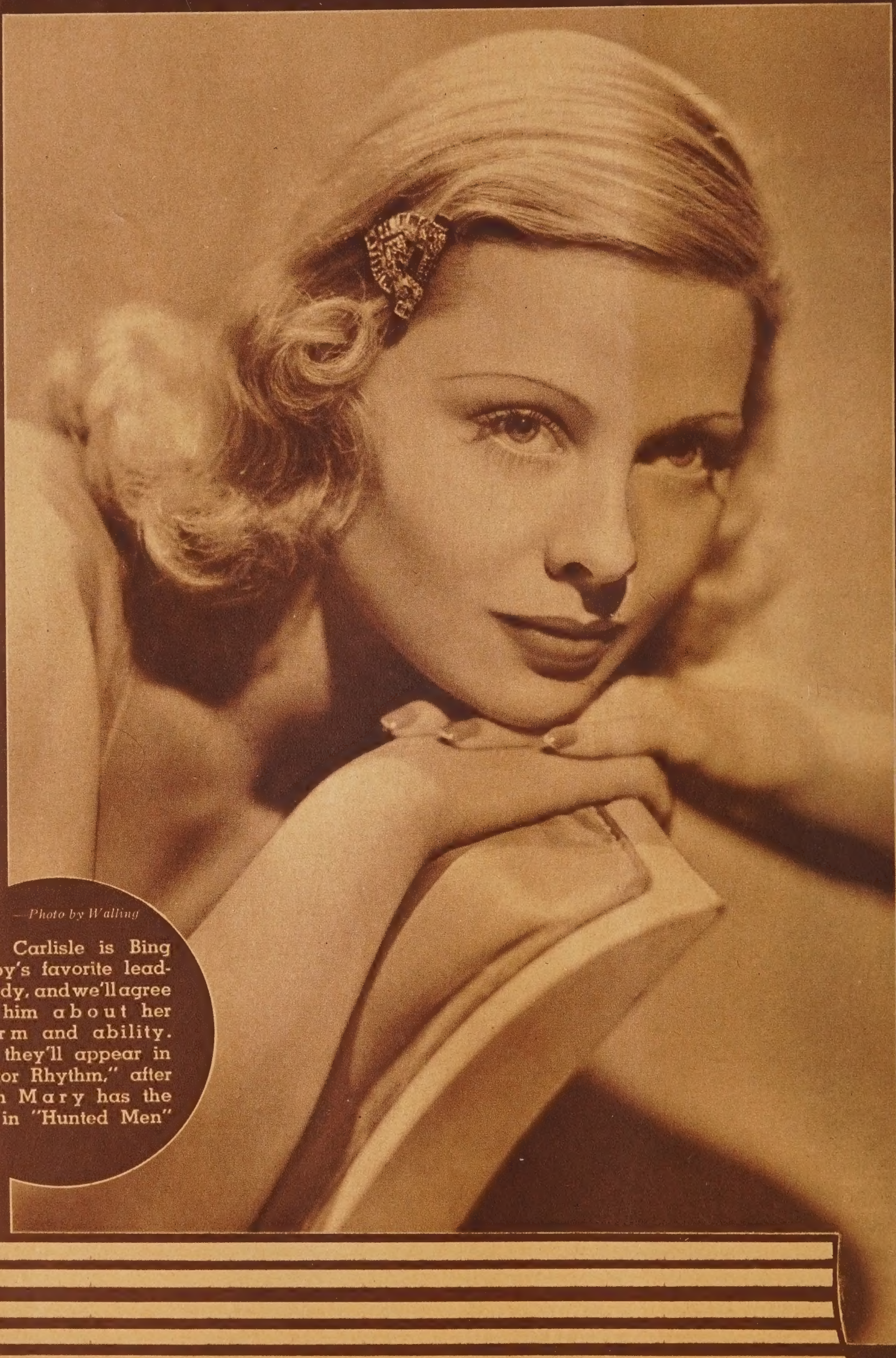
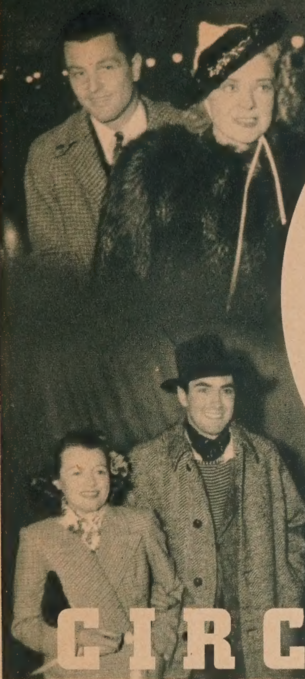
MARY CARLISLE



—Photo by Walling

Mary Carlisle is Bing Crosby's favorite leading lady, and we'll agree with him about her charm and ability. Next they'll appear in "Doctor Rhythm," after which Mary has the lead in "Hunted Men"



Once more the circus gladdened the young and old kiddies of Hollywood. At the left we find those romancing couples, Tony Martin and the missus (Alice Faye to us) and Janet Gaynor with Tyrone Power. At right, Joe Penner gladdens a lady pachyderm. Below, Jack Haley with his youngsters (1); Alice and Tony Martin (2); a clown greets Mrs. Selma Henie, her daughter Sonja, Richard Greene and Ilona Massey (3); Phyllis Brooks and the Countess di Frasso with Cary Grant (4), and Joe E. Brown with his daughters Catherine and Mary at a side show (5)!

CIRCUS TONIGHT!

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PLES
All
SIDE SHOW 25¢

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BATHING–

(1) Gene Price, Hal Roach featured player, prepares to plunge into the inviting surf in her smart Gantner and Mattern suit of sun-flower design. Frances Robinson models two Matletex suits, (2) is a black, red and white plaid suit, and (3) is a lovely one-piece slenderizing model in the new dusty pink. (4) A tricky braided rope trim adds a novel note to Mary Howard's new BVD suit, featuring beads of red, yellow and blue about the neckline

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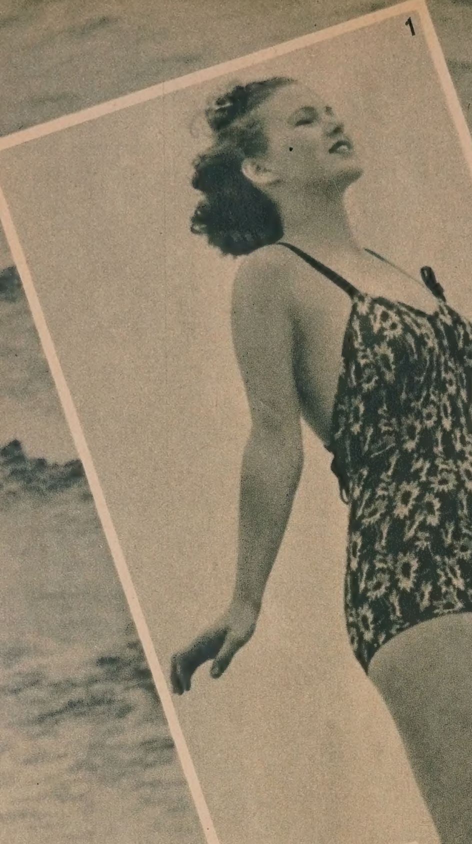

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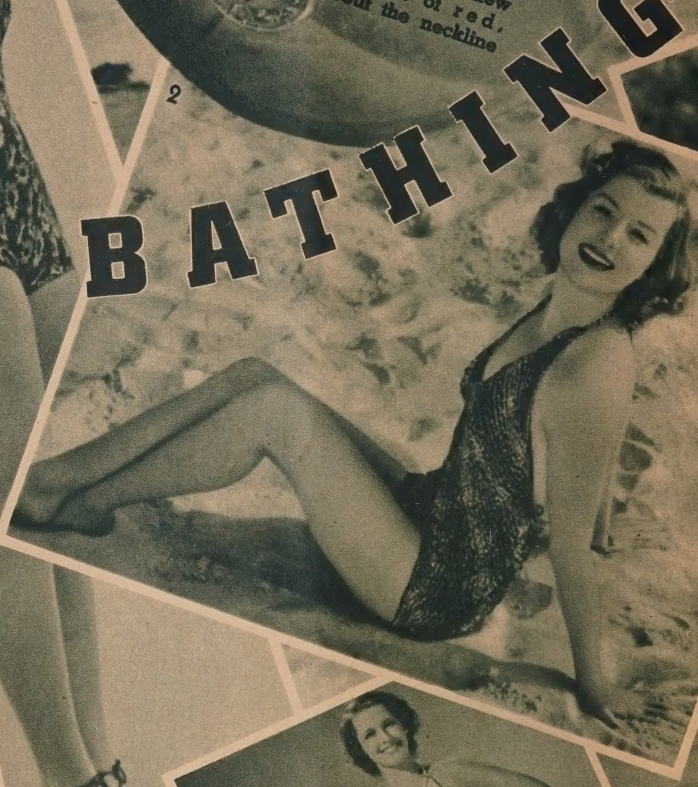

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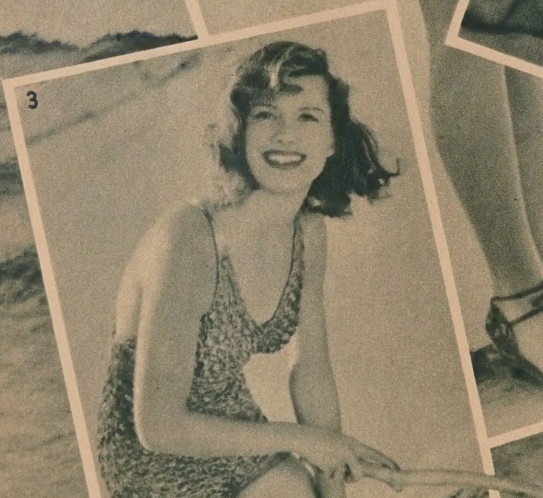

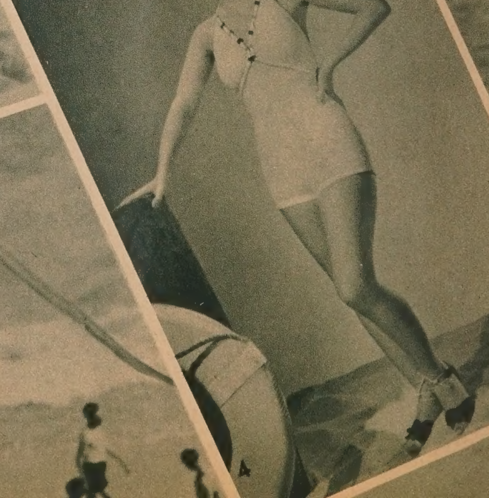

SUIT-ABLES!

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HILLS HOTEL

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(5) Blonde Rosina Lawrence believes in the old adage, "Yes, my darling daughter, but don't go near the water," so she poses prettily on the edge of a diving board in her one-piece Allen-A suit. (6) Eadie Adams, M-G-M player, selects this gay printed satin, adding a festive note to beach days. Her pale blue BVD suit is printed in white nautical designs. (7) Sparkling June Martel gets a terrific kick out of splashing at the poor cameraman. June is proud of her nifty Allen-A suit

By L. ROBERT JOSEPH

Melvyn Douglas flaunts Hollywood tradition by stating flatly that it takes three women to make the career of any leading actor!

THERE ARE ALWAYS THREE WOMEN

Melvyn Douglas fans will be delighted to see him play opposite the exquisite Luise Rainer in the M-G-M picture, *The Toy Wife*

"I SUPPOSE," I asked as offhand as possible, "that it isn't safe to ask you about the women in your life, Mr. Douglas?"

Melvyn Douglas adjusted his smart black bow tie with a sudden twist, glanced around the night club set, and seeing no one within hearing distance, answered. "It is safe. But rather futile. For one thing you won't believe me. Or rather if you do believe me you won't write it up that way. It's hard to put glamour (how I detest that word!) into my career.

"I've read a great number of these magazine love stories. Of the stars and their one enduring passion. I've read of so-and-so whose very life depended on this actress or that woman. Maybe that story gets by in some places. But if it is frankness you want I'll give it to you.

"Traditionally there's always a woman. But I believe there are apt to be three women—at least three."

"There are always three women?" I asked hesitantly.

"That's it. Maybe that's contrary to all romantic notions of how Hollywood love is supposed to work. But if I am to be honest with what I tell you, then I must admit that. There are apt to be three women."

Three women? Three women in the lives of the great screen lovers? Rudolph Valentino? John Gilbert? John Barrymore? Robert Taylor? That sounds impossible. The public refuses to think of such flagrant infidelity. Yet Melvyn Douglas avowedly flaunts tradition.

"There's my mother," the actor continued, "and as banal as the concept may be to some—it is nevertheless true. My mother has had an important influence on my career. It was she who first started me on my way, who gave me encouragement when I needed it most. Her place in my scheme of things is so obvious it is almost ridiculous to mention it.

"Then there are the women who have done most to further my career. They say Hollywood and Broadway belong to the men, and that this is a man's world. Not if the truth were known. Hollywood and Broadway belong also to the women who [*Continued on page* 66]

MEET "MISS MONOGRAM"!

AMERICAN AIRLINES
FLAG SHIP NEW YORK

Jean O'Neill, above, makes her screen debut in *Romance of the Limberlost.* Pictures at top of page show her as she arrived in Hollywood, and with Monogram cameramen for her first screen test

A nineteen-year-old Brooklyn girl wins SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE'S contest to find "Miss Monogram!"

NOW it can be told, all you eager readers of SCREEN BOOK Magazine! We can finally announce the winners of our recent contest to discover a "Miss Monogram"—a contest that brought many thousands of entrants, all eager to win the trip to Hollywood and a role in a Monogram production.

First of all, the winner of the grand prize. She is Jean O'Neill, lovely nineteen-year-old native of Brooklyn, New York, who is now in Hollywood making her screen debut in Monogram's *Romance of the Limberlost.* She was the unanimous choice of the judges, who included James Montgomery Flagg, famous artist and illustrator; Scott Dunlap, Vice President in Charge of Production for Monogram Pictures, and the editors of SCREEN BOOK Magazine.

Miss O'Neill, as her name would indicate, is an Irish colleen, with gorgeous red-gold hair and bright blue eyes. She was born and raised in Brooklyn (a good omen, by the way—for many of our most famous stars share her birthplace!) Her father, John O'Neill, is in the clothing business, and her mother is prominent in civic affairs.

Jean's professional experience has been limited to guest appearances on various radio programs. She is highly effective as a singer of popular songs, and has an important future on the networks as well as the movies.

SCREEN BOOK Magazine readers will see Jean O'Neill in the role of Ruth in Monogram's *Romance of the Limberlost.* She plays a friend of the heroine, Jean Parker, and Eric Linden has the male romantic lead. Will tell you more about the

[*Continued on page* 71]

LOVE IS A HEADACHE!

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

James Stewart is the original Fall Guy as far as girls are concerned—but he loves it!

MR. JAMES STEWART, unwound his six feet, two inches, and scrooged up an eyebrow. "Maybe I was born under the wrong sign or something. Or maybe I just don't have any *umph*. But every time I fall in love something happens to put kinks in it. . . ."

This, from Hollywood's A-1 Bachelor! The man who has the most famous collection of telephone numbers in his little black book of any man in the country!

But Jimmy was serious. He speared a lamb chop carefully from its bed of watercress (M-G-M's Blue Plate lunch special) and was silent a long moment. A look of pained memory came into his eyes.

"Take what happened the first time I fell in love. Sure, it sounds funny now, but it wasn't *then*. The original woman in my life, you see, was a redhead—"

A flaming redhead, he added. She was a honey and she sat directly in front of him in grammar school back home in Indiana, Pa. Jimmy had a lot of trouble with his Adam's apple in those days. Even more than now. It had a way of sticking every time he tried to talk to her—so he wrote her a note: *Can you come to a party at my house Saturday?* She said Yes, she could (*her* Adam's Apple being in perfect working order), and so the Great Day dawned divinely. Except for one thing—his cowlick stood up like a misplaced chicken feather. Brushing did no good. Water did no good. Then Jimmy had an inspiration—he used a bit of shoe black on it. The effect was so devastating he poured on half the bottle. (A barber had to shave his head clean afterwards so that he went around looking like a Chinaman for weeks, but that was only half of it).

The World War being very much on at the time, they played Soldiers. It was keen. Cardboard boxes for trenches, pop pistols for cannon and all. Jimmy ran the war since it was his party. And of course he got severely wounded. *She* was a Red Cross nurse—

Her soothing hands on his fevered brow. Her gentle voice saying, "Keep your eyes closed because you're *very* sick, and open your mouth."

[*Continued on page* 57]

A MODEL YOUNG GIRL!

By E. J. SMITHSON

Phyllis Brooks is the newest cinema charmer to crash films through the modeling route!

"THE best way for a model young girl to break into the movies is to become a young girl model!"

Phyllis Brooks, the beautiful, blue-eyed blonde star at 20th Century-Fox speaking in that soft, persuasive, easy-on-the-ear voice of hers.

"It's a method that may take time and a lot of patience," she went on seriously in spite of the easy-on-the-eye smile that suddenly lit up her face, "but, like the first half of that line about the ancient flivver, it will get you there—and that's the only thing that counts, really, when you're headed for Hollywood. It's the method I employed!"

Now, so far as her own personal experience is concerned, it looks as if this quick-witted, plain-speaking, level-headed (and very, very pretty) young lady has something to write home about. Any time a major studio thinks enough of one of its feminine newcomers to keep her working her first full year with practically no time off for a day's vacation, the young lady is assuredly entitled to be graded far above the mere "prospects" and "possibilities." Phyllis has had good roles in *You Can't Have Everything, In Old Chicago, Dangerously Yours, City Girl, Walking Down Broadway, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* and *Little Miss Broadway*—seven good pictures, seven good performances, and no errors. All within a year, mind you, to establish a record for other feminine newcomers to shoot at.

About this model young girl business, first.

Phyllis started on her theatrical career after modeling for such noted artists as John La Gatta, McClelland Barclay, and Bradshaw Crandall. Her appealing beauty and shapely figure was not only continually in demand by such artists as these, but by many others as well.

"I liked the work," says the young girl model, "and the pay was good. But since my one ambition ever since I was a child centered on a theatrical career, I thought that the quicker I escaped from the posing business the better off I would be. But time kept marching on and I kept marching up to the drawing

[*Continued on page 68*]

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HOLLYWOOD'S HORSEY SET!

Nowadays, instead of going to the dogs, Hollywood is going to the horses. Not only do our glamor girls and boys ride for enjoyable exercise, but many of them own their own stables. Carole Lombard, for instance, heads the back-to-the-horse movement. In first two pictures she is glimpsed exercising and riding her favorite mount, Pico. George Brent (3) proudly displays one of his brand new colts, while his fellow Warner players, Willard Parker and Jane Bryan (4) were snapped while taking an early morning canter. That's Helen Vinson (5) with a Santa Anita winner. Fay Wray (6) plays cowgirl at the B-Bar-H ranch at Palm Springs. (7) Congratulating a proud equine mother at the Kellogg Ranch is blonde Marie Wilson

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by WAYNE MORRIS

Wayne Morris' most enjoyable vacation was spent in the beautiful lake country of Minnesota!

KID GALAHAD'S WEEK OFF!

WHEN Hal Wallis, production supervisor at Warner Brothers Studios, called me into his office the day after I had completed my assignment in *Valley of the Giants* and told me to sit down and rest my feet, I said to myself: "Oho, here it is. Option trouble!" and prepared for the worst.

An option, in case you're unfamiliar with the word in its strict Hollywood sense, is the nightmare of all players. If your contract isn't renewed from time to time, or if your option isn't picked up by the studio at certain designated periods, you're definitely out of work at the studio that employs you.

Well, there I sat, resting my feet and trying to look as unconcerned as I always try to look when a director says: "Okay, we're turning 'em!" But I guess I didn't fool Mr. Wallis much because he wanted to know what I was perspiring about, and when I said, "I guess it must be the humidity," he replied that he guessed it must be; and then lit a cigarette and smiled. Then I lit a cigarette and smiled right back at him, and if I do say so myself, it was the best bit of acting I've done since I've been in pictures!

And then the blow fell—and, boy, what a blow!

"I'm going to send you on a location trip," Mr. Wallis said, suddenly, and as though the idea had just struck him. "No, it's not a picture location trip. You look as though you've had enough of pictures for awhile. You're going to get a vacation—that is, if you want to go." He picked up a letter and said—"Here's a communication from Captain Fawcett, publisher of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, inviting you to be his guest at his summer resort in Northern Minnesota. Breezy Point Lodge is its name, and it's located in those northern pines and ten thousand lakes you've probably read about. They want you for a two weeks' stay, longer, if possible, but since I've another picture ready for you within ten days you'd better not plan on more than a week."

And I'd been worrying about option trouble!

Everything had been arranged, Mr. Wallis said, just in case I did accept the invitation. I was to board an American Airlines plane that night at 10:30. At Chicago I was to change over to the Northwest Airlines and from Minneapolis I was to travel the last 150 miles [*Continued on page 78*]

AMERICAN AIRLINES

At top of page: an American Airlines stewardess explains a puzzling time-table to Wayne. Above: that goodbye kiss between Wayne and Priscilla Lane was the real thing! At left, Priscilla and Wayne waiting for plane to leave at Glendale Airport. Below, Breezy Point Lodge, scene of Wayne's vacation

Robert Young and Luise Rainer are a sparkling love team in *The Toy Wife*

A LITTLE

Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn get expert direction from George Cukor in *Holiday*, while the Columbia "crew" watches in respectful silence

By JERRY LANE

HOP in the old jaloppy! We're going places—"Set sleuthing" around the studios! Anything can happen—so be ready!

Out at Fox Hills there's music coming from Stage 14. Swell music. "I want to hear (te-te-tum), I want to hear (te-te-tum) *Alexander's Ragtime Band!*" They say Darryl Zanuck has just plunked down $2,345,000 for the privilege of hearing it. It's the largest production that studio has made since *Cavalcade.* Fact is, they're calling it the cavalcade of events (from 1911 on) set to a cavalcade of music (Irving Berlin's.) Or, as Tyrone Power says, "From ragtime to swing time in twenty-six reels!"

Tyrone is Alexander. In khaki—like the hundreds of "extra" boys milling around. It's 1917 War Time—in front of the cameras. Backstage it looks more like Love Time!

Who's that couple near the "prop" wall, melting into each other's arms? The girl is saying, "Please don't worry, darling. I really *do* feel all right." And the kiss she gives him—boyohboy! "Cut!" says a voice behind them. That's director Henry King. Alice Faye and her hubby, Tony Martin, break away, looking embarrassed as a couple of school kids. Tony wipes the lipstick off his chin and grins. "Well, I've got to stick around to see that you don't let Alice climb any more heights!"

A few days ago, you see, they had to carry Alice off the set. She was supposed to be doing a scene in a theatre, walking down a high flight of steps and singing the song that first made Grace Moore famous, *All Alone.* Suddenly

FROM "LOTS"

Our Hollywood sleuth gives you inside "dope" on three important million-dollar films now in production!

Alice Faye and Tyrone Power will shine in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*

she faltered, swayed a little—and fell in a dead faint at the director's feet. Alice has never been able to stand height. She gets dizzy if she has to look out of a second floor window!

Across the great stage, sitting close together on a fake staircase, is another couple—Tyrone Power and a terribly cute blonde. She must be telling him a good story because they're laughing uproariously. The blonde turns her head—*it's Sonja Henie!* Just back from her exhibition tour and visiting the ex-boy friend. Or *is* he "ex?" Ty is supposed to be squiring Janet Gaynor these days, and some five million words have been published about him and Sonja being "just good friends." Mebbe so, mebbe so. And mebbe it's just an old friendly custom to sit that close together and hold hands—

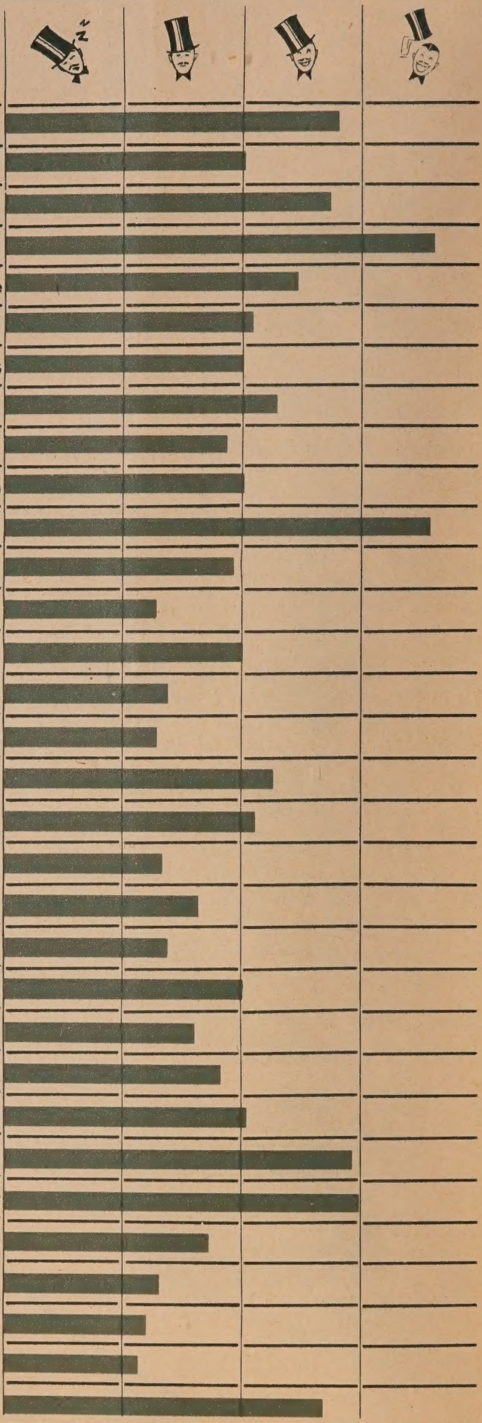
"On the set everybody!" roars the assistant director over the loud speaker system. Doughboys file into a theatre—it's been built especially for this scene because the proper sound equipment and light can't be rigged up in a regular theatre. Tyrone leads the army band down the aisle, up on the stage—but before they can start the show "sailing orders" arrive. They keep right on marching—no time for Alice Faye to edge forward and tell Tyrone their quarrel of the night before was all a mistake. No time for her even to say "goodby" to Don Ameche—the song writer and pianist in the band. All she can do is stand there, tears streaming down her cheeks and watch them go.

They march well, those Yanks. "They should," Ty tells us when the shot is over. "You know who they are! *The Hollywood*

[*Continued on page* 58]

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)



Picture Title	Who's In It
DOCTOR RHYTHM	Bing Crosby-B. Lillie
WIDE OPEN FACES	Joe E. Brown-J. Wyman
FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER	Loretta Young-R. Greene
ROBIN HOOD	Errol Flynn-de Havilland
COLLEGE SWING	Burns & Allen-M'tha Raye
BATTLE OF BROADWAY	McLaglen-Louise Hovick
CALL OF THE YUKON	R. Arlen-Beverly Roberts
STOLEN HEAVEN	G. Raymond-O. Bradna
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN	R. Reagan-G. Blondell
TROOPSHIP	Leslie Banks-Flora Robson
TEST PILOT	Gable-Loy-Tracy
GO CHASE YOURSELF	Joe Penner-Lucille Ball
STATE POLICE	John King-C. Moore
HEART OF ARIZONA	Wm. Boyd-N. Moorhead
SINNERS IN PARADISE	Madge Evans-John Boles
ROMANCE ON THE RUN	Don Woods-Patricia Ellis
THE SAINT IN NEW YORK	L. Hayward-Kay Sutton
LITTLE MISS THOROUGHBRED	Ann Sheridan-John Litel
FEMALE FUGITIVE	Ev'n Venable-C. Reynolds
INTERNATIONAL CRIME	R. La Rocque-A. Allwyn
WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT	Kay Francis-Pat O'Brien
INVISIBLE ENEMY	Alan Marshall-Tala Birell
NURSE FROM BROOKLYN	Sally Eilers-Paul Kelly
TORCHY BLANE IN PANAMA	Lola Lane-Paul Kelly
MR. MOTO'S GAMBLE	Peter Lorre-Jayne Regan
PEARLS OF THE CROWN	Sacha Guitry-J. Delubac
JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN	Lewis Stone-M'k'y Rooney
RAWHIDE	Smith Ballew-Lou Gehrig
HE COULDN'T SAY NO	Frank McHugh-J. Wyman
PORT OF MISSING GIRLS	Judith Allen-M'b'n Stone
KENTUCKY MOONSHINE	Ritz Bros.-Marj. Weaver
VIVACIOUS LADY	G'ger Rogers-Jim Stewart

OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

READ THE RATINGS IN THE TOPPER'S FACE!

ROBIN HOOD

Warner Bros.

England's most romantic legend has never been more gloriously presented than in this Warner Bros. Technicolor production—and no lover of romance and adventure will want to miss it! For sheer entertainment and pictorial beauty you won't find a better picture this season.

England of 750 years ago has been brought to the screen in impressive fashion. Sherwood Forest, Nottingham Castle and all the other familiar scenes are a superb background to the legendary figures of Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, Sir Guy and Prince John.

The *Robin Hood* of Errol Flynn is far and away his best screen portrait. He is dashing, romantic and handsome—and at all times believable. *Maid Marian* is gracefully played by the exquisite Olivia de Havilland, whose beauty is enhanced by Technicolor. Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains are properly sinister as the plotters against Richard the Lion Heart (Ian Hunter). Without a single exception, the cast has been admirably chosen. You'll single out Una O'Connor, Herbert Mundin, Patric Knowles, Eugene Pallette, Alan Hale and Melville Cooper for special attention. And the musical score by Erich Wolfgang Korngold sets a new high.

Once again Dorothy Lamour plays a sultry native girl in Paramount's *Tropical Holiday*, with Ray Milland as a highly appreciative admirer

TEST PILOT

M-G-M

If ever a picture was sure-fire "box office," it's *Test Pilot*, in which their studio has co-starred Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy. Not only are the stars at their superlative best, but their picture has drama, action and comedy in generously-ladeled portions. It is bound to appeal to all types of fans.

Gable plays an ace pilot who is forced down on a Kansas farm where he meets Myrna Loy. Enter Romance—with a capital "R"—and from then on Myrna's life is hardly a bed of roses.

Spencer Tracy's fans may be mildly perturbed because his role is subordinate to those of Gable and Loy—but his artistry makes it equally important. He plays Gable's ground aid and faithful friend. Clark, of course, has a role tailor-made to his splendid talents, and as for Myrna, the one and only Loy—well, millions of fans can testify that she can do no wrong.

You'll enjoy the performances of Lionel Barrymore, as well as the expert miming of Samuel S. Hinds, Marjorie Main, Louis Jean Heydt and Gloria Holden. *Test Pilot* is another winner from M-G-M.

STOLEN HEAVEN

Paramount

There's been a great deal of commotion of late about a youngster named Olympe Bradna. Paramount, which imported her from Manhattan's French Casino, has been lifting its collective voice to tell the world that little O'Lamp (Yep, it's pronounced that way) is the most promising, talented and luscious starlet on its list.

With her first important role, in *Stolen Heaven*, Olympe will prove to her sponsors that Papa Paramount is right—but definitely. At the age of 17, the little French actress can act rings around actresses many years her senior.

She'd have to be convincing to put over her role, because it presents her as a daring jewel thief, a sort of *Trilby* to the blonde-curled *Svengali* of Gene Raymond. That she makes her part convincing and entirely believable is a tribute to her ability.

FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER

20th Century-Fox

The gracious and entrancing Loretta Young has a brand new leading man whom movie fans will instantly recognize as a definitely important new stellar personality. Therefore, in her new film, Loretta takes second place to Richard Greene, who, besides being tall, dark and handsome, has one of the best speaking voices on the screen today.

Four Men and a Prayer deals with the efforts of four sons of a British army officer, dishonorably discharged and subsequently murdered, to avenge the name of their father. The sons are, besides Greene, David Niven, George Sanders and William Henry, and eventually they prove that their father was murdered by agents for a munitions firm.

DOCTOR RHYTHM

Paramount

A new and decidedly pleasing item for the Bing Crosby fans is *Doctor Rhythm*. It gives the Crooning King an agreeable romantic role, several songs that are already in the hit class, a lively story and a superlative co-star in Beatrice Lillie.

Bing plays a young society doctor who takes the place of his old school chum, Policeman O'Roon (Andy Devine), after a class reunion. Seems Andy has been assigned to keep Mary Carlisle, an obstinate heiress, from eloping with crook Fred Keating—a task which is taken up with enthusiasm by the Mary-smitten Bing. Patrolman Crosby's crooning finally proves persuading, but only after a series of hilarious mishaps.

Miss Lillie plays Mary's rattle-brained aunt in sure-fire style. Her big moment is the department store scene, where she upsets the entire staff with her request for two dozen double damask dinner napkins.

THAT LOVABLE RASCAL!

BY SCOOP CONLON

That notorious picture-thief, Raymond Walburn, is one of Hollywood's most charming gentlemen

DID you ever hear the story of the two Englishmen who traveled as cabin mates on shipboard all the way from London to South Africa without once speaking?

As they were disembarking, one spoke to the other:

"Jolly voyage, old man, eh, what!"

The other adjusted his glass, fixed the spokesman with a stony glare, and retorted:

"Beg pawdon! Have we been introduced?"

Actors are not supposed to be that self-effacing. In fact, they aren't supposed to be self-effacing at all. But, we have discovered one noted screen comedian who is so retiring in manner that after four consecutive years at the same studio, he has yet to be introduced to his boss, the producer.

Fans who have seen Raymond Walburn in such Frank Capra pictures as *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*, or with Eleanor Powell, Irene Dunne and Sonja Henie in recent pictures, will find this yarn hard to believe. Walburn is one of the most sought after actors in Hollywood, usually being loaned by Columbia to the bigger major companies to play featured roles.

Recently, however, when Walburn was playing in an "inbetween" picture at his home studio, Columbia, he was standing on a set chatting with the director. A dynamic-looking man hurried by, waved his hand and shouted: "Hello, Walburn," and in surprise the actor turned to the director and asked:

"Who is he?"

The director looked incredulous. "Are you ribbing?" he inquired, but finally to Walburn's protestations of sincerity he replied: "That's your boss, Harry Cohn."

The urbane Walburn brought down the set when he blandly observed: "Well, I have been here four years, but I would *still* like to meet him."

There are a few swell actors like Raymond Walburn in Hollywood of whom you seldom read, chiefly because of their reticence and retiring habits. Fellows like Jack Holt, Lewis Stone, Ralph Morgan, Otto Kruger and Warner Oland, to name a few. These men do their jobs efficiently, often brilliantly, and go on about their personal affairs—but quietly. Seldom if ever are they seen in the familiar Hollywood haunts.

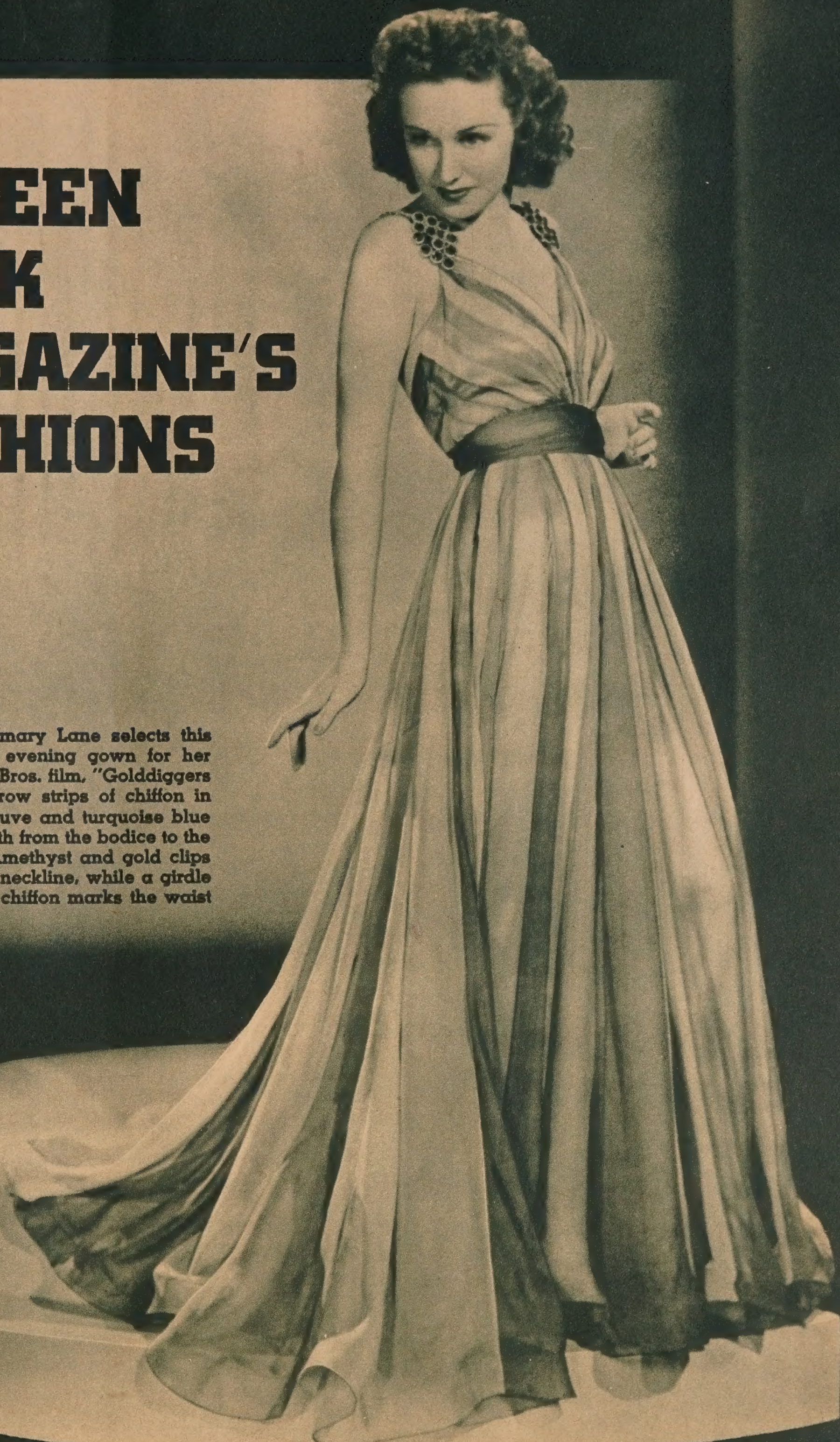
For an actor of such rich screen and stage experience, Raymond Walburn is an old-fashioned sort of fellow. That is in his private life.

The actor, whom a critic once described as a cross between O. Henry's *Gentle Grifter* and Don Marquis' *Old Soak* because of his disarming air of charming rascality, is actually an old-fashioned sentimentalist. He loves old friends, old places and old belongings. And, reminiscences.

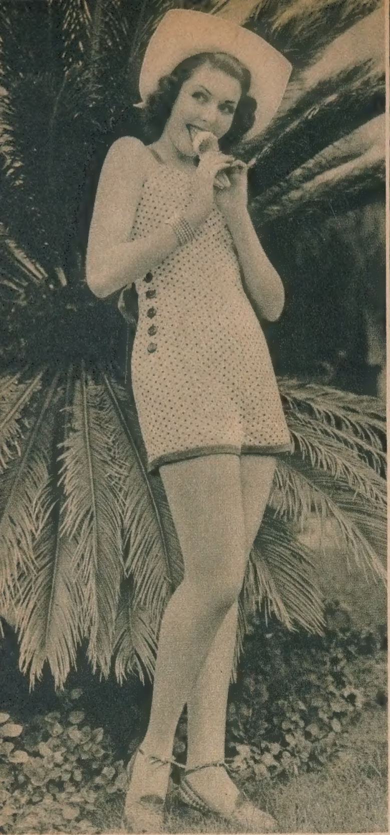
Fate, and the charming, humorous manner [*Continued on page* 70]

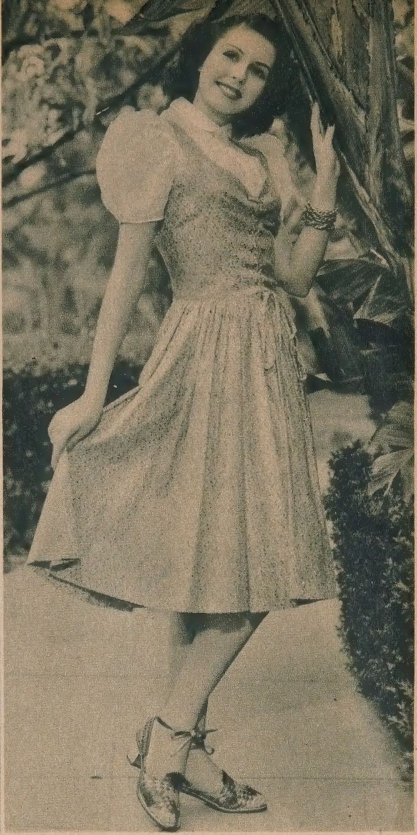
***Start Cheering* is Raymond Walburn's newest Columbia picture. Below, in his Hollywood garden**

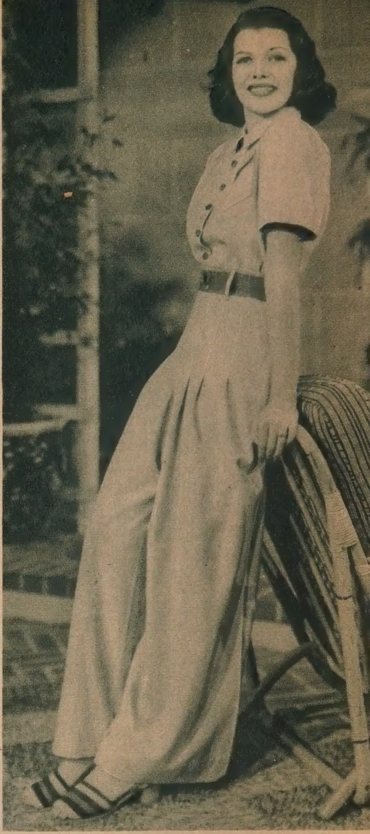
SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE'S FASHIONS

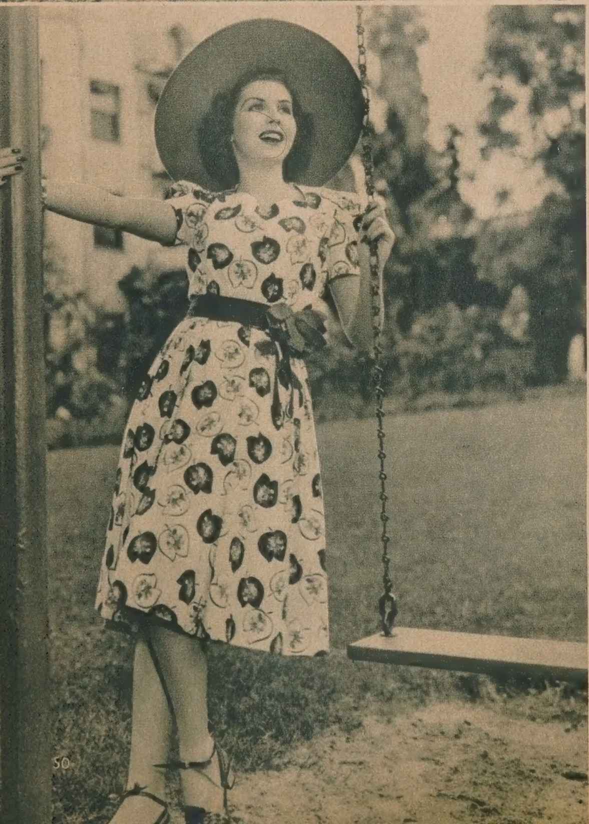


Charming Rosemary Lane selects this lovely summer evening gown for her newest Warner Bros. film, "Golddiggers In Paris." Narrow strips of chiffon in dusky pink, mauve and turquoise blue graduate in width from the bodice to the full hemline. Amethyst and gold clips are used at the neckline, while a girdle of deep mauve chiffon marks the waist



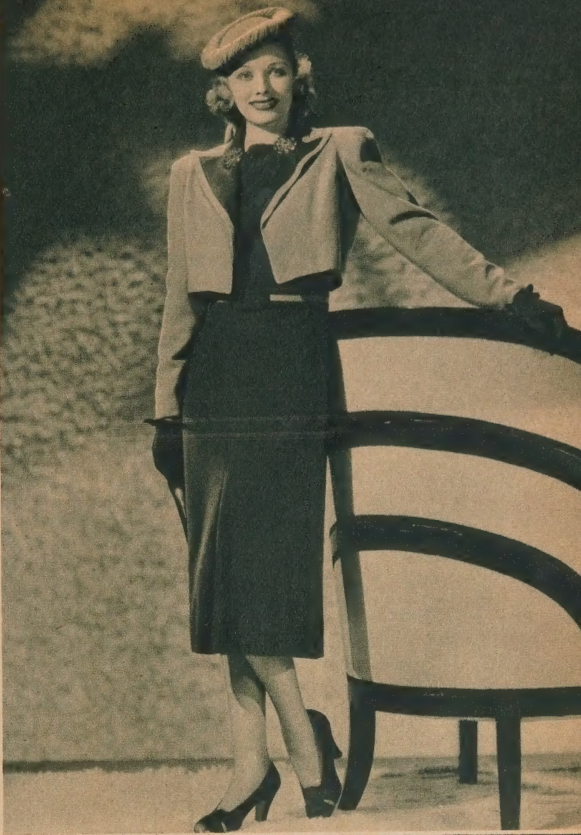


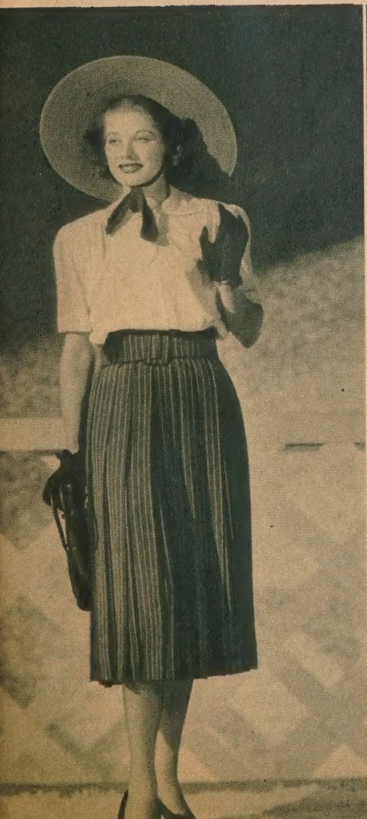


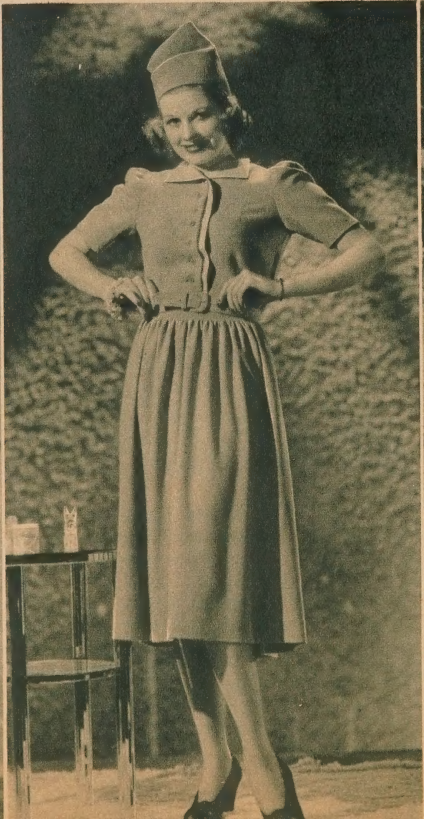


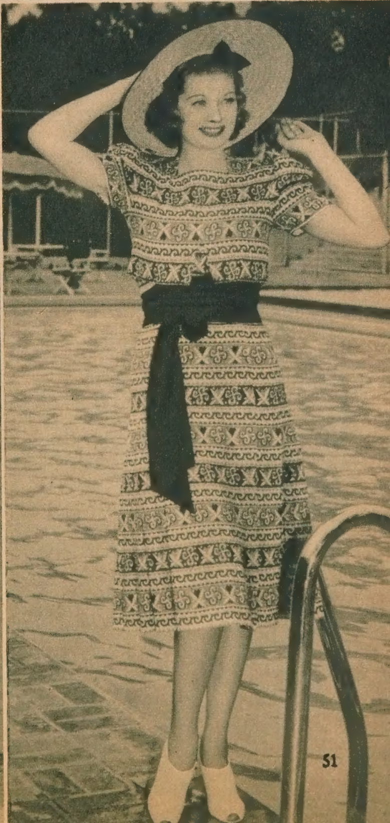
Top left: Distinctly reminiscent of a child's rompers is this red, white and blue playsuit worn by Ann Miller who is appearing in Columbia's "You Can't Take It With You." A sun visor of white pique is turned up so that Ann can see everything, and her dancing feet are encased in Mexican huaraches. Top center: This charming little dress of peasant influence is worn over a white organdie blouse. Notice the flattering just-below-the-knee length of the dress which makes it at home on the tennis court as well as lounging in the shade. Top right: Natural silk in natural tone is the fabric and color of this smart slack costume chosen by Rita Hayworth, Columbia featured player, for warm summer days. The blouse features patch pockets and an interesting belt of burlap with hand embroidered design of Mexican hats and cactus on the front: Left: Ann Miller selects this white daytime frock with flowers in red, blue, yellow and green. A red linen sun hat and Mexican huaraches complete this informal daytime costume

Right: Lucille Ball, accomplished RKO-Radio comedienne now in "Glamour Girl," chooses a smart bolero ensemble of navy blue and dusky pink sheer. Navy accessories complete the outfit. Bottom left: Lucille's striking costume is a modern version of the Gibson Girl. Her white silk shirtwaist is tucked in a full pleated skirt of pin-striped navy and white. A large picture hat of wheat-colored straw is worn far back and tied under the chin with navy grosgrain. Center: This lovely Quaker type frock is a full-skirted dress of grey light-weight wool, with men's cotton shirting in striped Paris pink providing an effective trim on the bodice which is fastened in front with pearl buttons. Lucille's crushable fez is of pink antelope. Right: Pictured while basking in the sun near the pool of the famous Beverly Hills Hotel, the RKO player models this summery ensemble of hand-blocked linen, the geometrical design on white reflects shades of blue ranging from light to dark. The flippant bolero buttons down the back

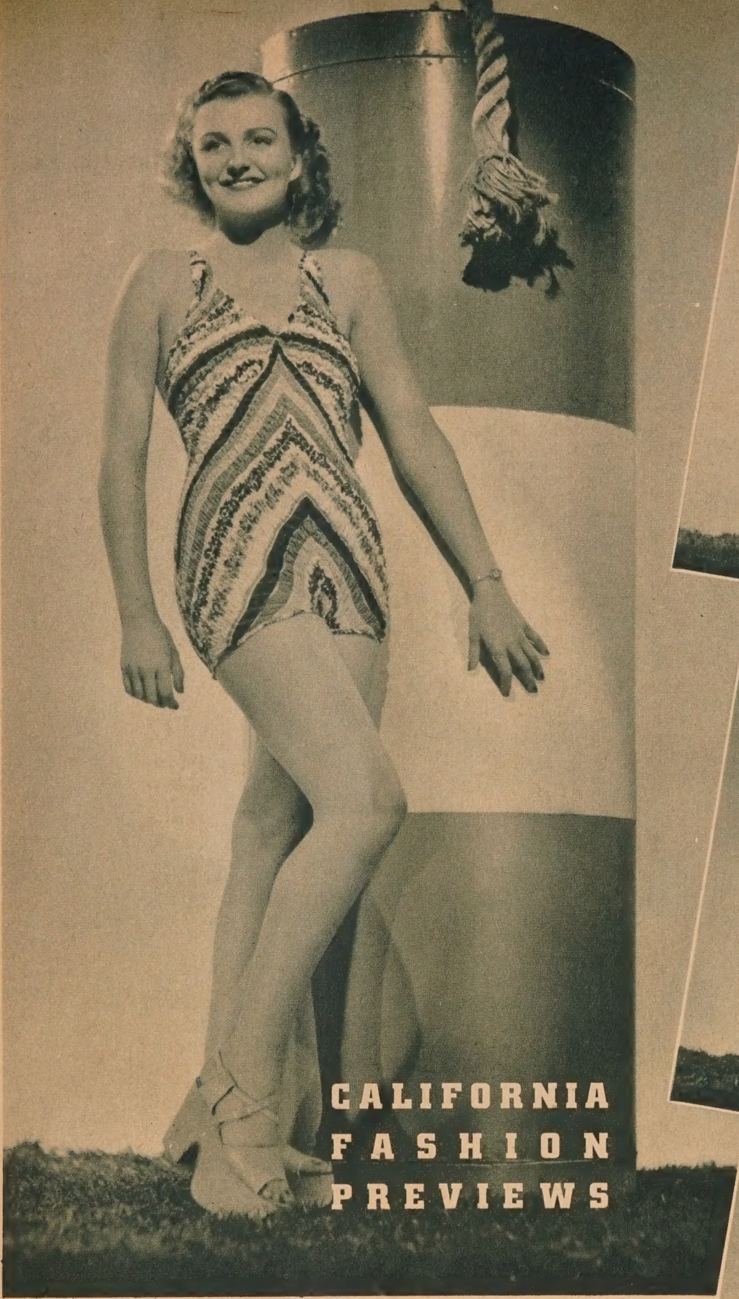




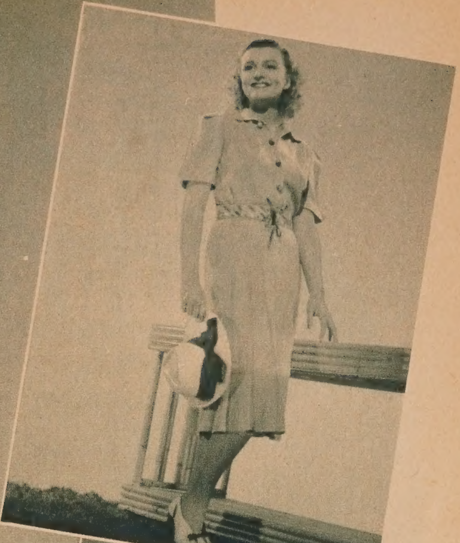


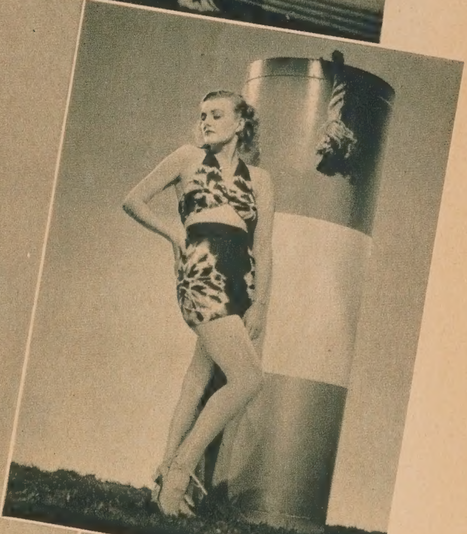


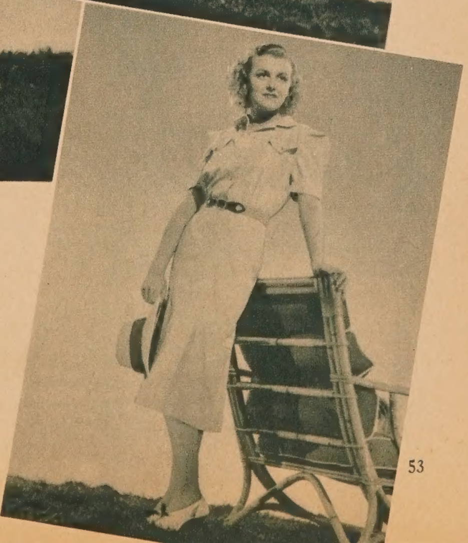
Above: Louise Campbell who has the lead role in Paramount's "Men With Wings," is shown wearing snappy pleated shorts of white sharkskin with a bright red zipper and belt to match. **Top:** Yellow and black is the combination of this smart summer dress. The black crepe skirt is straight and the yellow blouse of quilted chiffon has a bolero effect across the back. **Center:** A favorite from her personal wardrobe, Miss Campbell models this black chiffon dinner dress of graceful skirt and flattering bodice of ecru lace. **Bottom:** For midsummer the Paramount star selects this violet blue printed silk of princess lines, draped bodice and scalloped short sleeves



CALIFORNIA FASHION PREVIEWS







Hollywood in mid-summer throws formality to the four winds. That is when it displays special allegiance to made-in-California clothes. Above: Lovely Doris Nolan, featured in Columbia's "Holiday" is quite the rage in this new Matletex bathing suit of gypsy print. Top: For summer afternoons, Miss Nolan wears this classic sports dress of nubsack with gaily embroidered belt and colored buttons. Center: Inspired by the South Seas is this two-piece playsuit, called The Beachcomber, and ideal for tropical heat. Bottom: Incomparably cool and immeasurably smart is this shirtmaker in faille sharkskin, trimmed only with tiny silver buttons

PLAY, PRETTY MAIDEN!

Ginger Rogers, *Carefree* and *Vivacious Lady* is *Having Wonderful Time.* All titles of her latest RKO pictures and most fitting to this busy young lady who finds time to bicycle around the lot. Margaret Lindsay (right), prefers archery for grace and poise

By JANET LYNN

Be beauty-wise—get out in the sun and play—but remember to protect skin and hair as the glamour girls of Hollywood do

SUN may be fun—but no gal is going to find a peeling nose or a blistered back an aid to romance.

Ginger Rogers who is appearing in RKO's *Having Wonderful Time* looks as though she really were enjoying herself at that vacationists' camp. But Ginger must have a beauty-ful time, not just a good one. No matter how much she's in and out of the water, tearing around under the broiling sun, she's got to take care of her looks. That goes for you and me as well as all the movie stars. No matter whether you spread your fun out over the whole summer, sample it on week-ends, or concentrate it all in those two blessed weeks that are all your own—take your ounce of prevention FIRST. A pound of cure runs into time and money. You and I can't afford to lose a day of that vacation, or of work either, because of a set of blistered shoulders.

Red-headed Ginger is the type of beauty who sunburns with the slightest bit of sun. And so she takes precautions, as she paddles her canoe, free-wheels her bike, to keep her nose from peeling, her arms and shoulders from developing a pimiento brilliance. A suntan preparation goes with her to the beach, pops out of the beach bag for application before and after swims, makes its appearance again when the sun has used up the first application. The result of this protective policy is a beige shade of tan, velvet-smooth, lovely to look at!

For redheads and blondes who want to look healthy—but not copper colored, my dear!—there is a grand semi-liquid cream. It proves to be cooling and soothing to your sun-warmed skin, most inhospitable to flies, mosquitoes and other pesky insects. The smooth, non-sticky cream screens out the harmful, burning rays of sun.

Use it at the beach or under your make-up as a protective powder base. Four ounces in a non-slip bottle cost a dollar. Want the name?

I DISCOVERED the grandest bag to hold your sun oil, dark glasses, bathing cap and the rest of your paraphernalia. It's a deep blue, with red and white sail boat and sailor-boy motif—and *roomy!* The glide top fastener slips back to reveal a rubber lining, and a tiny bag that contains jars and bottles for your sun lotion, emollient cream and powder. Costs about $1.98—want to hear the rest of the story?

Sigrid Gurie, who loves to sun bathe, confessed to me that she always wore a huge beach hat, or stayed near her beach umbrella. All because she doesn't want a leathery face, a dried-out scalp and dull hair. The winsome star gives her golden brown hair 100 strokes of the brush each night, massages her scalp with tonic, washes with an oily shampoo. Her hair was that gleaming—'twas a joy to look at.

For dull, dry hair, I can recommend a shampoo that is specially made for it! The liquid is quickly worked into a foamy lather which loosens dirt and dust film, removes flaky dandruff, disappears with just one rinse! You'll find that your hair will glint with new highlights, will learn its place quickly, after a shampoo with this special product. The maker's name on the blue and yellow label guarantees its quality, and the prices (10, 60 cents, and $1,) warrant its frequent use on your hair. Interested?

Summer heat means oilier faces, oozing pores that pick up and retain all manner of dust and dirt. In the course of my wandering to and fro, I found a grand pore cream in a silver-labelled jar. Containing camphor and three medicinal powders, it is designed to remove waste from clogged pores, and to promote their return to normal size. The same manufacturer has an excellent emollient cream that is a good preventive against crow's feet and other facial lines. I'll be glad to give you the trade name of these two finds.

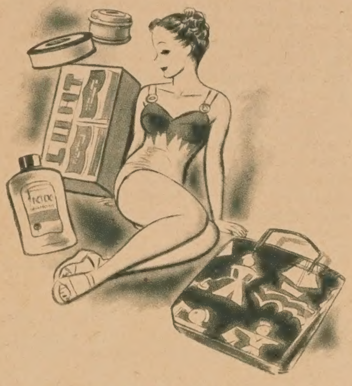
Many's the time I've marvelled at the smooth perfection of movie stars' make-up. I've watched the gals go through their stunt under the Klieg lights or under the sweltering sun. I've sat on the side lines while Carole Lombard streaked across a tennis court. I've seen Simone Simon get all hot and bothered over a badminton game—but never show it in her face. Those glamour girls *never* develop a shiny nose or chin. And neither need you and I.

The secret, I learned, lies in the make-up base—a heavy protective cream that holds the powder. Just recently I found a grand make-up stick that is priced just right (10 cents) for your purse and mine. It is packed in a brown and tan lipstick-like case that will fit right into the purse, ready for a make-up renewal. The creamy make-up is thick enough to hide unwanted summer freckles, and blossoms that turn up at the wrong moment. The shades of peach, rachel, brunette and suntan will harmonize nicely with the powder you're wearing, with the depth of the suntan you've acquired so far. To go with the make-up base, there's a liquid powder lotion that will even up your tan, hide freckles, give your arms and legs that creamy smoothness you've admired. It will do right by you, no matter whether you're galloping around in the blazing sun and a pair of shorts, or sedately waltzing in a filmy evening dress. There are 10, 25 and 50 cent sizes of the lotion, in the same shades as the stick. Want to know more?

HAVING a difficult time deciding what shade of rouge or powder to wear with that in-between tan of yours? Then here's something that may solve your rouge problem. A rouge that is white when first made, assumes a light orchid tint in the box, turns just the right color for your tone of skin when applied. Being a true skeptic, I tried a bit on the back of my wrist and another dab on the other side. The difference was amazing! Fifty cents buys the box.

To eliminate the face powder indecision, there is a powder palette—a box that contains four lovely shades of powder which will blend beautifully with the various stages of your suntan. You can grade your make-up, choosing a light rosy powder to go with the early stages of tan, a darker one to tone in with your deeper beige. The palette is as good in the fall as in the spring—just reverse the order of use till your skin resumes its mid-winter pallor. A dollar buys the lovely pink box, with generous supply of four powders.

From the same manufacturer there is a new lipstick, in an American beauty shade that is just right for the pastel frocks, lighter make-up of this summer. The smart decagonal gold case has a cap lock that snaps the lipstick into place, won't let it become unscrewed or jammed against the top of the case. Do write for the name.



Have a beauty-ful time this summer—with the aid of a reliable deodorant; rouge blended to your skin, corn product for your bath and beauty mask, special shampoo for dry, dull hair, and a carry-all for your bathing suit and towel, your sun lotion, dark glasses, and other beach accessories

When I jogged around the park with Merle Oberon, I couldn't help noticing her gleaming eyelids. They are so dark naturally that she cannot use an eye shadow, so she makes up for it by smoothing on a bit of a colorless eye cream to give that certain dewy sparkle to her face and eyes. I discovered a grand cream that has just been put on the market by a famous Parisian perfumer. He suggests that you apply it just as you would your eyeshadow, after powdering, so that your eyelids glint and sparkle. A generous tube, in blue and silver decor, cost 50 cents.

Play the game—with your self as well as with your partner. Don't let your beauty go to rack and ruin under that noonday sun. Save face—hair and skin—and you'll save romance. If you'd like the names of any of these worthy products, or help with some summer problems of your own, write Janet Lynn. Be sure to enclose a stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage) self-addressed envelope when you send your letter to her in care of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

The same Parisian cosmetic wizard has another eye-opener. It's a mascara compact that looks like a jeweler's dream of a lipstick. You fill the special mascara compartment from a regular tube of this manufacturer's creamy mascara, refill it when necessary. When you want to glamourize your lashes you simply turn a little knob that ejects just enough of the lash cosmetic onto the brush—which fits snugly into the compact when not in use. Costs 50 cents.

I CAUGHT up with Lana Turner just as she was coming out of the swimming pool. She barely said "hello" before she grabbed a huge turkish towel, and rubbed herself dry. Then she took a bottle of hand lotion from her beach bag, smoothed it over her legs and arms. She paid special attention to her elbows and knees and ankles because, she said, they get rough and scaly.

For elbow-conscious ladies, I've found a grand golden liquid that really makes your arms and legs as soft and feminine as it makes your hands. It's almost waterlike in consistency, and is deliciously scented with orange blossoms. A tall bottle, with a hand decorating the label, costs about 50 cents.

Shorts and short sleeves that reveal pretty legs and arms show up hairy ones, too. There's no sense going around looking shaggy when it's so easy to remove superfluous hair. A depilatory whose delicate scent amply camouflages its chemical ingredients, is especially easy to use. Smoothe a bit of it over the superfluous hair, let it stay on for a few moments, then rinse it—and the hair—away. You must be very careful, in using this or any other depilatory, to follow the manufacturer's directions carefully. A jumbo tube costs 60 cents, and you can buy smaller ones for 10 and 35 cents. The name is yours for the asking.

To make your bath that much more refreshing, try a grand starch product. Throw a handful of the snowy crystals into your tub, watch the water turn milky white, climb in, and relax. When you step out your skin will be smooth as a satiny piece of damask linen. The same refined starch crystals can be mixed with milk to form a beauty mask that does wonders toward refining coarse, large-pored skin. It's a swell facial pick-up before a party or big evening. A large blue and white box of the corn product costs ten cents at your grocery store. Do write me for the name.

A dainty movie queen wouldn't think of starting out on a big evening, especially in warm weather, without knowing that her clothes were protected from under arm perspiration. She uses tried and true perspiration correctives, and uses them often.

In use in most movie studios are some grand dress shields that are attached to brassieres. Easy to wash, and so efficient! There are several styles for different figure requirements, so you'll surely find just the right one. You can get them for as low as a dollar (depending on the material). I'd love to send you the name.

To help you keep sweet and dainty through 36 holes of golf under the broiling sun, or the warmest evening of dancing, there's a grand cream deodorant. Rub a bit of the white cream into the underarm, see how quickly it vanishes.

Kay Francis Signs Life Time Contract!

[*Continued from page* 24]

Kay Francis has just one firm desire. *She intends to make this marriage stick.* Three times before she has failed, and in that failure has grown wise. When she enters into wedlock this time, she intends to give up anything and everything that might offer marital difficulties. And the biggest barrier, as all Hollywood has found out from unhappy experience, is a career.

If her contract had three years to run, I am sure she would have terminated it anyway. Her friends say so—and they ought to know. Because, for the first time in her life, Kay has admitted that much of the personal side of her life.

Kay Francis has been a shrewd business woman. She has put aside enough of her earnings as a film star to be independent for the rest of her life. She owns a new and beautiful home in Coldwater Canyon. Never has a person been in a more logical position to throw aside a lucrative career in favor of private happiness.

She has said this about the role of a wife in any happy marriage: "A woman ought to be home when dinner time comes around. She should be there to greet her husband, and make his hours away from work pleasant. And if he is called out of town and wants her to go along, she should be able to pack her bags and travel with him. I couldn't do that if I still followed my career."

That's why, barring unexpected developments, she will refuse any offers for screen roles after her marriage. Kay intends, this time, to be completely married—ready to go with her chosen mate to the far ends of the earth at the drop of a hat. This fact, to my mind, is the most important decision she could possibly make.

Kay has at least one picture to go, and perhaps more, before her contract is up in September. Soon she will appear in *My Bill*, in the role of a young matron. (Anita Louise will be cast as one of her daughters.)

When she has finished this picture, and perhaps one more, she will have fulfilled the terms of her contract. Something very radical will have to happen, after that, to make her return to the screen. From the standpoint of her fans, that is a sad but indisputable fact.

I HAVE heard her friends say that Kay would turn a deaf ear to anything after September, even if it were the one role she had always yearned to play. That is how determined she feels just now over her future.

Sometimes it is dangerous to make announcements like these. In Hollywood anything can happen. Nonetheless this is a story of the present, and very probably of the future, too. If Kay should change her mind, it probably would be because someone waved a contract at her with amazing concessions contained within its pages— guarantees of no long location trips, no night shooting schedules, no events which could keep her from being home and dressed when dinner time came around.

When Kay told me about it she spoke plainly what was in her mind. Looking up with that brilliant smile of hers she said. "I shall not marry Erik until fall—after my contract has expired. I am determined that once we are married, I shall devote myself to being a good wife, to considering only his wishes and plans. Don't you think that is any woman's duty?"

She expected an affirmative answer—and got it as far as I was concerned. Hollywood careers are dangerous obstacles in the path of happy marriages. When I nodded she said, "If I should ever again make a picture, it would be because there was no possibility of its interfering with my private life—and that's almost impossible. I never would make one anyhow if Erik objected or if it inconvenienced his plans in any way. He will always come first, regardless of any role I am offered."

For the skeptics who think that Kay may be interested in the nobleman's title, here is a startling thing. The baron, who comes from an illustrious German family, has taken out citizenship papers in the United States. Consequently, he is going to drop the "baron" title from his name and become just plain Erik Barnekow, American citizen. It is Kay's wish, and his too, to forget the title which has no meaning and no status in this democratic country. How many of us could forego the temptation to be known as a member of the nobility?

Erik Barnekow is an expert aviator—tall, dashing and forever courteous. He has always had a deep interest in flying, and he now plans an aviation enterprise here in the United States. Possibly he and Kay will continue to live in southern California. But there is a possibility, too, that they may move to some other point in the country.

And her reaction to that? Kay ignores all probabilities and says, "I don't know where we will live or what we will do, but whatever the answer may be it is all right with me."

It is a mystical and wonderful thing to see how two personalities can meet like this, and alter each so deeply. And no matter how badly you may feel over the prospects of Kay's retirement, it would make you happy to see her suddenly young and gay again, with that old hint of loneliness banished completely from her makeup. All her fans the world over will be wishing her luck as she rounds the turning point into a new and precious phase of her life.

Lovely Joan Bennett greets SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE's publisher, Capt. W. H. Fawcett (left) and his friend, Dr. A. J. Kistler of Minneapolis, on the set of Paramount's forthcoming production, *The Texans*

Love is a Headache!

[*Continued from page* 40]

Obediently Jimmy opened his mouth. Something sticky and slidy and terrible slipped down his throat. He sprang to life fast. He let out a Comanche yell that shook the neighborhood. *Castor oil!* She had given him a tablespoonful of it!

There was no ice cream and cake for Jimmy *that* afternoon. The party broke up rapidly. So, it might be added, did the romance—

"After that I was off women for life—or until Cathy came along, anyway. That was in the first year of high," Jimmy remembered. "She was a New Girl in town. Sweet. I wanted like the deuce to make an impression on her. So one cold, winter's day I tried some fancy ice skating. She smiled—and down I went. Right on the old bean. You speak of falling for a woman. I practically cracked the ice for Cathy! It was then I decided love was a headache—"

THOUGHTFULLY Jimmy went back to his lamb chops. An assistant director barged up out of nowhere. "You've got a test at three this afternoon for *You Can't Take It With You.* Don't forget."

"Huh?" huh-ed Mr. Stewart. "I thought I was flying down to Mexico at three for a vacation— Say, do I get the girl in this picture?"

"Read the script!" grinned the A. D. darting off.

Jimmy grunted. "That's the only place my romances do come out right—in the script. Along about page 346B. . . . Take, for instance, the first real date I ever went on, with money for the movies in my pocket and enough left over for sodas at Farland's drug store. A large evening, and where did I wind up? In jail—"

It was a "foursome" date. Jimmy and a pal of his were collecting a couple of cute little numbers and they had everything set but the car. Mr. Stewart, Sr., was using the family bus. Dilemma with a capital D! Jimmy had just about decided that Life was unjust when rescue came like a bolt from the blue. The girls' uncle would lend them *his* car. Yes, indeed, he'd been young once himself! So all was well — until they came out of the movies.

There was a blue-coated figure standing beside the car. And the car was standing placidly beside a fireplug—Jimmy squirmed. He didn't own the doggone machine. He didn't even have a license. "Trying to pull a fast one, eh?" snorted the cop. "I'll be haulin' the bunch of ye down to the police station!"

They were scared pink, those four kids. They stood writhing and miserable in front of the desk sergeant while he lectured them on "the jazz age and the evils thereof"—and called up Uncle. Uncle was in bed and he had to dress and take a taxi down to the station. By the time he arrived he'd forgotten all about being young once. His words dripped fire and brimstone. They fairly singed Jimmy. He never saw *those* girls again—

After that young Mr. Stewart became a collector. Before he matriculated at Mercersburg Academy he already had "the worst collection of 'blind' dates in America!"

It was fate. It was feverish. It got so that every time a boy said, "Say, Jimmy, let me fix you up with a *swell* number for tonight!" he shuddered. He knew just what to expect. Usually she was one of five sisters who lived seven miles out on the worst road in the county. They didn't dance. They didn't do anything—except the one who played the trombone in the high school orchestra and she talked baby talk.

Jimmy was at Princeton before a "blind" date actually turned into a blonde who was Something. A hundred per center. "Later I took two hours writing her an invitation to the prom," he admitted. "It was a masterpiece. As I recall, it went something like this: *'We're having a dance on the 18th. Could you come? Nice weather here. No rain since yesterday. Yours truly, J. Stewart.'*

"Maybe it was that 'nice weather' that did it but anyhow she came. We had a swell time. After the dance had wound up a lot of us sat on the porch of the Triangle Club and I played the accordion. Gosh, I thought she'd like it. I did! I'd had about three lessons and you could almost recognize *Yes, We Have No Bananas,* but when I looked up—she was gone. I've never caught a glimpse of her since—"

SOMEHOW, one look at Jimmy and you *know* he's the type things happen to. That long, lean length; that bewildered expression under the drooping cowlick. He's the perfect foil for a good rib. And how fate does love to rib him!

Imagine being in Hollywood and taking a *star* out for the first time. Such a galumptious star as Ginger Rogers! They headed Trocadero-ward and a battery of photographers were right on hand as usual. That Adam's apple of Jimmy's worked overtime. In fact, he mighty near swallowed the thing because right in the middle of the excitement—*he lost the belt to his white flannel pants!*

"It's the sort of thing that happens to you in a nightmare," muttered Jimmy. "You wake up with chills playing tag along your spine. Only I didn't wake up. I just kept hitching up my trousers—and hoping. I never did find that belt."

The next morning Mr. Stewart found himself in the gossip columns. (Minus his Predicament, however!) *"Now it's Jimmy Stewart,"* read the item, *"who's in a stew about Ginger!"*

Perversely, Mr. Stewart's face was not red. What, getting his name linked with a gorgeous gal's! "I thought it was wonderful. I still do. Imagine *me* getting a break like that! The one time I did get sort of pink around the ears, though, was when they had Rita Johnson and me about to be married. You see," Jimmy's eyes took on that round, baffled look, "I had never even met her—"

But that was a mere piffle to what occurred on the *Vivacious Lady* set over at RKO a few weeks ago. Ginger Rogers and he were just finishing up the picture, wondering if they'd get through in time for a set of tennis on Ginger's new court, when a reporter clumped up. "Say, Jimmy," said the redoubtable one, "how about letting us have a story on your engagement to Rosalind Russell?"

Ginger looked surprised. Mr. Stewart looked slightly more than surprised. He looked stunned. It was the first he had heard of it. He telephoned Roz. "Look, are we engaged?"

She giggled. "Not that I know of. But then I'm so absent-minded!"

Jimmy, the original Jam Boy!

Here's one of those off-again-on-again romances that keeps film town gossipers wondering —Director Al Hall and blonde comedienne Lucille Ball

A Little from "Lots"

[*Continued from page* 45]

Army. Jack Pennick got the idea of having a "standing army" for pictures a few years back. Today he has a nucleus of 200 men and he can muster up 2,000 in two days—and have them ready for any war! They know the manual of every army and the fighting method of every savage tribe. Today they're doughboys. Tomorrow they'll probably be East African head hunters stalking Tarzan—"

WHAT Ty doesn't tell us is that, mingled in with the troops, are the ten "extras" you'll find in each picture he makes. They are the fellows who worked with him when *he* was an extra out at Universal. And the tales they tell on him! The one they like best is about the time Ty pawned his watch to buy a thick, galumptious steak for the "gang"—but when they cooked it, it was so tough they couldn't eat the blamed thing!

He has a long memory, has young Mr. Power. His "stand-in" is Tommy Noonan, the chap who got him on the freshman football team back at Cincinnati High. His secretary, William Gallagher, is the former captain of that same team who taught him the fine art of tackling.

"You know, it's a funny thing about this band," says Don Ameche sprawling out in a canvas chair (he looks pretty wan after that siege of flu and jaw-infection, but you have to kill these Ameches before they give up!) "We've been playing steadily for nearly three months—and not one of us knows how to really play music! Not even Berlin who wrote the stuff!" (Imagine Berlin making millions of dollars—just by picking out a tune on the piano with one finger, and setting words to it!)

"Tyrone and I," Don continues, "wouldn't know a high C if it reached out and bit us. And the only kind of notes Jack Haley understands—he's the drummer—are banknotes! Why even little Alice Faye can't read music. She has to learn her songs by ear. Yet on the screen we'll be doing everything from ragging it in the old Cliff House in San Francisco to giving a swing concert in Carnegie Hall! If that isn't movie madness—"

Tyrone comes along just then and shoots a worried glance at that drawn, pale look of Don's. It's not mere publicity about their being such pals. They have dressing-room trailers exactly alike and they always park them side by side so they can talk while they're making up. "Listen, Don, you better stay here at the studio tonight. That long trek home to San Fernando is going to be too much for you."

Don nods, "Guess you're right."

A little while later we hear Tyrone telephoning Honore (Mrs. Ameche.) from an obscure corner of the stage. "So don't worry. I'll sleep in my dressing room tonight so I'll be on hand if Don needs me."

A couple of A-1, very swell fellows!

HONK—HONK! Let's head for Columbia and *Holiday!* But put on your dark glasses, because Katy Hepburn doesn't like wandering writers or visitors. Can't blame her much after the deal a couple of Hollywood scribes gave her! Um, nice little set-up they have here. It's that scene in the playroom where Cary Grant (the chap who *wants* the *Holiday*) and Katy (the sister he *isn't* engaged to) have a party by themselves. It's the third picture they've made together. I'll never forget the first scene they ever rehearsed—for *Sylvia Scarlett.* Katy was in a Mood. Said Cary, "No nonsense, see? Or I'll spank the daylights out of you"—or words to that effect. They've been friends ever since.

She is standing on his shoulders right now. He is supposed to be teaching her his somersault trick but it's going to be hard to do in that swooping black evening gown of hers. "Hey, hold it!" he cries (Cary started out life as an acrobat and this is old stuff to him.) But Katy's foot slips—she's losing her balance—and takes a nasty fall! The company gasps—

I'll say this for Hepburn, she's game. Fifteen minutes later she is back on the set trying it over again. It's supposed to wind up in a semi-love scene. "F'heaven's sake don't scowl, Cary. This is *love!*" shouts the director.

"I know," says Mr. Grant, "but she pinched me!" She always does in their romantic scenes. In *Bringing Up Baby* they had to shoot one kiss ten times because she couldn't resist making him jump.

Incidentally, the two of them have been taking up a collection for that sprightly leopard, *Baby*. She and her playmates have been going hungry out at the California Zoo Gardens because the money for their food had to be spent in fixing up the place after the flood last spring. "And when Baby gets hungry," muses Katy reminiscently, "She's *hungry!"*

Katy is knitting a maroon sweater for Howard Hughes between scenes, and tries it on Cary and all the other men on the set over six feet tall. One giant juicer smiles knowingly. "Better drop two around the neck—they say air pilots need a lot of room!"

Cary is streaking across to the stage door. He sees somebody. Oh—oh, it's that little blonde honey, Phyllis Brooks. She comes on the set practically every day to "help Cary with his lines." He seems to need an awful lot of help! Katy quietly puts aside her knitting and steals up to his dressing room door. Without a sound she hangs a big sign on it—*"Engaged. Please do not disturb!"*

Eddie Horton slips a prop boy $25 to play selections from *Love in Bloom.* Lew Ayres (who has the part of Katy's brother) rolls the drums (part of the "playroom" equipment.) But Cary and Phyllis, completely unconscious, go right on "reading lines—"

Katy never looks at her script. "I don't have to," she explains to Lew. "Not on this picture. I know the role backwards. I only understudied Hope Williams in it for *two years* in New York. But she was the healthiest star! I never did have a chance to go on."

Somebody calls Lew to the 'phone. It's Ginger Rogers! She's getting two weeks vacation after all before she starts *Carefree* with Astaire. "How about having dinner tonight to celebrate?" asked Lew. That is one couple of "ex's" who really mean it when they say they're "still friends!"

ROLL backward, Time, roll backward— On Stage 11 out at M-G-M we're back in 1845 in old N'Orleans. Another picture of the Deep (*Gone with The Wind*) South cycle. *The Toy Wife.* It was called *Frou-Frou* when Bernhardt first did it in 1881. Luise Rainer has the Bernhardt role and *is* she the saucy siren in those swish clothes! She sees us. "Ach.. you are just in time! Let's have a *hot doggie!"* A hot dog—in hoop skirts! She wants plenty of mustard. The sandwich man who "covers" the sets says "Hot or sweet?"

"A leetle of both!" says Rainer.

How, we want to know, does it feel to have won the Academy Award twice? She carefully finishes a bite of the *doggie.* "I tell you. Everybody in Hollywood, when you win the Award, thinks you are going to be different and difficult. I do not like that! This is the first picture I have made in six months—the first since *Big City.* And I can see in people's faces—'Ah, that Rainer, is she going to be hard to get along with?' No, no, *No!* I like my leetle Oscar"—(popular name for the Award)—"but I leave him at home!"

She whisks off to her set dressing room to add finishing touches to her make-up for the scene. Barbara O'Neil, who portrays her sister and the one who *should* have married Melvyn Douglas, has an extra size dressing room to accommodate her wide skirts. So have the other women players. But not Luise! She used that "cracker box" in her first American picture, *Escapade,* and she's going to keep right on using it—for good luck. So they have to tape the door so she doesn't snag her skirt every time she goes in!

Luise has some funny superstitions—and still gets mixed up in her English. The combination is a riot sometimes. For instance, the other day she was supposed to walk into her plantation home with her parasol still open. "Ach *no!"* cried Luise, aghast. "Why you know eet iss *very* bad to walk into a house with an open parachute!"

All quiet now. The scene begins. It's Bob Young's town house (he's in love with Luise) and Bob has been throwing an excellent brand of whoopee party. His mother, Alma Kruger, is horrified. She has just brought Luise and Barbara for a visit. What will they think? "We must return to the plantation at once!" says Alma. Stern silence—but suddenly from the vicinity of Luise's dressing room comes a wild *"Werp—wer-r-rp!"* and a terrific scratching. "Johnny! Oh, my Johnny!" And hoop skirts flying, the little Rainer makes a dash for the rear of the stage. It's her pet Scotty. He's stuck under Luise's "cracker box." They have to jack it up before they can rescue him—and he comes out on his little round belly looking so humble that everybody shouts.

M-G-M has a perfectly good southern colonial mansion on the back lot. But this is an Important Production—so they've built duplicates of two famous Louisiana plantations, the old Hurst place and The Shadows, at a cost of some $55,000. Of course there are darkies all over, 200 of them. *And every single one of them has to be taught the southern dialect!* If that isn't one for the book! Dalton Raymond, technical adviser on the picture from New Orleans, holds a session with them before each scene.

Luise is having difficulty with the snaps on her gown. She runs to a young man standing at the edge of the lights. "Here, prove yourself a good husband!" she laughs. And Clifford Odets dutifully buttons her up. For a moment he pulls her into the shadow.

For an old married couple of ten months they're still terribly in love. Or maybe it's that summer influence—Come on, let's get another hot "doggie!"

"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN

Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, *when applied direct to the skin!*

New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.

Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).

A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything *like* this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."

Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin" — (*reading down*) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT—"Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."

Skin Vitamin

Druggists — answering increasing requests from women for Pond's Cold Cream with the "skin-vitamin" in it—explain to them that it comes in the very same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Tune in on "Those We Love," Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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BRING HOME THE BACON

By

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

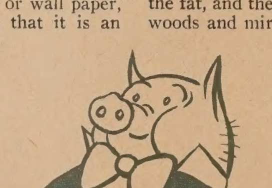
Top: Pretty Mary Carlisle prepares bacon without smoke, sputter or grease on this clever new bacon grill. Left: Baked trout covered with crisp bacon strips may be served in a glass baking dish

"'Jack Spratt Could Eat no Fat,
His Wife Could Eat No Lean,'
But neither of them minded that
With BACON on the scene."

FOR bacon, striped like a modernistic textile or wall paper, is so evenly divided between lean and fat that it is an ideally proportioned meat. If you want a little tasty meat flavor, take bacon. Or, if you require a little tasty fat or savory shortening, take bacon. Better still, when you need both tasty meat and a little savory fat, bacon is your best bet.

What single food fragrance gets a four star rating not only with screen stars but with the general public? Bacon! Add to it the aroma of boiling coffee, and you get a double-feature food combination which is more tempting than dinner at the Ritz.

Therefore the homemaker seeking appetizing meals, easily prepared at low cost, should make the best of bacon. Biggest argument of the month perhaps is that since bacon can be cooked so quickly it saves time (and cooking fuel) just when there is the greatest desire to "come out of the kitchen" and enjoy vacation days and sports. Second biggest argument is that a little bit of bacon flavor goes a long way and does much to put seasoning into the many delicious but often bland dishes made chiefly from important summer vegetables. Third, the fat, and the meat, of bacon has a flavor reminiscent of piney woods and mirrored lakes, and thus gives to whatever food in which it is blended that same delightful "campfire aroma"—even if it is eaten miles away from outdoors in a small apartment. Last, of course, bacon is a "natural" food for the real camper or woodsman or for followers of the motor and hiking trails. So bacon is always a 'first' on any marketing list of supplies intended for the picnic, the grubstake route or the vacation camp.



BACON literally makes many a vegetable dish by adding just that little bit of extra seasoning and fat without which the typical "vegetable plate" is so often lifeless and flat. Here are two grand recipes. The first is a hearty chowder combining inexpensive vegetables and milk into one of those so-filling dishes which should often make the basis for a summer meal.

Try such a chowder after a swim or on the return home from a fatiguing motor trip. The second recipe gives another type of economical dish employing seasonable vegetables with bacon and cheese as the "meat" to give heartier value.

SUMMER VEGETABLE CHOWDER

2 cups diced raw potatoes
3 cups water
2 cups grated carrots
2 cups cut fresh corn pulp
6 bacon slices
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons minced chives
3 tablespoons flour
3 cups milk
Salt, pepper, paprika
Toasted cheese puffs

Cook potatoes with water 15 minutes until tender. Combine with carrot and corn pulp. Sauté bacon until crisp, remove, and chop. To bacon drippings add butter, and in it sauté chives 3 minutes. Add flour and milk and stir to a smooth sauce. Combine with vegetable mixture, season, and garnish with bacon bits. Serve very hot with cheese puffs or crumbled soda crackers. (Finely chopped, cooked string beans or peas may be substituted for the corn, or 1 cup chopped ripe tomatoes may be added.)

LIMA BEAN CASSEROLE

2 cups cooked green lima beans
1½ cups grated sharp cheese
6 bacon slices
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
2 cups chopped ripe tomatoes
Salt, pepper
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Arrange beans and 1 cup cheese in alternate layers in greased casserole. Sauté bacon until crisp, remove and break into bits. To bacon drippings add butter and in it sauté vegetables 5 minutes. Season, spread vegetable mixture over beans and sprinkle with remaining cheese. Dot with bacon bits. Bake 20 minutes, moderate oven (325°F). (Serves 6.) (Serve as main dish accompanied by devilled tongue or ham sandwiches and iced milk shake or coffee.)

ANOTHER suggestion is to flavor mashed potatoes or stuffing with bits of bacon, as in the following interesting and decorative main dish, just right for a summer menu because it is satisfying without being heavy, and because it is a baked dinner achieved in only 30 minutes of oven use. Here it is, and every reader will wish to try it:

CROWN OF FRANKFURTERS, POTATO STUFFING

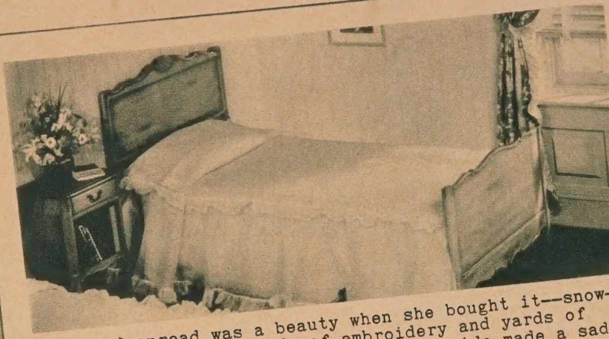
12 skinless frankfurters
Potato Stuffing
4 bacon slices
2 tablespoons minced onion
1 clove garlic, minced
1 tablespoon minced parsley
¼ teaspoon thyme or marjoram
2 cups white bread cubes
2 cups hot mashed potatoes
Salt, pepper
Hot milk
Parsley

Skewer frankfurters together through center, making them stand upright in a 'crown.' Fill center with potato stuffing. Bake about 30 minutes, moderate oven (350°F). Serve with frosted cranberry ice, frozen applesauce or similar cold tart relish.

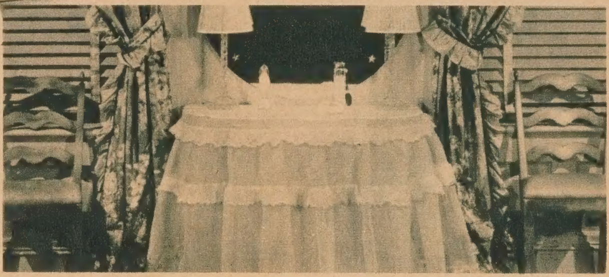
To make stuffing: Sauté bacon until crisp, remove, and break into bits. Sauté onion and garlic in bacon drippings. Combine with all seasonings, bread and mashed potato, and

[*Continued on page* 73]

Three mistakes
. . . in the bride's house!



The bed spread was a beauty when she bought it--snow-white muslin with bands of embroidery and yards of perky flounce! But the poor little bride made a sad mistake! She washed her spread with lazy soap--and left it full of tattle-tale gray.



Spic-and-span new, the vanity skirt was something to make friends chirp with delight. But not after the little bride tubbed it. Her lazy soap just couldn't wash clean. And nobody had the courage to tell her--"Change to Fels-Naptha Soap. It gets all the dirt!"

Tattle-tale gray spoiled this slip-cover, too--and all the bride's wash--until Aunt Ruth got her Fels-Naptha. Thanks to its richer golden soap and lots of naptha, that stuck-fast dirt had to let go! Now the bride's washes sparkle like snow! And everybody raves about her home!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines!
Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

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GANTNER

Floating Bra

GLAMORIZING . . from slimmer hip to beautiful, high-pointed bust! Floating Bra is a real uplift bra . . a beautifying, separate unit of control!

As shown . . MERMAID knit velvet Lastex $5.95. DAISY Lastex and wool knit, $6.95

At smarter shops everywhere! Write for style book.

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. G
S. F. Mdse. Mart, Chicago 1410 Bdwy., N. Y.

Rosalind Russell's Night of Terror!

[*Continued from page* 30]

track of time, forgotten how very near night was. But she had no apprehensions. It didn't really matter if she arrived in Palm Springs quite late. In the meanwhile, she was glorying in her sense of freedom, enjoying every minute to its utmost.

A twinkling Neon sign, marking a roadside sandwich stand, reminded her that her lunch had been meager and that dinner at the desert resort was a couple of hours away. A sandwich and coffee would carry her over.

She pulled in to the parking space and sounded her horn for service. A loose-lipped owner eyed her critically as he slapped down her order.

"Goin' far?" he asked her conversationally.

Rosalind's reply was monosyllabic. "Yes."

"Kinda dangerous for a young woman to be travelin' alone in an open car—'specially at night," he suggested.

A chill of dread made Rosalind's spine quiver. She didn't like the ominous words nor the ominous air of this roadside stand; nor the appraising look of the three swarthy, foreign-looking men in the car parked next to hers.

She was glad that her ermine coat was locked securely in the baggage compartment and that her diamond wrist watch was hidden by her driving glove.

Rosalind gulped her coffee hastily. It was dark now, and she switched on her lights and turned into the road quickly. With uneasiness, she noted that the car with the three men was also taking the road right behind her. She stepped on the accelerator.

The hills which had been so friendly in the afterglow of day, were frightening now. Huge hulks lining the roadway.

She was in the open countryside. There wasn't a light visible anywhere.

Thirty-five. Forty. Fifty. Sixty. Her light car was fairly hurtling. But the car behind doggedly matched speed with hers.

She tried to assure herself that her rising fears were groundless. Her tired mind was only conjuring spectres. The men behind her were probably quite harmless.

Her heart leaped when she saw a glowing red light in the distance. If only there were someone there, she'd stop and rest for a while, and let that trailing car get ahead!

But as she came closer to the dangling red light and saw that it marked a closed highway, panic clutched at her throat.

She slowed to read detour directions, but the loss of speed was enough to permit the car following her to catch up. The driver pulled in so as to block the detour road.

"Where ya goin' so fast?" asked one of them. His voice rasped with ugliness. "An' a good lookin' dame like you all by her lonesome. We'll have to fix that."

Their faces in the uncertain light from the headlight was ugly and distorted.

ROSALIND sat speechless. Her mind, for the moment, was numb with terror. The three started getting out of the car and came toward her. This was danger—and Rosalind's mind was suddenly clear and cool in the emergency.

She glanced around swiftly, threw the car into reverse and backed directly towards the three advancing men. They cursed and jumped for their lives. She backed around the blocking car, and with a prayer that her motor wouldn't balk, she went instantly into high speed.

By the time the men had gotten back into their car and were after her, she was a considerable distance away down the dirt detour road. The car was jumping around like a jackrabbit on the uneven grading, but Rosalind clung to the wheel and fed it more gas.

The night was dead and black. There was no moon; there were no stars. Her lights picked out a bend in the road and instantly she devised a plan of escape.

As she made the turn, she left the road and went pumping over the open field. She turned out the lights, cautiously opened the door and dropped flat to the ground. She had caught a quick glimpse of a scrub growth some hundred yards back, and this was her objective.

She heard the hoodlums' approaching car and their curses as they came abreast of her. They passed without suspicion. Then Rosalind ran. Stumbling, falling, bruising herself—her labored breathing an agony in her chest.

"You must hide; you must hide," her mind commanded her, as she forced her throbbing body to the tiny ravine between the road and the fields. The large drainage pipe over which she finally stumbled, was an answer to prayer. She jammed herself into it feet first, and raked up all the dirt within reach to hide as much of its opening as possible. And then with her tear-streaked, muddy face in her arms, she lay there waiting.

A LITTLE tremor in the earth signalled the return of those now vengeful men. For hours it seemed, she heard them passing and repassing over her head. They found her car. She could hear their ugly anger; could trace their search for her by their vicious curses.

She was blue with cold. Her legs were numb from their cramped position. And the rest of her was throbbing with pain from the bruises she had sustained.

The hunters came close to Rosalind—so close that waves of nausea swept over her. But she lay there unmoving, scarcely daring to breathe, calling on her nerve, on her courage, to keep her from hysteria.

"I lost all track of time," Rosalind recalls today with a shudder. "But I know what it is to be hunted—what it is to be without hope, and in such stark physical terror that your mind stops thinking."

Rosalind heard the three in grumbling consultation. Finally the spurt of a motor and the noise of receding wheels.

She lay there hidden until the night thinned out, and the dawn came grey and hazy. She listened closely, sharply. There wasn't a sound but the normal ones of approaching day.

Wearily, woodenly, she extricated herself from her narrow prison of the night, and like a wounded animal crawled on all fours for a little while, until life again began to sing in her body.

She had lost her purse, her hat—her clothes were in shreds—but she was safe!

She stumbled into her car, brought the motor to action and lurched out of the field.

BUT the fantastic night was not yet ended. For a mile or two the engine hummed eagerly, and then it stopped. Rosalind took a look at her gas gauge. Her pursuers had drained her tank.

She waited until the sun was high, but by one of those perverse acts of fate, no car came along on this little used road, to give her a lift.

And finally, aching in every muscle, she started down the road in search of a gasoline station.

"I'm stalled," Rosalind explained to the surly owner when she finally did reach a one-pump station. "I haven't a bit of gas. And I've lost my purse. Will you trust me for two gallons?"

The proprietor took a look at the grimy, tattered girl and shook his head. "Ain't you got somethin' for security?" he asked.

"I'm Rosalind Russell. I'm an actress. I'm on my way to Palm Springs and I've had an accident," she explained.

The man shook his head. "They ain't makin' the stuff today as they usta in my day," he mourned. But he was insistent on security.

Rosalind was too weary for argument. "Is this diamond wrist watch enough security?"

The man looked at it speculatively. "Well, it'll hafta do."

Rosalind walked the mile to her car, filled up the gas tank and drove back to the gas station. "Give me six more. That'll be enough until I get to Palm Springs."

"You can't have it on credit, lady," the man argued.

"But you have my wrist watch. It's worth a lot of money."

"Well, I gotta have something else if you want more gas."

Rosalind unlocked the baggage compartment and gave him her ermine coat.

Two hours later, she was at her destination—bathed, rested, in fresh clothing, and a messenger had been dispatched to retrieve her diamond watch and ermine coat.

It was a desperate night! Not even to her closest friends did Rosalind at that time disclose the details of it.

But when a producer asked Rosalind—"Do you know what it feels like to be terribly afraid?"—she had a memory to help her answer "Yes!"

When you see her in *Four's a Crowd,* the picture for which she was loaned to Warner Brothers Studios, you will see Rosalind as a lady.

But remember her too as the desperate heroine of a fantastic, desperate night!

Ideally happy is that handsome Hollywood couple, Mary Astor and Manuel Del Compo, snapped at Tri-Guild Ball

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YES—NO FUSS—NON-GREASY CHECKS PERSPIRATION INSTANTLY

NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT
Is greaseless and actually cooling —checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

NOW, a deodorant that has *everything*—an ICE DEODORANT!

It's easy to put on! It's actually cooling! It's absolutely greaseless! Its own fresh odor evaporates immediately! It *checks perspiration!*

The wonderful new Odorono ICE is based on a brand-new principle. A gentle, cooling ICE deodorant that goes on like a vanishing cream and disappears completely. It is not greasy or sticky.

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After the first application you'll understand why so many of the women who have tried it prefer the new Odorono ICE. You'll never have another moment's uneasiness about underarm odor *or* perspiration.

Try this sure, easy way of guarding your charm. Get a jar of the new Odorono ICE tomorrow . . . only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

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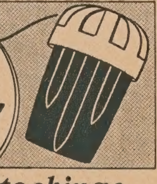

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I Have No Regrets

[*Continued from page 32*]

always enough so that I could have a new suit when I needed one and I don't think Dad ever told me he couldn't afford it when I asked for a little change to go out on a date. I'd far rather have had that kind of boyhood than almost any kind I can think of. Kids who have everything handed to them on a silver platter—whose fathers shell out tens and twenties to them to go out and blow in on one night's entertainment, miss half the fun of adolescence, I think. They never learn the value of money! Everything comes too easy to them. They've gone everywhere, seen everything and done everything before they ever grow up. They're jaded and blasé when they're still nothing but young punks. I always had enough money to do whatever anyone else in my crowd did. But none of us ever had so much that the things we could do and buy with what we had didn't seem like a new adventure.

"I started work when I finished high school and worked at the same sort of jobs almost every other kid starts at. I'm glad of that, too, because I learned a phase of life—an understanding of that phase—I'd never have got if things had come easier.

"I fell in love with a girl just like every other kid does—and I married her. If it didn't turn out—well, that's too bad but I haven't any regrets about it, either. We knew happiness for a while and I've come to believe that even an hour of pure happiness is worth whatever you have to pay for it in the long run. The bitterness of heartaches and disappointments fades with time. But happiness—and the memory of it—is like the memory of a Lucky Strike (free adv. for my radio sponsor)—it never dims.

"After I was married we left home and I joined an orchestra in Louisville. Then another in Indianapolis, and one in Pittsburgh. Do you think I'd trade for anything in the world the memory of the night the manager of the theatre in Indianapolis where I was playing, took me around after the last show and pointed up to where some electricians were taking down the name of the orchestra leader and putting up my name instead? A thrill like that doesn't come to many people."

"But, Dick," I protested, "I happen to know things were tough with you for a time—that you had a lot of very bitter disappointments—that you've even gone hungry on occasions. Do you mean to tell me if you could live your life over you wouldn't omit that part?"

"Not by a jugful. I wouldn't skip any experience I have ever had. If I hadn't had those disappointments I couldn't appreciate how lucky I am now. And if I'd never gone hungry I couldn't really understand or sympathize with a person who comes up to me now and says, 'I haven't eaten in two days. Could you spare a dime?'

"If I'd been a success right off the bat I'd have been so cocky there would have been no living with me. I know it's human nature to think we're the exception to every rule and to believe that no matter what happens we'll always keep *our* heads. But I know, as I grow older, that I would have been like anyone else.

"You've been kind enough to say on several occasions that you think I have an even disposition. If I have, it's largely a result of the knocks I took when I was younger.

"When I started in pictures—or rather, when I got my contract—I signed for about a third of what I could have got if I hadn't felt I knew all the answers. I had made *Blessed Event* for which I received $500 a week. When the picture was finished I went back East. Before the picture was released an executive from Warner Brothers came to me and said, 'You're awful in that picture. But you're in it and we're going to have to publicize you. We'd like to get some returns on our investment and if you're willing to string along maybe we can do something with you—but not at $500 a week. If you'll take $300, we'll give you a contract.'

"I signed. I know now, though, if I'd had an agent he'd have got me $1,000 a week to start with, and I'd probably be getting twice what I am today. I don't hold any grudge against Warners. I don't even blame them. It's their business to get actors as cheaply as they can. But if I hadn't felt I was a good enough business man to dicker with them I'd have had an agent and he would have known they were simply working the old army game on me. I paid a good price for that lesson but it was worth it.

"When I first came out here I did manage to have a clause inserted in my contract stipulating I was to get my twelve weeks' layoff in one lump and that I was to have the privilege of making personal appearances during that time if I wanted to.

"The first summer I was out here I got my twelve weeks and I did make personal appearances and I made a lot of money. When I came back Warners gave me a new contract, paying me for fifty-two weeks a year so there wouldn't be any layoff. It was at a big increase in salary and I felt I was pretty fortunate. I know now I wasn't. But if I hadn't had that twelve weeks in a lump once I wouldn't know what I am missing now. And it confirmed, if anything was needed to confirm, my realization that I'm not as good a business man as I fondly believed."

"Speaking of that first summer," I interrupted, "You were pretty sick when you returned. I remember they didn't even think you'd live. I suppose you wouldn't skip that, either?"

"No," Dick rejoined promptly. "It happened when I was in Baltimore. I had 104 degrees of fever. I wanted to go to a hospital. The manager of the theatre said, 'You've been advertised to appear at this theatre. You'll *have* to go on.'

"I, like a fool, believed that old stuff about 'The show must go on' so I went on. Between shows I'd lie in my dressing room alternately shivering and baking. When the week was over I came back to Hollywood and lay in a hospital for eight weeks, not knowing whether I would live or die and not caring much. That taught me how ridiculous that adage is. If I hadn't gone on the theatre wouldn't have closed. It would still be running. And I might just as easily have died as got well. Another time, when I was working on *Hearts Divided* I worked all through the picture with a bad cold. When the picture came out all I got for my trouble was a good panning from the critics. Today when I don't feel well I go home and the show can go on without me."

"I'VE heard you do plenty of squawking about some of your parts," I interrupted once more. "I suppose you wouldn't want *that* changed, either?"

"No," he averred positively, "and I'll tell you why. I've done four pictures I didn't want to do and that I let the studio talk me into doing anyhow. Every year, since I first came into pictures, until this year, I've been among the first ten at the box office. This year I'm not. And it's the result of playing those parts I didn't want to play. I've learned from that to back my own judgment and not let people talk me into things I know in my heart will be bad for me.

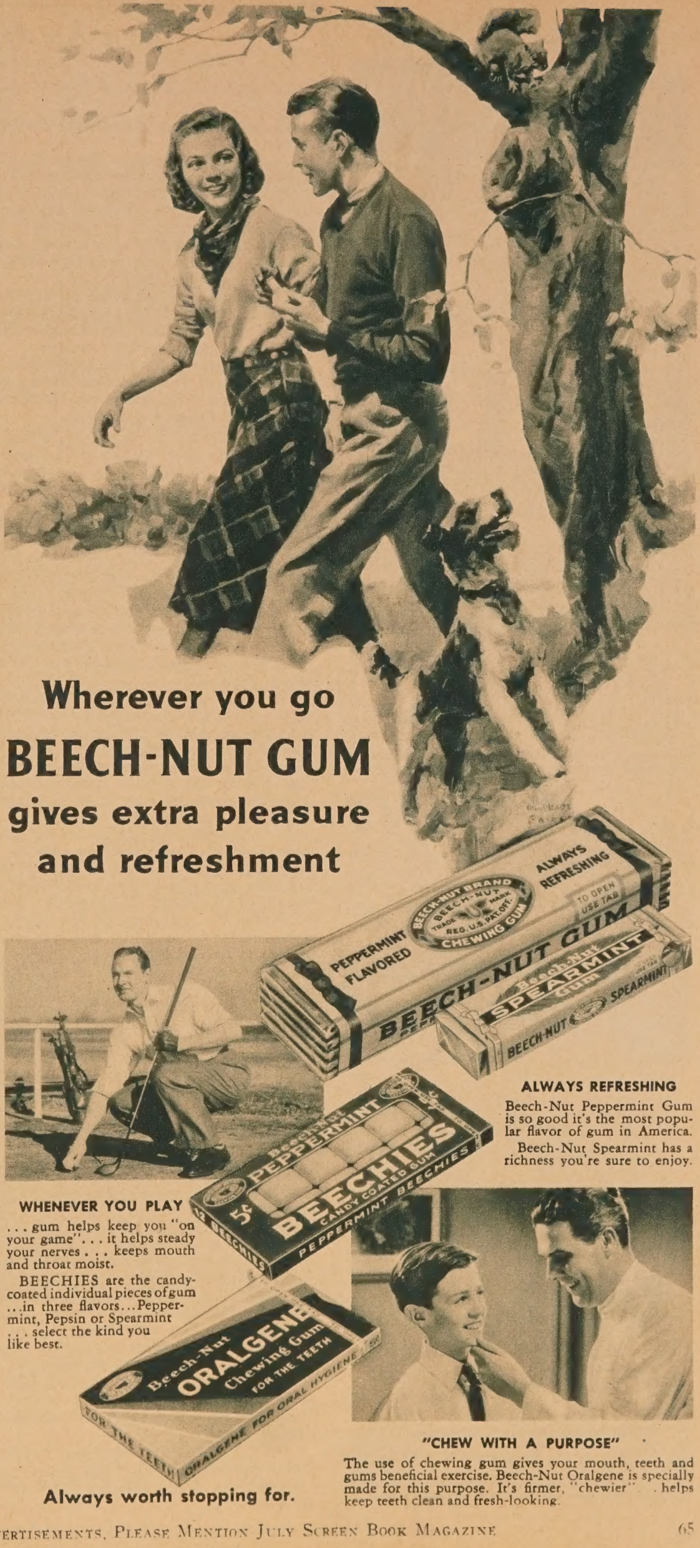
"You know," he continued, "on second thought there is one thing I'd do differently. I met Joan Blondell when I first came out here and she wasn't married. If I had had any idea then of the happiness in store for me with her—any inkling that I could ever know such happiness as I've known this past year—I'd have married her the day I met her—if I could have talked *her* into it.

"And look at this, too: I've legally adopted her son. I'm crazy about him and he's pretty fond of me. So now I have a family without having to go through all the agonies fathers generally go through when their children are born. Why, when I think what Dick Arlen and Bing Crosby and a few of my other friends have suffered when *their* babies came it makes my hair stand on end. Me? I've avoided all that."

"Wait a minute, Dick," I protested. "Aren't you trying to dodge something? Don't you honestly believe that going through the agonies of fatherhood is something every young man should know?"

"Don't rush me, big boy, don't rush me," Dick grinned. "But if you're still around in June you can pace the corridors of the hospital with me and drink black coffee with me on that eventful and never-to-be-forgotten night. And that will be an experience *you'll* never forget—even though it may turn out to be one you'll skip in your next incarnation."

Add to the list of Gals Who Are Going Places: Eve Arden, who combines beauty and humor in Paramount's *Cocoanut Grove.* She's a *Follies* alumni



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REALLY GONE!

ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
EPILATOR
Simple. Quick. Leaves no trace of hair. With each package of ZIP Epilator, you get a large bottle of BOUQUET JORDEAU, a refreshing fragrance. This is a double value offer. Do not miss it. All good stores.
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There Are Always Three Women

[*Continued from page* 38]

really run it, who make and break theatrical careers.

"There's the woman to whom the actor makes love in the make-believe world of the screen or theatre. An actor's love-making before the camera or footlights can be just as ardent and sincere as it would be in real life. So his leading lady is the second woman in his life, for an actor's interest must be his current leading lady.

"I said there are apt to be at least three women in a man's life. An actor cannot portray romantic love scenes convincingly unless he is really in love himself.

"I am in love. I have the inspiration and devotion I need. In my case the third woman—and the first to the last by any reckoning—is my wife, Helen Gahagan."

WOMEN have played a predominant part in the life and career of Melvyn Douglas—but in a prosaic way that defies glamorizing. This matter-of-factness is reflected in his personal abhorrence of ballyhooed glorification.

"I shudder when I read some of the things about me. I lead a normal life and I wish you'd write that down. Consider the one woman who has had the greatest influence on my career and you'll see what I mean."

She was the woman who vehemently disliked him before ever meeting him. This is how it happened:

Melvyn Douglas had enjoyed a good stage career. Favorable parts and good plays had won him an enviable reputation as a young leading man. He vindicated the faith Jessie Bonstelle, a Detroit play producer, had in him. During the time he spent in training with her group he rose from minor parts to leading man for such celebrities in the same class with Katherine Alexander, Katherine Cornell, Ann Harding. When the actor felt he was ready for Broadway, Miss Bonstelle gave him a letter to the celebrated Broadway producer, William A. Brady. That was the first step in his career. A season on the Great White Way did not end in glowing success for Melvyn Douglas, and his name had yet to appear in lights—even the smallest. A second season was a little better. So much better, in fact, that David Belasco, Dean of the American Theatre, called him in for a role in a new play.

He had just purchased an outstanding script for a beautiful young star. He mailed the play to her in Europe and awaited her reply anxiously. His star liked the vehicle so well she returned in all haste to New York, curtailing her continental vacation. She had read the script and *Tonight or Never* was fraught with great possibilities.

When she reached David Belasco's office her first words were: "You know, Mr. Belasco, that the most difficult part of this production is the finding of an adequate leading man. No ordinary player will do. You must get someone with real ability, someone honestly different. There isn't a person on Broadway that I know of who comes to mind that suits the part."

Belasco didn't wait to answer but slipped a photograph out of his drawer onto his desk. The picture was one of Melvyn Douglas, young unknown.

The actress looked at the photograph and laughed lightly.

"Really, Mr. Belasco, you must be joking. I've never seen him before. He won't do."

"You can't judge him from that photograph."

"His very face tells me he can't act."

"This young man will go far," the producer said with decision. But the actress was adamant, and nothing could change her mind. She saw no reason to jeopardize the possibilities of a good play and a long run by engaging an unseasoned and inexperienced actor without sufficient reputation. And she even refused to do the part unless she had full say as to the assignment of the male role.

Now Belasco was a master showman and he knew how to stage plays in real life. So he invited the two for luncheon, neither suspecting the identity of the other guest. And Belasco's carefully rehearsed and staged little playlet went off in fine fashion. Good food, conviviality, proper lighting, flowers and soft music did the trick, and by the time the luncheon was over the actress consented to have Melvyn as her leading man.

The actress was Helen Gahagan. They were married during the run of *Tonight or Never.*

"The joke might have been on me," Belasco used to tell them later, "because I signed young Douglas to the part the moment I saw the script. I knew he was born for the role."

During the run of *Tonight or Never* another woman entered Melvyn Douglas' life. This time it was Gloria Swanson. She it was who brought the actor out to Hollywood and started him on a successful screen career.

Picture Producer Sam Goldwyn saw *Tonight or Never,* was impressed with the motion picture possibilities of the play, and purchased the vehicle for Gloria Swanson. When the screen star read the script she was so delighted with the story that she urged immediate production. She had seen the Broadway version, too, and while Producer Goldwyn was selecting his cast she suggested the name of Melvyn Douglas for her leading man.

THE producer finally acquiesced and Melvyn Douglas left Broadway to make his first Hollywood picture. As any actor will tell you, the distance between Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard is three thousand miles. But the distance between stage and screen technique is cosmic. Melvyn floundered around at first, confused by the film town.

He tried to walk from his hotel to the studios and lost his way. First day on the set he held up production because he used stage instead of screen makeup. Accustomed to the wide range of stage boards he more than once walked beyond the vision of the camera. The bright lights annoyed him. And the director's commands in movie jargon bewildered him.

All in all he was hopelessly lost. Gloria Swanson did her share to make him at ease.

His first picture was a success, and by his third he had hit the mark. He was assigned to play opposite Greta Garbo. Melvyn Douglas considers her one of Hollywood's finest dramatic artists. It was this picture which gave him screen prestige, made him a cinematic figure with which Hollywood had to reckon.

Melvyn Douglas was now pursuing his screen career seriously. "Seriously" is the exact word to describe the trend of his work and the kind of pictures in which he was appearing. He became known as a good steady leading man—nothing more, nothing less. Just Melvyn Douglas, the plush parlor lover.

Now some Hollywood actors don't care much what kind of roles they get as long as they get roles. Other players like to feel that they aren't working in a tin can factory turning out performances on an assemblying line. Melvyn Douglas feels himself one of the latter. He tired of reading critics' reactions which were uniformly the same: "Melvyn Douglas turned in an acceptable performance."

During this time he appeared with some of the first ladies of the screen, and the objects of his cinematic affection read like a Hollywood Who's Who.

Ann Harding in *Prestige,* Claudette Colbert in *The Wiser Sex,* Lupe Velez in *The Broken Wing,* Greta Garbo in *As You Desire Me,* Virginia Bruce in *Dangerous Corner,* Sylvia Sidney in *Mary Burns, Fugitive.* There were other pictures, of course, but his roles were generally the same.

Then came the chance to play opposite Claudette Colbert in *She Married Her Boss.*

By the terms of her contract Claudette Colbert had the right to select her leading man. She chose Melvyn Douglas. This selection was to start his career almost anew.

"Until the advent of *She Married Her Boss,*" Melvyn Douglas explained, "I had been thought of as exclusively a kind of straight leading man. I resented the type of role I was given—always the same—because I knew I could do the other.

"But Hollywood wouldn't listen. Evidently they had forgotten that *Tonight or Never* was a comedy, and that the semi-comic role which I portrayed was instrumental in getting me out here in the first place.

"I knew I wasn't a straight tragedian, or an out and out comic. But I was certain that I was more capable of doing character work than straight dramatic roles of purely romantic content."

Since that picture Melvyn Douglas has been the leading exponent of screen insouciance, the archtype of leading man for that variety of Hollywood's product called "the screwball."

Consider his portrayal in *Theodora Goes Wild* with Irene Dunne. Or *She Met Him in Paris* with Claudette Colbert. Or *I'll Take Romance* with Grace Moore. And *There's Always a Woman* with Joan Blondell, which effort promises to be the most unorthodox—screwy—film of the lot. And such roles are his dish.

"Three loves have I," the actor concluded as a call for "on stage" for the next take came. "My mother. The leading ladies in my life—Swanson, Bonstelle, Garbo, Colbert. The woman who is my current co-star—Joan Blondell. And all three together—Helen, my wife."

"On stage, Mr. Douglas!" an attendant called.

The actor turned to me: "Say, Mr. Joseph, would it spoil your story if I changed the number of loves to four?"

Ooops!

"There's Peter Douglas, my son. But he's a secret love I never tell anyone about!"

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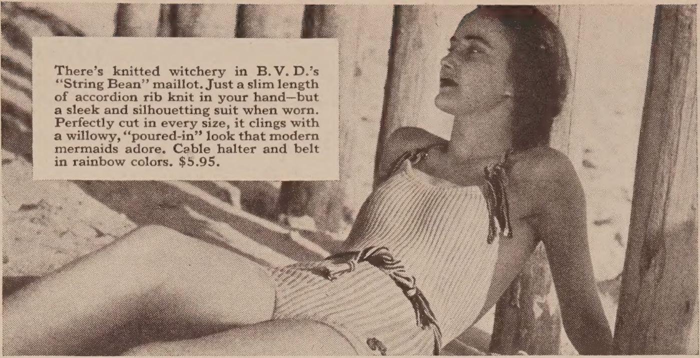

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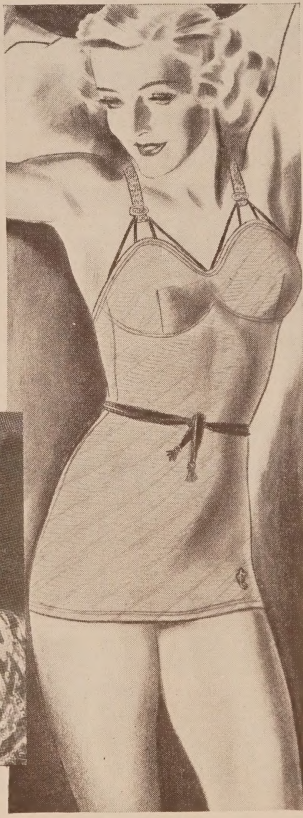

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Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. *Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.*

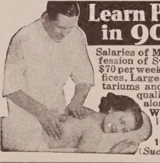
Good For Kidney and Bladder Weakness

LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER

ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.



Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home.

Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as $40 to $70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Write for Anatomy Charts, and booklet—They're FREE.

THE College of Swedish Massage
1601 Warren Blvd., Dept B61 Chicago
(*Successor to National College of Massage*)

EXPECTANT?

Consult your doctor regularly before and after baby comes. Ask him about easily cleaned Hygeia Nipples and Bottles. New patented ridge prevents nipple collapse. Tab keeps nipple germ-free. Don't take chances. Insist on Hygeia, the *safe* nursing bottle and nipple.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

SAFEST *because easiest to clean*

A Model Young Girl!

[*Continued from page* 41]

platform as the months went by, with me no closer to the footlights than an occasional seat in the first balcony of a show house.

"I had just resigned myself to a life of 'sitting pretty' for the artists when it finally happened. A talent scout saw my picture in a toothpaste advertisement and gave me a screen test! I'm not a bit more superstitious than anyone else in the acting profession, but believe me, after that bit of good fortune I see my dentist once a month instead of twice a year!"

The test was productive of a film contract at Universal Studios and she made her screen debut in *I've Been Around*, a film starring Chester Morris and Rochelle Hudson. From Universal she went over to Paramount to appear in *McFadden's Flats*. RKO, by this time interested in the promising blonde beauty, signed her up for two pictures, *To Beat the Band* and *Another Face*.

"It looked as though I had the movie world by the tail," smiles Phyllis, "but my good luck vanished as quickly as it had appeared. I stayed in Hollywood eight months following my second picture with RKO and wore out my disposition, my nerves, and my shoes in my trips to the studios where I hoped to convince directors and producers that I was good enough to be 'in pictures' again.

"But the faster I talked, the faster these executives shook their heads. They were all very kind, very polite, and more than prodigal in their advice, but when I tried to argue them into a picture assignment—however small the role—they went back to their head-shaking. I was bound to get a break, so they said, if I were only a bit more patient. I tried that, but the only break I got was a disappointment that almost broke my heart. When the ninth month of inaction rolled around I discovered my bad luck had given me another break—I was almost broke financially! And right then and there I decided to quit Hollywood. Anyone who is accustomed to eating good substantial meals can't live long on promises—and my appetite has always been good. So—"

SO THE model young girl bought herself a ticket to New York, said farewell to Flickertown with no other plan in mind than to become a young girl model once again. But you know how these ambitious young women are. Hardly had the train made its second station stop than her courage began to perk up. She'd live to see the day, she said to herself, when those head-shaking movie moguls would be tagging after her as she had after them! She wasn't through with Hollywood yet—not by all the celluloid in filmdom! And that's exactly the way it turned out!

"The minute that Hollywood learned that George S. Kaufman, the noted playwright, had signed me up for the second lead in *Stage Door* I could have had my choice of any one of the eight screen contracts that were handed me! I turned them all down, not because the screen offers weren't attractive enough, but because I knew that I needed the stage experience I could get from playing in *Stage Door*.

"So far as I was concerned, it was going to be a university course in the art of acting, and I wasn't going to pass it up for the best leading role that Hollywood could produce. Margaret Sullavan, who had the lead in the play, said it was a smart thing for me to stay in New York and to forget Hollywood for a while—and as it turned out, it was. I certainly learned a lot from her during the run of the play—and without tossing any bouquets into my own lap, I think it has improved my work in pictures.

"It certainly is strange how things work out. After eight months without work in Hollywood, I go to New York and the day after my arrival, after reading a few pages of dialogue to Mr. Kaufman, I'm in one of the most successful Broadway hits of the season! There's really no explaining the theatrical business!"

Who are we to argue with a beautiful, blue-eyed blonde who apparently knows what the score is at all times? But explaining or no explaining, the fact remains that Phyllis' work on the stage attracted such favorable criticism that talent scouts for 20th Century-Fox eventually prevailed upon her to sign another film contract—which has proven to be of great benefit to both parties. 20th Century-Fox has acquired another brilliant star and Phyllis has acquired a screen career that appears destined to reach the upper brackets.

"It's nice to be back in Hollywood," she says, "and if you won't accuse me of trying to polish the big red apple, it's nicer to be with 20th Century-Fox. Everybody helps everybody else, here, and, of course, that goes a long way in helping to make better pictures.

"Like everyone else in Hollywood I have my pet peeves and you might as well know the pettiest of them all. The town and everybody in it is too one-tracked. We eat, sleep, and drink pictures day and night. We talk shop too much. Too much for our own good as well as for the good of the industry itself. Honestly, there ought to be a law that would force every actor and actress out of the studios for two months out of every year under penalty of a stiff jail sentence! I know that next year I'm going back East, up in the mountains or down some river for a month or so. Maybe I'll try to do a stage play and maybe I won't, but in any event I'm going away. I know that when I come back I'll be better equipped to do better work in front of the cameras."

MARRIAGE, she said, when we drifted around to this subject, shouldn't interfere with a girl's career, any more than a career should interfere with her marriage.

Which was just another way of saying—woman-fashion—that when she gets ready to heed the sweet chimes of the wedding bells, nothing, not even a career, is going to stop her. We told you she packed a lot of good, common-sense in that blonde head of hers, didn't we?

On the vital statistics side, Phyllis was born in Boise, Idaho. When she was a small child she moved to Chicago with her parents, where her father, George W. Weiler, was transferred as an efficiency expert in an automobile plant. Five years in the Windy City, then a hop to St. Paul, Minn., a skip to Grand Rapids, Mich., and, at last, a jump to New York. Phyllis got her schooling on the "fly," so to speak, finally graduating from a private school in Westchester, New York. Her mother, Daisy Allen Weiler, dramatic critic and monologist, fostered her daughter's ambition to become an actress and her splendid coaching has had much to do with Phyllis' success.

"Long before a picture starts production," Phyllis reveals, "mother and I study the script, go over my lines word for word, situation for situation, and we argue about this and argue about that until we often wonder why the neighbors don't send for the police. But since it's all for the good of the cause and a lot of fun for us both, we still manage to live together. As a matter of honest truth, I don't know what I would have done without her expert help. I guess the old saying is correct: 'Mother knows best'."

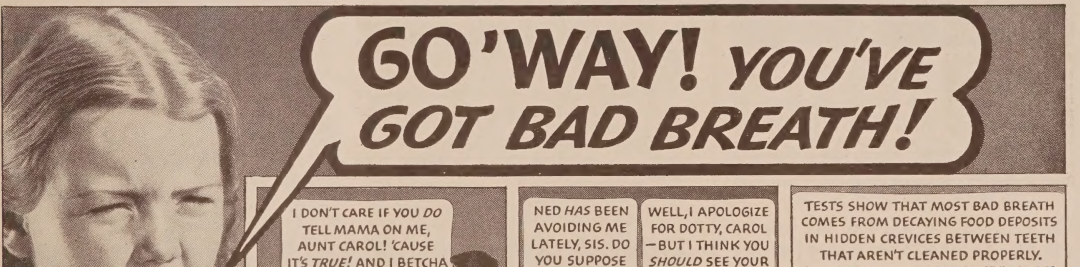
In her stocking feet our model young girl stands exactly five feet, six inches tall, and on the scales she weighs exactly 118 pounds. Her one hobby is collecting outstanding photographs. She can swim like a fish, dance like Yolanda (you should see her—Phyllis, not Yolanda—do the great Big Apple), and plays tennis like a feminine Fred Perry. If you're of a mind to send her perfume, make it gardenia or rose geranium. She doesn't like large crowds and you can peek into all the night spots in town and you'd be lucky if you saw her once in six months. She's been going with Cary Grant for nigh onto eight months, but whether it's because of good companionship or romance nobody knows, for the simple reason that she considers her private life her own and absolutely refuses to talk about it. Which is another good and sure sign of the common sense she's blessed with.

And, in case you're interested, the model young girl who became a young girl model to become a stage and screen star, is out to set a 1938 film record that will make you and the whole film industry sit up and take notice.

She's that kind of a girl—and more power to her!

—*Acme*

If you don't believe that *Snow White* is a real person, here's proof! Adriana Caselotti, 21, daughter of a Hollywood voice instructor, sang all those lovely lyrics in the recent Walt Disney cartoon masterpiece



GO 'WAY! YOU'VE GOT BAD BREATH!
I DON'T CARE IF YOU *DO* TELL MAMA ON ME, AUNT CAROL! 'CAUSE IT'S *TRUE!* AND I BETCHA MR. NED THINKS SO, TOO!
NED *HAS* BEEN AVOIDING ME LATELY, SIS. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT *COULD* BE THE REASON?
WELL, I APOLOGIZE FOR DOTTY, CAROL—BUT I THINK YOU *SHOULD* SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.** ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I'M GONNA TELL MAMA ON *YOU,* AUNT CAROL!
ATTA GIRL, DOTTY! AND TELL HER THAT AUNT CAROL'S JUST PROMISED TO BE MRS. NED, WILL YOU?
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... **removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"**

CORNS Here's proof Blue-Jay removes corns Root* and All

ACTUAL UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPHS
BEFORE
AFTER

Famous model removes painful corns this easy way

IF YOU suffer from painful corns read what Miss Jerry Harding says: "For the past 3 years I have been paring my corns. They always came back bigger, harder, more painful than ever. I decided to try a Bauer & Black Blue-Jay. Blue-Jay was marvelous—the pain stopped instantly and then in just 3 days the corn lifted out Root and All." Blue-Jay is scientific, easy to use. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Don't Worry Over
GRAY HAIR
BRUSH IT AWAY THIS EASY WAY

• At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

On page 73 you will find out how to get recipes for summer dishes that are really different.

YOUR YOUTHFUL SKIN A MASS OF PIMPLES?

Take steps now to help keep your blood free of skin-defiling poisons

Stop being an object of shame and scorn among your friends. Find out what often causes those repulsive-looking pimples . . . and get rid of them.

Between the ages of 13 and 25 your body is changing rapidly. Important glands develop. These gland changes upset your system. Waste poisons from the intestines are often thrown into the blood stream and are carried to your skin, where they may bubble out in ugly, shameful hickies.

You must help keep your blood free of these skin-irritating poisons. Thousands have done so, just by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. The millions of tiny, *living* plants in each cake of this fresh food act to help you fight pimple-making poisons at their source—in the intestines, before they can get into the blood. Many get amazing results in 30 days or even less! Get Fleischmann's Yeast *now*. Eat 3 cakes a day—one before each meal—until your skin is clear and fresh again.

That Lovable Rascal!

[*Continued from page* 48]

in which he portrays most of his characterizations, comedy or dramatic—casts him on the screen in roles foreign to his natural bent.

From the moment Ray Walburn portrayed the delightful but inebriated southern Colonel in *Broadway Bill* for Frank Capra, we have seen him in heaven knows how many dissolute characters. As gentleman, crook or butler, he is usually tipsy at one time or another during the picture.

Far be it from us to imply that Walburn doesn't indulge in a few nips in his private life, but he is the last fellow in the world one would suspect of being able to portray a "tight" gent with such hilarious accuracy.

He claims this unique ability is due solely to powers of keen observation.

Being an old-fashioned guy, Ray believes there is a time and place for everything. He never takes a drink stronger than water, while working on a picture.

BORN in Plymouth, Indiana, young Walburn was educated and raised in the small town of Fruitvale, Cal. His mother was an actress, and he learned his acting in the finest stock companies on the Pacific Coast, chiefly in Oakland, before the war. By the war time, he was playing with Ruth Chatterton on Broadway in *Come Out Of The Kitchen.*

One of the greatest thrills of his life was the night Miss Chatterton called him out on the stage in a soldier's uniform to once again play his original character before an audience.

It was again with Miss Chatterton that he made his picture debut in a Paramount opus, *Laughing Lady*, and he would probably have hit a picture career then if the promise of his finest stage role in George Kelley's *The Show Off* hadn't beckoned. He played the title role in London, Chicago, and years later he revived, produced and played in New York to a great success.

Walburn was one of the last of the leading Broadway stage actors to succumb to the lure of Hollywood.

Unlike many noted stage actors, he hasn't any mannerisms or eccentricities that get him talked about. He thinks working and living in one place, and that place as beautiful as Hollywood, is the life of Riley.

Walburn is an exponent of the simple life. He and his wife, married fourteen years ago in New York, (no children) live in a small California bungalow in Beverly Hills, and have no desire to move to the country.

Easy-going, but hard-working Ray has no yen for the life of a gentleman farmer. If you had worked fifty out of fifty-two weeks last year at studio hours, you could only think of a peaceful dinner, evening paper and carpet slippers and early to bed, too.

His exercise is confined to long walks after dinner and the old army exercises in the privacy of his own room. Confesses that he is a punk golfer, a lousy horseman, but he won't take a back seat for anybody at the sport of fly-casting for mountain trout. He was once a pretty fair ice skater, but when he was playing with Sonja Henie, he thought it just as well not to mention it.

He is a good swimmer too, but he loathes driving an automobile. He isn't a back seat driver, though, as he likes to sit with the driver.

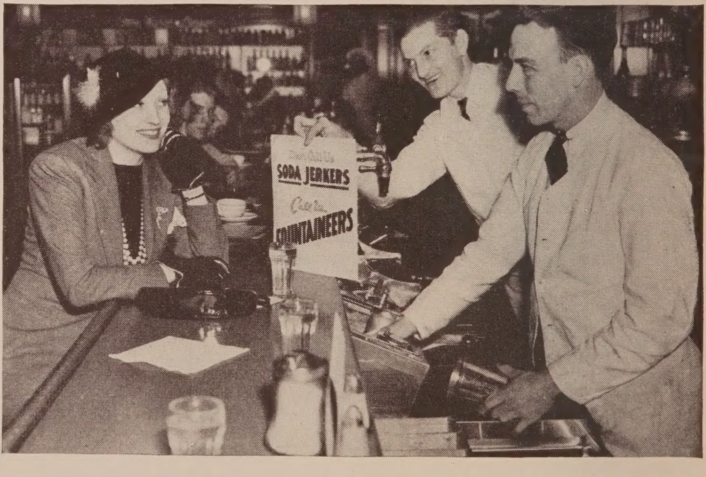
He is an inveterate reader, but chiefly magazines and daily newspapers. Only books he likes are old-fashioned romances and biographies.

Loves good clothes, looks like a well-dressed man should look, but always wears woolen socks, a relic of the old army days.

He was once an acolyte in the Episcopal church in Indiana, served two bishops and sang in the choir. He can still memorize songs at once, and is regarded by Hollywood experts as one of the greatest "Barroom" quartette singers.

He is one comedian whose sense of humor is not confined to the screen. He can laugh, and make laughs, at home too. His happy disposition is as infectious as his laugh.

And, he still wants to meet Harry Cohn.



It's "fountaineers" now! Yep, there's a new word for those lads who whip up your soft drinks at drug store counters, and blonde Margot Grahame was among the first to dignify the lads by their new title

Meet "Miss Monogram"!

[Continued from page 39]

picture, and our "Miss Monogram's" adventures in Hollywood—next month!

The remaining valuable prizes awarded contestants in the "Miss Monogram" contest presented quite a problem among the judges—there were so many beautiful and talented girls from which to choose! But a much-debated choice gave the prizes to the following:

First prize—Elizabeth Arden make-up kit and free make-up course:
Florence Alice Plumley, 2525 Redondo Blvd., Los Angeles, California.

Second prize—Underwood portable typewriter:
Susan Fenton Gould, 305 West 45th Street, New York City.

Third prize—Richelieu pearls:
Camille Lutschan, 8130 Depot Road, Hayward, California.

Fourth prize—Dale luggage:
Florence Hunting, St. Cecilia Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Fifth prize—Univex movie camera:
Linda Preston, 15855 Cruse Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Sixth prize—Royal robe:
Bonita DeForrest, 444 St. James Place, Chicago, Illinois.

Seventh prize—Lentheric perfume:
Lucille J. Walters, 310 West 79th Street, New York City.

Eighth prize—Ritter handbag:
Gwen Thomas, 415 36th St., Union City, N. J.

Lovable Lionel Barrymore is always a standout when he makes radio appearances. He had Maureen O'Sullivan as co-star on a recent air show

NEW . . . a CREAM DEODORANT which safely STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration with all these five advantages:—

1. Does not rot dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days—removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration which has been awarded the Textile Seal of Approval of The American Institute of Laundering for being HARMLESS TO FABRIC.

39¢ a jar
At drug and dept. stores

ARRID

TRIAL JAR: Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) for generous size jar of Arrid. Feminine Products, 55A Park Place, New York, N. Y.

BACKSTREET SWEETHEART

A poignant confession by a girl who asks only that she be given a chance to tell her side of a dark story that will forever haunt her.

Other gripping life stories:

SCANDAL IN THE FAMILY
Complete Short Novel
TWO OF A KIND
IF MY HEART HADN'T LIED
BECAUSE I WAS EASY
plus more exciting confessions—

Beginning with this issue, this magazine, formerly known as Romantic Magazine, will be published under the dynamic new title, ROMANTIC STORY. Ask for your copy early!

RomanticStory
NOW ON SALE 10c

RomanticStory
10¢
BECAUSE I WAS EASY
COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL "SCANDAL IN THE FAMILY"
TWO OF A KIND

SOFT, TENDER GUMS MEAN IT'S HIGH TIME TO ACT!

SEE your dentist at once if you have soft, tender bleeding gums. He'll give you expert care. But you must do your job, too.

Forhan's Does Both Jobs

CLEANS TEETH • AIDS GUMS

Help your dentist keep your teeth sound and shining, your gums firm and healthy, by brushing teeth and massaging gums twice-a-day with Forhan's Toothpaste. Forhan's is *different*. It contains a *special ingredient for the gums!*

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. 137-C Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.

REMOVE GREASE SPOTS

Annette's Cleanser removes grease, gravy and stain spots from most delicate fabrics. Cleans white hats. At drug & department stores, or send 10¢ for generous trial size to

ANNETTE'S NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

QUICK ELASTIC
HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS

FOR {Try this FREE} **WONDERFUL IRONINGS**

Here's that new way to do hot starching without mixing, boiling or straining as with old fashioned lump starch. Everything already included in powdered form. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. See how elasticity and that fresh new look are given back to curtains, aprons, play clothes, soft collars and shirts. Your iron fairly glides A wonderful invention. *Send now.*

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 546, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Secrets of a Hollywood Fortune Teller!

[*Continued from page 29*]

Howard Hughes, the marriage will not last.

"I predict a definite matrimonial break for Edmund Lowe.

"Wendy Barrie is going to marry and settle down this year.

"Marlene Dietrich will make a comeback at a new studio—either Columbia or Fox.

"Lola Lane is on her way to a great deal of success and big money.

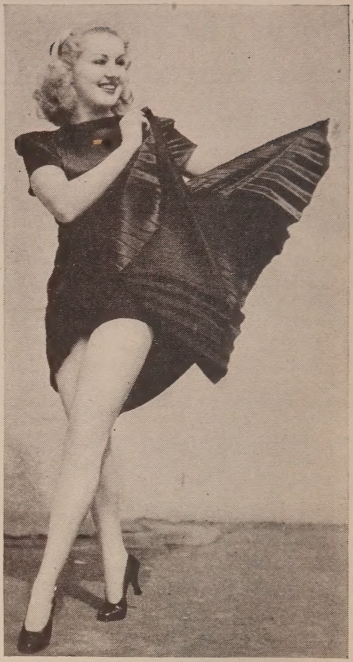
"I told Hedda Hopper about her newspaper job long before she got her syndicated column to do.

"I told George Brent he would not marry Garbo. It must come to a showdown between Garbo and Stokowski by the ninth month of this year.

"I told Helen Hayes' mother *not* to leave Hollywood on a four o'clock plane. She changed her reservations to a later one. The four o'clock plane was wrecked!

"Paulette Goddard and the Earl of Warwick are much more interested in each other than anyone realizes. They may marry within the year. Charlie Chaplin will make one more picture, then I believe he will become a recluse. There will be no more marriages for him.

"I AM worried about Carole Lombard. She is going to have a siege of sickness. She and Clark Gable are deeply in love. It should be made possible for them to marry. At this time I speak, I am afraid this marriage will *not* take place.



Sprightly Betty Grable rates as one of the film colony's best dancers, and will display terpsichorean ability in Paramount's *Give Me A Sailor*

Ann Sothern's been taking it easy since severing connections from RKO Radio. Let's hope she gets some knockout roles in the near future!

"Clark Gable! There is danger coming to him in an *airplane*.

"Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. will not marry Dietrich. When he marries again, it will be to a girl he has not yet met. His career jumps by leaps and bounds to greater success.

"Dolores del Rio is to stage a triumphant comeback.

"Jeanette MacDonald should *not* make any more pictures with Nelson Eddy. A younger man, such as Allan Jones, would be a much better combination for her.

"Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks? What about them? It is in the air for them to marry but they should wait a year.

"Lili Damita and Errol Flynn? I give them six or seven more months of marriage.

"Alice Faye will go back to the stage in a particularly triumphant, happy success.

"Loretta Young will marry in a year and a half from now, a man who is a complete stranger to her at this time.

"Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone will make a lasting success of their marriage.

"Deanna Durbin's fourth picture will be a negative one, but her *fifth* will be a Godsend. She is one of the greatest of all stars in Hollywood. Her future is a divinely beautiful one.

"Bette Davis should keep her temper out of the pot for the next six years."

Madame Lola shook her head at my questions. "They come to me so fast I don't remember very much about them. But this I do say—I like to have them make notes as I talk. I want them to check up. It pleases me to know how close I come to the truth.

"I guess I'm lucky because they come back to say—'Lola, how do you do it! To the day—everything has turned out as you said it would!'"

Bring Home The Bacon

[*Continued from page* 61]

enough milk to make a tender consistency. Pack stuffing into sausage crown and dot top with bacon bits. Garnish with parsley. (Serves 6.)

Bacon as a seasoning for other summer vegetables will be found in two novel recipes featuring eggplant, tomatoes and cucumbers. These recipes will be found in the special leaflet which will be sent to you free on receipt of the coupon at the end of this article.

In older days the chief "larding" fat was salt pork, and many are the ancient recipes which call for chicken, fish, etc., to be "larded with strips of salt pork laid over the breast," etc. No more! The clever woman today uses instead thin strips of bacon laid crosswise on top of the roasting chicken or the baking fish, or wrapped around the usual meat balls, knowing full well that bacon is one strip which teases appetite and of which every woman approves. Try "larding" your next Sunday chicken with bacon strips, or rolling a crabmeat pattie in thin bacon strips and grilling under the broiler. The recipe for the Crabmeat Bacon Rolls is also included in the free leaflet, and is a luscious tidbit, just right for a light summer entree or as the main item on a buffet service. Accompanied by a green salad and relishes, with a tall glass of iced coffee, the hostess can be sure of applause. So don't forget to send for this one.

"AND how is bacon cooked best?" is a question often asked of the household editor. Well, that depends where you are, and what fuel or devices are available, for bacon cooks well under many cooking methods. To the camper, the good old frying skillet can produce crisp bacon, leaving behind in the pan the savory drippings in which to fry pancakes, fish or cornbread mush. To the Scout and hitchhiker, simply looping a long strip of bacon over the prongs of a forked stick (the familiar "bacon bat") and toasting it over a campfire is the best method. But to the homemaker with available range and broiler, it seems to be agreed that broiled bacon is tops because during broiling the excess fat drips away, leaving the lean meat crisp and crunchy. The N-th exponent of the broiler technique is seen in the invention of a special bacon grill, (of metal) shaped like a small tent. The strips of bacon are carefully laid over the ridge peak of this tent which is heated on the kitchen range, and presto, the bacon crisps while the drippings collect in a tiny groove around the bottom of the tent grill. Bacon without smoke, sputter or grease is the aim of this novelty which does cook bacon to the King's taste.

Sandwiches are synonomous with summer. And what sandwich, even with the best of pastes and fillings, is not improved by the addition of a crisp bacon strip? There are many variations of the bacon sandwich, so keep a generous supply of good bacon on hand in the refrigerator so as to never be without the makings of a hearty snack. Spread with a chopped egg, cucumber, peanut butter or other filling, the last touch is the crisp bacon strip.

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
c/o SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE
1501 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Frederick:
Please send me the leaflet containing the Bacon Strip Tips, including Norwegian Baked Cucumbers, Eggplant-Tomato-Bacon Sandwich, and Bacon Cheese Corn Pudding.
(This offer expires August 15, 1938)

Name ....

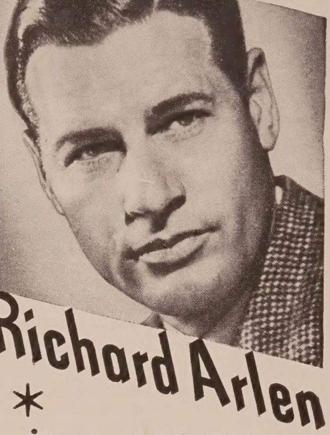
Street Address ....

City .... State ....

(Please paste coupon on penny postcard)
SB-7

You'd think that Myrna Loy got her fill of studios while working—but no, a recent holiday found her visiting a rival studio, Paramount (where hubby Arthur Hornblow is a producer) and chatting with Martha Raye and Ted Reed

FAMOUS STAR...
NOW IN THE COLUMBIA PICTURE
"NO TIME TO MARRY"



His smart wardrobe at Columbia Studios is Mothproofed with LARVEX

YOUR clothes are just as important to you. So, spray with Larvex as movie stars do and forget your moth worries.

Moths starve to death on Larvex-sprayed fabrics. That's why a thorough spraying with Larvex is the safeguard advised by scientists and used in famous movie studios.

Larvex is odorless, stainless and one spraying mothproofs for a whole year. The new Larvex continuous sprayer makes it easier to apply. An extra-easy way is to use your vacuum cleaner sprayer.

Larvex is economical, too. One suit of clothes costs less than 17c to mothproof when Larvex is bought by the gallon.

LARVEX
ODORLESS
NON-INFLAMMABLE
One spraying mothproofs for a whole year

MOTH PROOFED WITH LARVEX UNTIL WASHED AGAIN

Look for this seal

IT APPEARS ON CLOTHES, BLANKETS, FURNITURE AND RUGS WHICH HAVE BEEN MOTHPROOFED WITH

LARVEX

How To Shampoo Blonde Hair to Keep It Golden and Lustrous

Blonde hair requires special care if you would preserve its lovely golden beauty. Even the most attractive light hair will fade or darken with age. To keep your hair charming and alluring, wash it with New Blondex, the amazing blonde hair Shampoo and Special Rinse. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre, glorious highlights. Get New Blondex today. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—sold at all stores.

When *Excitement* Makes You Perspire

dew

WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET

Careful women avoid underarm odor with DEW, the easy deodorant

Hot weather and exercise are not the *only things* that increase perspiration. When you are excited, you perspire. And it is in exciting, intimate moments that you want to be *sure* underarm odor does not offend. The other person will never mention it. You must be on guard in advance. Use DEW.

DEW is kind to your skin and easy to use. DEW is the choice of smart women who want the poise, the charm, the assurance that come from freedom from perspiration odor. Ask for DEW today at drug stores, toilet goods counters, 10¢ stores. Three sizes: 10¢, 25¢, 50¢. *DEW will keep your secret.*

INSTANT dew

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DEODORANT
Stops Perspiration

THE GREAT RAINER RETURNS!

Winner of two Academy awards in succession, Luise Rainer's screen appearances have been all too infrequent. You'll find a timely story on the star, and her new picture, *The Toy Wife*, in the August SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE.

SEE what this cream will do for YOUR SKIN!

Once you try Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay and see what it does for your skin, you'll never be without it! I'm so sure of this that I offer you a clever little purse-size metal container of Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay for a dime—which covers only the cost of handling! Simply push up the bottom and use as you do your lipstick!

See how Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay's daily use cleans out the dirt that causes blackheads, makes pores fine, smooths away lines caused by dryness! Watch your skin grow softer, fresher, younger than you ever dreamed it could look! Large 60¢ size at any toilet goods counter. Mail coupon now!

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay

Elizabeth Husted, Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Company
Dept. 2-F, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Please send me your clever purse-size container of Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay. Enclosed you will find ten cents to cover cost of handling.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________ State________

THE POSTMAN RINGS

Four's a Crowd, is the title of the new Warner Brothers picture, starring Patrick Knowles, Olivia de Havilland, Rosalind Russell and Errol Flynn, but from all appearances our gay and handsome foursome prove that it applies only to the picture

$15.00 Prize Letter

Felicitations, Mr. Tracy!

DEAR EDITOR:

Congratulations to Spencer Tracy on winning the Academy Award for his remarkable performance in *Captains Courageous*. Thousands acclaim him King of all Moviedom.

He may not be a handsome hero like Gable, Taylor or Power—but he's a real man—a man we all admire for acting ability and not just looks.

I admire Spencer Tracy for the character he so faithfully portrayed, so genuine and so down to earth. And will we ever forget that lovable character, Father Tim, as portrayed by Tracy in *San Francisco?*

He was Manuel in *Captains Courageous*, and when he gave his conception of heaven, it just seemed to touch the innermost tenderness of one's emotions. A Metro executive was right when he said, "If Spence doesn't play Manuel, no one else will." He definitely knew that only Spencer Tracy bore within him those certain qualities such as simplicity, naturalness, and sincerity; the very qualities that Manuel possessed.

Here's hoping, Mr. Tracy, that we'll see you again soon in another picture. And may you win all the awards and medals for years to come.—*Joyce Powell, Box 322, Virginia City, Nevada.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Three Cheers For Daffiness!

DEAR EDITOR:

There are those who say the vogue for daffy drama that began with *My Man*

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

Godfrey and continues unabated is becoming tiresome. But the box-office seems to hold a reverse opinion just the same, and as one fan who takes his laughs where he can find 'em, I'd like to say that Solemnity is dead—long live Goofiness! In entertainment trends it is always possible to trace Cause and Effect.

The present world-wide tension demands some sort of harmless safety-valve and where else could you find this than in one of the harum-scarum, madcap farces now flitting across the screen? The fears and phobias that afflict mankind require the antidote of laughter and plenty of it. That's why the public practically eats up these screwball stories and yells for more. As a medical practitioner I'd prescribe for the average "nervous" patient large doses of such medicine as *The Awful Truth, Nothing Sacred, Bringing Up Baby* and *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*!—*D. W. Davis, M. D., Box 503, Vancouver, Canada.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Glorified Defects

DEAR EDITOR:
The motion pictures have accomplished one great and noble thing in the past decade. They have bolstered the self-respect of the plain woman. And if they had done nothing else of consequence—this would be enough.

They have varied the standards of beauty so that never again must the woman whose form and features are neither Grecian nor wax-doll despair of a claim to pulchritude.

Consider these widely dissimilar types, all heralded as beauties: Colbert, Shearer, Hepburn, Crawford and Lombard. Judged coldly by the classical yardstick these are not beauties at all, but plain women. Ten years ago they would have been happy to have been adjudged "pretty" but now they are glad to escape that brand of non-entity.

All through the world women are looking in their mirrors and congratulating themselves on their Colbert cheekbones, Shearer eyes, and Crawford mouths. Yet, judged by the handbook, in the case of each star these are but glorified defects.

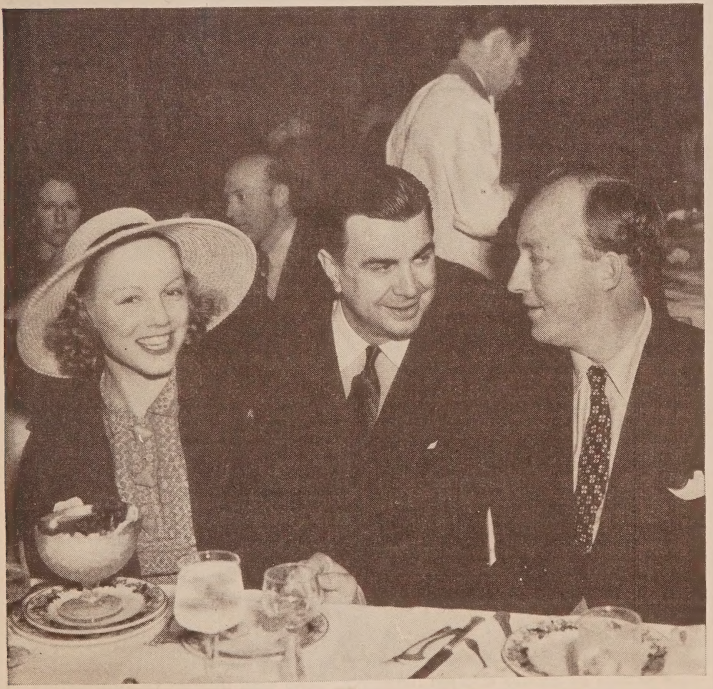
Score one for the plain woman!—*Violet S. Moor, Montezuma, Georgia.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Fascinating Fantasy

DEAR EDITOR:
Words are hopelessly inadequate to describe that unbelievable and bewitching fantasy *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Its beauty, humor and charm simply beggars description. But I should like the opportunity to offer my thanks for a return to that magic world—the kingdom of my childhood. For almost two hours I became a starry-eyed visitor in that long-forgotten world of make-believe.

Watching the antics of the dwarfs, I believed in them because they were so human, naive and so real, yet no grown-up could be so captivating. In a world of matter-of-factness, hard actuality and wars this picture made me believe in a magical land of imaginative humor and innocence.—*Bruce Cameron, Box 367, Harmarville, Pa.*



Why Bing Crosby—what's the idea of interrupting that Beverly Wilshire tete-a-tete between the radiant Claire Dodd and screen funnyman Ken Murray?

CORNS

ENDS PAIN AT ONCE!

Stops nagging pressure. Eases new or tight shoes. Prevents Corns, Sore Toes and Blisters.

Pain stops the instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Shoe pressure and friction on the aching or sensitive spot is ended. New or tight shoes are eased by these soothing, healing, protective pads and corns, sore toes and blisters prevented. *Medically safe.*

Corns, Callouses Soon Lift Out

Corns or callouses soon lift out when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medication*, included in every box. Made THIN and THICK in all sizes and shapes for all conditions. For FREE sample of Corn size also Dr. Scholl's FOOT Booklet, address Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

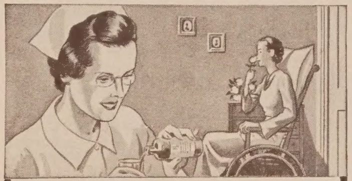
SOFT CORNS

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

There is a Dr. Scholl Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for Every Foot Trouble

THE GREAT RAINER RETURNS!

Winner of two Academy awards in succession, Luise Rainer's screen appearances have been all too infrequent. You'll find a timely story on the star, and her new picture, *The Toy Wife*, in the August SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE.



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C.S.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as $25 to $35 a week in private practice, in hospitals and sanitariums. Others, like Miss C. H., own nursing-homes. This easy-to-understand course, successful for 39 years and endorsed by physicians—enables men and women 18 to 60 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time, for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. F. McE. took her first case before completing the 7th lesson and earned $400 in three months!

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Dept. 87, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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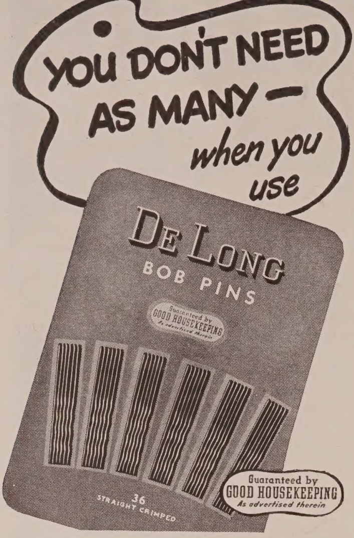
City.................. State......... Age....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The Daintier Hair-Remover
QUICKTONE
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DEPILATORY POWDER
The quickest method of removing superfluous hair and delaying reappearance (1 to 3 min.). Safe Effective, Economical. Leaves skin velvety smooth. Used by professionals. DON'T DELAY. *Send 10c NOW for generous trial size to*
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STOP Itching TORTURE *This Quick Way*
For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.**

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NEW CANDID CAMERA INCLUDED FREE
JEWELLED for ACCURACY
CHARM & COLOR OF NATURAL GOLD
CURVED TO FIT THE WRIST MODEL "B"
GOLDEN PRINCESS SMALL AS A DIME MODEL "C"

PRECISION-BUILT CANDID CAMERA with powerful Wollensak Minivar lens and spyglass view-finder. Takes 16 pictures on 1 roll of standard film. **COMPARE WITH $50 CAMERA!** **Included Free of Extra Charge** with any GOLDEN JEWELED WATCH purchased and paid for on our easy credit plan. Golden Jeweled Watches are new 1938 Models, cased in charm and color of natural yellow Gold with raised Gilt dial and numerals. Mirror-polished movement with Red Ruby in center wheel for accuracy. All yours for only $7 in 2 easy payments, $3.50 each.
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YOU TAKE NO RISK. Specify Model You Desire.
SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.
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DEPT. 30, 509 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

INFORMATION PLEAS

I would like to know who Fred MacMurray married. Also who is the fellow that sang "Ole King Cole" in *Varsity Show?*—L. B. R.

Lillian Lamont, a former commercial model, is the charming wife of Fred MacMurray. The name of the young man who sang the popular ditty is Johnny Davis.

I would like to know the addresses of Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer.—V. L. W.

Both can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Please tell me the age and height of William Boyd. Also, if he is married, to whom.—E. M. P.

Bill Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio on June 5, 1898. He is married to Grace Bradley.

I would like to know the real names of the following: Brian Aherne, Elizabeth Allen, Gracie Allen, and Edward Arnold.—I. V. N.

It so happens that these four stars are using their real cognomens.

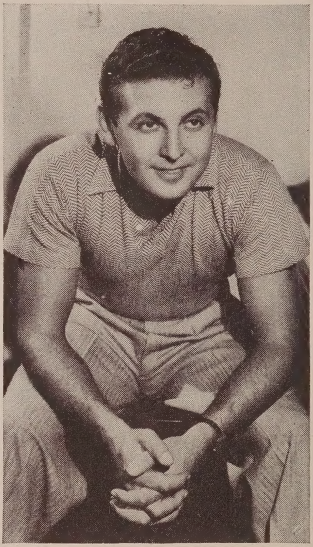
Would you please give me the cast in the screen version of *Little Women,* also the parts they played. — Arthella T.

Katharine Hepburn as Jo; Joan Bennett as Amy; Paul Lukas as Fritz Bhaer; Frances Dee as Meg; Jean Parker as Beth; Edna May Oliver as Aunt March; Douglas Montgomery as Laurie; Spring Byington as Marmee.

Will you please give me a complete biography of Dorothy Lamour including her home address.—Rita M.

Dorothy was discovered on an amateur theatre program which led to a contract with Herb Kay, well known orchestra leader, to whom she is now married. Dorothy's lovely voice is heard weekly on a popular program, and will again be heard in Paramount's *Tropic Holiday,* in which her leading man is (you've guessed it) handsome Ray Milland. Sorry we can not give out her home address but she may be reached at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Please may I have a complete biography of Allan Jones, the handsome singing star of *The Firefly?*—M. D. and R. V.


After an extensive personal appearance tour Allan Jones, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's singing star, will start work on a new picture in which he will portray a singing cowboy on a dude ranch

This month Allan Jones runs off with the "man-of-the month" honors. That wonderful voice of Allan's is the result of hard, steady work. He studied in Paris at the Warford Summer School and coached with Reynaldo Hahn, the famous French conductor and composer. He was engaged as soloist with Anna Case, with the New York Philharmonic, and through this bit of prestige received many concert engagements in the United States. During those hard, bitter days, Allan did almost anything in the way of employment to further his singing career, thus the rise of a boy from the Pennsylvania coal mines to an envied position in the musical world of screen as well as the stage. There's a long brilliant future ahead of him, for he's only 29 years old. His birthplace was Scranton, Pa. He is six feet, tall, weighs 175 lbs, has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He is married to lovely Irene Hervey, and is at this writing, on a personal appearance tour throughout the larger cities. He will return shortly to Hollywood to make another picture, in which that fine tenor voice of his will once again hold us all spellbound.

Would you please tell me if Irene Dunne was in the stage production of

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK Magazine will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

***Show Boat?* Also, what is her next picture?—G. F.**

Norma Terris originally played the part of Magnolia in *Show Boat* and was later replaced by Irene Dunne. Miss Dunne's next picture is RKO's *Joy of Living* with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as her leading man.

Please give me the weight and height of Maureen O'Sullivan. Also, where can she be reached?—S. A. S.

The Irish Colleen is five feet six inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. Her address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

I would like to know where I can obtain photos of Jackie Cooper and Cary Grant.—Joan.

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., is Cary's studio address, and Monogram Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., is Jackie's. Don't forget to enclose 25c for each picture requested.

May I please have a brief biography of Loretta Young? What is her next picture. Where may I obtain a photo? —L. M.

Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, as Gretchen Belzer. She is fond of dancing and loves good music, dislikes swimming but is a skilled horsewoman. Loretta is five feet three inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Her next picture is *Four Men and a Prayer* in which Loretta has four leading men, Richard Greene, Twentieth Century-Fox's newest screen find, George Sanders, David Niven and William Henry. Twentieth Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California, is Miss Young's studio address and upon receipt of 25c they will gladly send you a photo of her.

And here's that honey, June Travis, who knows puh-lenty about baseball. Reason: her daddy's Harry Grabiner, vice-president of Chicago White Sox!

No wonder the Tri-Guild Ball went over with such a bang, with these stars on the ticket-selling committee: Dick Powell, Robert Young, Gloria Stuart, Dorothy Tree, Adolphe Menjou and Jim Cagney (More Ball pictures on page 33)

MAIDEN FORM'S
*"INTER-LUDE"
for
CLASSIC
ROUNDED LINES . . .
Maiden Form recommends "Inter-Lude." Curved under-breast stitching accomplishes this lovely line and also gives extra-firm uplift support. "Inter-Lude" brassieres may be had in various lengths—$1.00 to $3.50.

*"Variation" uses under-breast stitching for extra-firm uplift, with or without diaphragm bands—$1.00 to $3.50. Send for free Style Booklet F: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York.
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"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

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REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS.
DEPT. VA, 116 W. 14TH ST., N. Y. C.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and 2 FLAME-GLO Rouge Compacts; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing costs. (15c in Canada).
NAME
ADDRESS

10c, 20c and 25c
AT LEADING
5 & 10¢ STORES

Kid Galahad's Week Off!

[*Continued from page* 43]

by auto. "Now," smiled Mr. Wallis, "would you like to go?"

I got to my feet and headed for the door. "Mr. Wallis," I said, "I'm already on my way!"

Fifteen minutes later I was home. An hour later, with mother's help, of course, I had my bags packed. Four hours later I was inside one of those big American Airways liners, ready for my first long plane ride. Not only that, this was to be my first real vacation since I'd been lucky enough to get a job in pictures!

BEFORE we shoved off at 10:30, Lillian Fette, the stewardess, (very pretty and very blonde, if you don't mind my saying so) introduced herself, and then took me up front where I met a couple of swell guys, L. S. Andrews, pilot of the ship, and Buster Coln, the First Officer. The term "co-pilot," I discovered, has been discontinued in favor of "First Officer" and quite properly, too, since each ship has two men equally efficient in the cockpit.

After we had gotten into the air, Miss Fette asked me if I wouldn't like to go into the "sky room" where we could talk and observe the scenery without disturbing the passengers who might want to sleep. It was her business, she said, to point out places of interest to passengers if they wished.

I was still in the sky room, rubber-necking, when the plane landed at Phoenix. All of the passengers, except myself, were sound asleep by this time, and so gently did the ship land and take off that none of the sleepers awoke! El Paso was the next stop and your commentator was still too excited to close his eyes. Between El Paso and Fort Worth I experienced another thrill I'll never forget, the gradual approach of another dawn! Seen from the sky the beginning of another day is, so far as I am concerned, actually beyond description!

We reached Fort Worth at 8:25 with just time enough on the ground to change planes, pilots and stewardesses, and reached Chicago at 4 p. m. with a quick transfer to another air line this time the Northwest Airline and a fast ride high above a silver ribbon that the stewardess said was Old Man River itself, the Mississippi! Then Minneapolis with its flour mills, and a smooth landing.

NOT quite a full day gone and here I was in Minnesota! That's traveling in any language, believe you me! Breezy Point Lodge, I was told, lay 150 miles to the north, and I reached it by auto over good roads in less than four hours. It was around midnight when I reached the "end of the line," and when I stepped from the car it looked like the end of a preview what with the lights, the crowd, and the reception committee headed by Gordon Fawcett and his lovely wife, Vivian. I was as excited as the night I saw *Kid Galahad* and I was rarin' to go places and do things, but Gordon packed me off to my room with a promise that he'd personally see to it that I was kept busy every minute of my stay. And I'll say this, he more than kept his word!

I fished until I got cramps in my arms from pulling out five-pound bass and twenty-pound Great Northern pike; I played tennis and bowled until I got blisters on my hands; I rode trails until I was so tired they had to lift me from the saddle; I canoed and aquaplaned; I played shuffleboard and ping-

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REMOVE STUBBORN STAINS—even smoke stains. Thousands with teeth hard-to-bryten are changing to Iodent No. 2. Specially compounded to polish teeth to a brilliant lustre—to protect enamel—to stimulate gums. Also comes in No. 1 texture for teeth easy-to-bryten. Get Iodent today—made by a Dentist to clean teeth safely.

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No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER No. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

MILLIONS ALWAYS WEAR Peds *AS "HOUSE STOCKINGS"*

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A most practical money and mending time-saver

20¢ PAIR

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WORLD'S SMALLEST REAL PERFORMING RADIO

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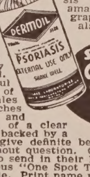
SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage on arrival or send $2.99 (check, M.O., cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. GUARANTEED. A most unusual value. ORDER NOW!

Tinytone Radio Corporation, Dept. F-7, Kearney, Nebraska

Turn to page 54 and read how the glamour girls of Hollywood protect their skin and hair in summer.



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MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

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SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin **disease Psoriasis. Apply** non-staining **Dermoil.** Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil** is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write **today** for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores.**

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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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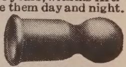

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pong until I was dizzy; I danced until I wore out the soles of my shoes; I tried my hand at skeet, my mind at bridge, and my Sunday smile at a score of Minnesota girls who could win prizes in any beauty contest; and then I tried golf.

And that was where I made my first mistake. Golf.

WHEN we got to the course that morning, about the first person I saw was a young fellow dressed in a pair of dirty overalls, a big straw hat, a bandana handkerchief around his neck, and no shoes! There he was, out on the practice tee trying to hit a ball with a club that was wrapped from clubhead to handle with adhesive tape. He came over to where we were and just as we were about to start off, asked if he couldn't play with us.

When Gordon told him we were playing for a dollar a hole he looked pretty surprised, but he was game nevertheless. Digging deep into his jeans he dug up a pocketbook, opened it, and, after giving its contents a good squint, said that "mebbe he could afford to risk a little."

I felt sorry for the fellow so I spoke up and said something about it being a pleasure to have him with us. And that's where I made my big mistake. It took him twelve strokes on the first hole and he lost a dollar to us. That seemed to make him angry and he suggested that we play for two dollars a hole. "I may git sort of lucky," was the rural way he put it, and boy, did he! We never won a hole from then on! Not a hole! And was I boiling over! It wasn't until that night at dinner that I discovered that our fine, golfing farmer friend was none other than Otis Dypwick, Breezy Point's golf professional who had staged the little show for my special benefit!

Of course the whole gang was in on the joke, and the good-natured kidding I got was really something. Seems that no day is complete to Breezy Point-ers until Otis has inveigled some "city slicker" like myself into a harmless little game of golf!

If I had time and this magazine had the space I could go on for pages telling you about the fun that week gave me. Back home again, I'm just waiting until Mr. Wallis calls me into his office and tells me that he has another "location" trip lined up for me.

And I could wish for nothing better than to hear him say: "I have a letter here from Captain Fawcett asking that you be his guest at Breezy Point Lodge."

Here's Laurie Lane's first picture in SCREEN BOOK Magazine—but we have an idea that it won't be her last! She's one of the shapeliest morsels at Paramount

What a mess of talent all at one table at the Beverly Wilshire! You'll recognize Gracie Allen, Don Ameche and his wife, Mary Livingston, Jack Benny and George Burns, all having the times of their lives

I notice the girls with lovely eyes are using Winx Mascara!

Says
VIRGINIA JUDD,
Recently voted the most
beautiful model in America.

Thousands of women every day are changing to this better mascara... because WINX is *different!* It has a *finer texture*...clings closer...seems to be *part of your lashes.* Makes lashes dark, luxuriant, silky... accents the star-like beauty of your eyes in a more *natural* way. Try WINX *today!*

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Get WINX mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil—in the GREEN PACKAGES—at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Change to **WINX**
the Finer Quality
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SKIN CLEAR *and* *Exquisitely* **LOVELY**

"Gone like magic" is the song of happy thousands for whom KREMOLA, an M. D. doctor's prescription, has cleared away pimples, blackheads, and surface skin blemishes. A clear-up—not a cover-up! Your money refunded if pimples and adolescent purplish pits do not go. Try Kremola, $1.25 at drug and department stores, or send direct.

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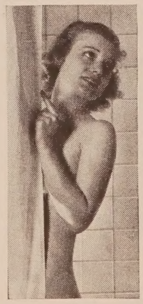
Kremola, Dept. A-2, 2975 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.
Send 10c For Samples.



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Name ____________
Street ____________
City ____________ State ______
GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Filmland Whispers

[Continued from page 12]

York actor, was playing the role of Francis' father. On his way out to make an entrance, Greenwald stuck his head into Lederer's dressing room, wished him good luck and told him to go out and put great life into his performance. Three minutes later Francis walked toward the wings. He saw the curtain coming down and frantically he thought he had missed his cue. Just then they carried Greenwald off the stage. He had dropped dead of heart failure.

ARLINE JUDGE and her new husband, Dan Topping, visited the Paramount studios recently. Most of their time was spent on Wesley Ruggles' set. Wesley, of course, used to be Arline's husband.

MAYBE you think Claudette Colbert's mother wasn't upset when she read of the Hitler invasion of Austria. At that very time, Claudette and her husband, Dr. Pressman, were scheduled to be in the persecuted country. Mrs. Colbert worried for a week until a cable arrived from Paris. Claudette was safe there but had been forced to cancel a month's touring plans. The Colbert arrival in Naples was really the sensation of the old country. Word had gone on ahead, so the whole city turned out. Claudette and the doctor became separated but finally managed to reach their waiting car. Then they discovered their maid was missing. The chauffeur started to drive on and Claudette had to use all her womanly wiles to get him to wait. Finally the maid arrived—on the shoulders of the police—being carried above the crowd.

A LADY as lovely as Kay Francis should never be upset. When Kay's engagement to the Baron was announced, one of the papers stated that the Baron would be Kay's fifth husband. Such is not the case. We have Kay's word for it. The Baron will *only* be number four!

STUDIO publicity departments have a way of upsetting Hollywood's home life. When it was announced that Priscilla Lane would marry Wayne Morris, both players' families rose up in arms. It wasn't true, and they didn't want the stories given out unless it was true.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

M	O	R	R	I	S		A	M	E	C	H	E
A	■	N	O	V	A		H	E	R	O	■	L
R	C	■	W	A	R	E	■	N	I	L	E	S
G	O	D	■	N	A	M	E	■	C	O	R	A
A	L	E	C	■	H	I	G	H	■	R	I	
R	E	E	L	S	■	L	O	O	K	■	K	R
E	■	R	A	L	F	■	N	O	A	H	■	E
T	M	■	W	I	L	L	■	T	R	A	C	Y
	U	P	■	M	E	E	T	■	L	Y	O	N
S	T	A	R	■	W	O	O	D	■	S	O	O
P	E	T	E	R	■	S	L	O	W	■	K	L
O	■	S	A	I	D		E	R	I	N	■	D
T	A	Y	L	O	R		R	O	G	E	R	S

Good News — ASTHMA PAROXYSMS RELIEVED

For ready relief from the suffocating agonies of asthmatic attacks, try Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. The standby of thousands for over 70 years, ASTHMADOR aids in clearing the head—helps make breathing easier—allows restful sleep. At your druggist's in powder, cigarette or pipe mixture form.

For *free* sample write Dept. B.

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. ©1938, C.P. INC.

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Obtain trim, slender ankles at once. Relieves swelling, varicose veins and they fit like a glove.
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WHEN MERLE OBERON FACED DEATH!
A disastrous automobile accident almost finished the career of glamorous Merle Oberon. A dramatic and vivid tale that will give you a new picture of Merle—and you'll find it in the August issue of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE.

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SWIM, perspire or cry and always be certain your lashes and brows remain attractively dark. Use "Dark-Eyes" instead of ordinary mascara. *One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks.* Ends daily make-up bother. Never runs, smarts, smudges or harms lashes. Indelible. Try it! $1 at dept. and drug stores.

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Priscilla and Wayne were too young yet to take life so seriously. There really wasn't any damage done and in the meantime as we say in Hollywood, "It made a good story."

WHEN it comes to color, Joan Crawford supplies Hollywood with better copy than any other actress. While Franchot was doing retakes on *Three Comrades,* Joan decided to dash to New York and see the new plays. But she didn't want to neglect the singing lessons that are coming along so amazingly well. So she went to the front office and got permission for her coach to fly on to New York. At the train, standing in the midst of Joan's beautiful luggage, was a strange looking black box. Joan confessed that it was one of those portable organs that could be played while she was returning home across the country.

Just before Joan left for New York, she was honored by having Rosa Ponselle come to the studio and listen to her voice. When Rosa offered to make a recording with her, Joan was really thrilled. The two sang a duet from *Tales of Hoffman,* and the result has the studio making big vocal plans for Joan.

BY THE time you read this Joan Crawford will be signed to another five year contract at the M-G-M studios. At the end of this five years, Joan will have been under contract to this same studio for seventeen years all told. This is a record, and a great tribute to Joan's popularity, in face of the fact that M-G-M haven't given her the best of the stories they've had at their disposal. Here's hoping Joan gets a *Marie Antoinette* or an *Idiot's Delight*, once in a while. She's been good to her bosses. Now it's their turn to show their appreciation.

IF YOU want to know who the kindest and most considerate actor is in Hollywood, just ask Una Merkel, and she will shout the name of Robert Taylor from the house tops Una went on Bob's program recently. She's always terribly nervous on the air and doing a sketch with Bob Taylor didn't help any. But Bob was so nice to her and made things so easy Una said she just couldn't let him down. Just before the broadcast, everyone went down the street to the "Seven Seas" to get a cocktail. When the waiter asked Una what she'd have to drink, Una replied, "Just bring me a straight shot of aromatic spirits of ammonia!"

—Wide World

When opera singer Rosa Ponselle visited Hollywood recently, she persuaded Joan Crawford to sing with her for a recording—and pronounced Joan's voice tops!

Distinguished Karen Morley, recently returned from a long European vacation, stops to chat with lovely Virginia Bruce and Darryl F. Zanuck at a party

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Wrist Watch FREE with every Ring ordered during this **SALE** and paid for on our amazingly easy 2 monthly $2 plan (total $4). Gold Plate and Solid Lifetime Sterling, 925/1000 pure with simulated diamonds full of flashing fire! Nothing extra for the watch. Ladies 1939 dainty model, **JEWELED.**

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UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

TO RELIEVE the minds of those theatregoers who love music in their motion pictures we hasten to explain what the movie-makers meant when they announced from Hollywood that "musical pictures" were all washed up.

Maybe "musical pictures" are, particularly if they meant those big, spectacular musical hodge-podges. These glorified vaudeville shows have no place in motion pictures, anyway.

But the real musical picture, based upon a musical premise, and in which songs and dances are presented naturally as a realistic part of the story, will always be popular.

The term "musical picture" has always been confusing. In fact, Mark Sandrich, the clever young director who has successfully made most of the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers pictures, thinks we should clarify the situation by simply referring to this successful type of production as a "motion picture with music."

To include such great dancing and singing stars as Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Deanna Durbin, Bing Crosby, Sonja Henie, Alice Faye, George Murphy, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Irene Dunne and Gene Autry in such a proposed ban, in which their screen talents would be confined to acting, is too ridiculous for words. We don't believe that any such absurd move was intended when the announcement "no more musicals" was issued.

Unquestionably, they meant "no more expensive musical extravaganzas and vaudeville." But this point wasn't made clear and as a result theatregoers throughout the country have been up in arms over the alarming prospects of being denied the entertainment of music, songs and dancing in their motion pictures.

Have no fears, readers. We have talked with several of the leading producers and directors, and we're glad to report, speaking for the "pictures with music," that in the words of the immortal Mark Twain, "the report of my death is greatly exaggerated."

Mark Sandrich said to us: "In the first place, the Astaire-Rogers pictures are not musicals. They are motion pictures based upon musical and dancing premises. The story is the thing with us. We never forget the story for a moment in filming an Astaire-Rogers picture. The songs and dances are not interpolated, but are an integral part of the story.

"We proceed on the idea that even if we didn't have the brilliant dancing and singing talents of Fred and Ginger in the picture, a very successful picture could be made which would be solely dependent upon their non-musical abilities.

In our opinion, Sandrich is right. We recall with pleasure an Astaire-Rogers picture he directed, which conclusively proves the point. It was *The Gay Divorcee*, which could have been equally successful, even without music and dancing, if played farcically in the manner of such pictures as *The Awful Truth*, *Bringing Up Baby* or *My Man Godfrey*.

In Hollywood, cycles are becoming a thing of the past, happily. Ever since motion pictures were in their infancy, we have heard about picture cycles. But we have never believed in them. For instance, we don't believe that a GOOD musical picture—we mean "picture with music"—can fail to prove popular with the theatregoers throughout the country.

Remember how many times you have heard that western pictures were a drug on the market?

Yet, western pictures have saved the motion picture industry from the doldrums time and time again. As a matter of fact, the erstwhile despised westerns have often kept the wolf away from a studio door.

There are times, we freely admit, when the movie-makers overdo things in their frantic efforts to take advantage of the popular mood. For example: there are many alleged farce comedies which do not class with those extremely funny screwball pictures, *The Awful Truth*, *Bringing Up Baby*, *My Man Godfrey*, *Topper*, and *Merrily We Live*. There is bound to be a letdown in this type of picture, yet we are willing to wager that some six months hence when Frank Capra comes forth with his production of the laughable, mad play, *You Can't Take It With You*, he will register a huge box-office success.

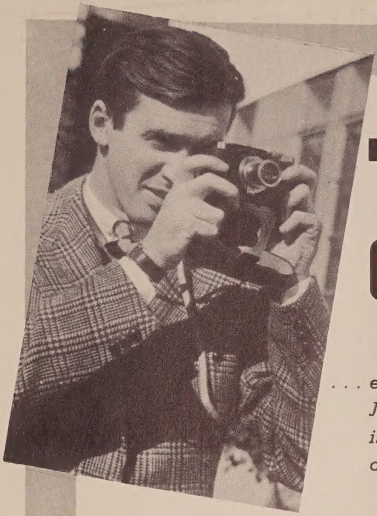
Thus, Hollywood puts an end to cycles.

SANDRICH is not the only director to have the right idea in regard to the proper picturizing of stories set to music and dance. Norman Taurog directed Deanna Durbin on the same principle in *Mad About Music*.

Checking up at the nation's box offices we find that pictures with music are far in the lead in popularity; that is, the ones featuring such favorites as Deanna Durbin, Astaire and Rogers, MacDonald and Eddy, Bing Crosby and Sonja Henie. For example, *Mad About Music* and *Girl Of The Golden West*, recently released, are running very high in the box office reports.

We are of the opinion that so long as the song and dance stars are presented in the proper picture stories, under the guidance of such smart creative artists as directors and writers who are working towards this goal, then they will have nothing to worry about. Neither will their public!

W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher



The World Goes Camera Crazy!

. . . even Hollywood is taking "candids." James Stewart, MGM featured player, is snapped taking a picture of a fellow actor on the lot.

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Remember this next time *you* buy cigarettes. Remember also, that only Lucky Strike gives you the throat protection of the "Toasting" process which takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco.

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CIGARETTES
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LUCKY STRIKE

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WHEN MERLE OBERON FACED DEATH!

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

AUGUST

SCREEN BOOK

10¢

RICHARD
GREENE

RICHARD GREENE—HOLLYWOOD'S NEW HEART-BREAKER

SEE PAGE 24

YOUR VACATION ...MAKE IT MEMORABLE!

The vacation of your dreams...

It can be yours...delightful and economical...at Breezy Point Lodge amid the sparkling lakes and fragrant pines of northern Minnesota.

There is still time for you to enjoy the matchless pleasures of Breezy Point. Emerald fairways await you...shining expanses of flawless beach...sail boats in the moonlight...tennis...dancing... horseback riding...bass, trout and pike in abundance...the ideal vacation at the most moderate rates.

Peerless accommodations in Breezy Point's huge fir-log hotel or in individual cabins will make your vacation complete.

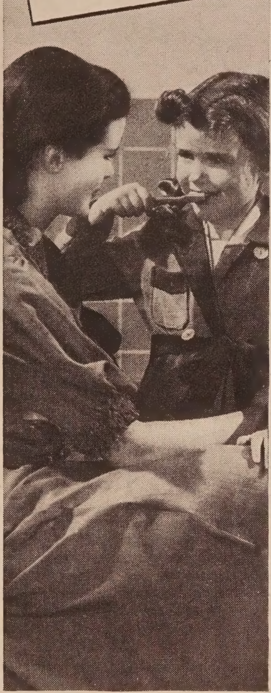
Breezy Point is easily accessible by motor car, train or bus. Rates start at $2 per day, $5 with meals. Reservations now available. Write to Breezy Point Lodge, Pequot, Minn.

View of the main lodge and one of many cabins

FAWCETT'S BREEZY POINT LODGE · PEQUOT · MINNESOTA

No phone calls! No dates! As the lonely summer passes, Joan wonders why. (*Joan doesn't know that men would think her lovely if she hadn't let a dingy smile spoil her good looks!*)

Here's news little Doris could tell her big sister Joan. Smiles are always lovely when teeth get proper care! (*Doris knows you must massage your gums as well as clean your teeth.*)



Wishes come true—when girls have the kind of smile men find appealing! (*Joan could have that smile. Joan could be popular! But Joan should start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage to help keep gums healthier and teeth more sparkling!*)

Does your date-book say—

"You'd be more popular if you had a lovelier smile!"

A GIRL SMILES—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (*Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.*) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (*Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.*)

It's a shame when a girl ignores "pink tooth brush" and risks the beauty of her smile! True, "pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—*see your dentist.* Let him decide. Usually, however, he'll tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums, gums robbed of exercise by modern soft, creamy foods. Probably he'll advise more work for your gums, more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he'll probably suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling but to help the health of gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

* * *

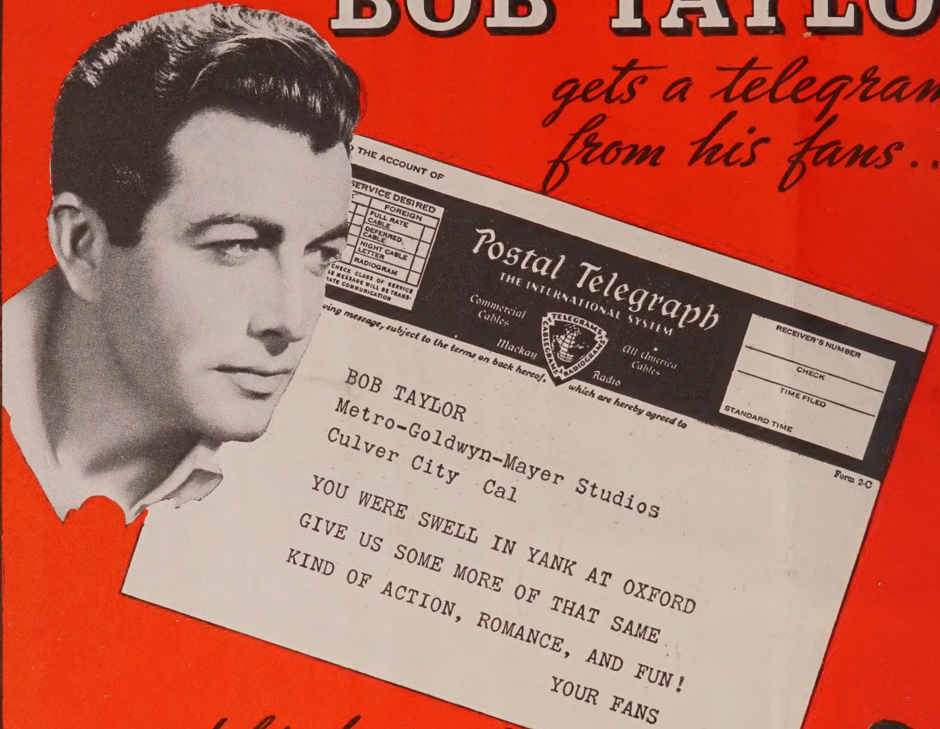
DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to clean teeth thoroughly.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK
AS USED ALWAYS REPLA

Change to
Ipana
and Massage

BOB TAYLOR

gets a telegram from his fans . . .



THE ACCOUNT OF

SERVICE DESIRED

FOREIGN

FULL RATE CABLE

DEFERRED CABLE

NIGHT CABLE LETTER

RADIOGRAM

CHECK CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED; OTHERWISE MESSAGE WILL BE TRANSMITTED AS A FULL-RATE COMMUNICATION

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial Cables

Mackay Radio

All America Cables

TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS

RECEIVER'S NUMBER

CHECK

TIME FILED

STANDARD TIME

…ing message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

Form 2-C

BOB TAYLOR
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios
Culver City Cal

YOU WERE SWELL IN YANK AT OXFORD
GIVE US SOME MORE OF THAT SAME
KIND OF ACTION, ROMANCE, AND FUN!
YOUR FANS

. . . and his fans get their kind of picture!

THE CROWD ROARS

Edward **ARNOLD** · *with* Frank **MORGAN**
Maureen **O'SULLIVAN** · William **GARGAN**
LIONEL STANDER · JANE WYMAN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Richard Thorpe
Produced by Sam Zimbalist

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXI No. 1 AUGUST, 1938

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CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer........**Top Photo by Fryer: Olivia De Havilland**

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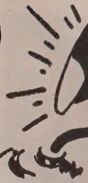
FILMLAND WHISPERS

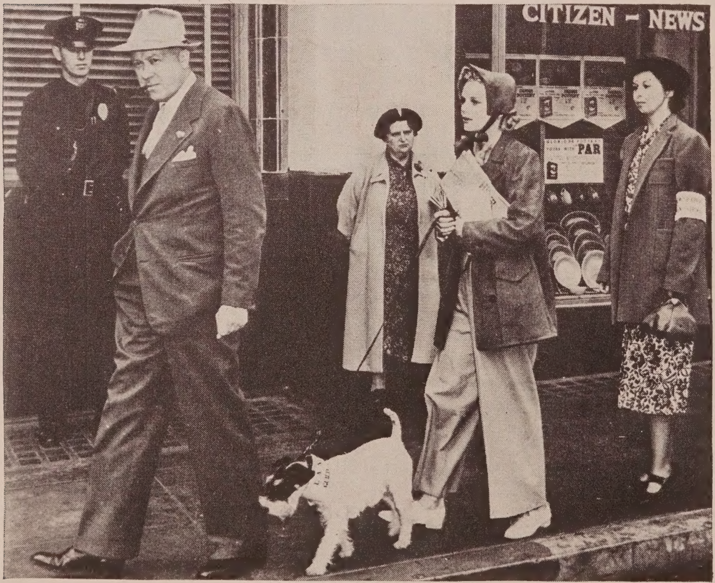


THAT old trouping spirit just wouldn't allow Bill Powell to say no, when Carole Lombard asked him to do *My Man Godfrey* on the air with her. Bill is still far from being his own self again physically, but he carried on in his usual gay manner during the rehearsals and the broadcast. While other members of the cast worked around one microphone, Bill reclined on a couch and did his broadcasting from a separate "mike." There was plenty of excitement, too, while rehearsals were held up and everyone listened in to the Kentucky Derby returns. Carole Lombard, whose weekly salary runs into five figures, had a dollar and a half bet on her agent Myron Selznick's horse *Can't Wait*. When the horse came in third, Carole carried on as if she had just won a cool million for herself.

MAYBE you've never thought of it, but there's a great scarcity of totem poles in Hollywood. Paramount tried to beg, borrow or steal one for *Spawn of the North*. But they were all being used. Then John Barrymore remembered that he had given his totem pole to Dolores Costello when she divorced him. It belonged personally to John and he was very fond of it as a sentimental reminder of his Alaskan trip. Word was sent to Dolores Costello, who very graciously replied that John could have his totem pole back if it would help the picture. As it was the only one available, Paramount took advantage of Dolores' kind offer. And John Barrymore is happy to own his prized possession once again.

MARTHA (Moutha to you) Raye has really gone glamorous with a vengeance. No longer will she fling her "Big Apple," hither, thither and yon. At the Beverly Wilshire recently, Martha wore all black. Her hair was piled neatly and demurely on top of her head. She swayed quietly to Henry King's orchestra. However, a few nights later Martha was at the Beachcombers. A gay young blade socked a piece of ice across the room at an old friend. It missed its mark and went smack down Martha's neck. Yes, for a brief moment, glamour took a holiday!

RANDY SCOTT, who has shared the same house with Cary Grant for years, is what might be termed, a real pal. Cary was forced to take a rest recently, so he sailed for Honolulu. Back in Hollywood Randy saw to it that Cary's best girl, Phyllis Brooks, wasn't neglected. Sort of keeping Phyllis in the family, as-it-were.



—*Acme*

When employees of a Hollywood newspaper went on strike, sympathetic members of Directors' and Players' Guilds joined in the picket line! For proof, here's Director Nick Grinde, followed by Marie Wilson and her pup, marching up and down in front of the newspaper office. Elizabeth Yeaman, film critic, is on right

Lovely Patricia Ellis gave visitors to Arrowhead Springs an eyeful when she displayed a knockout figger on the badminton courts

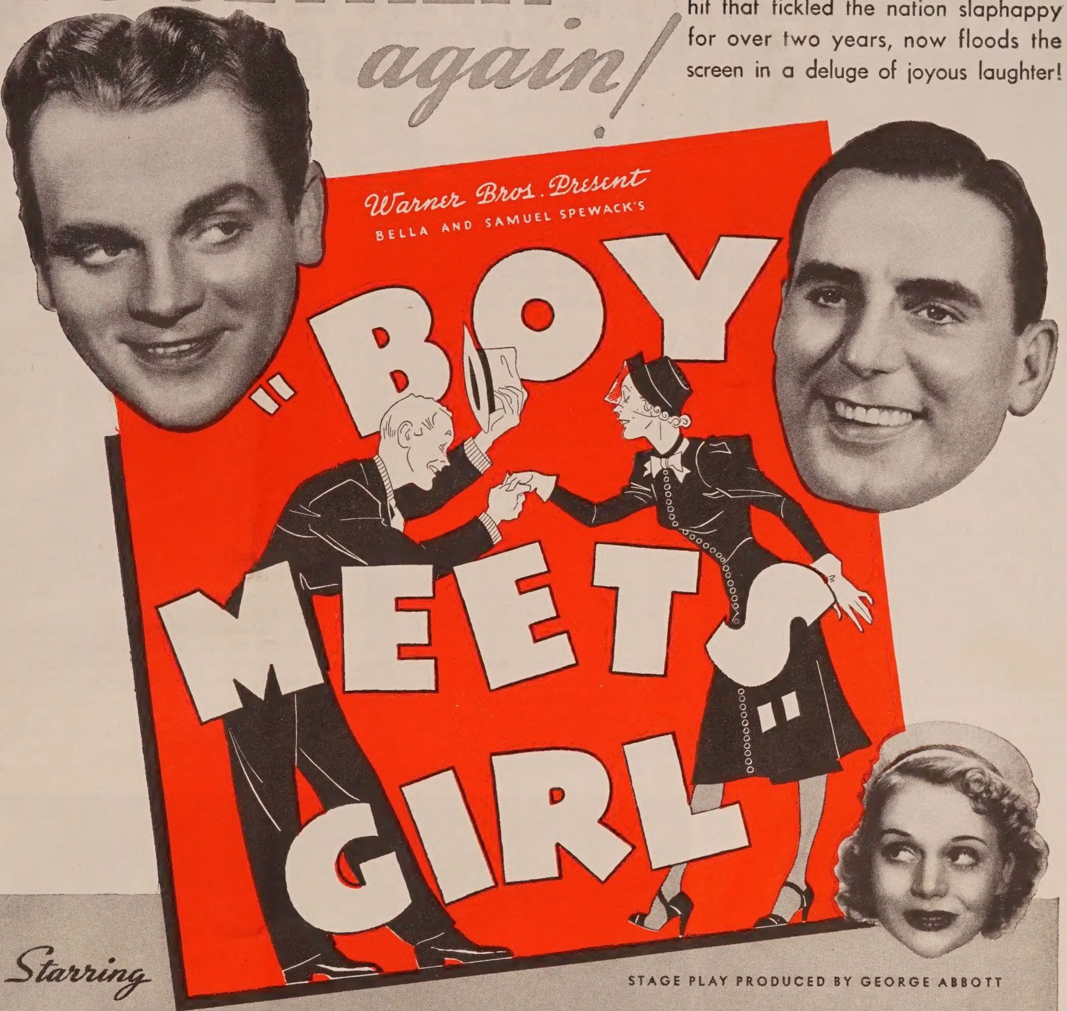
MARGARET (Maggie to you) Lindsay has several new things in her life. First, a wonderful contract with a nice tilt in salary. And recently Margaret had something special done to her hair. It's a bit on the golden side and brings out the fragile Lindsay beauty—photographically speaking. And last but not least, Margaret and Bob Abbot (who was seen in these here parts with Anita Louise) have discovered each other. Bob and Anita are still close friends. But it's Margaret Lindsay who usually goes in for old slacks and things, who is now dreaming up stunning outfits to go out stepping with Bob.

OUT Universal way, John M. Stahl is at it again. The famous director is noted for his exacting demands and endless number of "takes" on every scene.

[*Continued on page* 8]

TOGETHER *again!*

Cagney meets O'Brien for the first time since "Ceiling Zero.". . . And the stage hit that tickled the nation slaphappy for over two years, now floods the screen in a deluge of joyous laughter!


Warner Bros. Present
BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK'S
"BOY MEETS GIRL"

Starring

STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

JAMES **CAGNEY** *and* PAT **O'BRIEN**

WITH

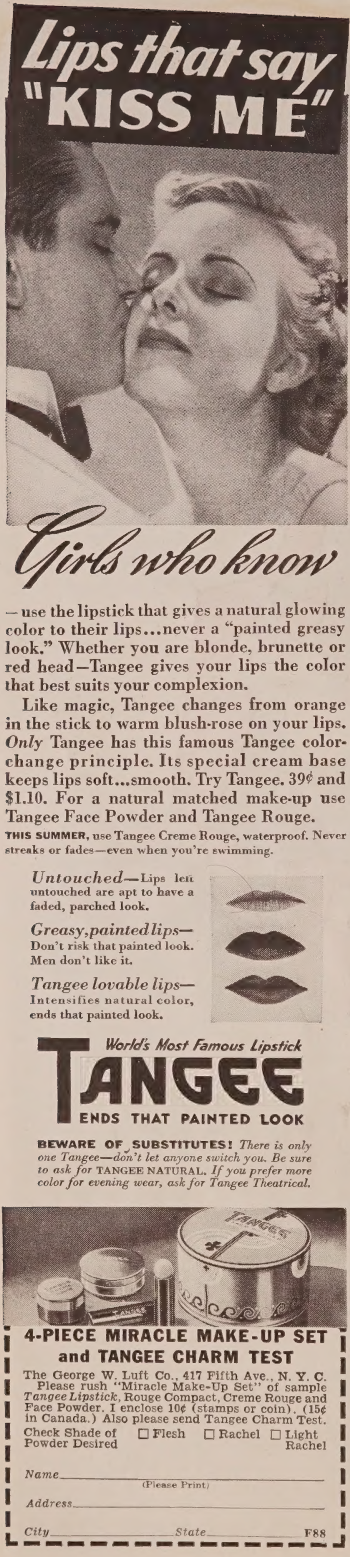
MARIE **WILSON** RALPH **BELLAMY** •

FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

MAKE A DATE FOR "BOY MEETS GIRL" AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE



Lips that say "KISS ME"

Girls who know

—use the lipstick that gives a natural glowing color to their lips...never a "painted greasy look." Whether you are blonde, brunette or red head—Tangee gives your lips the color that best suits your complexion.

Like magic, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to warm blush-rose on your lips. *Only* Tangee has this famous Tangee color-change principle. Its special cream base keeps lips soft...smooth. Try Tangee. 39¢ and $1.10. For a natural matched make-up use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

THIS SUMMER, use Tangee Creme Rouge, waterproof. Never streaks or fades—even when you're swimming.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and TANGEE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name____________________ (Please Print)

Address____________________

City__________ State__________ F88

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page 6*]

And Andrea Leeds is no exception when it comes to shedding good old-fashioned tears trying to meet Stahl's demands. On the other hand, Ann Sheridan, who is also playing in *Letter of Introduction*, doesn't even get a bit moist around the eyes when Stahl starts in on her. Ann, who is an earthly soul, just tries to do her best (which is pretty darn good) and refuses to allow Stahl to get her down.

WHEN New York's famous "Saks Fifth Avenue" opened on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills, all the Hollywood stars took the place by storm. Eleanore Whitney, who is a modest, retiring sort of person, decided to treat herself to a new pair of shoes. However, when she arrived at the store, it was so crowded no one could take care of her. After waiting around for an hour Eleanore decided to come back another day. Just as she was leaving a salesman rushed up to her. "I'm so sorry *Miss Gaynor*," he apologized. "We have been so rushed but I'll be glad to show you everything in the store." So Eleanore went on a personally conducted tour of the establishment and for the first time, tasted the sweet fruits of fame.

THEY don't come this way very often, so here's a special word of praise for Una Merkel. Even though she has been ready and willing, Una's studio hasn't had an acting job for her in the last five months. Drawing her salary just the same gave Una an awful dose of conscience. The studio begged her to relax and appreciated her rare desire to want to work for her money. However, when she was called to go on the M-G-M broadcast, Una said she would love to do it under one condition—if she could give her services free of charge! Every other person on the same program gets his regular radio salary. Won't someone please introduce believe-it-or-not-Merkel to Mr. Ripley?

WITH a gleam of triumph in her eye, Ann Sothern will tell you that she recently turned down an excellent offer to return to RKO to co-star again opposite Gene Raymond. The exhibitors like this team and are crying for more of their pictures. But Ann has different ideas on the subject and prefers casting her lot away from RKO where the Sothern-Raymond productions became a bit too much like a family affair.

THE gals fitting the costumes on Ronnie Colman in *If I Were King*, will tell you that the gentle Ronnie is more fussy about his clothes than Marlene Dietrich. But the gals aren't complaining a bit. The more meticulous Ronnie is the longer it takes. And the longer it takes, the longer the gals have to gaze upon the charming and handsome Colman personality!

ALL'S quiet on the Hollywood front out Claudette Colbert's way. When the star returned home from a European vaca-

Imagine that new Romeo, Richard Greene, without a gal friend! Yet that's what happened when he attended the preview of *Alexander's Ragtime Band* with Alice Faye and her husband, Tony Martin

That great big outdoor girl, Ginger Rogers, managed to sneak away to Sun Valley, Idaho, for a bit of skiing before the winter season finished

tion, she got off the train carrying a tiny Dachshund named "Hansie." He was given to Claudette by Millicent Rogers Balcom, who was her hostess in Austria. Claudette was a bit worried because of her French poodle who has always been lord and master over the Colbert household. But the poodle, with true continental instincts, welcomed "Hansie" and gave him run of the garden.

AT LAST the great voice of Miliza Korijus will be heard in *The Great Waltz.* When the Polish singer's records were heard by M-G-M officials, the one command was sent out. "Get Korijus." Without having ever seen her, the studios signed the diva. When she arrived in Hollywood they discovered that she was many, many pounds too heavy for the screen. Now she has taken off over sixty pounds. With the added aid of the huge costumes required for *The Great Waltz* period, Korijus will be presented in a pleasing manner to the eye as well as the ear.

TAKE this as a prediction. Antony Novotny is going to be a big movie find. His last name may be changed by the time you see him and his Czecho-Slavakian accent will have disappeared. "Tony," as he prefers to be called, was a star in Prague. He's been under contract to M-G-M and in three and a half months time he speaks almost perfect English. He learns twenty words a day by reading the *Wizard of Oz* books and the grammar school readers. No less an authority than Joan Crawford met "Tony"

JIM LOVES TO DANCE WITH ME! I ALWAYS BATHE WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP! IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A DANCE TO ROB A GIRL OF DAINTINESS! THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP THAT GUARDS DAINTINESS SO SURELY AND IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR...AND THEN ITS LOVELY, LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN! LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS YOU ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!

HOURS LATER—SURE OF DAINTINESS!

YOU'RE ADORABLE, ANN! STILL FRESH AS A FLOWER, AFTER HOURS OF DANCING!

TOO BAD ALL GIRLS DON'T KNOW ABOUT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP'S LOVELIER WAY OF GUARDING DAINTINESS!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* —BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Although Loretta Young and George Brent had appeared together in movies, they recently formed a new and delightful co-starring team on the Lux Theatre of the Air

on the lot. Seeing how lonely he was, Joan invited him over to listen to her make recordings. The girls are going to like the new European find. He stands six feet two, has dark eyes and looks a bit the way Nils Asther looked when he first arrived in Hollywood.

NEXT time Ray Milland is hungry he won't tell a soul. On the *Men With Wings* set, Ray had both legs in plaster casts. He was supposed to have crashed in his plane and the prop casts actually took an hour to put on and take off. All morning long Ray kept beefing about his hunger and his discomfort at wearing the casts. Finally, lunch was called. Director William Wellman gave everyone on the set the wink. To a man they walked off and left Ray to his misery. His yells could have been heard for a block. After a thirty minute wait Ray's disposition had reached the boiling point. Wellman gave in and called off the rib. A prop man was sent back and Ray was allowed to put on the feed bag.

AT A supposedly-important Hollywood preview, the picture only received mild enthusiasm. But when the management flashed on the trailer announcing Jimmy Cagney's return in *Boy Meets Girl,* the entire house roared its applause!

KINDA cute the way they kid Shirley Temple on the set. And that little lady plays straight for the best of 'em. When they want Shirley to step up to the mike and sing a song, they say, "All right Miss Moore, we're ready for you." Shirley goes through all the gestures of a prima donna—and then gives.

JIMMY CAGNEY and Bette Davis are still hysterical over Marie Wilson. For years the winsome Marie has worshipped these two stars. When they both invited her to lunch at the same table with them, Marie could only gasp. Finally, after sitting at the table for fifteen minutes, she found her breath, "You know," she said. "If I were to write back east and tell them that I had lunch with Bette Davis and Jimmy Cagney—no one would believe it!"

GEORGE RIGAUD, the French film star who was originally brought over to Hollywood to play opposite Dietrich, will eventually capture the fancy of the fans. George has great charm and a terrific wit. He tells the story about his wife Luce, who is just learning to speak English. The Rigauds were invited to the Ray Millands' for dinner. Mrs. Milland did everything to make her guests comfortable. At the end of the dinner she turned sweetly to Mrs. Rigaud and said, "Have you had enough to eat?" And Mrs. Rigaud, misunderstanding perfectly, just as sweetly replied, "No, I have not."

A GROUP of extras who are great Barbara Stanwyck fans, were discussing the unfairness of Frank Fay's lawsuits against Barbara. "Is Frank Fay a comedian?" asked an extra girl who was new in pictures. "Not to Barbara Stanwyck," cracked back an old-timer.

WHEN the Warner executives wanted to find out news of Olivia De Havilland's vacation, guess who they had to ask? The only letters Olivia sent were the ones to her hairdresser, make-up woman and standin. Good for you, Olivia, for selecting the real executives of the motion picture industry!

SALLY BLANE and John Arledge signed to do a co-starring picture for a quickie company. They arrived on the set at nine in the morning and didn't stop shooting until one. Then lunch was called. As they walked out John headed for the gate.

"Say," exclaimed Sally, "aren't you going to have lunch here at the studio, John?"

"If I were going to work this afternoon, I would," answered John. "But I just finished the picture."

GEORGE BRENT may be wondering why he caused a stir in the lobby, when he walked into that popular Hollywood apartment house. After he announced who he wanted to see, everyone relaxed. For when they saw George coming they thought he was calling on his ex-wife, Constance Worth, who just happens to live in the same building as George's friend!

OUT Brentwood Heights way those sightseeing busses sometimes give their passengers more than their money's worth. It happened one day when the bus stopped in front of Frances Langford's house. Out on the lawn in the bright sunlight stood Jon

Olivia De Havilland, radiant after a rest on the peaceful English countryside, arrives home on the *Normandie*

Lively Joan Woodbury is a compelling figure in her trim Allen-A swim suit

Hall. But for an abbreviated pair of red and white south sea island flowered shorts, (we'll have to ask Dorothy Lamour what the masculine is for sarong) Jon was just as the good Lord made him! And maybe you think those gals from Cucamonga weren't excited when they saw all that mass of muscle!

THE studio put *Three Comrades* back to work again after the first preview. They were just a bit afraid that it might have communistic tendencies, so retakes were in order. At the preview the audience was reduced to dire despair at the sadness, which is the general theme of the picture. Lynne Carver, who happened to be in the audience, wept so audibly she was forced to leave the theatre.

GINGER ROGERS is certainly going to town in a big way over Jimmy Stewart's work in *Vivacious Lady*. To everyone who will listen, Ginger recommends that he or she go see the picture on account of Jimmy's great performance—and Ginger just happens to be the star in the same production!

IT WAS Tyrone Power's birthday so Janet Gaynor gave him a surprise party at Cafe LaMaze. All but one guest brought "Ty" the same gift. You guessed it. More electric trains. If it isn't a romance between Janet and young Richard Carlton, her studio is trying awfully hard to get Janet publicity for her new picture *The Young In Heart*. Yes, Carlton is in it too!

BETH WHITING, who is the young looking mother of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has been looking forward to Hollywood for fifteen years. When Beth's husband was offered a job by Paramount, they jumped at the chance. But since the day she arrived,

[*Continued on page* 14]

THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS ..."DARLING"

No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men

She meets nice men—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with *her*. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a *second* date. Certainly she is pretty enough—and easy to talk to! And she *thinks* she's careful about her *person*. After all, doesn't she bathe every day?

Foolish Carol—to trust a bath alone to keep her sweet. For underarms must have *special* care. Underarms need Mum. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*. With Mum you never risk offending those you want for friends.

MUM IS QUICK! It takes just half a minute to smooth a touch of Mum into each underarm. How easy that is!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin—you can use it right after shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening. To be a girl men ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT

IT'S MUM FOR ME! HOW CAN ANY GIRL THINK A BATH IS ENOUGH?
TO HERSELF: MUM NEVER LETS A GIRL DOWN! BILL'S BEEN GIVING ME A RUSH ALL EVENING LONG!
MUM

Use Mum this way, too!
Avoid worry and embarrassment by using Mum on Sanitary Napkins. It's gentle, safe, sure.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Danielle Darrieux is the girl everyone's talking about today. They say her first American picture "The Rage of Paris" is to be a smash hit. In the August issue of MOVIE STORY you can read the story version of this very thrilling film. The story is generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the movie itself. And there are fifteen other grand stories and features for you to enjoy. MOVIE STORY is only ten cents! You'll certainly want to buy it this month.

MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

August Issue On Sale July First

LAST CALL FOR HOLLYWOOD!

Above: Glimpse of Harold Lloyd's estate, which *you* may visit. Left: Una Merkel and Eadie Adams with swing king Les Parker. Below: Tour hosts, the Harold Lloyds and Bob Burns with wife

Here's a star-spangled chance to give yourself the most memorable vacation ever—seeing the wonders in glorious Hollywood!

THOSE of you who have been reading these articles from month to month, learning new developments on the famous Fawcett Movieland Tours, will be pleased to learn that there is still time left to make the last two tours. However, this message comes as a definite "last call!"

But just to be sure you're on the right track, let's give you the Chicago starting dates before we go into a rave about what is in store for you in Hollywood. Remember these dates and make out your applications NOW. The first tour is already in California, so let's skip on to the second one. The second tour leaves Chicago July 24th, arriving in Hollywood July 31st, while Tour No. 3 leaves Chicago August 14th, and arrives here August 21st.

There's one thing about it, though—you'll have to fill out the blank as you read this story if you want to make the second tour. If you can't, then concentrate your efforts on making the third tour. Let's go over all the fun you'll have, listing the festivities.

Your first real stop-off after leaving Chicago will be Seattle, Washington. There in the famed city of the great Pacific Northwest, you will be taken aboard a steamer and shown the wonders of Puget Sound and the surrounding lumber territories. But don't think Seattle is the first bit of scenery you will see on your trip, for you will be

USE THIS COUPON

Fawcett's Movieland Tours,
360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name ....

Address .... S. B. 6

able to closely inspect at first hand all the romantic territories west of Chicago.

After a pleasant sojourn in Seattle, your conductor will once again yell "All aboard" and the train heads southward through evergreen Oregon, thence to the gateway of the west, San Francisco. There you will wander up and down the byways that once made up the Bay City's famous "Barbary Coast." You will pass through Chinatown and see Oriental wares displayed for your fancy. You will behold a busy city in preparation for a World's Fair, you will see the world famous San Francisco Bay Bridge. Ships will be entering and leaving the famed Golden Gate, but once again your conductor will call "All aboard," and that will be the last time you will hear him say that, for your next stop is Hollywood!

You will arrive bright and early Sunday morning, being first welcomed to the city and then whisked off to your hotel. The morning will be free. Some will want to rest while others will want to go to church. Anyway, when you return to the hotel, appointed busses will be waiting to take you through Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the beach cities. Screen stars' homes will be pointed out to you, and better still, you will wind up this little jaunt by spending the afternoon at the home of one of the stars.

Harold Lloyd wants members of the second tour to visit him at his home and meet his family and friends, while Bob Burns wants the third tour at his house. Just imagine, you'll really visit a star's home, chat with him and swim in his pool!

That evening, there are more plans in store for you! The makers of Woodbury Facial Cream have invited you all (both tours) to visit their Sunday night broadcast which has featured Tyrone Power all winter. "Ty" won't be on the show this summer, but an all-star cast has been lined up to take his place and we can promise you plenty of entertainment and laughs.

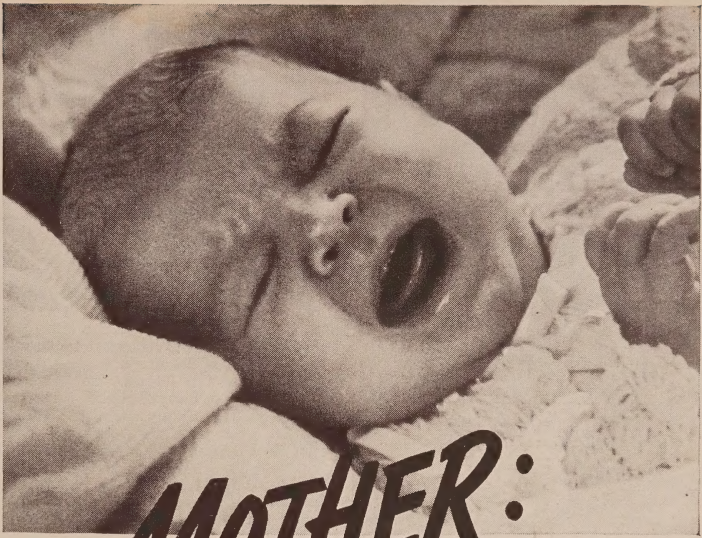
MONDAY, the next day, will be left entirely up to you to do as you please. We advise getting up early, however, for there will be plenty to occupy your time on the next day.

Tuesday will see all tours out at Universal Studios for lunch, a tour of the lot afterwards and a "look see" at the mysteries of movies—and what a grand time that will be! You're going to have lunch with the stars on Tuesday and that evening we will all have dinner with them.

Immediately after leaving the Universal lot, Mr. Max Factor has invited us all to come over to his famous make-up factory on a tour of inspection. This one trip has always proved to be most novel, and in years past all movieland Tourists have been fascinated by Mr. Factor's make-up studio.

And, last but not least, is our grand party at the Wilshire Bowl where, indeed, you will dine and dance with the stars, and where Les Parker, famed orchestra leader, will provide the music. George McCall of *Screen Scoops* fame, promises to be Master of Ceremonies, and already many stars have asked us not to forget them when we pass out the invitations for an evening of fun. Last year, Robert Taylor took a bow for us, Jimmie Fidler was Master of Ceremonies, Jimmy Stewart was there, as were Wayne Morris and too many more to mention. Hugh Herbert entertained, as did Mischa Auer and other stars.

But remember one thing—all this can be yours *only* if you act NOW. Once again we say, *"Don't miss the fun, join us this summer in the best vacation you've ever had."*



MOTHER:

When your baby is suffering **KNOW** what to do!

DON'T be *helpless* when an emergency arises! Every mother should *know* what to do. Don't trust to luck that your household will *escape* emergencies. You may be next. Be prepared!

At your drug store you can now get (while they last) a copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's new book—*free* with a purchase of "Lysol" disinfectant. Few doctors have had to deal with home emergencies as Dr. Dafoe has. Great distances, hard travel, in the Canadian back country forced him to teach his people what to do in emergencies till he got there. Now the benefit of this experience is yours, *free!* Accept "Lysol's" offer of first-aid facts. Ask, when you buy "Lysol", for your copy of Dr. Dafoe's book.

FREE! Dr. Dafoe's Book on Home Emergencies, 32 pages, 53 sections.

Do you know how to . . . Dress a wound? Treat animal bites? Give artificial respiration? Relieve sudden illness? Stop hiccups? Revive an asphyxiated person? These are just a few of many subjects this book covers, in clear, simple language anyone can understand. Free with any purchase of "Lysol", *for a limited time.*

53
EMERGENCY AIDS
. . . while waiting for the Doctor

Used in the care of the Quintuplets since the day they were born . . .

Lysol
Disinfectant

If your drug store cannot supply you—mail this to
LYSOL, Bloomfield, N. J. Dept.8-S.B.
(Enclose "Lysol" carton front. Dr. Dafoe's book will be sent at once, free and post-paid.)

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

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Do You Dream of a KNIGHT OF ROMANCE?

FAIR DAMSELS knew that the bravest knight could be a willing slave to an alluring perfume...

MODERN ROMANCE follows the same rules. The girl who clothes herself in the magic fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc has her gallant knight always at her beck and call.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"

—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. F, New York.

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... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 11]

Beth has been sick in bed. She hasn't had a chance to see a single friend, and Douglas has been waiting patiently until he can give a big welcome home party for his mother and step-dad.

JACK BENNY certainly has the laugh on Fannie Brice. He called backstage on Fannie recently, at the El Capitan Theatre where she rehearses for the *Good News* show of the air. Jack handed Fannie a bunch of fan letters. They were addressed, "To Baby Snooks, Care of the Jello program, Hollywood." Said Fannie: "That goes to show you what kind of people I appeal to!"

IF YOU really are a movie fan, pick out a hero with the right kind of mother. That's what the Michael Whalen fans did and do they have a wonderful time. Every day when Michael returns home from work, he meets a few of his fans who have been invited to tea by his mother. Incidentally, the Michael Whalen Fan Club has been doing an amazing job for their idol. Hundreds of letters have been received by producers, who are paying attention to the demands to give Michael bigger and better roles.

INTIMATE friends of Merle Oberon will tell you that she is looking forward to working with Gary Cooper. This will mark their first screen appearance, and Merle admits that Gary is one of her movie favorites. Since her return to Hollywood the seductive-looking Oberon has been leading a quiet sort of life. She's taken a beach house at the Santa Monica Palisades, a few doors away from Norma Shearer. Her friendship with Norma makes an interesting contrast in types and personalities, and the two are often seen together in public.

ANITA LOUISE is now a full-fledged bachelor girl. Anita has taken her own apartment at the swanky new Sunset Plaza. Recently her name hit the front pages, and she had every reason to be annoyed. Someone suing for back rent, named Anita Louise as the wife of the man who was being sued. According to the date given as the time the rental took place, Anita Louise was actually ten years of age. Maybe the lawyer handling the case is just a Tennessee Mountaineer at heart!

WHEN Francis Lederer appeared at the Biltmore Theatre in *Golden Boy*, Hollywood had a real shock. In the third act, Francis steps out of his dressing gown and displays one of the most physically perfect bodies ever to be put on exhibition. While it was a very dramatic scene, the one where he comes from the ring after killing a man, the house broke out in laughter. The reason was that the woman in the audience let out such an excited gasp when they got a load of Lederer, it almost broke up the players!

[*Continued on page* 18]

Mystery of the month: Why hasn't the striking English actress, Margaret Lockwood, been snapped up by Hollywood? *Three On a Honeymoon*, the new Gaumont-British film, reveals her breathtaking beauty and sensitive acting ability

THE POSTMAN RINGS

Marjorie Weaver, Pauline Moore and Loretta Young in a scene from Twentieth Century-Fox's forthcoming production, *Three Blind Mice.* SCREEN BOOK Magazine's protegé, Marjorie Weaver, is certainly doing all right for herself and we're mighty proud of her!

$15.00 Prize Letter

Only One Deanna Durbin!

DEAR EDITOR:
They said she was a one-picture girl—that she couldn't repeat. They called her a second Shirley Temple, whispered that a voice was dubbed in for hers, and that she was really much older than her given age. Yet that same girl, Deanna Durbin, has proven beyond all doubt that she is a brilliant artist with unlimited possibilities.

Possessing a rich, mature voice and an unpatterned, distinctive personality, Deanna has set a new standard among child stars for wholesome, healthy charm and natural, sincere acting. In all three of her pictures she has woven a magic spell of make-believe around her characters that has endeared them to us.

Long may she continue to charm a grateful public with those inimitable qualities which characterize her screen work; humor, charm, health and a vibrant singing voice!—*F. R. Miller, 320 Collins Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

No Changes, Please

DEAR EDITOR:
I could tell the producers to do away with happy endings because they are too artificial; stop using trite plots and formula stories. I could tell them to put more realism into their films and abandon the "happy ending." Stop building up their new stars and put more harsh, cold facts into their historical novels. I could even ask them to stop casting certain character actors in the same role in every film. And yet if through some miracle they complied with my request I wonder if I would be satisfied. I'm afraid not!

I guess I've grown accustomed to them. Grown to love all the ballyhoo, glamour and fanfare that surrounds the stars; the exciting parade of ever-changing faces; the provocative build-ups given new discoveries by press agents; the unreal, almost fantastic atmosphere that permeates everything Hollywoodish; the thrill of seeing all things end well with "Boy Gets Girl." Let's not change any of it!—*Mary Jane Barr, 659 S. Wayne Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.*

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

$5.00 Prize Letter

Come On Time!

DEAR EDITOR:
A great deal of the criticism directed at the movies is unjust because we ourselves spoil many films through our own carelessness. Often I hear a certain friend of mine claim she did not enjoy a film that I had thought marvelous entertainment. Where I had seen a clever tale, thrillingly told, she had found a muddled, senseless collection of actors, action and sequences. The dramatic sequences that thrilled me left her cold and unmoved, yet I am no more a romanticist than she, nor is she more indifferent or unappreciative of artistic expression than I!

The difference is that I *time* my arrival at the theatre; she enters whenever it is convenient. I am seated when the feature begins; she usually comes in when it is half over. Thus *I* have learned the secret of getting the most out of a movie!—*Agnes Specht, Hotel Tuller, Detroit, Mich.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Mr. Zanuck, Please Note

DEAR EDITOR:
Why in the name of everything that is sensible is Don Ameche continually cast in pictures supporting Sonja Henie and Alice Faye in milk and water musicals or skating extravaganzas wherein the feminine star is exploited and a good looking leading man is merely a prop?

Don Ameche is a splendid actor; not only a good looking face with the most engaging voice and grandest smile that ever hit Hollywood. He has everything, but how far has it gotten him? Tyrone Power continues to walk off with the fattest roles at their studio and a neighboring one; witness, *Marie Antoinette.*

With the exception of *In Old Chicago,* which to my mind was completely stolen by Don Ameche, (in all fairness, bouquets to Alice Brady for a magnificent performance) he has not had one part into which he could put his teeth into since he came to Hollywood!

For heaven's sake, Mr. Zanuck, be fair. You have the best actor in Hollywood standing on your very doorstep. Open the door to him before it's too late—and don't play favorites.—*Marjorie Van Ness, 59 Marion Avenue, Newark, N. J.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Music Hath Charms?

DEAR EDITOR:
Now that we enjoy music in our movies we sometimes wonder how we got along before without it, for in retrospect it seems rather like trying to eat an egg minus salt. Shakespeare said: "That man who hath no music in his soul is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils." However, he didn't mean the cash customer who disapproves of the noisicals.

The introduction of good music into the fabric of the story so that it becomes an integral part, and not merely a kind of appendage, was the real life-saver of the industry, but of late we are getting a trifle too much salt on our omelette. Music is essentially melody, not a compound of squeals, groans, croaks, and thumps knit together with rhythm. This is the prostitution of the art of music and in the same class as decadent literature and surrealist art of the sort perpetrated by painters suffering with a hangover.—*J. W. Bayne, 901 Hornby St., Vancouver, Canada.*

Don't let unsightly hair spoil your LOVELY LEGS!

RINSE OFF UNWANTED HAIR

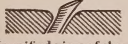
This Quick, Easy Way!

Legs are in the spotlight! And men just won't forgive the girl whose legs bristle with untidy hair. So—whether at the beach or clad in sheer silk stockings—be sure *your* legs are smooth and feminine!

Just spread NEET (like a cold cream in texture) on unwanted hair. Then rinse off with water. That's *all!* NEET removes all hair . . . leaves your skin satin-smooth.

Avoid Unpleasant Razor-Roughness

Say good-bye to rough skin and sharp, wiry hairs that grow in after shaving. There is no razor stubble to snag your stockings and cause runs—and no danger of cuts—when you use the safe and convenient NEET way. Beach wear, shorter skirts and summer dresses call for smoother, hair-free arms and legs. Do as millions of women do—remove unsightly hair with NEET. Get it *today.* At drug and dept. stores. Generous 10¢ size at all ten-cent stores.

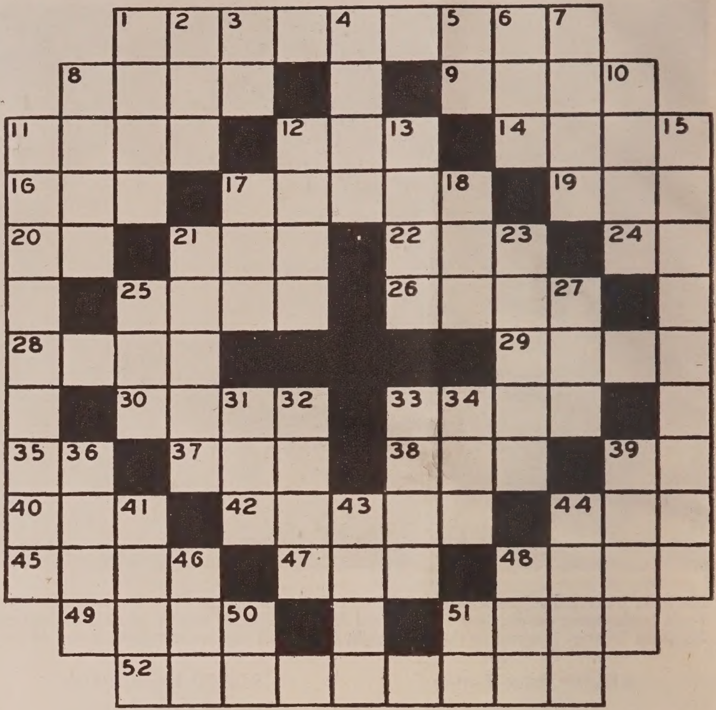


Magnified view of sharp bristly hair after shaving. Snags stockings.

NEET removes hair closer than razor, ***leaves no rough razor stubble.***

NEET **Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair**

TRY THIS CROSSWORD!



ACROSS

1. A star of *The Joy of Living.*
8. He starred in *Stormy Trails,* a western.
9. *Gretchen* in *The Buccaneer.*
11. Prison room in *Condemned Women.*
12. Charles Laughton had title role in *Ruggles of Red* ———.
14. *Flash Gordon's ———To Mars.*
16. Jackie Cooper is one.
17. Whose role is that of *Mabel* in *College Swing*?
19. Month in which Charles Chaplin celebrates birth (abbr.).
20. Initials of Miss Louise.
21. *You Can't ——— Luck.*
22. *Pierre* in *Mad About Music.*
24. His last name is Jenks.
25. *A Slight ——— of Murder.*
26. Balls are poised on these in golf scenes.
28. *My ——— Miss Aldrich.*
29. First name of Mr. Craig.
30. Remember Jeanette ———?
33. First name of a star of *Mama Runs Wild.*
35. Mr. Brown's initials.
37. Sonja Henie's native land (abbr.).
38. *Sally, Irene ——— Mary.*
39. Initials of Miss Lang.
40. First name of 35 Across.
42. Errol Flynn lately portrayed ——— *Hood.*
44. His last name is LeRoy and he dances.
45. Carole Lombard has blue ones.
47. *Four ——— and a Prayer.*
48. First name of one who had role of maid in *Adventures of Marco Polo.*
49. Whose husband is Joel McCrea?
51. Assumed part in a screen play.
52. First name of a star of *Bringing Up Baby.*

DOWN

1. *Fritz* in *Romance in the Dark.*
2. *It's ——— Yours.*
3. Miss Lupino's initials.
4. What donkeys do in sound films.
5. Initials of feminine lead in *Reckless Living.*
6. Krazy feline of the animated cartoons.
7. Her last name is Haden.
8. He was *Bill Cherau* in *Beg, Borrow or Steal.*
10. What Simone uses for her pretty pout.
11. She had title role in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.*
12. *Count Humbert* in *Love, Honor and Behave.*
13. Her last name is Kelton.
15. First name of Powell's leading lady in *The Cowboy from Brooklyn.*
17. Mischa Auer's birthplace (abbr.).
18. Cora Collin's middle name.
21. Nobleman such as Schildkraut portrayed in *Baroness and the Butler.*
23. It adorned chins of six of Disney's Dwarfs.
25. Leo Carrillo's native state (abbr.).
27. Descriptive of the villain.
31. *Paradise ——— Three.*
32. *The Nurse ——— Brooklyn.*
33. Landlady in *Test Pilot.*
34. First name of one who portrayed *Polly Benedict* in *Judge Hardy's Children.*
36. He had title role in *Cassidy of Bar 20.*
39. First name of one who was *Mrs. Rogers* in *Battle of Broadway.*
41. *Gordon Ainsley* in *Double Danger.*
43. Mr. Lugosi's first name.
44. *J. C. Martin* in *Her Jungle Love.*
46. *Wolves of the ———.*
48. He was *Joey* in *Mr. Moto's Gamble.*
50. Initials of star of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.*
51. Nelson Eddy's native state (abbr.).

(Solution on page 67)

INFORMATION

INFORMATION PLEAS

Will you kindly tell me where I must write in order to join a Nelson Eddy Fan Club.—Jean M.

I'm sorry I do not have this information at hand. I'm sure there is a Nelson Eddy Club and I would appreciate receiving this information for future reference.

Who was the girl in *Lancer Spy* who thought her husband dead? Also, what is Deanna Durbin's true age? —T. C.

Virginia Field played the wife of George Sanders. Deanna recently celebrated her 15th birthday.

I would like to know if Loretta Young and Frances Drake are related.

No, they are not.

Please tell me what is meant by free lancing.—M. L. B.

This means that the player is not under contract to any studio and is free to play parts for the company that desires his services.

Would you please tell me how I could reach Darryl Zanuck by mail.—A. S.

Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California, is his address.

Can you tell me the names of the books Errol Flynn has written? I would also like to know what the chain is he wears around his neck. —J. H. S.

The information on the books will be found in his biography elsewhere in column. The gold chain you refer to is a good luck charm given him by a dying missionary in the interior of New Guinea, which happens to be the only thing he is superstitious about.

Louis Hayward has the intriguing role of Danielle Darrieux's fiance in Universal's gay and romantic comedy drama, *The Rage of Paris*

Next to my grandchildren, the two personalities in this world that afford me great pleasure are Tyrone Power and Shirley Temple. Tyrone's smiling expressive eyes make me feel that there really is something in this world to feel happy about. Please advise me how I can secure photographs of these two charming stars.—Grandma Wilson.

And you, Grandma Wilson, sound like a very charming person, too! Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Calif., is their address.

Please tell me what studios Joan Crawford and Barbara Stanwyck work for and the addresses. Also what happened to Margaret Sullavan? I would like to see her in another picture.—I. A.

Joan Crawford has just renewed her contract for five years. Isn't that grand? The address is: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California. Barbara Stanwyck is under contract to RKO Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Margaret Sullavan's absence from the screen was due to her appearance on the stage in *Stage Door*. However, she is once more in Hollywood working on *Three Comrades* in which she has three leading men, Bob Taylor, Bob Young and Franchot Tone. The picture has already been released.

Is Harriet Parsons, Louella Parsons' sister or daughter?—L. E.

Harriet is her daughter. She produces the highly popular *Screen Snapshots* for Columbia.

Would you please tell me the names of the boys in *Dead End?* Also, the parts they played.—P. L. H.

Billy Halop as *Tommy;* Huntz Hall as *Dippy;* Bobby Jordan as *Angel;* Leo Gorcey as *Spit;* Gabriel Dell as *T. B.;* Bernard Punsly as *Milty,* and Charles Peck as *Philip.*

Please let us know which of Tyrone Power's forthcoming pictures, *Marie Antoinette* or *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, will be released first.—M. W. and H. C.

Both pictures will be released at approximately the same time, which will be in the early fall.

Would you please give me a biography of Errol Flynn. Also, where may I obtain a picture of him.—E. K. H.

Errol Flynn was born in the north of Ireland on June 20, 1909. He was educated at the Lycee Louis le Grand, in Paris and at St. Paul's School in London. On the boat coming over from England, he met and danced with a fascinating lady, Lili Damita. Their paths later crossed in Hollywood and they are now mrandmrs. Errol's most thrilling part in pictures was the title role in *Captain Blood.* Fate seems to cast him in sea-faring, swashbuckling roles on the screen as well as in life. Has ambitious literary tendencies, having completed a book covering his adventures in the "bush" and pearl fishing. Also wrote the popular "Beam Ends," published by Longmans, Green and Co. Speaks Chinese and many native dialects common in the South Seas. Swims, rides and plays tennis. He is 6 ft. 2 inches tall, weighs 180 lbs., has brown hair and brown eyes. Warner Bros., Burbank, Calif., is his studio address.

What part did Movita Castenada play in *The Hurricane?*—M. B. A.

She played a minor part, that of a native girl. However, she has been assigned the lead role in Monogram's *Isle of Terror.*

I'd like a brief biography of Louis Hayward. Also, the title of his next picture.—L. M.

Louis Hayward, versatile young English star, receives "man-of-the-month" honors this month. He was born at Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, on March 19, 1909, and is the second son of a gold mining engineer. Hayward has been connected with the stage most of his life, as at the age of seventeen he bought a half interest in a small stock company and grasped the opportunity of appearing in his own productions. Doesn't like driving, but flying is his greatest side interest. Rides horseback every morning. He weighs 155 lbs., is 5 ft. 11 inches tall and has blue-gray eyes and brown hair. Isn't married but is frequently seen escorting lovely Ida Lupino. He will shortly be seen in Universal's *The Rage of Paris,* in which Danielle Darrieux has the leading feminine role.

Who played the part of Felice in *Mad About Music?* Did Edith Fellows really sing in *Little Miss Roughneck?* If so, why doesn't she sing in more pictures? —Margery A.

The part of Felice was played by Helen Parrish, a Universal newcomer. Little Miss Fellow's charming voice has amazed many movie fans. She will sing in more pictures.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK Magazine will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 14]

Marie Wilson, Rosemary Lane and Jan Holm, three of Warner Brothers' brightest young players, had the time of their young lives at an informal studio picnic

EASILY the most vivid personality in Hollywood right now is Hedy LaMarr. Seen everywhere with Reginald Gardiner, Hedy effects a striking make-up. Her silken hair is brushed until it shines around her face. Her lips are deep red, her eyes a bright blue and her skin a snow white. And Hedy has an attractive habit of tossing her head back to keep her hair from falling over her eyes. Good Hollywood showmanship, we calls it!

NOW that he is off the air, Bob Hope decided it was a good time to line up a lot of new material. So he hired a gag man and paid him one thousand dollars a week to think up funny things. Ever since he has had the gag man, Bob has been playing nothing but benefits. Now Bob wants someone to give a benefit for him so he can raise the money to pay his gag man to think up more gags for Bob to use—*not* at benefits.

EVERYONE thought Ida Lupino was kidding when she began screaming hysterically, during a game of "Murder" at her house. To play this game, the entire place is shrouded in darkness. Someone plays the part of the corpse and someone else plays the part of the person who committed the murder and hid the body. The idea is for all the guests to go creeping around and try to solve the mystery. It's supposed to be fun if you don't mind having the tar scared out of you. Ida seemed to be enjoying herself until she suddenly got a severe attack of appendicitis in the dark. Everyone thought she was just playing the game until her shrieks became too realistic. The lights were switched on, Louis Hayward's house was called and he was routed out of bed. By the time he arrived at Ida's, they had her ready to leave for the hospital. She was operated upon the following morning. The doctor reported that had Ida waited another twelve hours, the operation would have been fatal.

LEE PATRICK has been learning to drive a car while waiting to start work with Bette Davis in *The Sisters.* The first day Lee went out alone, she just drove up the left hand side of the road against traffic. By the time a cop had pulled her over to the curb, Lee realized what she had done. "But I say there," said Lee, in her best British tones, (Lee comes from Louisville) "I'm jolly well sorry. I forgot I wasn't back in London." The cop tore up the tag.

EDMUND GOULDING has placed his charming Palm Springs home up for sale. Ordinarily he could make a pretty penny off the rental. But Eddie has so many friends who ask to use it. And he just hasn't the heart to take their money—that is, from those who offer it.

IT'S too bad we can't do it justice on paper but you'll just have to take our word for it. Hugh Herbert has just finished a picture with Luise Rainer, which is funny enough to even think about. But if you could hear Hugh's description and see his impersonation of the fluttery little Rainer, it's re-ally something!

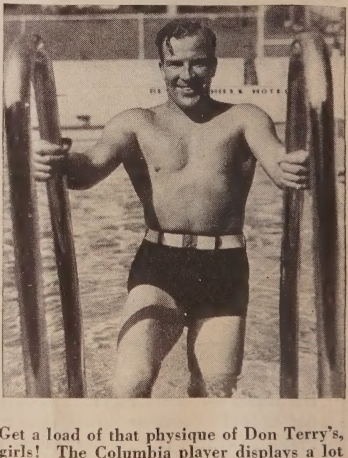
THE gossips are at it again. They're trying to circulate the story that Bob Taylor's car calls for the lovely bit of feminity who entertains at Hollywood's newest night club. In the first place Bob doesn't have a driver. In the second place Bob's car can be seen at least once during the day or evening resting peacefully at Barbara Stanwyck's door step. And in the third place the press agent for the night club is noted for stirring up rumors that haven't a grain of truth.

RUMOR also has it that Rhea Gable has offered to give Clark Gable his freedom, but Clark didn't take her up on it. Hollywood has seemed to take pleasure in believing that Rhea was the one who refused to let Clark go. If this current rumor is true, it throws a new light on the romantic situation.

CAROLE LOMBARD has a friend who is a critic. After the preview of *Fools For Scandal,* Carole (who really was upset) called up the friend and kiddingly said. "How much will you charge me to forget *Fools For Scandal?* Said the friend and critic, "Just twice as much as I charged Claudette Colbert to forget *Maid of Salem!"* But don't get us wrong—it was all done in fun.

THE day that Dennis O'Keefe walked on the set and saw another man standing in his place before the camera, Dennis almost collapsed. He had been so thrilled

[*Continued on page* 66]



Get a load of that physique of Don Terry's, girls! The Columbia player displays a lot of torso wearing a pair of Gantner and Mattern Wikies (trunks to us)

BARBARA STANWYCK

Picture acting is practically a side line with Barbara Stanwyck these days, since her Marwyck Stables take up so much of her time. But you'll see her in 20th Century-Fox's "Always Goodbye" and later in an RKO-Radio film

JOAN FONTAINE

Radiant Joan Fontaine, curls piled high atop her graceful head, is undeniably one of Hollywood's most talented youngsters. Right now she's making "Northern Flight," an RKO-Radio adventure film

LEW AYRES

Too long wasted in mediocre roles, Lew Ayres comes into his own once more with a distinguished performance in Columbia's "Holiday," with Katharine Hepburn

HOLLYWOOD GOES ICE-CONSCIOUS!

4

3

5

With summer just around the corner, Hollywood notables turned out in full force to witness an Ice Carnival! Star of the show was Bess Earhardt, glimpsed below (1) being congratulated by Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale. Other notables present included (2) Cesar Romero and Heather Thatcher; (3) Norma Shearer, James Stewart, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Merle Oberon; (4) Johnny Mack Brown, Chester Morris and his wife, Charlie Farrell, the missus and Billy Bakewell; (5) Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Gosden (he's "Amos" of radio) with Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown; (6) the Bing Crosbys

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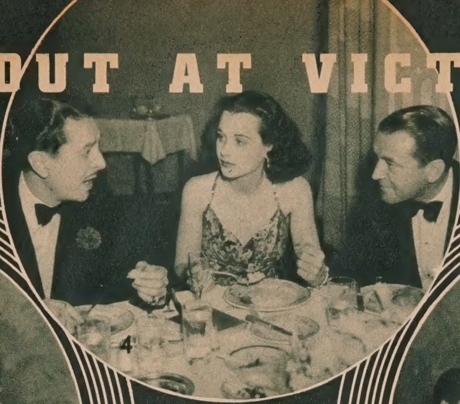
6

1

DINING OUT AT VICTOR HUGO



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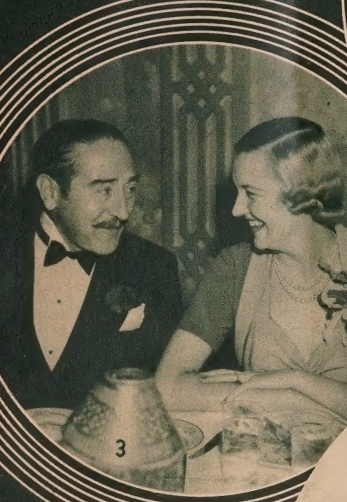

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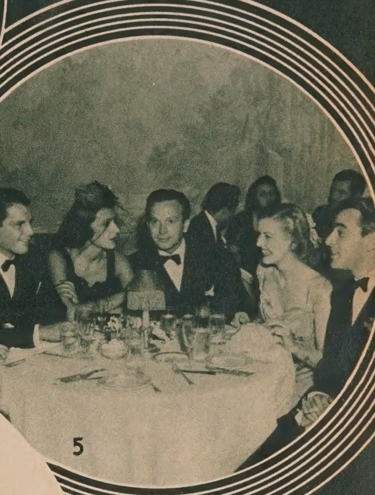

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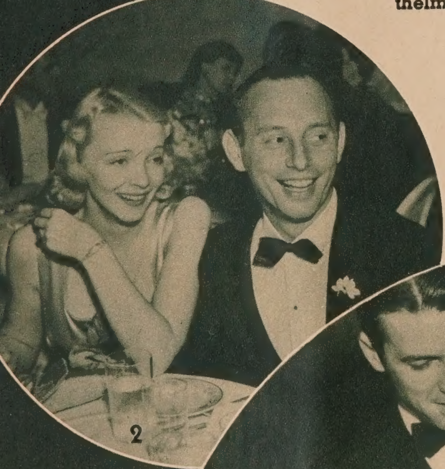
After the Ice Carnival shown on opposite page, many stars attended a supper party at the swank Victor Hugo Cafe in Beverly Hills. Exclusive pictures show (1) James Stewart and Norma Shearer as they filed past the buffet table; (2) Virginia Bruce with hubby Jack Ruben; (3) Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale; (4) Hedy Lamarr and Dick Barthelmess listen as Reginald Gardiner tells a story; (5) the Jimmy Ellisons, Gwen Pickford, James Bush, Anita Louise and Buddy Adler; (6) a departing group: Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Merle Oberon, James Stewart, Norma Shearer, Reginald Gardiner and Hedy Lamarr



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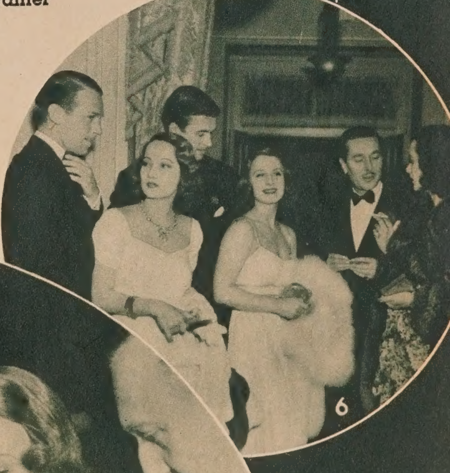

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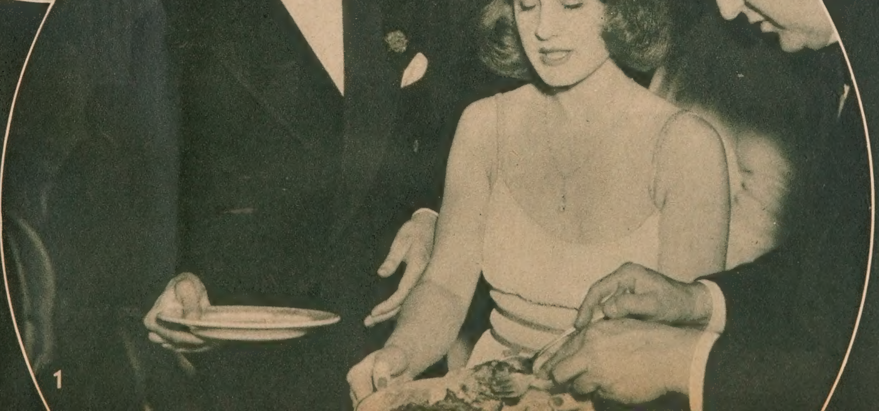

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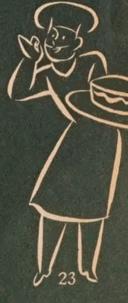

HOLLYWOOD'S NEW HEART

IN PROFILE, he might be Tyrone Power.

Full-faced, his peaked hairline and slightly pendulous lower lip suggest Robert Taylor.

His name is Richard Greene, and he is Hollywood's newest heartbreaker—the latest sensation in the movie village!

However, neither the appeal nor the promise of Richard Greene is based on surface resemblance to America's three favorite screen heroes. Rather, on an engaging, warm, delightful charm, which is distinctively his own and distinctively different! If you saw his first picture, *Four Men and a Prayer,* with Loretta Young, you're bound to be waiting for the forthcoming *My Lucky Star,* in which he plays opposite Sonja Henie.

Within three days of Greene's arrival in Hollywood, he was facing the cameras for his first production. Twelve hours later the Hollywood grapevines carried the swift message that Darryl Zanuck had picked another winner!

This towering six-foot Englishman is lithe, broad, with dark-brown hair inclined to wave and blue-grey eyes which can in turn be whimsical and deeply serious.

Richard Greene has the tradition of the theatre in his blood!

For three generations his forebears have been listed high on the roll-call of the theatrical great in England.

His maternal grandfather was Wallace Davidson, who was on the stage for half a century. His was the distinction of being the first pioneer in the introduction of motion pictures in England. Grandfather Greene was an actor also.

His mother is Kathleen Gerrard, who is still appearing on the London stage in character roles.

His aunt, Evie Greene, was the toast of pre-war Britain. His uncles, Frank and Norman Greene, are known both to the New York and London stage.

And so from childhood Richard Greene, literally born in the wings of the theatre, has had no other inspiration, no other ambition, no other thought, than to follow in the footsteps of his clan.

But before he became part and parcel of his heritage, there was a matter of schooling to get out of the way. The moment he was graduated from the Cardinal Vaughan School, a noted educational institution in Kensington, London, he went out on his own to make good. He insisted that he must stand or fall on what he himself had to give, and begged that no word of favor be spoken in his behalf.

At the age of nineteen, he made his debut in a walk-on part in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* at the "Old Vic" Theatre in London.

The part required nothing more than a sturdy pair of legs to carry him onto the stage and hold him there immobile for minutes on end.

But burning ambition was quickening in the young actor's soul. He had been

At top of page: Richard Greene with the entrancing Sonja Henie in *My Lucky Star.* In center: Greene as he arrived in New York on his speedy trip to Hollywood and 20th Century-Fox. Bottom: fond of athletics, the new star lists tennis as his favorite sport

BREAKER!

By SONIA LEE

Here's Richard Greene, most serious contender for the thrones of Gable, Power and Taylor!

weaned on tales of small parts becoming large parts in the hands of an actor of genius. It might be a walk-on part in the script, but he'd show 'em!

And so he deviated from instructions. Instead of standing at rigid attention, as required, he leaned his spear against a wall and engaged in animated, though silent conversation with another spear-bearing sentinel.

He moved about a bit to emphasize his presence and to impress his personality. But a polite and pointed note from the stage director the following day, brought his innovations to an untimely end.

The following day he was a spruce-straight, immovable sentinel.

FROM that small beginning, Greene went successively but not too rapidly to speaking roles. *Journey's End,* the memorable war play, brought him his first real recognition. While only a small role, it was a telling part.

He had his fling in pictures in 1934, after three [*Continued on page 72*]

VIRGINIA

JUST as you reach the conclusion that Hollywood has, at last, become a normal place (and whatever made you think that, you ridiculous person) you discover that at one of the popular beauty shops along the boulevard they dish out glimpses of the future along with manicures and facials. It makes the tedious business of being made beautiful practically painless. Especially if you hear exciting news, as Virginia Bruce did one day last November when she was getting a shampoo.

"You are going to have a romance," said the psychic.

"I wish it were true," sighed Virginia.

"But it *is* true. I see a whirlwind courtship and you will be married—immediately."

But Virginia wasn't easily convinced.

"It can't be," she protested. "I'm starting a new picture and we go to the desert on location tomorrow. We'll be away weeks, and the only men in the picture are Wallace Beery and Dennis O'Keefe. You know Wally's married and Dennis has a girl. You must be wrong."

Another faint sigh escaped Virginia's lovely mouth, for ever since her marriage to Jack Gilbert ended so unhappily she has made no secret of her willingness to try marriage again—someday, when the right man came along.

As she had planned, she went to Kanab, Utah, the next day to make *The Bad Man of Brimstone* and, in the rush of getting away, forgot all about her promised romance. She never once thought of young J. Walter Ruben, a decidedly eligible bachelor, who was directing the picture. She had known him for years and liked him but was concerned at the moment about the picture. She had never worked with him before and she'd have to adjust herself to his ways. Every director has a different method of making a picture.

What Jack Ruben was thinking was that here was an opportunity he had dreamed of for years. Promptly he put into action such a campaign of little attentions that even Virginia, accustomed as she is to attention, couldn't ignore them.

First, there was the argument over accommodations. The one suite in the tiny lodge on the desert had been reserved for Virginia but the others wanted it just the same. Mr. Ruben settled that quickly in Virginia's favor.

"Don't call Virginia early," he would tell his assistant, "we'll make some other scenes first." And what girl wouldn't

Everyone in Hollywood rejoices in Virginia Bruce's happy marriage to J. Walter Ruben, because she's one of the town's best-liked stars. Below, with Robert Montgomery in the impressive *Yellow Jack*, and on opposite page, with Herbert Marshall in *One Woman's Answer*, both new M-G-M films

By FRANC DILLON

Hollywood's most outspoken star gives her startling views on how to win happiness—and a husband!

BRUCE SPEAKS OUT!

be pleased at an extra half hour's sleep, particularly if she'd been out looking at the moon the night before?

There were long walks in the evenings beneath that romantic desert moon, when the stars were so close Jack could scarcely tell them from Virginia's eyes. And there, alone with the girl he loved, ("well, practically alone," Virginia laughs now, "except for eight or ten of the boys who always went walking with us,") he did his courting. Any man who can make love to a girl under such conditions deserves to win out!

However, it wasn't until they were on the train coming home that he whispered, "Will you marry me?" Virginia said "maybe" with her lips but her eyes and her heart said "yes."

Probably it was the first time he'd been alone with her, an opportunity presented because not more than two people can get comfortably into a Pullman seat, but Virginia says, "Well, he didn't want to ask me until he was sure I felt the same way about it that he did." Two weeks later they were married with a quiet ceremony at home.

"It wasn't like marrying a stranger," Virginia said, with "that" look on her lovely face and an air of happiness about her. "I'd known him eight years, ever since we both worked at Paramount. We were just casual friends. Then when Jack Gilbert and I were separated, Sonny (she calls him Sonny because she doesn't like the name Walter and thinks one husband named Jack is enough) called me a couple of times and asked me to go out with him. I didn't think it was a good idea to go out with anyone at that time so I had to refuse and he never asked me again."

HE SAYS now that he was in love with her all the time. "And maybe he was," Virginia admitted. "He recalls things that happened at Paramount—things he said and I said. Maybe he was, I don't know. I'm just glad that he is now," and she glanced proudly at the dainty circle of diamonds on her wedding finger.

"You see, Sonny and I didn't start with any handicaps. We knew all about each other. We like to do the same things and like the same people."

Besides love, they have a mutual admiration and esteem for each other and respect for what each has achieved in the profession. "Sonny is so clever," she said enthusiastically. "He does everything well. And what a good director he is! I enjoyed working with him. I'd like to have him direct me again. I wouldn't be one bit embarrassed. He is so [*Continued on page* 63]

WHEN MERLE OBERON FACED DEATH!

In her darkest and most painful hour, Merle Oberon discovered a reason for loving life!

By JOHN WOOLF

YOU had to believe in luck, fate, providence, destiny—call it what you will.

It was a sunny afternoon in April and you sat in a quietly spacious room in New York with a girl whose face as she spoke was alternately gay, shy, sadly reflective. Beneath a cloud of hair windblown with tones of smoky red her face was exquisite and exciting as April itself. She was telling you how easily she might not have been there at all!

You knew how a man's careless glance had spied that face in a London restaurant, and how he had opened up for its possessor a world of fame and riches beyond her wildest dreams. You were learning how a man's chance remark had almost sent her to her death.

And each time fate had selected a tall, lean, kindly man in London as the instrument. Each time it was Alexander Korda. Just then 3,500 miles away.

A little over a year before, Merle Oberon had talked to Korda in London. With production on her picture at a standstill, with nothing to be done for a week, she wanted to steal a few days to spend in the English countryside. She was badly in need of rest from the tension and work of the studio. To Korda the idea seemed an excellent one. He said so. And then came the chance remark.

"Before you leave, why don't you stop at the costumer's and get a fitting on the last gown for the picture? It'll save time when you return."

Her car was waiting. She gave the chauffeur instructions to drive to the costumer's. "Hurry," she added. "We've only a few hours to pack and make the train." And as the car ground into gear and slipped away from the curb, Merle Oberon settled back in her seat to dream of delicious days of idleness.

She didn't know that it would be a long time before she would get that vacation. Nor did she suspect that fate had launched her on an errand more tensely dramatic, more fraught with tragedy and pain than any role she would be called on to play. She couldn't believe an accident would happen any more than some of her London friends could believe afterwards that it actually did happen!

"How," a few of the more obstinate ones have asked her, "can you have an accident on the streets of London?" Merle Oberon smiles wrily when she tells about that question.

It did happen as they came to a crossing a few blocks from their destination. Through the window at her right Merle Oberon saw another vehicle looming larger, growing closer, rushing down on her with a sudden voiceless menace. She felt the paralyzed inaction that everyone

[*Continued on page* 70]

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HOW TO SEE STARS!

Tip to Hollywood summer visitors: don't get discouraged if you can't gain admittance to a movie studio. For Hollywood is an "eating-out" town if there ever was one, and you can see all the stars your little heart desires if your purse allows. For proof: (1) Gracie Allen, Mary Livingstone, Bob Burns and Jack Benny, at the Cocoanut Grove; (2) Harriet Hilliard, Mrs. Fred MacMurray and Fred himself at the same gay spot, which you'll find at the famed Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles; (3) Shirley Ross and radio mogul Ken Dolan at the Biltmore Bowl; (4) Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda at the swank new Phil Selznick Cafe; (5) Dorothy Lamour and Randy Scott, at a Cocoanut Grove gala; (6) at Sardi's, Bob Burns reminds his wife that fun's fun, but it's time to get home to that new baby! (7) Claude Stroud, Gloria Brewster, Diane Lewis and Clarence Stroud at the Century Club; (8) Robert Montgomery and his wife, with actor Walter Connolly, enjoy a formal evening at the Trocadero

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SO YOU WON'T TALK!

By TERRY LORTON

Betty Grable

Loretta Young

Joan Fontaine

Olivia de Havilland

THE Handsomest Star of a certain prominent studio was in a black mood. He sat down at the luncheon table and got the interview off to a bad start. "Don't mention my start in pictures, my personal affairs, and especially don't mention my married life," he said bluntly.

The Handsomest Star didn't ask the nature of the interview. He was unhappy at the moment, and he desired to enjoy the mood only as a screen star can. Therefore he chose candidness to courtesy. And for his pains he got, in return, forty minutes of painful silence.

It was a highly unsuccessful interview. Your correspondent knew all the answers and understood the mood. Home troubles had started this film favorite off on a temperamental binge; his inherent love for ham acting kept him on it. The result? No interview worth mentioning, and no story.

All the stars have subjects they would sooner not discuss. Some of them refuse even confidential interviews. They won't talk for publication, nor even explain why they won't. Unfortunately, such people are usually the ones needing publicity the most—stars of long standing, who might easily fall to oblivion on the weaknesses of two bad pictures in a row.

On the other hand there are certain favorites in Hollywood who meet interviewers warmly and speak frankly. These stars are of the Bette Davis, Virginia Bruce, Loretta Young category. Their friendliness and straight-forwardness reaps them plenty of favorable publicity.

Carole Lombard was that way once. Now, at the very top of her great career, Carole has turned thumbs down on publicity. On her last picture at Warner Brothers she gave out just one lone magazine interview, I am told.

Quote her? You can't quote Carole on anything anymore—anything except her alleged reason for not being interviewed. She has informed the waiting press that, in these past ten years, she has discussed everything under the sun. There's nothing new to talk about—so what's the use?

It's a pretty fair defense, unless you stop to analyze a star's life. Then you realize that every week in the year something new is happening, something which will make good public reading. Every new film brings new experiences, new fun. I don't think her reason will stand up.

A couple of years ago Carole was top favorite with the interviewers. If she liked the stuff they wrote about her, she would thoughtfully send telegrams of congratulations. Naturally it pleased them. They thought a lot of her. Well, they're still thinking about Carole today, but what they're thinking would make another story!

You can get W. C. Fields all upset by asking him if he has ever been married. I love Bill Fields, and don't like to see him feeling bad. So I've never had the nerve to ask him why this question bothers him. There's another thing about Bill—when you're quoting him, or even just talking with him—leave out the matter of death. It's strictly taboo! The mention of the word gives this great old trouper the jitters.

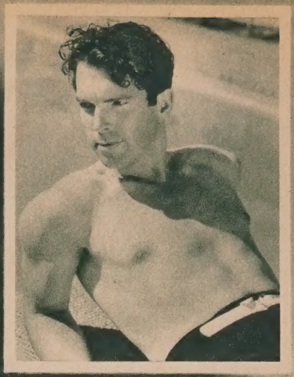
A LOT of the stars won't talk about their married lives. Ray Milland won't. Gary Cooper won't mention his wife's name. Claudette Colbert wants you to forget she's married to a doctor. Ditto for Irene Dunne and her dentist husband. Ginger Rogers shuts up like a clam when Lew Ayres is mentioned.

And speaking of Claudette, she hates like the dickens to be quoted in the role of "kindly advisor." She thinks those kind of quotes (how to be beautiful, popular, etc.) make you look vain, superior. And she does not consider herself that much of an authority.

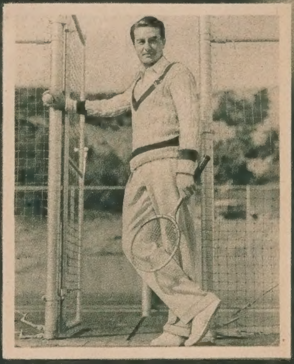
But Claudette is nice enough in other ways. She often sees the copy in advance of publication. She may want to change a quote, but very seldom does she ask the writer to change his own opinions.

Before her [*Continued on page* 52]

Our glamour girls and boys have the oddest reasons for going into the Great Silence as far as interviews are concerned. Some stars won't talk on anything, while to others, only certain subjects are taboo



Fred MacMurray

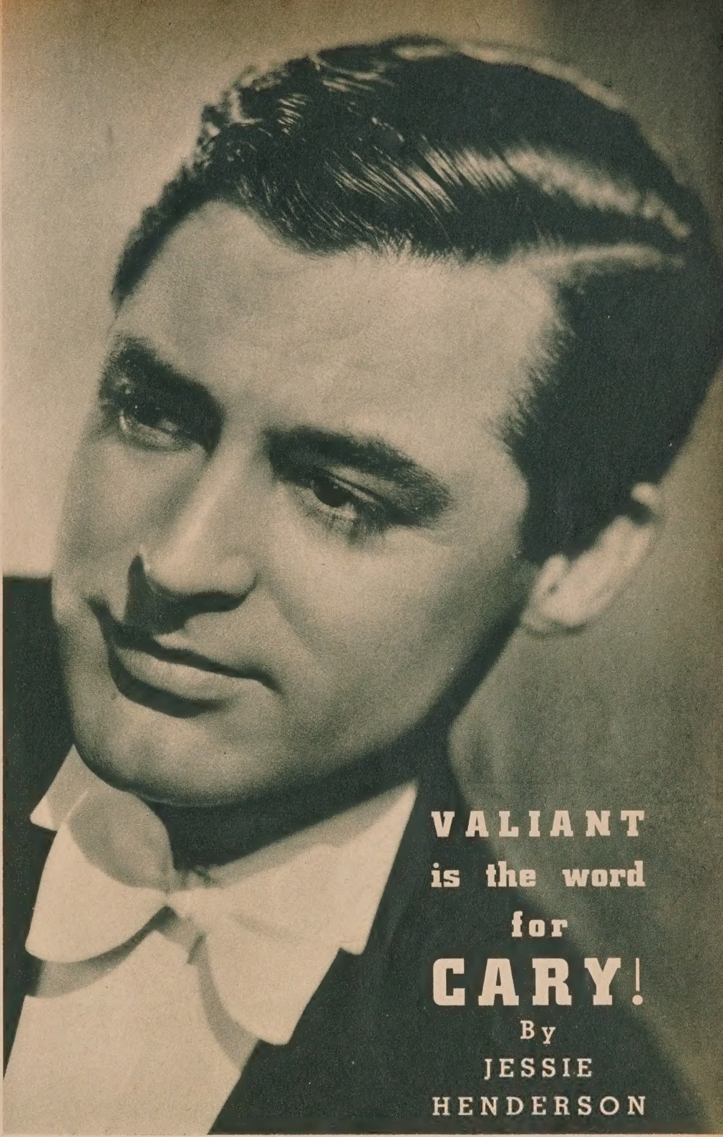


Ray Milland

Carole Lombard, shown above in a jovial mood at a recent broadcast, was once the pride of Hollywood interviewers—but no more. The handsome lady now shuts up like the w.k. clam! William Powell and Gail Patrick, at right, both have taboo subjects

MYRNA LOY

Good news for the Myrna Loy admirers (know anybody who isn't one?): the gracious lady will next appear with Clark Gable as co-star in M-G-M's tale of the newsreel cameramen, "Too Hot to Handle"



VALIANT is the word for CARY!

By
JESSIE
HENDERSON

Archie Leach, boy acrobat, and Cary Grant, movie star, had the same determination!

IF WHEN you're strolling across the studio lot with Archibald Leach he suddenly leaps to the top of a fence and balances there lightly on one hand, don't be alarmed; it's only Cary Grant. For Cary Grant and Archibald Leach, who are one and the same, started out in England with the determination of being an acrobat.

Made it, too, at the age of twelve, on a salary of three dollars a week. So now, at less than thirty, this Cary Grant of the big brown eyes and the wavy, black hair is a star who gets considerably more than three dollars a week. And the difference between the acrobat and the star, or the connection between them if you like, is simply a matter of grit and keep-at-it. It's simply that Valiant is the word for Cary.

"Don't sit around waiting for a break," Cary advised somebody the other day, "get out and work for one!"

He has never minded work. Which is a good thing, for the physical work in his newest film with Katharine Hepburn — Columbia's *Holiday* — would be pretty appalling to a lad who hadn't to some extent kept up his acrobatic training. He has to do nip-ups and cartwheels. He swings from chandeliers, too. But the work he does in this picture is nothing compared with what he did when he first decided that his was to be a career in the theatre, and then on the screen.

Good friends off and on the screen are Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn, now co-stars in Columbia's *Holiday*

No fanfare of trumpets heralded the arrival of Cary Grant in America. When the ship that carried him to New York sailed up the harbor, the Goddess of Liberty didn't wave her torch nor did a committee clamber aboard the boat to bid him welcome. New York was meeting Cary Grant for the first time—yes, by jingoes, and even when she met him for the second time her greeting was the same: a cold, "So what?"

It's practically unprecedented for a foreign actor to reach Hollywood without advance ballyhoo so terrific that it's deafening. Danielle Darrieux, Illona Massey, Anna Sten, Simone Simon, Maurice Chevalier, Charles Laughton—plus a number of players who'd never been [*Continued on page* 57]

Behind the Scenes with CHARLES

By
TED MAGEE

Charles Boyer's new picture, "Algiers," will be the testing ground for two of Tomorrow's Stars — Hedy Lamarr and Sigrid Gurie!

ANYBODY can grow tired of being a hero, whether he's a flatfoot pounding a beat in the Bronx, or a first-rate Hollywood film star. Of course, most of us—including the gumshoe cop—don't somehow seem to get our full share of heroics, but the Hollywood star—well, it's a wonder he doesn't go looking for a nice little old-fashioned massacre of his own. Yes, sir, you can get mighty tired of being a model gentleman all your life.

Take Charles Boyer, for instance. A producer just looks at him and says, "Here, find a nice romantic role for Charlie. Something that will make the women yearn for him. You know the kind I mean—the kind he always plays."

Somehow I never got around to asking Boyer what he would like to do to end the stigma. But just the same, I

At right, Charles Boyer enacts a torrid *Algiers* love scene with newcomer Hedy Lamarr. Small photo on opposite page shows the star with Sigrid Gurie, who has a role entirely different from the one that introduced her to fans in *Marco Polo*. Large portrait of Miss Lamarr on opposite page was taken exclusively for SCREEN BOOK Magazine by Robert Coburn. Hedy, by the way, hopes that the public will soon forget that she was the star of the widely-publicized foreign film *Ecstasy* imagine he had few wild projects in mind, and just as he was getting ready to cut loose and show 'em a thing or two, Walter Wanger came along and said, "Boyer, I've got an antidote for an overdose of heroism. Come inside a minute—"

So Charles Boyer accompanied Mr. Wanger to his private den, and sometime later he emerged a very happy man. For a change he was not going to be the righteous hero. No, sir; he had something different. He wasn't going to be a heel either. Just a nice, conservative thief. A young man who very politely lifts ten grand worth of jewels out of a lady's boudoir, or more pleasantly yet, removes it from her person while singing her praises to the accompaniment of soft music.

Yes, it must have been a happy occasion when Boyer became Pepe Le Moko, the thief, in *Algiers.* It was such a nice, legal way to get rid of the inhibitions built up by heroic roles. And all the time that he is having such a devilish good time, he is making love to gorgeous women!

As Pepe (Baby Face) Le Moko, Boyer has the lovely Sigrid Gurie for a sweetheart. When he tires of her, he falls for another gorgeous creature—Hedy Lamarr. Not a bad assignment at all, I'd say!

When I entered the *Algiers* set at United Artists studio, Boyer was about to make Hedy's acquaintance. Of course he had actually met her in person weeks before. This was their cinematic introduction—and under exciting circumstances.

The set represented the native section of an Algerian city, called the Casbah. Once within its bounds, a jewel thief was considered safe from the alert French gendarmes. That's why Pepe stuck pretty close to home base.

The Casbah set is one of the most ingenious arrangements you ever saw. It occupies a whole sound stage, and has more winding, narrow streets than you could dream about. The streets start at floor level, gradually working higher. At the top end of the set, they reach to the rafters —at least 40 feet above the floor. Yet the ascent is so gradual that you are astounded to realize how high you have climbed.

I looked the thing over and said, "It's beautiful, and very unique. But how in the devil can a camera crew ever shoot this long sequence in such narrow quarters?" Really, it sounded like a perfectly good point.

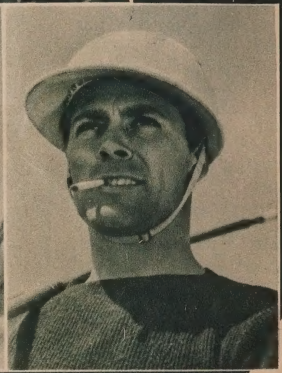
And then the secret came out. Overhead was a single-rail track, hanging from the rafters. It snaked along the streets of the Casbah, always right in the center. From this overhead track hung a utility "trolley car." And on the platform of the car was a camera. All the director had to do was climb aboard and utter magical commands. Smoothly, without a tremor, the camera moved back through the streets, with every little cranny exposed to his lens.

But that wasn't all.

[*Continued on page* 56]

Allan Lane's sport interests are more diversified than any other actor in the film industry. They include (left to right, below) football, flying, baseball and polo! He's with RKO-Radio Pictures

ALLAN'S LANE TO FAME!



By MONROE QUIGG

On the screen, as well as the football gridiron, Allan Lane is always a standout!

IT HAS taken a long time, but Hollywood, looking over the film record of Allan Lane, the tall and handsome leading man at RKO-Radio, has finally discarded the idea that football heroes can't become actors, and good ones at that, if only given an opportunity.

Allan has been in five pictures during the five months he has been with this studio, and is scheduled for as many more before the year is out. For a guy who started out to earn a livelihood by kicking the pigskin around as a member of the professional Cincinnati Reds, this should be considered as an outstanding achievement in any man's language!

Another thing about this ex-pro footballer is his modesty, a little facet of human character that's almost as hard to find in Movietown as a man who can't wait to pay his income tax.

"You could have knocked me over with a splinter from a goal post," says Allan, "the day the local manager of the Cincinnati Stock Company came into our dressing room after a game and told me, without cracking a smile, that he'd like to have me come down to his office and read a play. He'd been a spectator at the game, he said, and after watching the boys push one another around all afternoon, had picked me out as being the most likely to go places in the theatre!

"He didn't tell me why, and honestly, I couldn't understand how he could select me from among twenty-two grunting, scrappy young men who had been so busy trying to commit mayhem. I had a hunch the boys had doctored up a gag, but rather than spoil it, I went down the next morning, read the play, and much to my amazement, signed a contract.

"From moleskins to buskins is quite a change, even for a young footballer, but I managed to get by, although I would never have known it had I relied on the criticisms that my gridiron pals used to hurl at me from their front-row seats whenever they visited the show. The things they used to hiss at me over the footlights! But I

[*Continued on page* 59]

Hollywood's CLOWN PRINCESS

Newest—and most popular—comedienne on the screen today is the unassuming ex-vaudevillian, Joan Davis

By
E. J. SMITHSON

SHE'S the "Clown Princess" of the silver screen! She's fallen for more jokes—and made more money doing it—than any other girl you can name in Hollywood!

She has the reputation of being the "fallingest" girl in the history of the theatre.

She's a falling star, if there ever was one, and, according to a recent poll, the funniest comedienne who ever "laid 'em in the aisles."

She's none other than Joan Davis, the 20th Century-Fox screen hoyden whose life-work on celluloid is devoted solely to providing mirth-quakes for movie fans. That she has succeeded in doing so is attested by the tremendous growth of her popularity, the flood-like proportions of her fan mail, and the fact that producers and directors out at 20th Century-Fox actually refuse to start a picture unless they're assured in writing that the scripters and gag men will dig up something better and funnier than sequences in her last picture.

We went out to see Joan the other day at her home—"the house that jokes built"—as she calls it. We also saw her two dogs—Big Boy, who eats nothing but oranges, and Sonny, who has a complex for lemons. We also saw the trick tin roof that blows away into the neighbors' yard every time the canyon winds start howling through Beverly Drive!

Shaking the cowbell that hangs alongside the front gate, we heard a pleasant voice in back of the house shout "Come on in!" and there was Joan. She looked as though she had been working pretty hard and, as it turned out, she had.

"Now," she began, after introductions were over, "before we begin talking about ourselves, I want to tell you something that's an actual fact and I don't care whether you believe it or not. See that fish pool? Well, it's full of fish—which is perfectly all right, but it's also full of bull-

[*Continued on page* 68]

Joan Davis and her 4-year-old daughter, Beverly, (top of page) are the best of pals. Above, Joan and Bert Lahr are teamed again in Shirley Temple's Lucky Penny

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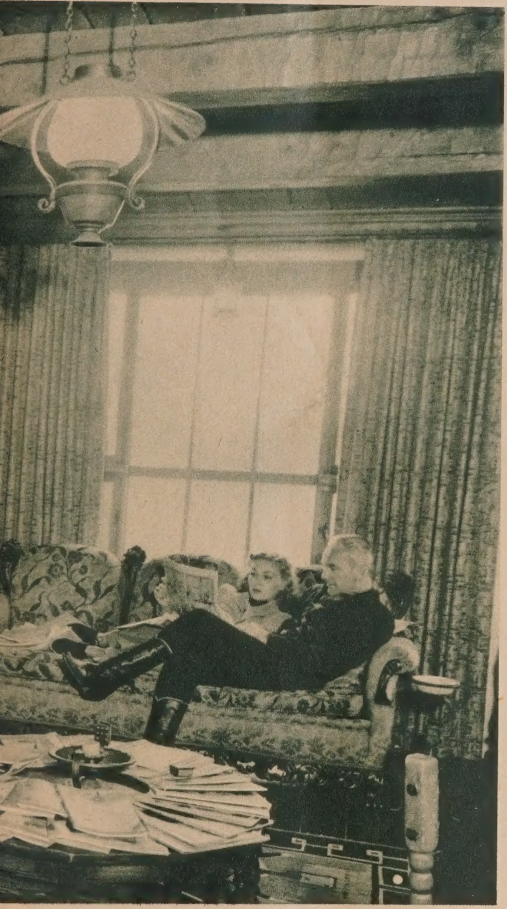
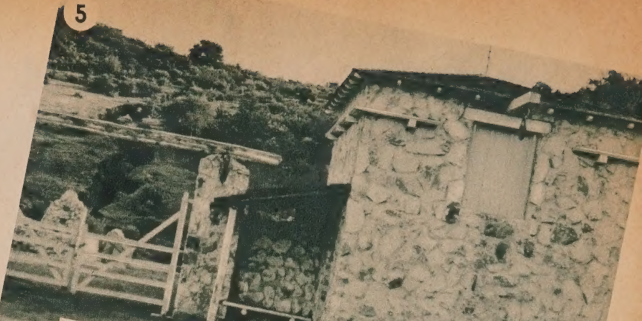
Wouldn't you just know that William Boyd ("Hopalong Cassidy" to countless fans) would live on a real ranch in true Western style? It's a beautiful place, too, where Bill lives with his actress bride, Grace Bradley. Exclusive Fawcett photos shows: (1) Grace and Bill with two of their prize horses. (2) One of Grace's hobbies is tropical fish, for which a huge pond was built. (3) The huge living room of the Boyd home covers an entire wing. (4) Close-up of the fireplace in the living room, with its wagon wheel chandelier

West

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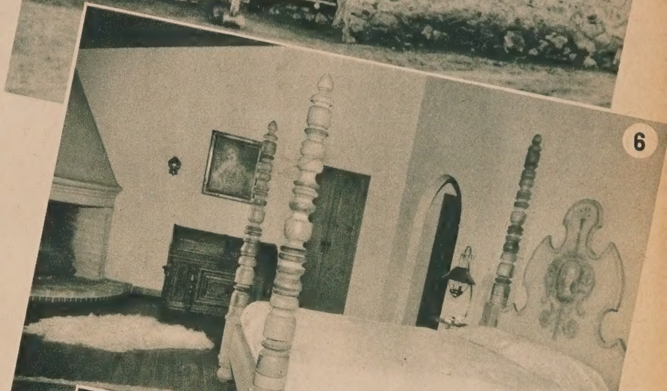
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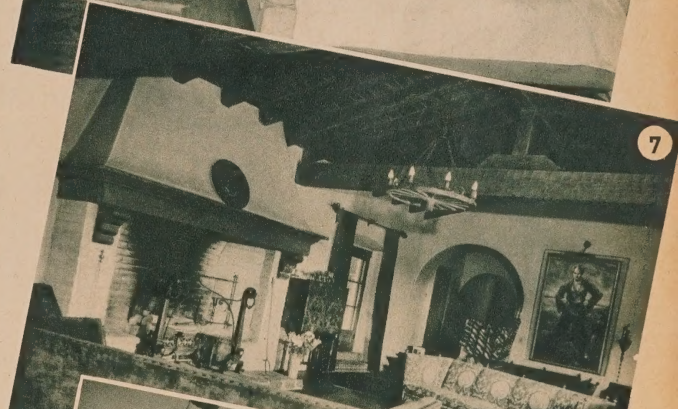
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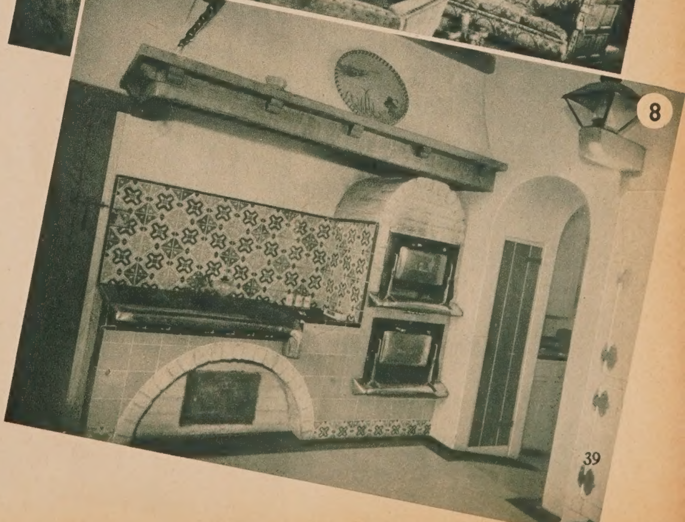
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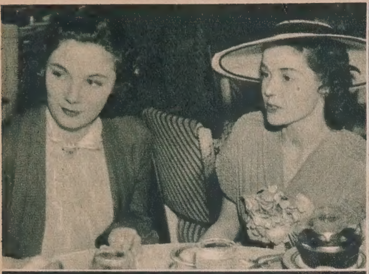
Auburn-haired Grace Bradley is one girl who married her favorite screen hero! He was her favorite when she was a schoolgirl in Brooklyn. Certainly they look happy in the large picture in center, romancing in their "den"! (5) All the stables and outhouses of the Boyd estate are built with rough stones and mortar, following the Spanish motif. (6) Guest room in the home is colorful with its antique Spanish four-poster bed and gay furnishings. (7) Another view of the living room, dominated by a portrait of Boyd in one of his most famous roles, C. B. de Mille's "The Volga Boatman." (8) Grace's kitchen is one that any bride would be proud to own! The huge tile and hammered copper stove was made especially for her

"MISS MONOGRAM" IN HOLLYWOOD



What a whirl SCREEN BOOK Magazine's new contest winner, Jean O'Neill had during her Hollywood trip! As "Miss Monogram," Jean played an important role in the Monogram picture "Romance of the Limberlost," which stars Jean Parker and Eric Linden (large picture at top right shows her in a romantic scene with Linden), and she was also royally entertained at other studios. At right, on the set of "Suez," Jean poses with the glamorous Loretta Young. Top picture, directly above, shows "Miss Monogram" with the bright new star, Marjorie Weaver, who began her rise to film eminence by winning a similar SCREEN BOOK Magazine contest two years ago. Center: a memorable moment for Jean O'Neill—when she lunched with Tyrone Power in the Cafe de Paris of the 20th Century-Fox lot. Below: Jean had a thrill meeting Claire Trevor on the Warner Bros. lot, between scenes of the Technicolor film, "Valley of the Giants"

What is the DANGEROUS AGE?

Asks ANITA LOUISE

The lovely young star gives her opinions about romance and careers

By SUSAN CAMPBELL

"PEOPLE talk about getting married as they would about having the measles," laughed Anita Louise. "They tell me I'll be an old maid if I don't hurry!"

She looked slightly bewildered at the idea of being an old maid at twenty-one, and it did seem pretty ridiculous, for at that moment she looked about twelve. Dressed for tennis, she was wearing canary yellow flannel shorts and shirt, yellow socks, and around her neck a blue scarf brought out the sapphire blue of her eyes. Her pale, gold hair was held back by a narrow ribbon and she sat cross-legged on a love seat wiping her tennis shoes on its gold brocade upholstery.

At right, Anita Louise as she will appear in M-G-M's *Marie Antoinette*. In circle, as Kay Francis' daughter in Warners' *In Every Woman's Life*. Other "children" surrounding Kay are Dickie Moore, Bonita Granville and Bobby Jordan

Anita always looks like something that a confectioner stirred up of whites of eggs and powdered sugar, but don't be fooled—for that is as far as the simile goes. She may look pastel on the outside but there's nothing pastel about her brain.

In spite of her fragile beauty, Anita Louise plays a stiff game of tennis, is known as a "regular" girl

Of course she is beautiful—so eye-filling that, absorbed in the business of looking at her, you can know her for years before it ever occurs to you to listen to her. Unless you happen to meet her in the dark you simply accept the popular theory that no one so beautiful could possibly have anything to say.

And that is where the casual observer is wrong again, for Anita has plenty to say, particularly on the marriage question.

"They say I 'ought' to get married," she complained. "Everyone seems to be more worried about it than I am. Anyway I don't think it is a fair question when I'm not engaged or even in love. And it *is* a slightly personal matter," she added, blushing. Incidentally, blushing is Anita's only concession to the crinoline age.

"After all," she continued, "why should I get married? I'm in no hurry. Of course I think of marriage—every girl does. It's a natural event to look forward to, but I would like to wait another five years.

"No one knows what they will or won't do, however, especially about romance. Even the most adamant people are often mistaken. They swear they won't fall in love and the next thing they know they are head over heels in love. Inasmuch as this is the dangerous year for me, I'm not saying I won't fall in love. I just feel that now that I'm past my twenty-first birthday I'm safe for another five years or so.

[*Continued on page* 61]

WHY LUISE RAINER MADE PEACE WITH HOLLYWOOD!

By CECIL DEANE

Rainer the Rebellious is now Rainer the Reasonable—and all her troubles are forgotten!

WHEN Luise Rainer recently came forward to receive another Academy Award, and a few days later started working for the first time in nearly a year, few realized the real drama that lay behind these events!

Few, if any, knew that a subtle and fierce three-year Star vs. Studio battle had at last been settled.

Few realized that this much-awarded little Viennese, at the last moment, had snatched back the brilliant career which she had all but tossed out of the window.

And none realized that one of Hollywood's most famous marriages had been saved!

The story is a lengthy one. And it dates all the way back to Luise's arrival at the movie capital over three years ago.

Coming from the European stage where one's work spoke for itself, Luise was baffled and frightened from the first at her life becoming public property. You probably remember the stories of her painful shyness—which was certainly not an act—but an aching reality. How, for this reason, and the fact that she scarcely spoke a word of English, interviews were ordeals which she dodged whenever possible.

Her first interview is memorable both to her and her studio's publicity department. The impersonal curiosity and rapid jabberings of her first interviewer put her so on edge that she burst into tears and fled from the room crying, "I feel like a caged animal in a zoo!"

That was but the beginning of much friction that followed. She was forever getting into hot water by running off on motor trips without telling the studio where she was going. (Her time off-stage in Europe had been her own.) She was the subject of veiled hints about running around in mussy old slacks. Several times she was informed outright that it would behoove her to dress more like an actress.

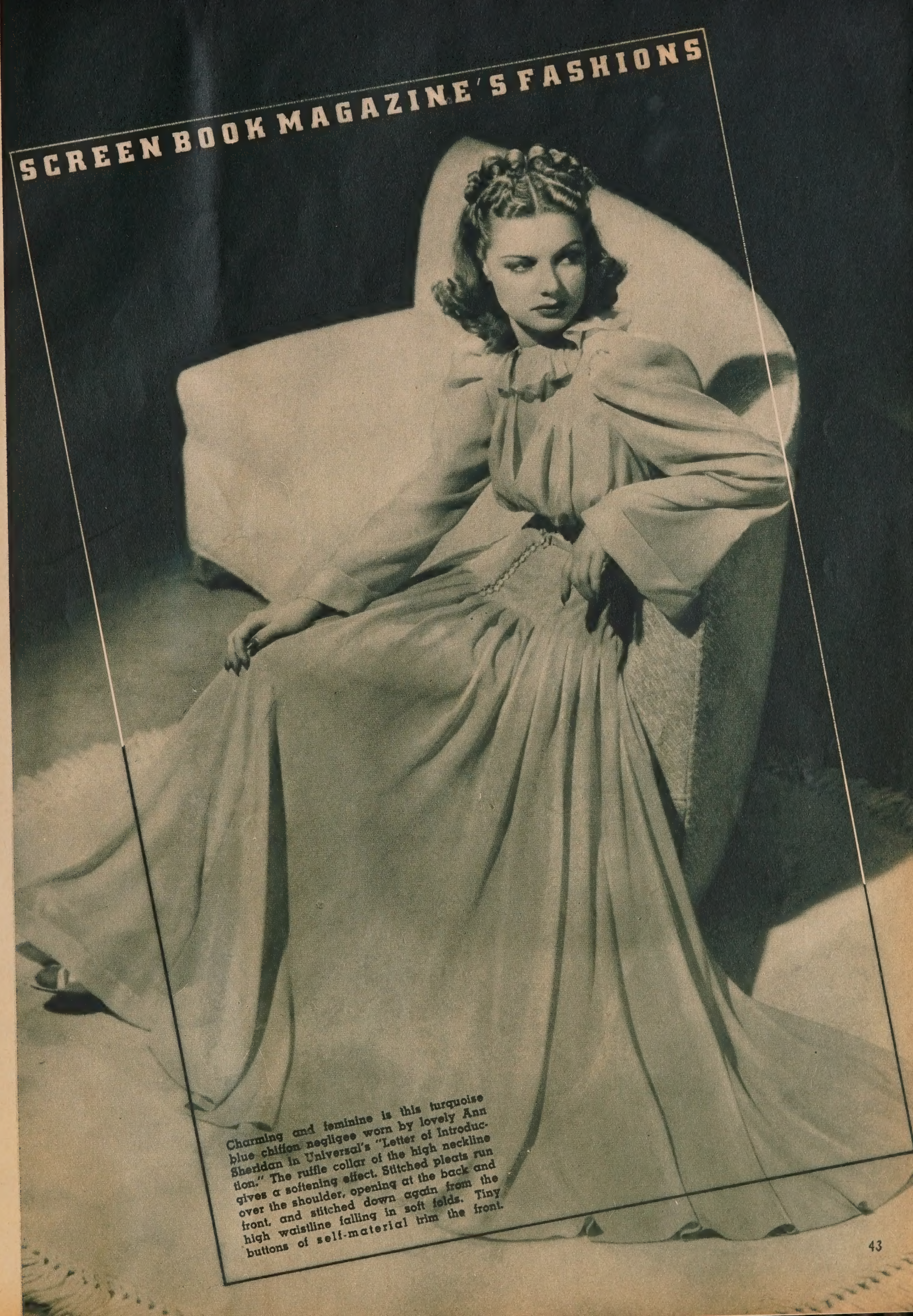
Luise had thought that *acting* was what counted. But she soon learned that looks were more important. They kept trying to make her beautiful and she rebelled. Sometimes she would tear up half the proofs from a portrait sitting because the pictures had been so "glamourized" that she couldn't recognize herself!

The social life in Hollywood made her feel woefully out of place. Luise really has an inferiority complex—groups of assured and sophisticated women with their small talk dismay her. She doesn't belong. And because she has known it and remained away with her few close friends, she was accused of imitating Garbo.

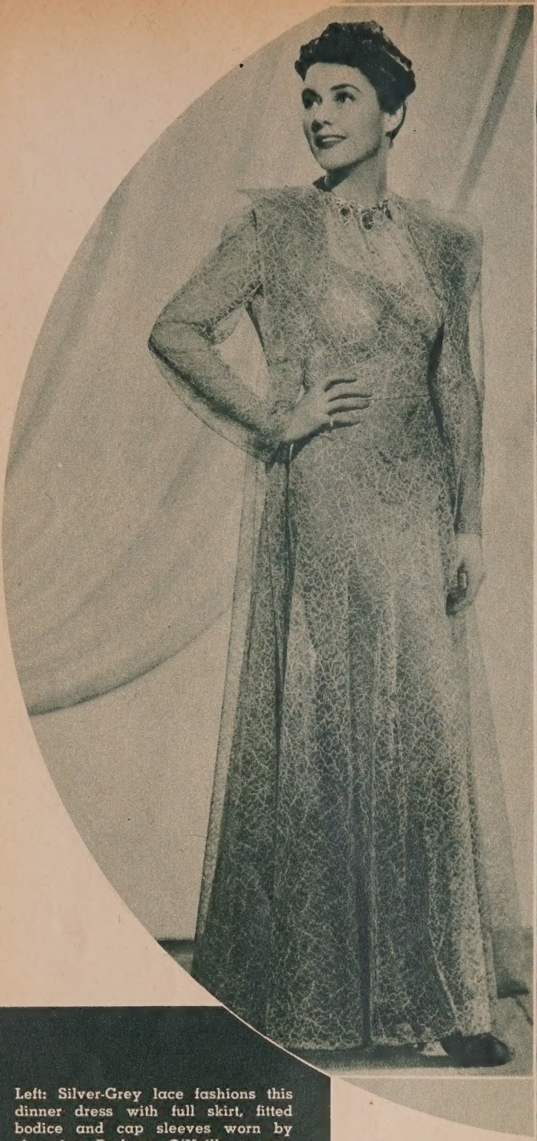
But the newcomer's troubles didn't stop at the personal angle. There was also the actual business of making pictures, and signing contracts. At first the limitations of the camera were very trying to the girl who had four years on the stage. And after seeing the preview of her first film, *Escapade,* she wept bitterly. The few scenes she felt right about lay on the cutting room floor, while those she loathed were there for the world to see.

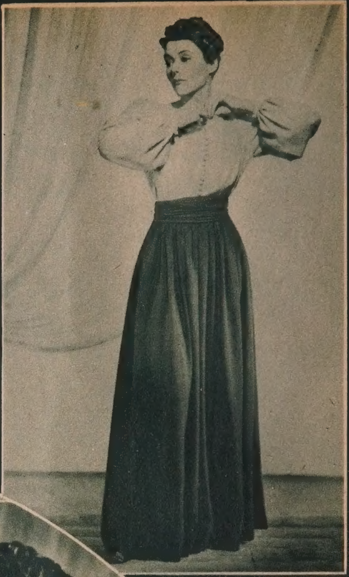
[*Continued on page* 53]

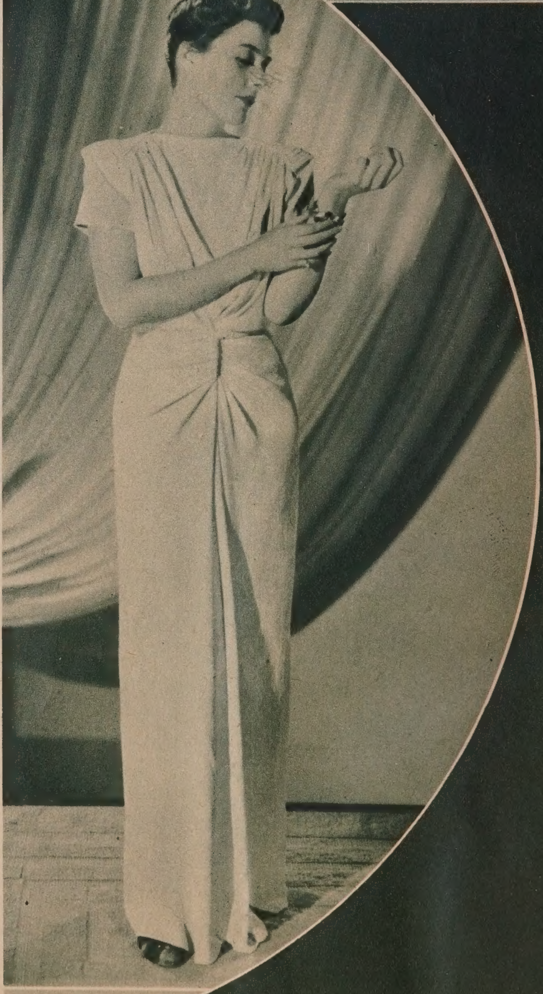
SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE'S FASHIONS



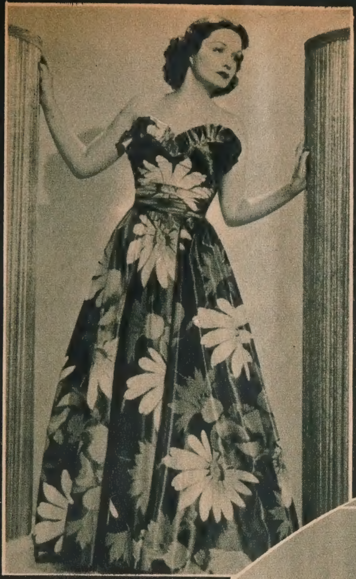
Charming and feminine is this turquoise blue chiffon negligee worn by lovely Ann Sheridan in Universal's "Letter of Introduction." The ruffle collar of the high neckline gives a softening effect. Stitched pleats run over the shoulder, opening at the back and front, and stitched down again from the high waistline falling in soft folds. Tiny buttons of self-material trim the front.

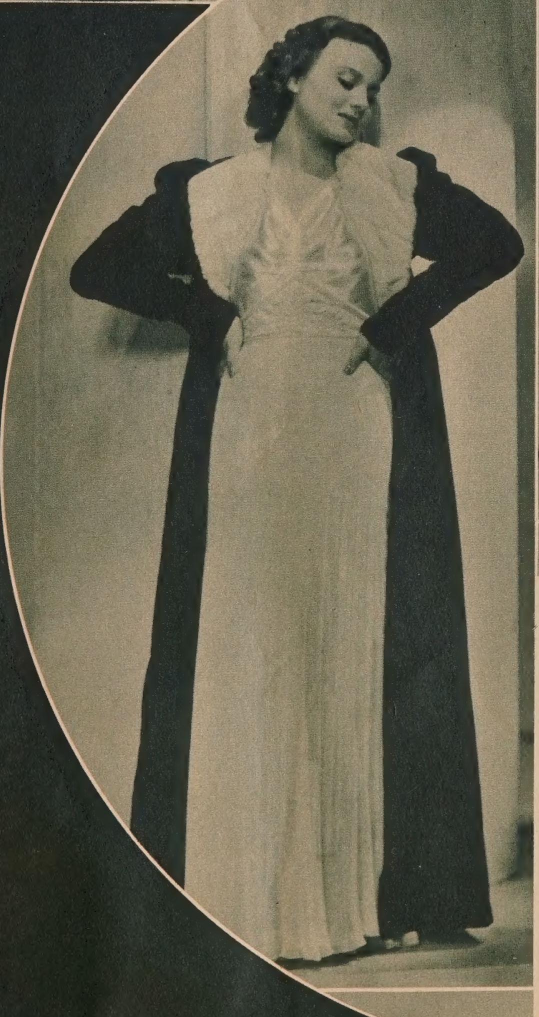


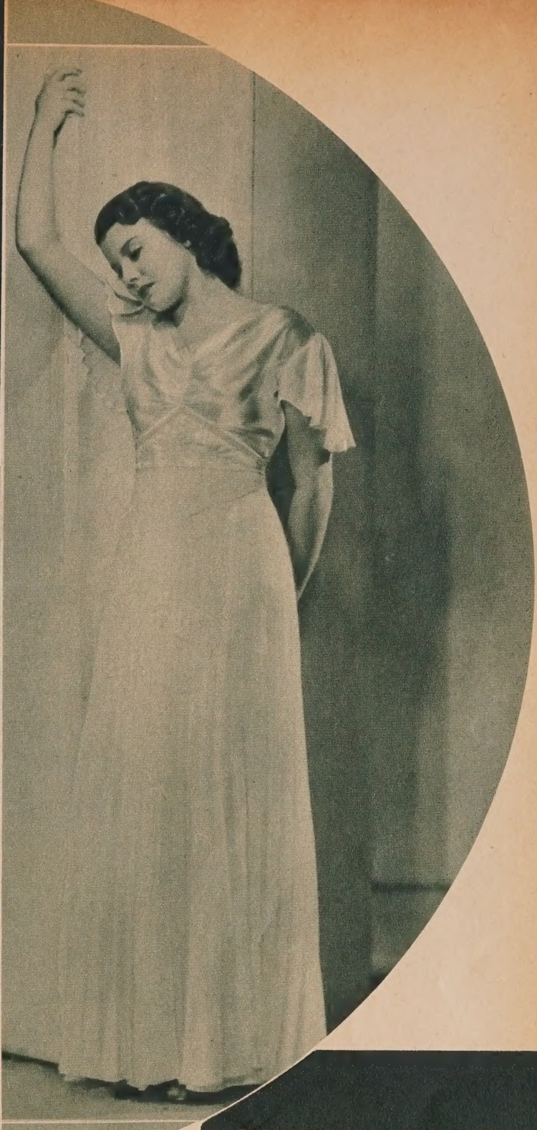




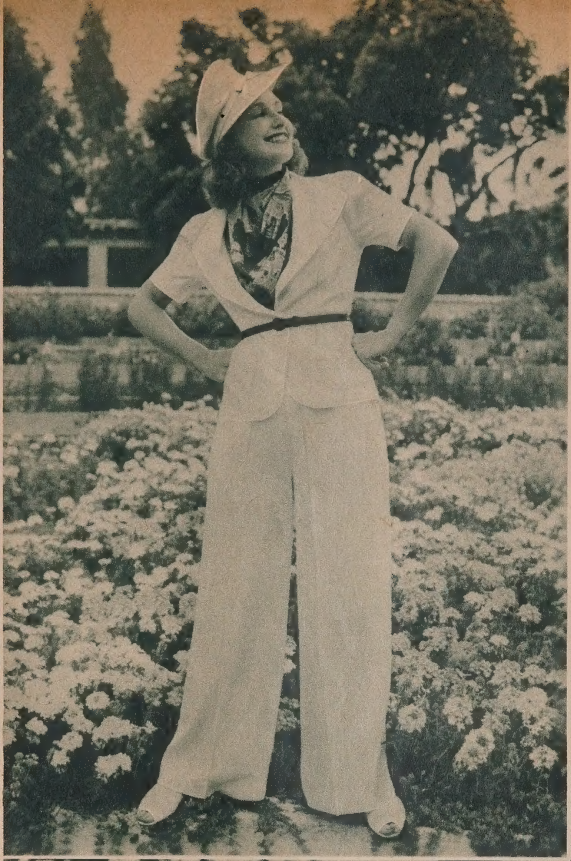
Left: Silver-Grey lace fashions this dinner dress with full skirt, fitted bodice and cap sleeves worn by charming Barbara O'Neill, appearing in the M-G-M production, "The Toy Wife." Only decoration is a series of three rhinestones and ruby clips worn at the high neckline. A matching fitted full-length coat buttons snugly at the waistline and features wide, stiffened revers. Right top: Peasant charm is the keynote of Miss O'Neill's colorful dinner gown. Of wool, the gathered skirt is a dull leaf-green and the full waist is a mellowed yellow. The wrap around belt is sunset red. Right bottom: This dinner gown of white crepe is notable for its complete simplicity of line. A square shoulder effect is achieved with corded gathering which is draped in the bodice to the waistline. Fullness swings to the front in the skirt and is rolled to the low waistline

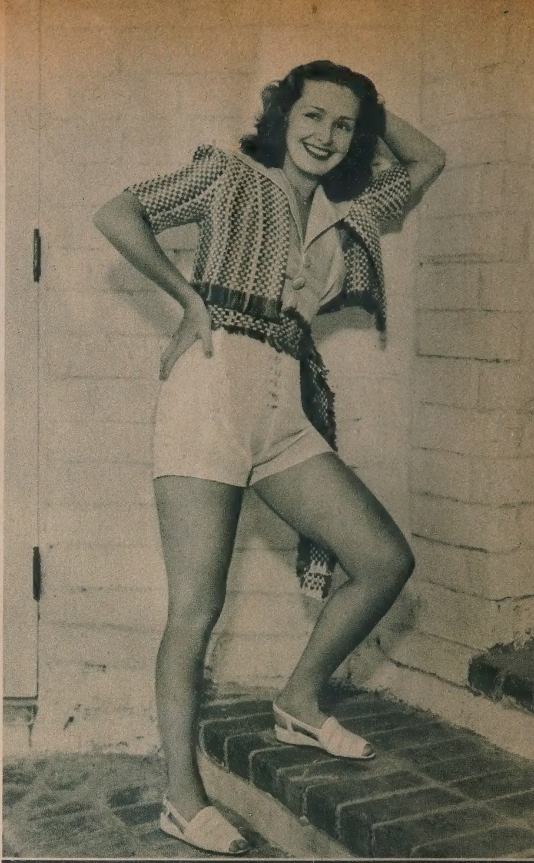


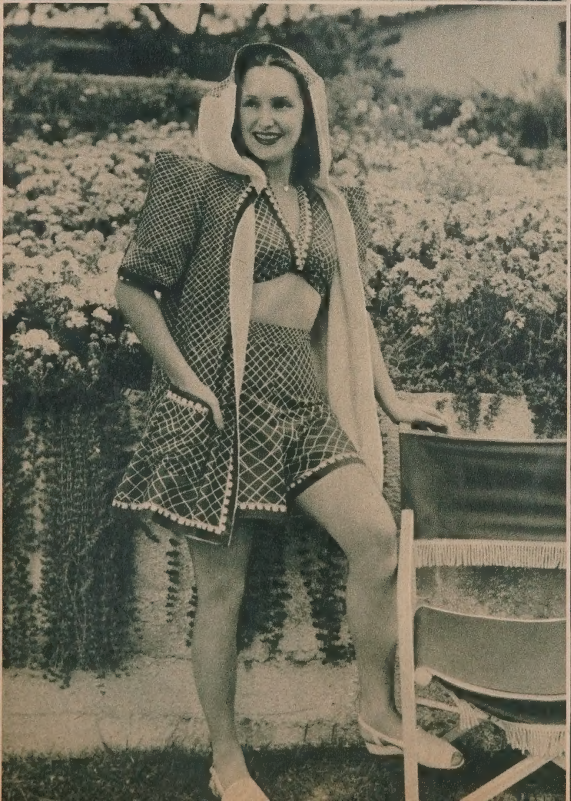




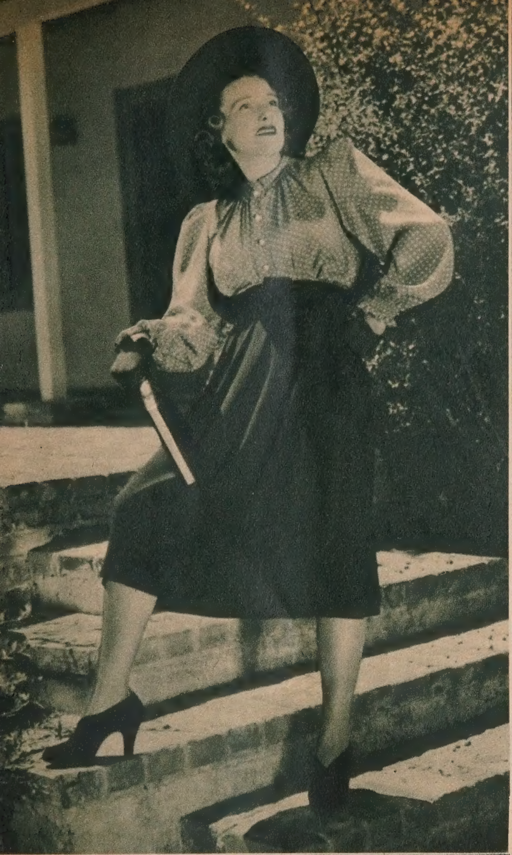
Top left: Bold prints are favored by Hollywood's more sophisticated feminine stars for summer evening wear. Gail Patrick, beautiful Paramount player, wears a dramatic gown of crimson-flowered taffeta. The bodice is extremely decollete, with a strapless, heart-shaped treatment. A single ruffle of the printed taffeta finishes the line of the bodice. The gown was designed by Edith Head for Miss Patrick's personal wardrobe. Bottom left: Olympe Bradna, Paramount's newest star sensation, wears a full length wrap of back velvet with wide lapels of Russian ermine. Directly above: For dancing, Miss Bradna selects this romantic dress of pleated white chiffon with a satin bodice. The waistline is high and accented by a pointed girdle of white chiffon heavily embroidered in tiny white beads. The bodice is shirred in the center and softly pleated flounces of white chiffon fall over the shoulders.

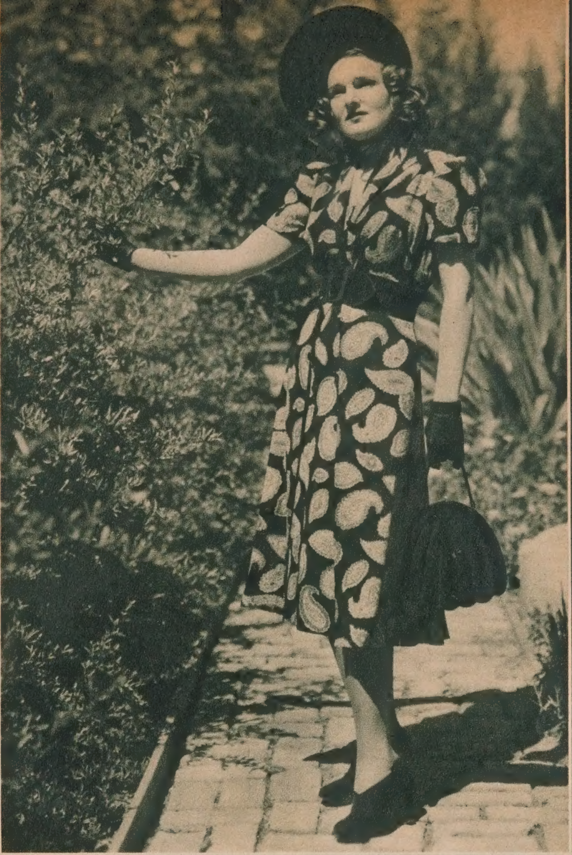




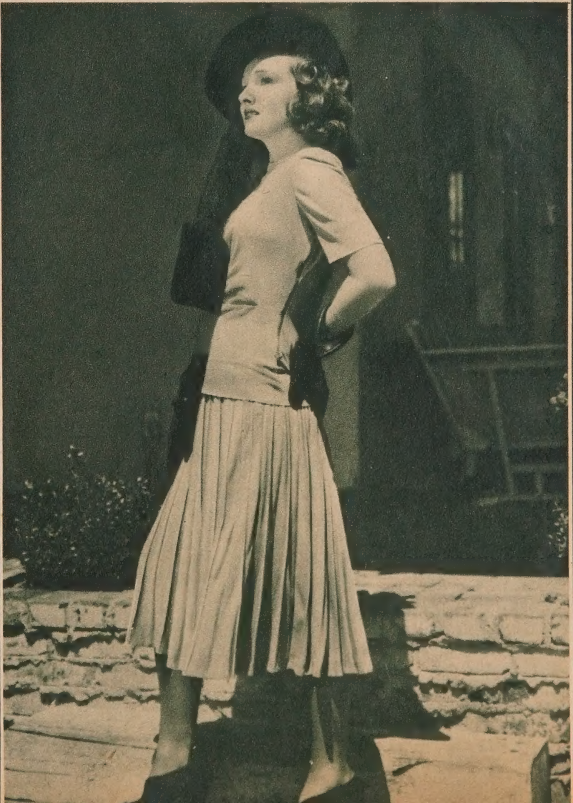


Rosemary Lane, whose newest Warner Bros. film is "Sister Act," wears a gay colored scarf as a vestee with a two-piece slack suit of white sharkskin (above left). Her visored cap is of natural linen with stitched brim. For playtime hours, (above) Rosemary wears a smart playsuit showing white cotton shorts with front lacing, bolero jacket woven in shades of red, yellow, white and black with fringed edge. Navy blue and white cotton forms the beach ensemble (at left) worn by Rosemary Lane. The bathing suit shows shorts and halter top, while the beach coat shows extremely squared shoulders and a lining of white terry cloth. The flattering hood protects her lovely tresses from too much sun and her beach shoes have the new wedge soles.





Lola Lane wears a smart Gibson Girl costume (directly above) showing polka dot top of royal blue crepe and full skirt of navy blue sheer. The skirt's fullness is caught into a smooth waistline with a broad blue patent leather belt. A broad brim hat of navy felt tops the outfit. Miss Lane starts off for tea wearing a redingote of pebbly black crepe (above right) showing a Persian motif in brilliant shades of orange, red, black and green. She wears Schiaparelli's new short mits. For mid-season wear, Lola Lane, whose newest Warner Bros. film is "When Were You Born?", wears a two-piece beige wool jersey (at right) showing simple top with collarless neckline, fitted waist and pleated skirt. Her black felt chapeau, draped with coarse veiling, swoops up at one side.



INVITATION TO A Dance

By JANET LYNN

It's the dainty and refreshing Miss who receives all the compliments and is rushed by the handsomest men-about-town

Ann Miller, delighted with the new summer shades of nail polish, applies a russet-red shade so becoming to tanned hands

The two-toned lingerie holders that Maureen O'Sullivan is tucking in her bag will keep your lingerie fresh and dainty

YOU'VE just come home from the office on a sweltering evening, looking like a wilted flower somebody forgot to throw away. Just as you've turned on the electric fan and thrown yourself in a chair to brood, the telephone rings.

Let it ring, your heat-deadened brain says. But curiosity wins, and you catch it on the third ring. Your prayers are answered in a big way—for it turns out to be Tom wanting you to go dancing with him. Your delight is dimmed, though, as you catch a glimpse of yourself in the mirror. "He'll never ask me again if he sees me like this," you think.

But you've got an hour before he arrives, and you can do a lot in that time to make yourself over—to put the old sparkle in your eyes, make your skin look fresh as a rose and smell sweeter. So off with your limp office clothes and into the hamper with all of them. Now get out your fresh things, so you'll have them all ready after your bath. Not a cool shower, please, for that would only make you warmer, but a warm tub of water topped with fluffy bubbles of foam. Cooling, relaxing, soothing.

Before you put the soap in the water, loll for five minutes in the foamy bath, with your eyes shut, and let the heat and and work of the day begin to wear off under the influence of the scented foam. Then use a fresh cake of soap to work up a cleansing, stimulating lather on yourself. Dry by patting lightly with a towel, so you won't get warm again—and then for a second "bath" in perfumed floral water! Rub it all over yourself so that its faint scent becomes a part of you.

Then, before you put on your clothes, use your anti-perspirant. Let it dry as you putter about with mouth wash, hair brush, tweezers and nail file. Rinse it off, and into your clothes. Do your make-up last of all, so it will be pristine longer, but protect your dress by tucking over-size tissues

[*Continued on page* 54]

Out in the Open

Picnic days are here again—and a picnic means a feast fit for a king—with loads of fun thrown in

By

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

PICNICS! There's something in the very word that stirs the enthusiasm of everyone from seven to seventy!

The time, the place and the Picnic Basket make up a scenario "triangle" in which everyone may be a star performer! The only villain in the piece may be sand in the salad or ants on the cake, depending on whether you choose a sunny beach or a cool wooded glen on which to spread the "making" with which everyone may roll his own sandwich and help himself without benefit of Lady Post and rules of table etiquette.

Nothing of course will ever quite take the place of that old favorite basket lunch, even though today it is not packed in a cardboard shoe box as it was in the gay nineties. But whatever the carrier, the perfect picnic hamper meal requires this 5-point menu:

1. A moist salad which carries well. Good old potato salad is still "tops," while salmon, crab or mixed vegetable salads are also excellent choices.
2. Generously spread sandwiches with assorted fillings—one kind with meat, one kind with contrasting sardine or cheese spread, and one with thinly sliced tomato or cucumber rings moistened with a zestful salad dressing.
3. A refreshing beverage of fruitade, punch, soft drinks or iced tea or coffee in your thermos jug.
4. Cake or cookies.
5. A cooling top-off dessert of melon, berries or other fruit, or, prize of them all, ice cream.

Picnic possibilities have so expanded that it is no longer necessary to spend the best of a forenoon spreading sandwiches and tiring oneself out assembling the big picnic basket. Many of the beautiful regional parks are so conveniently equipped with outdoor fireplaces that it may be far more fun to prepare the meal entirely at whatever picturesque woodland beckons most enticingly. Hot main dishes, instead of cold sandwiches, thus become as easy to prepare outdoors as they are at home with all the facilities of the kitchen range. Among the best suggestions for this type of outing meal are Mexican Beans, Spanish Frankfurters, and Lollipop Buns which are the delight of children.

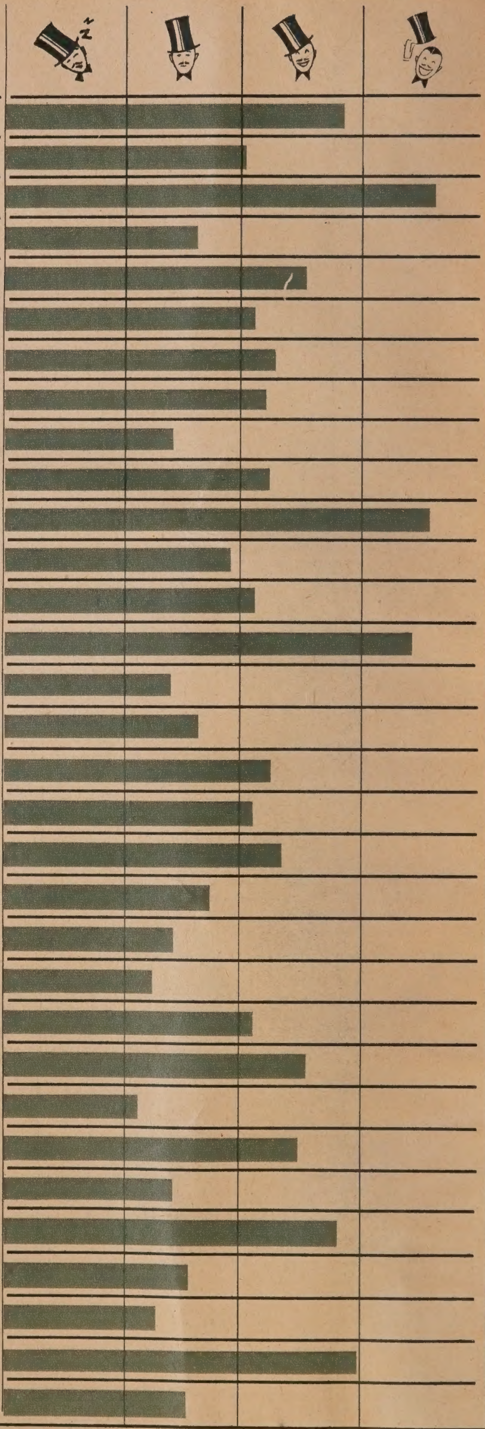
THE recipe for Mexican Beans which follows was in fact begged by the author from that favorite of the screen, Evalyn Knapp, who finds in this simple [*Continued on page* 65]

Glass casseroles keep hot foods hot and cold foods cold for the hours between leaving home and selecting the right picnic spot

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)

Picture Title	Who's In It
JOSETTE	Don Ameche-S. Simon
SAINT IN NEW YORK	L. Hayward-K. Sutton
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND	Ty Power-Alice Faye
THE DEVIL'S PARTY	Vic McLaglen-B. Roberts
GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS	Rudy Vallee-R. Lane
YELLOW JACK	R. Montgomery-V. Bruce
MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO	Peter Lorre-Mary Maguire
KIDNAPPED	W. Baxter-Arleen Whelan
MYSTERY HOUSE	D. Pursell-Ann Sheridan
THREE COMRADES	Taylor-Sullavan-Tone
WHITE BANNERS	Fay Bainter-C. Rains
BLIND ALIBI	Rich. Dix-Whitney Bourne
COCOANUT GROVE	F. MacMurray-H. Hilliard
HOLIDAY	K. Hepburn-Cary Grant
HUNTED MEN	Mary Carlisle-L. Nolan
LONE WOLF IN PARIS	F. Lederer-F. Drake
RASCALS	Jane Withers-R. Hudson
GOODBYE BROADWAY	Alice Brady-C. Winninger
SWISS MISS	Laurel and Hardy
HOLD THAT KISS	M. O'Sullivan-D. O'Keefe
ONE WILD NIGHT	June Lang-Dick Baldwin
ROMANCE ON THE RUN	Don Woods-Pat Ellis
LADY IN THE MORGUE	Preston Foster-P. Ellis
THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN	J. Blondell-M. Douglas
EXTORTION	S. Colton-Mary Russell
CRIME SCHOOL	H. Bogart-Gale Page
SINNERS IN PARADISE	J. Boles-Madge Evans
VIVACIOUS LADY	Ginger Rogers-J. Stewart
YOU AND ME	S. Sidney-G. Raft
BLONDE CHEAT	J. Fontaine-D. DeMarney
BLOCKADE	M. Carroll-H. Fonda
LAW OF THE UNDERWORLD	C. Morris-Anne Shirley

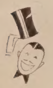


OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

READ THE RATINGS IN THE TOPPER'S FACE!

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

20th Century-Fox



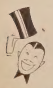
A virtual cavalcade of our times is this superlative filmusical—and a credit to all concerned in its making. There's no doubt that it will be one of the biggest "sock" attractions of the season.

Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Don Ameche head the cast, with Tyrone playing a character that has some similarity to Irving Berlin. He's an orchestra leader who calls himself Alexander, and starts the craze for jazz. Of course the Irving Berlin music is used all through the picture, and makes us realize his contribution to national life and manner. Few showmen have given as much.

You'll find the stars at their very best, and supported by a tip-top cast that includes Ethel Merman, Jack Haley, Jean Hersholt, Helen Westley and John Carradine.

WHITE BANNERS

Warner Brothers



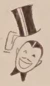
There's a trend this month toward more serious movies, after that too-long cycle of daffydill comedies. And *White Banners,* adapted from Lloyd C. Douglas' best-seller, will delight all lovers of drama.

Fay Bainter plays a powerful mother role in a manner that will make audiences wonder why Hollywood kept her under wraps so long. Miss Bainter is nothing short of superb. She plays a mother who renounces her son only to discover him after a few years, set him on the road to happiness, and then depart without revealing their relationship.

Jackie Cooper (and what a fine actor he is!) plays the son, and the entire cast is at its best. Claude Rains, Bonita Granville, Henry O'Neill, Kay Johnson and J. Farrell MacDonald are among them.

HOLIDAY

Columbia



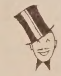
So the dauntless Miss Katie Hepburn is poison at the box office, is she? All right, fans, let's gather around and swig our cup of poison, and be glad that we have the opportunity. *Holiday* proves, to those who have gritted our teeth at *Bringing Up Baby* and other Hepburn mistakes, that the lady is definitely one of the finest artists the screen has yet seen.

As *Linda Seton,* introspective daughter of a wealthy household, Miss Hepburn is perfectly cast. Her work has dignity, charm and conviction. Cary Grant, as the lad who loves *Linda's* selfish sister, *Julia,* is a perfect teammate for her, and all the others in the cast—Doris Nolan, Edward Everett Horton, Henry Kolker, Binnie Barnes and Jean Dixon, are superb.

Rudy Vallee fans will rejoice when they see him in the highly amusing *Gold Diggers in Paris*—the delectable Rosemary Lane plays opposite the crooning king

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS

Warner Brothers



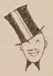
Here's our crooning king, Rudy Vallee, back on the screen once more after too long an absence. And he's ably assisted by the Schnickelfritz Band, Rosemary Lane, Hugh Herbert and Gloria Dickson in this latest Warner Brothers musical, which most fans will agree is delightful summer entertainment.

Plot has Hugh Herbert hiring Rudy and his night club troupe to go to Paris. Whoo-whoo Hugh thinks that they're a famous American ballet company, of all things, and there's a lot of mistaken identity before things are straightened out.

You'll like the knockabout comedy of the Schnickelfritzes, the tunes and the cast. Incidentally, when is Warner Brothers going to give Gloria Dickson a part worthy of her ability?

VIVACIOUS LADY

RKO-Radio

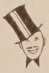


The engaging Ginger Rogers, ably assisted by Jimmy Stewart, succeeds in making *Vivacious Lady* one of the most charming pictures of the season, and one that we heartily recommend. What's more Ginger doesn't have to dance even once to put the show over!

I. A. R. Wylie's romantic story tells of the romantic tribulations of a big town cabaret singer and a young college professor. When Jimmy takes Ginger to his college town home, after an impulsive and hasty marriage, he finds his family aligned against them and it results in a series of absurd situations, mostly brought about by his parents (Charles Coburn and Beulah Bondi). James Ellison and Frances Mercer are excellent in supporting roles.

THREE COMRADES

Metro-Goldwyn



We were looking forward to writing a rave review about *Three Comrades,* and we're sorry we can't. In spite of a great cast and a lavish production, it emerges as a gloomy and only passable picture.

Margaret Sullavan makes an inspired return to the screen as the tubercular girl who strives desperately to find happiness with Robert Taylor, who, like herself, is a "war baby," a product of the post-war generation. Franchot Tone and Robert Young are the others of the trio, who are enmeshed in the problems of a starving country. Tone is particularly fine. As for Taylor, he's never been better—and in a role to which he is obviously not suited.

The ladies, bless their little hearts, will have a gloriously tearful time.

So You Won't Talk!

• [*Continued from page* 30]

marriage to Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford talked freely on lots of subjects. Now you can't get her to talk about the man she married. Not unless she forgets herself for a moment. The more Joan can keep their married life out of the papers, the better a chance it has of surviving. That's the way she feels about it, anyway. And she does have a tough time keeping it in the background. This couple rates more rumors per year of a break-up than any other in Hollywood.

For many moons Betty Grable wouldn't talk about Jackie Coogan. She felt it wasn't fair to him—and she knew he was sensitive on the subject of a career in life. Lately she has *had* to talk. Jackie's attempt to recover some of the money he earned as a child star has put them both very much in the limelight. All the uproar fortunately has made the Coogan hide just a little bit tougher.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND and Joan Fontaine steadfastly have refused to discuss the fact that they are sisters. They have fostered every known means of preventing the truth about their relationship getting to the world. Why?

Well, they think it would be better for their careers. They work in different studios. They are different types. They'd rather not be thrown together as sisters seeking fame, for usually one of the girls loses out under such circumstances.

Certainly their refusal to talk about this relationship has nothing to do with their private lives. Olivia and Joan are good pals, good sisters, and interesting companions.

They have exactly the same ups-and-downs that occur in all families. But I think they are a little better than average in the way they get along.

Fred MacMurray is afraid of sounding silly. He'll talk on lots of subjects, and usually very frankly. If he doesn't want all that he says to be printed, he'll tell you so. But his chief request is simply this: "Don't embarrass me with some silly, inane remark."

I have talked with Fred at times when he has delved deep into his personal life. He is utterly frank. He hasn't a big-shot complex to his name. But he usually makes pretty poor copy. He lacks a sense of headline copy.

Fred Astaire usually gives a good interview, but his copy reading tendency has thrown many a writer into a dither. The blue pencil swings in wide arcs around the Astaire menage. 'Tis often said that he's too busy tapping out rhythms to wield it, so Mrs. Astaire does the job herself. But there we go, mentioning Freddie's better half, and he does not like that at all!

GAIL PATRICK, when romance turned into marriage a while back, announced she would positively NOT give out any interviews on this subject. It was a decision based on what seemed like a pretty good theory. But here's a tip to future interviewers. Go to see Gail on some subject like "The Situation in Modern Iran," just as a haphazardous example.

She will very nicely, sweetly, and inevitably end up talking about Bob Cobb and the Brown Derby.

That's just a simple fact, offered without malice. Gail happens to be interested in the man she took as a husband. She can't help thinking about him and talking about him. So Gail without premeditation breaks her own pledge.

You've got to say a word in defense of her, and all the others who are "on guard." Every interviewer they face is there to dig out something they haven't previously talked about, or always refused to discuss. And some of these interviewers approach with all the subtlety of a detective lieutenant out to get a confession at any cost, be it the fourth degree, if necessary.

The foreign stars like Hedy Lamarr, Ilona Massey, et al., have been carefully coached by the studios. And with good reason.

One slip of the tongue might get the star's picture barred from one or more of the dictator countries in Europe. It has happened before!

Nelson Eddy resents any quotes about his private life. Why? Well, partly because he has an overworked sense of dignity. And partly because the public has chased him rather vigorously these past few years. So Nelson won't talk about love, romance, etc. It is classed as "trash" in his lexicon. But just the same, he has been seen with certain lovely ladies from time to time.

Most of the stars will not talk about their political theories. It's dynamite with fans of the opposite philosophies. There are a very few Hollywood stars with Communistic tendencies. Some of them quietly help the cause with contributions, I have been told. Occasionally such charges have crept into the papers.

One day I was talking with one of these stars. He was talking about the woes of being interviewed by a sharp newspaperman who could wring too much information. He compared the process roughly with a police questioning. "And police," he said, "can get any desired confession out of any desired individual, including you and me, if they resort to certain subtle methods of torture."

Somehow I couldn't resist seeing how he would take for the bait, so I said, "How do you explain the mass confessions in Russia?"

He looked back at me with an utter dead pan. "Chinese torture methods," he said. "They get the truth from the Russians without leaving a mark on the body."

The star didn't take the bait. He must have left the room triumphant. I was left in a bewildered state of doubt. Maybe these stories about him weren't true, after all! Unquestionably that's the effect he wanted to create.

IT'S a tough job going up to a star who "won't talk," and then getting him to do it. The best copy is the stuff you can never print, or even hint about.

The stars have their rights beyond a certain point, and no interviewer, including myself, will deny it. And because we respect those rights, we sometimes avoid writing or printing things that would create mild sensations.

You doubt that? Then lend an ear. Fully one year ago SCREEN BOOK Magazine had a piece of "hot copy" offered it —a story which revealed for the first time that Greta Garbo and Leopold Stokowski were interested in each other.

At that time it hadn't even reached the rumor stage; the Stokowskis hadn't sought a divorce.

But the magazine turned the article down. Under those circumstances, even though it was true, the best policy was to wait for the developments which came many months later.

And, incidentally, Garbo's trip with the noted orchestra leader through Europe did one thing.

It stopped the interviewers from saying, "So you won't talk, huh?"

For the first time in years, Garbo did talk!

As if Don Ameche didn't have enough to do on his weekly Sunday night radio hour, he found time to appear on the Lux program with beautiful Madeleine Carroll and Director Cecil B. De Mille. They presented the romantic drama, *Dangerous*

Why Luise Rainer Made Peace With Hollywood!

[*Continued from page* 42]

Despite the good reviews, she had her bags packed to return to Vienna. But just before she got away, M-G-M dangled the role of Anna Held in *The Great Ziegfeld* before her eyes, and she weakened. Her performance, needless to mention, won the Academy Award, along with several others, and made her a star.

KNOWING they had a potential gold mine in Rainer, the studio wanted to tear up her original contract—replace its modest salary with one at three figures weekly for seven years. When Luise shook her dark head in firm refusal, they were shocked, but raised the ante. Still, she held her ground. She told them with characteristic honesty that she hadn't realized contracts were as binding as hers turned out to be. The money didn't matter. All she wanted was some time to herself—her life to be her own after the five years of her original deal were up. But the studio thought her temperamental, and suspected her of holding out for something else. And so, the long wrangle commenced.

The battle was still in progress, when Luise started in *The Good Earth.* It was during this film that she met Clifford Odets, and his daily visits to the set, and her appearance at public places with him for the first time started rumors flying.

As the little actress saw more of Clifford, a dull and aching loneliness that had gnawed in her heart for months began to subside. Confidentially, Luise had not come to America for pictures alone. She had also fled the reminders of a tragically lost love.

With Odets, the brilliant young playwright, and an American, Luise felt more confident in her foreign surroundings. No longer dodging crowds, she emerged from her seclusion and with Odets was seen at the Derby, the Trocadero—places in which she had never set foot before. Yes, for the first time, the little Rainer was happy and contract fights—all the old boogie men that had troubled her before—began to drop from sight.

Now she gave an occasional party at the rambling house in Brentwood, went on a shopping spree for the pretty clothes she hadn't the heart to wear before.

Luise realized almost from the first that she was in love, breathlessly, completely. But marriage—she didn't know. There were many unhappy months of indecision—flights to New York—telephone calls—presents. They each had their careers to think of. Hers in Hollywood. His in New York. Both were terrifically positive personalities—had already experienced minor clashes.

The Good Earth was released, and the contract squabbles became violent rows. The studio executives refused to believe that there wasn't an ulterior motive to her stubborn refusals of their generous offers. Yes, the powers-that-be were furious.

It was becoming increasingly more distressing to appear an ingrate and rebel when producers argued, "Why should we build you up for another studio to snatch you out from under our noses?" Luise and her studio were at a stalemate when Odets flew into town for the Christmas holidays—for her answer. He got it.

Having taken one decisive step—marriage—the rest of the way seemed clear to Luise. She would stand her ground, for she had "Cliff" and in a few years would be free to do what she wanted—travel, appear in Clifford's plays. What did awards—so far she had received *ten,* mean compared to her freedom and happiness?

Luise hadn't overlooked the possibility of being given bad pictures to be brought to terms. *The Emperor's Candlesticks* looked as if this were the case. And when *Big City* laid a juicy egg, it appeared a certainty.

LUISE began to plead with executives to release her from her contract altogether. They refused flatly. Gradually she became resigned. She knew Viennese actresses were being imported by the carload, but she refused to care. Soon she would have her freedom and be where she belonged!

"And anyway," she confided to a friend, "I want Cliff to be the big shot for awhile."

Shaking the dust of Hollywood from her feet, she flew to New York where Clifford was in the throes of production for his play *Golden Boy.* And there, the long months of strain took their toll. She came down with a cold that tapered into a prolonged state of physical exhaustion. Odets was frantic, but as her illness dragged on, the thing wore on both their nerves—they were not themselves, and skidded very close to friction. When Metro called her back to Hollywood for *Men Of The Water Front* they were both relieved.

Luise was actually much sicker than she had realized. For back in Hollywood, she was too ill to work, and for weeks lay in bed too ill to move. That was last fall. Thinking this was a new trick of hers, the studio was grim. "Okay," they said in effect. "Ill you are!" And when she recovered enough to ask for scripts to read they were very solicitious, and said they thought she should take a good long rest.

Luise busied herself for a time in furnishing her new apartment. She took piano lessons, and even started a novel. But the days began to drag, and the yearnings of her stifled talents grew more insistent.

And then like a bolt from the blue it happened. As a gag someone sent her an interview which her husband had given. There was much about his work, background, and soul struggles—brilliant plans for the future. Lost in the volume of words was the merest mention of herself—something about when her career was up in Hollywood he'd write a play for her to give her something to do!

It turned out that Odets had been misquoted and that the interview had been largely a "rib." But it suddenly made everything very clear to Luise Rainer, who all at once realized where she was drifting.

She and Odets were terribly in love, but the thing that had brought them together was mutual admiration of the other's work and accomplishments. In a blinding flash that illuminated the whole picture, Luise *knew* that she could not be happy without working.

That same day she phoned the studio that she had not contacted for weeks. In a few hours they had gotten together on a new contract, which means that Luise will be in Hollywood five years longer. Only the years are divided in half—six months for Luise—six for the studio.

Very shortly after signing the new deal, the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences again gave her the award for the best acting performance of the year—this time for Olan in *The Good Earth.* Adrian started to work on sketches for her wardrobe in *The Toy Wife*—and presto, Rainer the Rebel became Rainer the Reasonable.

She is giving interviews, making publicity pictures and working like a Trojan.

The other day on *The Toy Wife* set, I had a long chat with Luise, who looks better and is happier than she has been since coming to America. She is terribly happy to be working again. Cliff, in New York, is content too, and whenever she has a few days off she flies back to see him. By fall he will have a play written for her. *Her* six months begin then and will last until spring. Yet, the little actress has at last found the key to happiness in Hollywood, can you wonder that she has made peace with it?

Come, come, Barbara Stanwyck! Don't tell us that you're getting bored with having your picture taken. And it couldn't be Mister T. that makes you unhappy!

Invitation To a Dance

[*Continued from page* 48]

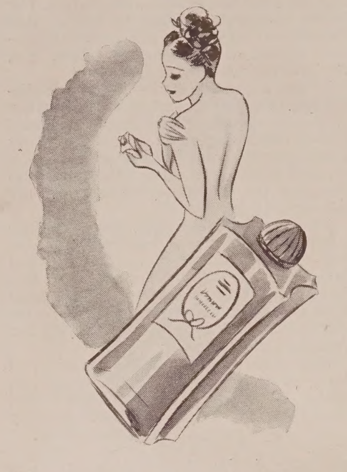
in the neck. Remember, not *too* much on your face these hot nights! A liquid powder base, a light dusting of powder and rouge, just a touch of mascara and shadow. Apply your lipstick with loving care—and don't forget the tissue "blotter" if you want it to stay on all evening!

About the time you've patted the last curl in place, there's your "big moment" at the door. You can't blame him for exclaiming, "Say, how do you keep so fresh and pretty in this weather?" He really doesn't expect an answer, so just smile mysteriously.

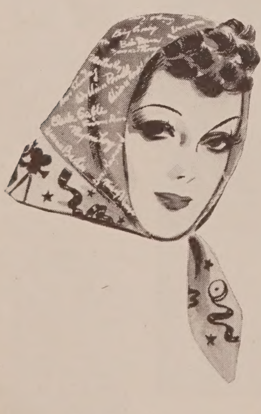
BUT what about the ingredients to make this recipe successful? Well, first of all there's that lovely white toilet soap in its cameo wrapper that costs so little you can use it in your tub. Grand for dry skin victims for it helps prevent large pores and blackheads without being the least bit irritating. Costs only a few pennies everywhere. Want the name?

My favorite foam bath at the moment comes in liquid foam, and I think that for quality of perfume and quantity of bubbles, it deserves to be your favorite, too. You pour about a teaspoonful of the liquid in your tub, turn on the water full force (hold your finger partly over the spout if the pressure is low) and watch the foam mount. Don't put your soap in the tub until you have relaxed in the foam for a few minutes. You'll find that there will be no necessity for scrubbing off bathtub ring afterward, because the foam bath, which is a water softener, prevents even a ghost of a ring. There are ten different scents in this foam bath—Gardenia, Carnation, Lavender, Lilac, Rose-geranium, Orange Blossom, Jasmin, Pine and two bouquets, a light and a heavy oriental one. A four ounce bottle costs 95 cents.

Whether you indulge in bubble baths or prefer the quick shower, you mustn't forget the second bath in perfumed floral water. A French perfumer who has perfected some of the loveliest and most haunting scents we know, comes along with what he calls "a new version of perfume." It is neither a cologne nor a toilet water, but rather like a diluted perfume, and to use it most effectively, you slosh it all over yourself immediately after your bath. Its fragrance stays with you for hours and hours, and *what* fragrance! When I was introduced to the preparation, they put some of it on my left hand, then a dab of the concentrated perfume in the same scent on my other hand. And to be perfectly frank, I couldn't tell which was which! I know you'll be excited about this new version of perfume, especially when you find out what famous odors it comes in. Write to me for more information. I forgot to tell you that a large, and I mean *large*, bottle costs $1.



It's a new version of perfume, that you use all over yourself after your bath



To keep your hair from being sun-bleached, wear a kerchief autographed by the stars

Of course, "all the perfumes of Araby" will not sweeten you unless you also use a perspiration corrective, and use it regularly. I can recommend two anti-perspirants—one ruby-colored, for ultra effectiveness, another clear, for instant and shorter-lived protection. Even the instant liquid protects you for a day if you apply it with care, so there's no sense in running risks in this important matter of personal daintiness. The bottles in which these non-perspirants come are attractive bubble-glass flasks, with patented sponge applicators. There are two sizes, at 25 and 50 cents, in drug and department stores, a trial size in the V and X.

THIS daintiness ideal must be attacked from another angle besides bathing and the use of anti-perspirants and perfumes. Clothes and underwear must be kept immaculately clean and scented. Suds your undies, including your girdle, every day, and take the same care of washable blouses and dresses. The sachets for holding lingerie that Maureen O'Sullivan is tucking in her bag will provide you with an added incentive for keeping your lingerie fresh and dainty. These cases are richly sacheted with an enchanting perfume, and they come in luscious two-tone shades of satin, taffeta or bengaline. One dark color, one light, so that you can turn the dark side out for traveling. Six dollars buys a lingerie threesome, each case embroidered with the crown that is the trade mark of the perfume. They make grand gifts.

All the movie stars are agog over the four new tropical shades of nail polish that go so well with summer togs and complexions. There is a muted orchid-rose shade; a deeper, more glamorous shade in the same color range; an exciting plum tone, and a russet-red polish for sun-tanned hands. Twenty-five cents buys a bottle, so you can have several, to put some variety and zzmph in your summer wardrobe. The polishes are slightly heavier than the old cream-type lacquers, and they go on like a dream. The smooth, glossy surface wears and wears—and if you want it to wear even longer, you'll get a bottle of the clear liquid to coat the nails before you apply polish. It provides a smoother base for the polish, and, if you like, a protective sheath over your polish. Costs twenty-five cents, too. I'll be glad to send you the name of the manufacturer.

While you're applying polish on fingers and toes, while you're making up or creaming your face—have within reach the new pack of oversize cleansing tissues in four colors. There are 288 of these tissues, in white, green, orchid and peach, in a streamlined box with two cellophane windows showing the layers of colored tissues. The name?

In your enthusiasm for getting out in the sun, don't abuse your hair, or you'll be sorry when you get ready to buy your new fall bonnet. To help keep your hair conditioned, you can now buy a kit put out by a firm that has given individualized hair and scalp treatments for years. I had one of these salon treatments the other day and I felt as if it had added a year to my life—to say nothing of what it did for my hair! The scientific principles underlying these different treatments are very sound, and if you have a series of them, they will correct everything from falling hair to dandruff. The kit I mentioned costs $2.50 and includes a large bottle of liquid conditioner that you spray on your wave to deepen and burnish it, and a jar of specialized scalp ointment. Interested?

IF YOU want to follow the stars (I mean Hollywood) you'll wear a kerchief over your hair this summer—and be smart in two ways. For not only are kerchiefs upfront in the fashion picture, but they are also a grand protection for your hair when you are outdoors. The one sketched here

For summer comfort and beauty—a foamy bath complete with mild toilet soap

will appeal to all readers who are fans—because it bears the authentic autographs of 89 (count 'em) movie stars. It's nineteen inches square, and comes in brown, blue or wine, combined with white. Cute idea, isn't it?

Two more beauty aids you can't afford to be without in summertime: a sunburn preventive and tan coaxer, and an eye lotion. A new non-oily liquid will be just your dish if you like to look smooth and un-oiled at the beach, for it dries instantly, leaves an invisible protective screen on your skin. You can control the amount of tan by applying more or less of the liquid. If you go in strenuously for swimming, better apply more of this "sun shade" after each long swim. It comes off easily with soap and water, of course. Costs very little for such an effective product.

The eye lotion is not new, but it is out in a new jumbo size—a dollar bottle that contains twice as much as the sixty-cent size. The blue bottle, with its handy little dropper stopper, also comes in a twenty cent trial size. So now you can have one for your purse or beach bag, another for the "drug store drawer" in your desk at the office, another in your bathroom cabinet. Once you acquire the habit of treating your eyes to this soothing, cleansing bath, you won't feel made-up without it. I'll be glad to send you the name.

Stepping out in hot weather? Then let Jane Lynn rush you the names of these summer coolness aids. She will be glad to help you with all your beauty problems if you will write, enclosing a self-addressed envelope with a three-cent U. S. stamp. Write to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Carole Landis may be one of the *Girls On Probation* out Warner way, but she's emphatically not on probation with us!

THIS NEW GREASELESS ODORONO ICE IS SIMPLY A DELIGHT TO USE
YES—AND IT KEEPS YOUR UNDERARM ABSOLUTELY DRY AND IT LASTS AS LONG AS 3 DAYS

NEW ICE DEODORANT
is cooling, vanishes completely, checks perspiration instantly

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Protect your feminine charm—the friendships that are your natural right! Get a jar of Odorono ICE today! Only 35¢ at all toilet-goods departments.

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I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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City State

Behind The Scenes With Charles Boyer

[*Continued from page* 35]

This was a four-walled, enclosed set, practical from every angle. But the main street of the Casbah ran near two sides of the whole set. The buildings lining these two sides were made up as separate units, on wheels. All that was necessary was for a dozen men to get hold of one unit and pull. It would slide away easily, as if an earthquake had swallowed up this small section of town. Then the camera crews could move in, set up their apparatus on a platform, and command an entirely different view of the street.

It worked so well that the crew almost never had to work in close quarters. They could move away as much of the town as necessary to get a shot.

WHEN I came on the set, the camera was mounted on the "trolley" platform. The street was full of natives, milling up and down, bargaining with the shop keepers. A crowd of tourists was there in the center of things. One of the tourists was the beautiful Hedy Lamarr. Just then there were loud shouts from one end of the street. Boyer, the jewel thief, came rushing through the crowd. Behind him was a band of gendarmes, pistols drawn.

Guns boomed, and the concussion was thoroughly convincing. Bullets apparently barely whizzed past the fleeing Pepe Le Moko. Natives and tourists darted wildly for cover. But Pepe, even though pursued, had time to glimpse the beauty of Hedy Lamarr. He saw her bewilderment, grabbed her, hauled her to a hideout with him while shots continued to roar through the streets.

Up to this point in the story Pepe has had a naive native girl as his share of romance. Sigrid Gurie is the girl, and she is a far cry from the type of character she played in *Marco Polo*. It is amazing how a black wig, different make-up, and different *acting* can make a woman so utterly different.

Recently the papers were full of revelations that Miss Gurie, instead of being an European star, actually had been married and living in California, trying to get a break, when Samuel Goldwyn signed her up. In *Algiers* it is highly unimportant whether she is a native American or a Norwegian queen. She is good enough as an actress to make a first class native Algerian girl. That is a far cry from either of her asserted positions in real life.

Be that as it may, when Pepe Le Moko meets the gorgeous Lamarr, his affections are quickly transferred in her direction. It is Hedy's first American picture, and she is making the most of it. She would like people to know her as an actress in some other picture besides the now famous *Ecstasy*. Hedy would just as soon forget all about that matter. She considers it as adverse publicity. I don't think Mr. Wanger is worried one bit about it, however. The Gurie and Lamarr publicity woes should make good box office draw.

When Hedy Lamarr was 16 years old, she made *Ecstasy*. That was seven years ago, the scene, Prague. A girl of that age probably hasn't the mature judgment of a grown woman, and hardly the vision to see herself as a Hollywood star several years later. So Hedy accepted the chance for a top notch role in a little Czechoslovakian picture. It had a sequence where Hedy's horse ran off with her clothes, and she was left stranded in what Victorians call "the altogether." It also had a very torrid love scene with a young gentleman who came to her rescue.

Hedy made more pictures under her European name of Hedy Kiesler. Max Reinhardt, who has been called something of an authority, said the girl had talent. She seemed to be getting somewhere.

About the time she married Fritz Mandel, a rich munitions maker, Hedy's almost forgotten picture, *Ecstasy*, suddenly bounded into fame. Mussolini gave it his top cinematic award. It was imported to the United States, barred by the morals board. Mandel madly set about to buy up all the prints of the film. Regrettably, for him, he could not get the master negative.

After due fanfare, the federal courts let the picture into America. In typical American fashion it was publicized far beyond its worth—and Hedy Kiesler took the rap.

THAT was seven years ago. Hedy, parted from her husband, finally came to America, sadder and wiser. She presumed that the alleged folly of a 16-year-old girl would by now be forgotten. But Hedy quickly learned different. Everyone points to her as the girl who made *Ecstasy*, forgetting that she made many other films, forgetting that in the pre-Hays office days we had a few pretty exciting films of our own, forgetting everything but the one thing she wishes they would forget.

As a personality Hedy Lamarr is tops. She is highly educated, cultured, refined. In this past year she has gained an amazing command of the English language. She speaks French and German as well, with small bits of other languages, too, when necessary.

Swing it, June! RKO-Radio's comely Miss Travis seems to shine in just about every athletic accomplishment

Her well-proportioned body is 17 pounds thinner than it was in *Ecstasy*. She didn't get that way from reducing. It came from worry—worry over a picture that hasn't brought her much but sadness and unhappiness. But now, with Hollywood accepting her as a lovely and attractive young woman, with her career moving ahead rapidly despite handicaps that seemed insurmountable, she is gaining back some of that lost weight.

In *Algiers* she has her first opportunity to display her talents under obviously superior Hollywood conditions. When she finishes this picture, she goes back to Metro, which has her under long term contract.

"By the time this picture is released, I hope to be known for what I am doing—not for what happened when I was an immature school girl," Hedy says. "But understand, I am not complaining. People have been wonderful to me here in America, and especially in Hollywood. They treat me with such kindness, such respect. And there is none of that European coldness—it is very easy to become acquainted."

Hedy knows everyone on the *Algiers* set very well by now. And she is among excellent company. Director John Cromwell, Charles B. Brown, Alan Hale, Gene Lockhart, Joseph Calleia—these are among the stellar members of the cast. All of them turn in excellent performances. You can see that instantly when you watch them on the set.

There is the scene, for instance, where Lockhart meets a sad fate. Someone in the Casbah, acting as a stoolie for the gendarmes, has caused Johnny Downs, a young thief, to be shot. Boyer, who is by all odds the most important man in the underworld, suspects Lockhart, who is one of the natives. He tortures Lockhart into confessing his guilt.

Later—and this is the scene we saw—Lockhart is playing cards with other natives when Downs suddenly walks into the little room. He pulls out a pistol, and advances on the man who talked once too often. Lockhart drops his cards, shaking with fear. He edges off the cushion he has been sitting on, and pushes himself backward, his face contorted with fear. "No—no—NO!" he shouts, moving into a corner.

His hands clench spasmodically. Everyone watches him tensely as he struggles to his feet, cornered. Then the gun in Downs' hand spouts. Lockhart suddenly collapses. The underworld has caught up with him.

Watching a scene like this before the camera is in no wise different from seeing a stage play. If you know what the momentary action is all about, it has all the realism of life and death. You cannot watch the action without a shudder.

Algiers is a famous European story with a famous cast. Every person in it has been hand-picked from everything Hollywood has to offer. With Boyer as the most important character, and Gurie and Lamarr, two overnight Cinderellas, supporting him, it would be an important picture without further analysis. But every member of the supporting cast is more than worthy of his part.

Gurie has made one American film. Lamarr is making her first. Americans can well watch the drama of their respective efforts with a great deal of interest. *Algiers* should go a long way toward deciding the ultimate fate of both of these women. When you see *Algiers*, you will be on the testing ground for Tomorrow's Stars.

Valiant Is The Word for Cary!

[*Continued from page 33*]

heard of before—hit Hollywood amid drum-thumpings and whoop-la which the studios had started long ere the players left their native lands. Ah, yes, and these so famous arrivals must but immediately be tossed into a beeg production; none of your $250,000 colossals, but something super-super in the millions.

Ha! Well, when Cary reached Hollywood via a "tramp" motor trip across country, the silence that signalized his arrival was almost utter. He'd made a hit on Broadway, in England, on the Continent—Ho, hum. A movie executive just by chance gave him a test. Surprise, surprise! And from there he marched gaily onward.

But it was of the days before that movie test, the days when his career hung in the balance, that Cary talked the other afternoon. He talked modestly, humorously, with self-deprecation, but shining through his words you caught the bulldog courage which made him hang onto an idea or an ambition until it became a fact. He's English-Irish, and doesn't like defeat.

"It was Florence Reed who first gave me an inkling of how to get where I wanted to go," Cary reminisced. Nice clothes, now; one of the best dressing rooms on the lot; a home fitted out with as much luxury as Cary likes to allow himself—he doesn't go in much for luxuries; yes, a perfect set-up and a prospect of long continued prosperity and ever widening fame. It's easy enough to forget today that things were not always like this, but that's something Cary never forgets.

"I was just a kid in England, and I liked to collect autographs. In some magazine I read that Florence Reed was playing on Broadway in something based on O. Henry's *Roads of Destiny*. I wrote for her autograph and at the same time asked her to tell me how I could ever get to America and go on the stage. New York looked a long way from Bristol, England."

Cary paused, eyes narrowed in a remembering smile. Bristol was a yet longer way from Hollywood, if he'd only known it.

"She sent the autograph. A thrill? I'll say. But there wasn't any note of advice. Instead, she quoted—wrote it across her picture—a line from the play: 'Tain't *where* you are makes things happen, but *what* you are.'

"I always remembered it. I like to quote the line even now when people say their opportunities are limited by their environment."

BRISTOL, England—for example—wasn't the kind of place where you'd expect a theatrical career to begin. Cary's father was in the clothing business, a profession untouched by flights of fancy, but—Cary's grandfather had been Percival Leach, an actor well known on the English stage.

"I didn't think, however, of going on the stage myself," said Cary, "except as an electrician. I rather fancied myself as an inventor, at the age of 12."

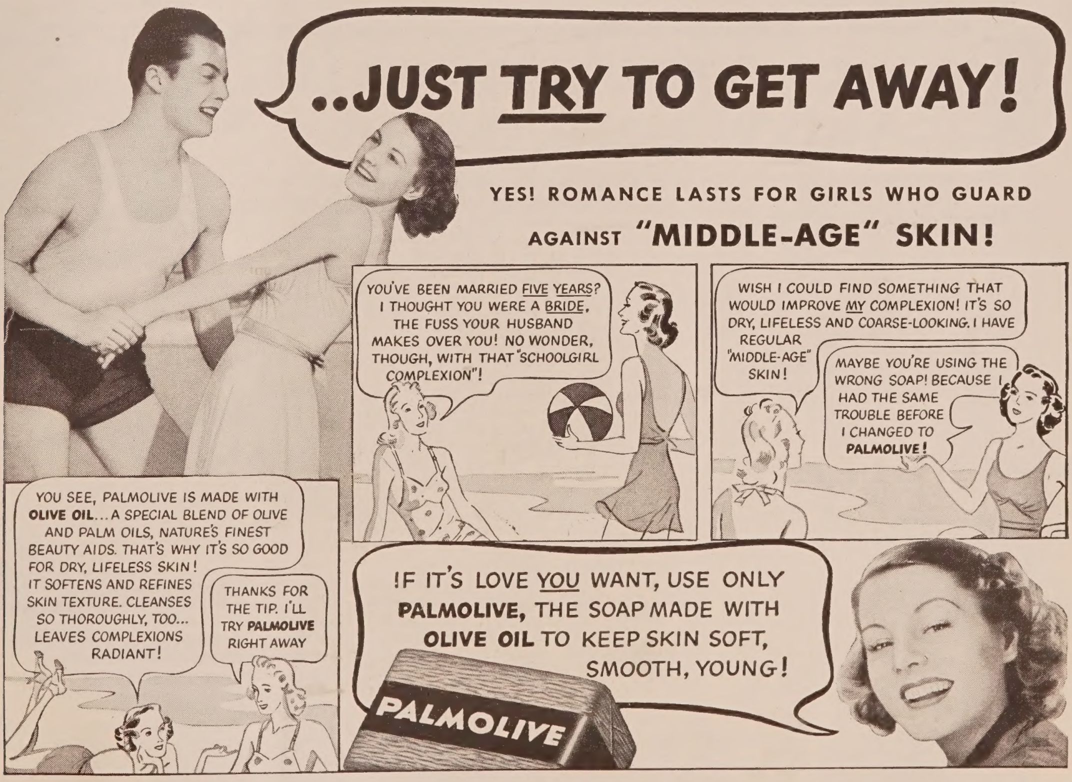
And well he might. For at 12 years he had worked out, by himself, a new lighting system for the stage. He first took Fate by the scruff of the neck when, the invention under his arm, he went to the manager of the local theatre and talked him into allowing the installation of the device at a performance. The young inventor might have gone on with his electrical improvements—Cary still likes to tinker with inventions—except that installing the lights brought him into contact with actors.

Presto! the bug that had nipped granddad Percival now bit young Archibald—beg pardon, young Cary. Yoicks! Young Cary wanted to be an actor, too! Not the kind that merely walked round a stage and acted, but the kind that wore red satin breeches and was an acrobat.

"No," said Cary's family. What to do? Well, what *was* there to do but run away from home and school and join Bob Pender's acrobatic troupe; eccentric dancing, stilt stunts, and clown routines? Through four glorious weeks Cary practiced the gentle art of "tumbling," before his father caught up with him at Norwich, Eng., and snaked him back to school.

Athletics, music and history were, ill-assortedly enough, his favorite studies (he continues to play the piano exceptionally well), but no studies had the allure of red satin breeches and "tumbling." Cary stayed doggedly at school for three more years, though, before he ran away again and joined the same Pender's troupe. This time his father let him remain.

"For a year we played music halls and


..JUST TRY TO GET AWAY!
YES! ROMANCE LASTS FOR GIRLS WHO GUARD AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED FIVE YEARS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A BRIDE, THE FUSS YOUR HUSBAND MAKES OVER YOU! NO WONDER, THOUGH, WITH THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!
WISH I COULD FIND SOMETHING THAT WOULD IMPROVE MY COMPLEXION! IT'S SO DRY, LIFELESS AND COARSE-LOOKING. I HAVE REGULAR "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! BECAUSE I HAD THE SAME TROUBLE BEFORE I CHANGED TO PALMOLIVE!
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE. CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
THANKS FOR THE TIP. I'LL TRY PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY
IF IT'S LOVE YOU WANT, USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

MOST ENDEARING OF ALL THOSE YOUNG CHARMS

Beautiful Eyes

Yours Quickly, Easily

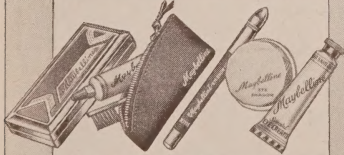
Truly, it's a shame for any woman to let pale, scraggly lashes spoil this most endearing of all our charms!

This need not be true of your eyes, however, if you will simply brush a bit of Maybelline Mascara upward on your lashes. Then—see what a long, silky, sweeping fringe of lashes is yours—and how *naturally* dark and luxuriant lashes appear! Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

Match your Maybelline Mascara with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow. Apply Maybelline Special Eye Cream nightly to help guard against those premature age-lines around your eyes.

Liberal introductory sizes at 10c stores. For eye make-up in good taste—*insist* on Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

MAYBELLINE



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold metal vanity 75c. Refills 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case 75c. Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. All in Black, Brown, Blue. Maybelline Eye Shadow in Blue, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. Maybelline Special Eye Cream.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

variety houses over there," Cary recalled, "and then learned to our incredulous joy that we had been engaged for the Hippodrome in New York. Think of it! New York!"

The act stayed at the Hippodrome for two years. During that time young Cary stared wistfully at Broadway, but Broadway didn't even glance back at him. Except for his better job as "knockabout comedian" at the Hippodrome, he might almost as well have stayed in England.

"And by and by, there we were back in England again," Cary said, "and I felt Fate had done me in, rather, and I decided not to stand for it."

Once more he took Fate by the scruff of the neck. The "tumbling" business had no future. Here he was, nearly 18, and—and—Well, *acting* had a future. And the glamour of red satin breeches had worn off. An actor! Yes! but how? Where?

He wormed his way into a stock company. For two more years he toured the English hinterland and the fringes of the Continent, playing any role they assigned him, and putting into it all he had. One role called for a song; he squeezed enough out of his salary to take a few singing lessons, and discovered to his astonishment that he had a baritone voice which the teacher said was worth cultivating. He cultivated it.

"Don't ever let any talent rust," Cary was advising with a glow of remembrance in his eyes, "you'll need all the abilities you have if you're going to make a dent on life."

SO PRETTY soon he acquired some reputation as a singing actor, and then Arthur Hammerstein snapped him up and brought him back to New York as the male lead in *Golden Dawn* in which Vivienne Segal was starred. From that production he went on to *Polly*, with Fred Allen and June (Lady Inverclyde); *Boom Boom* with Jeanette MacDonald; *Street Singer* with Queenie Smith; the American version of *Die Fledermaus;* and *Nikki* with Fay Wray and Douglass Montgomery.

"There comes a point in any career where you've a right to think everything is smooth sailing from then on," Cary said, "and if I've learned one thing from experience, it's this—that's the very point at which you need to work harder than ever. Like when you think you're at the top of a hill, if you're bicycling, say—you need just that one more effort to put you over the brow."

Accordingly, Cary didn't rest on his laurels. He put his laurels in the bottom drawer and hied himself forth to St. Louis where he joined the municipal opera company and, in one summer, sang the leading roles in twelve light opera productions.

With all this achievement behind him, you'd suppose Cary would be known to Hollywood. But, as has been said, the town took no notice of him when, after a leisurely trip from New York, he motored in. Indeed, he was about to return to New York where various jobs had been lined up when he took that screen test and signed a picture contract. He realized then, at last, that he'd found exactly the sort of career he wanted.

"I know that many actors prefer the stage to pictures," he admitted, "but I like pictures better. They give you more chance to project a character. Everybody else to the contrary, I feel that I can get closer to an audience before the camera."

He's so fond of Hollywood that the second of his hobbies, so he himself declares, is "singing aloud wherever I happen to be, most unexpectedly." It's a good thing he does sing aloud whenever the fit takes him for Hollywood, capricious wench, has never yet given him a singing role in a film! His first hobby, it may be noted in passing, is to send to his kid brother in England all the Sunday funny papers he can find. Kid brother has, as a result, formed the Bristol Comic Supplement Club—membership in which is a coveted honor.

There is yet another hobby, so much a part of Cary that he doesn't look upon it as a hobby at all. Athletics. And this includes not only daily swimming, tennis and hand ball, but also gymnastics. Luckily, as has been said, he never neglected his acrobatic accomplishments because he certainly made use of them in *Holiday*.

It was Cary who, amid wild hilarity from all concerned, taught Katharine Hepburn how to turn handsprings for this picture. Katharine was an apt pupil, but Cary developed such a mischievous penchant for tossing her into the air and swinging her round his head without warning—"you've *got* to practice these things," he'd tell her—that Katharine developed a wary attitude between scenes. You'd behold Cary entering the set at one corner, and—at the other—Katharine scuttling for a hiding place or for a chair to which she could firmly cling.

AT THAT, Cary was only retaliating. When he and Katharine played in an earlier picture, Cary had a nondescript little portable dressing-room—a small trailer, really—on the sound stage. It was hardly big enough for Cary to move around in, he being six feet one inch tall and weighing 175 pounds. Came the day when he heard merry laughter outside and emerged from the cramped quarters to find that Miss Hepburn had hung a sign upon his door. "GRANT'S TOMB."

These two incidents developed into a gleeful duel between the two stars. Katharine has afternoon tea served on the set every afternoon; homemade cookies and cakes and tea, to which everybody—grips, juicers and all—is invited. Cary heard Katharine explaining how she couldn't get along without her tea, *couldn't* get along without it. So one afternoon she found that she couldn't get along *with* it. Some miscreant, whose initials were probably C. G., had slipped a handful of mothballs into the teapot.

It happened that a few afternoons later Cary was practicing a bit of dialogue with Phyllis Brooks. Now, who hasn't heard that Phyllis and Cary are that way about each other and are being seen everywhere together and all this and that and the other? Well, Phyllis stepped into Cary's dressing-room whence issued from time to time their mingled accents and efforts on that bit of dialogue.

Through the slightly open door, Cary could not see the sound stage but he trusted the assistant director to call him when another bout with the camera was due. His rehearsal went on and on until at length Cary and Phyllis were satisfied with their reading of the lines. Still no assistant director called them.

Finally, Cary and Phyllis stepped out of his dressing-room and looked around. The sound stage was silent. Deserted. Over at its far side was a man sweeping the floor.

"Hey, what's this?" Cary cried.

"They've all gone," the man called back, "knocked off at 6:15. It is 6:30 now."

"Well, but why," Cary began, "didn't anybody—"

And then Phyllis pointed. Upon his dressing room door hung another sign. Katharine Hepburn, shooing everybody out on tiptoe, had put it there. It said: "ENGAGED. DO NOT DISTURB."

Cary put back his head and roared. Because, besides being valiant and perhaps for the reason that he's valiant, Cary's one of the most good-natured guys in town.

Allan's Lane To Fame

[*Continued from page 36*]

got used to it in time, and also to the stage."

Playing behind the footlights wasn't quite as exciting as playing football at Notre Dame, where he had won letters, not only in the pigskin pastime, but in baseball and basketball as well; nor was it as much fun as playing with the Cincy Reds, but he found that the stage had many advantages that a career in sports lacked. For one thing, the pay was fairly good. For another, the hours were pleasant. And lastly, he began to enjoy the work and the men and women with whom he associated on the stage.

His first piece of good luck came when a road company representing *Hit the Deck* arrived in town. The leading man had been taken suddenly ill and when the management appealed to the local stock company for help, Allan was selected to fill the role.

"I finished the season with the road show," says Allan, "and in Buffalo, Winnie Sheehan, after seeing me perform, insisted that I take a screen test. After it was over, I went on to New York where I added to my stage experience by playing in *Zero Hour*, with Alice Brady, and in *Murder With Music*. From there I came out to Hollywood, made one picture, and became so disgusted with myself that I packed up my duds and beat it back to good old Broadway. Pictures didn't appeal to me, nor did Hollywood itself, and I convinced myself that since I'd never be able to do well on the screen I'd forget the whole business."

AND that's just what this determined young man did. He got back to Broadway, but not to the stage. The advertising game attracted him and he tried for weeks to get a job, and he did, finally, in the mailing department of one of the biggest agencies in town. But he was far from being satisfied with it.

"The mailing department," he explains, "was down in the basement, and after figuring it all out, I discovered that if I wanted to work my way up, it would take me ninety-two years to reach the executive offices located on the eleventh floor. That was too long for me and I quit."

All this time he'd been dallying with another money-making idea. A careful study of various magazines had revealed the fact that 75% of the illustrations in the ads were photographic, and the smart thing for him to do was to get into the studio business. To give this idea a good, sound test he got himself a job as salesman in a company that supplied commercial art to the advertising agencies and within six months was known as one of the best salesmen in his particular field.

"Just as soon as I found that out," declares Allan, "I decided to open up a studio of my own. The agencies promised me work and I promised them that I'd give them the best photographic studies in the city. But I couldn't do that until I opened up a studio, and I couldn't open up a studio unless I had money—so—I went back to professional football with my old team, the Cincinnati Reds. At the end of the season I had enough money, added to what I was able to beg and borrow, to start out on my own. And if I do say it myself, I did pretty well."

Pretty well is right. All that this enterprising young man did in the next two years was to become about the best in his line of business. Such accounts as Camay Soap, Lucky Strikes, Wrigley's, Packard, Ford Motors, and a number of others were down on his books. Business was booming, the Lane firm was making money, and the rumor was spreading that the boss was one of the rising young business men of the city.

One of his friends at this time was Joe Pincus, talent scout for 20th Century-Fox. Pincus was determined to send Allan back to Hollywood, where the scout was convinced he belonged. After much persuasion, Lane agreed to give pictures another try, and once again was western-bound.

A good role in *Laughing At Trouble* was followed by others equally as good in *Fifty Roads to Town, Charley Chan at the Olympics, Big Business,* and *Sing and Be Happy.*

He was likewise tested for the role of *Rhett Butler*—if *that* means anything any more in Hollywood!

After finishing *Sing and Be Happy* Allan moved over to RKO-Radio, where, in his first picture for this studio, he played the second male lead opposite Peggy Conklin in *Having Wonderful Time*, and in *The Maid's Night Out, This Marriage Business, The Duke Steps Out,* and proved his ability to play leads—which certainly indicates progress of a positive sort.

"I'm not a good actor by any measure of

AW, MOM... I ONLY TOLD HIM HE HAS BAD BREATH!
BUT JIMMIE—*TELL* MOTHER! WHATEVER MADE YOU *DO* SUCH A NAUGHTY THING?
WELL, AUNT MARY SAID MR. REED WAS NICE—ONLY HE OUGHTA GO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT HIS BREATH —*SO I TOLD HIM!*
MR. REED TAKES JIMMIE'S TIP
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
BOY! THIS GLOVE'LL KNOCK THE TEAM'S EYES OUT, MR. REED! I'M SURE GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY UNCLE!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

When *Nervousness* Makes You Perspire

dew WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET

Dainty women won't run the risk of perspiration odor. They use DEW.

Any minute may be your *big moment.* Don't let perspiration odor spoil it. Hot weather and exercise are not the *only* things that make you perspire. Excitement, fatigue, "nerves" do, *too.* The other person will never say that you offend. Be on guard in advance. Use DEW.

DEW is kind to your skin and easy to use. DEW is the choice of smart women who want the poise, the charm, the assurance that come from freedom from perspiration odor. Ask for DEW today at drug stores, toilet goods counters, 10¢ stores. Three sizes: 10¢, 25¢, 50¢. *DEW will keep your secret.*

INSTANT dew DEODORANT Stops Perspiration

Sell 50 CHRISTMAS CARDS With Sender's Name $1

Earn Extra Money Take orders for sensational value Personal Christmas Cards. Sender's name on every card. All newest popular folder styles. Distinctive, amazingly low-priced. FREE Samples Earn steady income just showing samples to friends and others — full or spare time. No experience needed. Liberal profits. Also sell Christmas Card Assortments, 25 folders for $1; others low as 50c. Men and women—earnings start at once. Get free outfit. General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. A-417, Chicago, Ill.

NAME HERE

Blonde Haired Girls!

Get Back the Lovely, Radiant Lightness of Childhood

Try this fascinating new shampoo, which in a few minutes and at the cost of but a few cents, leaves your hair lighter and lovelier. Safely, too. A single wash with this amazing, new-type shampoo —called New Blondex—instantly removes the dull, dingy, oil and dust laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse colored and "old" looking. You will be delighted with the new shimmering highlights and lustre of your hair, the glorious radiance that usually comes only in childhood. Start Blondex today. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—at all stores.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

stage technique," he frankly admits. "I'm just lucky. I can name a score of chaps who can act rings around me any day in the week, and most likely they'll do it whenever they get the same kind of breaks that I've been getting. I have no idea how long I'll last in this picture-making business, but it doesn't worry me much. If I ever do get the Grand Bounce, or decide that I've had my fill of the films, I'll go back to New York and open up another commercial photography studio."

THE perspicacity of this level-headed young man of the movies can best be illustrated by the manner in which he approaches each new picture.

"About the time we're ready to shoot the first scene," he states, "I manage to draw the director aside and lay my acting cards on the table. I admit to him that I'm a mighty poor actor—probably the worst in the cast, but that if he'll only be patient with me, go out of his way a little to show me just what he wants me to do, I'll turn in what he may call a 'just fair' performance. Once in a while I have a director who thinks I'm trying to put the well-known polish on the well-known apple, but before I'm through, he's usually convinced that I'm really sincere. Not only that, but invariably he'll go out of his way to give me instruction. You can call this a 'system' if you like, but I'd much rather tell a director before a picture starts that I'm far from being a Clark Gable or a Spencer Tracy, than to let him discover it for himself during the first day's shooting."

What Allan would rather have above all else is an interest in a major league baseball club. He likes baseball and baseball players and some day, when he's made his pile, he's going to invest part of it in a club. This spring, whenever he had a day off, he trained with either the Chicago Cubs or the Chicago White Sox and when he wasn't taking his cut at the ball he was shagging flies in the outfield.

But baseball isn't his only athletic love. He's a whiz at the ancient and honorable game of golf—and when we say "whiz" we mean that he's good enough to qualify in such golf tournaments as the New York State Amateur, the Metropolitan Open, the Southern California Amateur, and the Western Amateur. Believe you me, a golfer who can post scores good enough to qualify in these meets doesn't as a rule, play the divot instead of the ball—as this writer has often been accused of doing!

He's pretty modest about his bowling prowess, but he has no occasion to be—not when he can cut the legs from under the tenpins to the tune of a mere 692 for a three-game series. Ask any bowler what a 692 score means either for money, chalk, or marbles, and you'll get an idea of how good he is at this sport. Last year he put up a bowling ball as a prize for his studio team to shoot at and then stepped out and won it himself the first night of inter-studio play by knocking the pins galley-west for a three-game score of 668! He didn't claim the prize, however, but gave it to the player with the next best score.

Polo and aviation have a strong hold upon his enthusiasm—but that ends it. When it comes to these two expensive sports he's a looker instead of a doer, and will continue to be so until he has the money to own a plane and a string of ponies. He's not a penny-pincher, but he certainly does know the value of money, and like most of the younger crop of actors he puts it away.

"I'm one Lane," he says, "that has no yearning for anything save the knowledge that I'm making a little progress in my picture career."

Which is pretty good philosophy coming from an ex-footballer who jumped out of his moleskins and into buskins!

—*Wide World*

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard raise horses, too—but unlike Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, they don't go in much for racing horses. Here are Clark and Carole with colts that will be trained to be riding horses and trotters

What is the Dangerous Age?

[*Continued from page* 41]

"The popular theory that the dangerous age for a woman is around forty-five refers to another kind of danger. I mean that when a girl is twenty or twenty-one she is in the most danger of getting married. Nine out of ten girls who don't marry at that age wait until they are around twenty-six. People who make a study of such things say this is on account of the complete chemical change that takes place in the body every seven years. When a girl reaches the age of twenty or so, it is perfectly natural for her to think of getting married, but if for any reason, voluntary or not, she postpones the event, she postpones it until another cycle rolls around, which makes her seven years older.

"And that, I believe, is the best age for a girl to be when she marries, because by that time she is better able to understand the responsibilities of marriage and have an appreciation of the necessary adjustments she must make in her life. Not being in love, I'm very sure I want to wait five years. After all, I'm just reaching the beginning of what I have worked for all these years."

A FEW hours before Anita had received an invitation to appear as guest soloist with a Symphony Orchestra on a Sunday night broadcast. She was thrilled at this evidence of recognition of her ability as a harpist.

"They ask only the best artists," she said, still a bit breathless with excitement, "and I didn't expect to be asked for another year.

"I guess I'm as old-fashioned about a career as I am about marriage," she went on. "I can't be casual about it. I've worked too hard to get where I am now. From a strictly business standpoint the dividends of a career in pictures are enormous and it wouldn't be fair to myself or my mother, who has sacrificed much for my career, to give it up now for marriage.

"Don't think that I hold marriage lightly," she added quickly. "Far from it. It is because I take it so seriously that I wouldn't want to share it with anything else, especially a career as demanding as that of a motion picture actress. I must have my mind unclouded by any problems of romance. I want to give completely to my career for the next few years. Then I look forward to being married, having children and still a career—of some kind.

"You see," she said, reaching for a piece of candy, "I can still continue with my music after I marry. Making pictures is too exacting. What time or energy can a girl have left for a husband or the duties of being the mistress of a home after a day—roughly speaking, from six a. m. until eight p. m.—at the studio? How can marriage thrive under such conditions? If an actress marries an actor they have more chance for happiness because each understands the problems of the other, but marriage means more to me than spending my honeymoon worrying about my next picture.

"It's strange, too," she said thoughtfully, "and there seems to be no tangible explanation for it, but can you think of one motion picture actress who married while she was on the way up—as I am—who didn't drop out of sight or at least never became a star after her marriage? Any star you can name, who is married, was a star before she became a bride."

(Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Blondell, Joan Bennett and right on through a long list that you can think up yourself some rainy Sunday—all waited until after stardom to marry.)

"The only explanation I can think of is that if a girl is really in love, her marriage will usually mean more to her than her career. She will gradually settle down to a state of contentment that is deadly to her ambition. Then if children come that means that she is off the screen for months—and the public soon forgets."

It was a revelation to listen to this slim, young girl—incidentally, a girl who is fairly bubbling with good health and love of life—talk so seriously. Apparently it was a subject to which she had devoted much thought. She discussed her career and her future as calmly as though she were suggesting: "We might have fish cakes for dinner and use up the fish and mashed potatoes that were left last night."

Most of her life has been spent in preparing for stardom. She has worked and *how* she has worked. As she nears her goal she recalls the hard, lean years—the years when there was no money for luxuries and barely

Olivia de Havilland
in
"The Adventures of Robin Hood"
A Warner Bros. Production

"Give new charm to your beauty with Color Harmony Make-Up"

YOU'LL be amazed what wonderful things correct make-up colors will do for your beauty...how much more attractive you will appear.

Blonde or brunette...brownette or redhead...there is a color harmony in Max Factor's powder, rouge, lipstick, originally created for screen star types, that will be flattering for you. Try it today...share this make-up secret of Hollywood's stars. *Note coupon for special make-up test.*

POWDER
The perfect color harmony shades of Max Factor's Face Powder actually enliven the beauty of your skin. Soft in texture, it imparts a clinging satin-smooth make-up...$1.

ROUGE
It's so important to have the right shade of rouge, and that is why Max Factor created lifelike colors for each type. You'll be amazed how lovely your color harmony shade will look...50¢.

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Fair . . . . ☐	Gray . . . . . ☐	BROWNETTE Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Creamy . . . . . ☐	Green . . . . ☐	BRUNETTE Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Medium . . . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . ☐	REDHEAD Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Ruddy . . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow . . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . ☐	
Freckled . . . . ☐	LASHES [*Color*] Light . . . . ☐ Dark . . . . . ☐	
Olive . . . . ☐		
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enough for necessities but always enough for lessons—music lessons, dancing lessons, drama lessons—and she realizes how foolish it would be to jeopardize her career now with a hasty marriage.

Three nights a week Anita attends night school with her mother, studying history, English and science, which is a pretty stiff schedule for a girl who works as steadily in big productions as Anita does.

"The more accomplished a girl is the more she has a right to demand of her husband," she argues philosophically. "And any girl likes to have a husband she can look up to!"

IT IS a dangerous year for Anita because she has many suitors. She plays no favorites but she is a favorite with each of them. One of them voiced the sentiment of the crowd when he said: "A fellow is always proud to take Anita out. She wears smart clothes and always does the right thing. And she's fun, too. If you want to dance, she's a grand partner; if you want to play tennis, she can give you a good game and if you want to just talk she can discuss a lot of things beside the latest Hollywood dirt."

Anita's mother is not leaving her daughter's chances for a happy marriage to chance.

For the past year Anita has been given more freedom and responsibility than before. Recently she took a trip to Chicago with Eloise Lewis, her chum, as a travelling companion. It was her first trip without her mother.

"I would like to have had a picture of Anita on that trip," her mother laughed. "Always she forgets or loses something. Usually she leaves half her clothes hanging in the closet of her hotel room. That is," she added, "if someone has hung them up for her. Really, she's frightfully untidy. She never hangs up her clothes. I get cross with her about it."

"If I put my clothes on the floor when I go to bed," Anita explained with an impish grin, "I know they will be there in the morning. If I put them on a chair they might fall off!"

Anita has a good disposition, as the serene expression on her face indicates. She never loses her temper and her way of exploding when something goes wrong is to lift an eyebrow.

In a crisis she is quick thinking and recently, in her own home, turned what might in less adept hands have been an embarrassing situation into an amusing incident.

Anita was giving a tea party when one of the most public "blessed events" ever noted in Hollywood history occurred. Busy seeing that her guests got sugar or lemon in their tea she was surprised to a point of amazement when Thistle, her Scottie dog, with either a fine sense of the dramatic or a true Hollywood instinct for publicity, entertained the stork. Right in the middle of the party and on the white carpet in the drawing room there suddenly appeared a puppy!

Anita didn't drop the cream pitcher; she put it carefully on a table, picked up the dog and the puppy and carried them to the basement where a nursery had been prepared in anticipation of such an event. When the butler announced a little later that there were six puppies, Anita announced calmly: "Well, nature has to take its course, I guess."

It is reasonable to suppose that a girl who can handle an emergency with that amount of poise should be able to manage her own personal affairs.

"After all this talk," she said laughing, "if romance came to me next week I suppose I would do just what any girl would do—get married. Every fortune teller says that my big romance is to come this year, but if I can skip it for a while, I'm sure I'll be safe until I'm twenty-five. And then I'll do my best to escape being an old maid!"

When Gary Cooper made one of his infrequent guest appearances on the radio, he had the ever-lovely and popular Fay Wray as his co-star. Fans applauded

Virginia Bruce Speaks Out!

[*Continued from page 27*]

understanding. He knows what I am thinking almost before I think it, and he is very thoughtful."

There has been no time for a honeymoon, for Virginia has made four pictures since their marriage. "But it's fun trying to steal a few minutes together," she said happily. "We have lunch in my dressing room and come to the studio together. Of course we have evenings. He got home yesterday from a location trip. He'd been away a week and when I heard his voice downstairs, just saying 'hello'—well really—such a thrill! It's something so wonderful, being in love.

"You know, I gave out an interview not long ago in which I said I wouldn't be married for five years. I meant it then. I was all ready to build a new home for all of us—my mother, my father, brother, Susan and me. I had the plans drawn for a huge house. It had to be huge to accommodate all of us and was to be almost two separate establishments. I can't use those plans for the home Sonny and I are going to build. We want a much smaller place, but it will probably turn out to be a much larger one."

They will occupy Laura Hope Crews' home in Beverly Hills until they carry out their plans for a New England farmhouse on six and a half acres between Beverly Hills and the sea. There will be a nursery for Susan and, they hope, other children; stables for Jack's eight polo ponies and a kennel for their three dogs.

All their dreams and plans include Susan Ann, Virginia's four-year-old daughter. She is wrapped up in this child of hers and frankly admits she intends to spoil her. "I'm being helped in the 'spoiling' by Sonny, too," she said. "He and Susan are crazy about each other and he has a wonderful understanding of children."

They plan to take Susan with them if they get an opportunity to take a honeymoon trip to Honolulu or Europe. *That* will be a new one, even for Hollywood! "Well, she is old enough to enjoy it and we would have so much fun with her," Virginia explained.

It must be admitted that Virginia hasn't had to make any concessions in this marriage, although she would like to. Her greatest sacrifice to date has been a determination to learn to ride horseback, because that is Sonny's greatest pleasure.

"He rides beautifully. He plays polo and he adores it. I like horses, too, but I can work up more enthusiasm from the ground than when I'm in the saddle. But I'm going to ride," she said firmly.

IT SEEMS that a pinto named Necktie destroyed Virginia's illusions about horseback riding. She had gone on a picnic one time, riding comfortably in a limousine while the others rode horseback. When it was time to start home she decided she wouldn't be sissy; she'd go home on a horse with the others. She borrowed a pair of chaps from a cowboy and looked speculatively at Necktie.

"If he only knew his strength," Virginia thought, her courage dwindling. What the horse was thinking, but Virginia didn't know, was that it was past his dinner time and he was hungry. She was no more than in the saddle when that pony bolted for home.

"He dragged me under every branch of every tree around there, trying to brush me off, but I hung onto the saddle for dear life. Away he went at breakneck speed! When the others tried to catch up he only went faster. It happened that one of the boys had gone on ahead and he saw us coming. Turning his horse across the path he stopped us, but only when that crazy Necktie crashed into him.

"They took me off the horse, although they said I'd been off most of the time. All they could see was blue sky between me and the saddle. I cried for hours, I was so frightened, and that finished me for riding."

Good looking new riding clothes have helped rouse fresh interest in horses. "Sonny went with me to have them fitted. He knows just where they should fit and where they should hang. And he gave me a beautiful chestnut horse. I've *got* to ride!" she repeated firmly, as though each time she said it she was convincing herself.

We talked on the set between scenes of *One Woman's Answer*, which she was making with Herbert Marshall. Suddenly a dreamy look came into her wide, blue eyes and she asked the time, wondering if it would ever be noon and time for lunch with Sonny. You can't be around without knowing she is ideally happy but, what is also important, all Hollywood is happy for her. Everyone says, "She deserves to be happy,"

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Lovely Patricia Ellis protects the freshness that first won her a successful screen test. She's 5 feet 5; weighs 115; loves to swim and ride horseback. (*See her in Republic's "Romance On The Run."*)

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and if you ask what, exactly, they mean by "deserving" to be happy, they'll tell you, "because she is one of the nicest girls in Hollywood.

"She hasn't run around with every Tom, Dick and Harry," they'll rave on. "You've never heard *her* name mixed up in any scandal. You almost never see her at a night club. She hasn't let herself become common."

She was anything but easy to get, although I recalled hearing her say once that every man should have the right to make love to a nice girl. "But every man should earn that right by being the kind of man a girl wants to make love to her," she continued. "Men have to be just as careful of their reputations as a girl does."

Virginia was at one time one of the glorified girls in the Ziegfeld chorus but she was old-fashioned enough to demand that her escorts maintain a reputation for being the "right sort of young men." Although she's proud of being old-fashioned, don't get the idea that she isn't good fun. She is as modern as tomorrow, with all her almost puritanical standards. If a man asked her for a date and she didn't think he was the "right sort," she'd tell him they had nothing in common.

"What's the use of lying to a man?" she demanded. "I think it's better to be honest. Men respect you more if you tell them the truth. Hollywood men are no different from the men any place. In New York they were just the same. When I explained to them that I couldn't go out or accept their attention, they understood."

THERE'S no pretense about Virginia. She goes about her business unhampered by having to put on an act in a town where everything is an act; where women don't remember what color hair they started out with.

"Nonsense!" she sniffs, "of course I touch up my hair a little. I was a tow-head when I came to Hollywood, but anyone knows that as you grow older your hair grows darker."

Of course Virginia is getting on! She speaks of "growing older" from the ripe old age of twenty-four.

If asked, she will tell you the price of her dresses, too, "but the girls scream at me when I say a dress is three years old or that I paid only $29.50 for it. I can't help it. I'm so proud of myself when I get a bargain.

"A friend of mine—a big producer, too—took me into a corner at a party not long ago and lectured me about being so frank. He said I was just crazy to go around telling the truth all the time. He gave me some good advice, and I appreciate it, but I can't change."

People are continually giving Virginia advice, although she seems to do all right in her own way. Incidentally, she's to be the star of her next picture, a goal she's reached by hard work and application, although plenty of people would have liked to help her. Before her recent marriage, if you sat in her dressing room for half an hour you would note the arrival of flowers from one admirer, a telegraphed invitation from another and innumerable telephone calls. Yet, most evenings this sought-after young lady could be found at home reading a book or practicing her music lesson.

"It's the most important thing in the world for a girl to keep herself from being common," she said, thoughtfully. "I wasn't a recluse. I went out a lot and had a lot of fun, but I went mostly to parties at the homes of my friends. And when I had no engagement I was perfectly content to stay at home. If I had a date, *that* seemed to be the thing I wanted.

"My mother used to say, 'Think pretty and you'll be pretty,' and tell me if I made myself as sweet and attractive as I could, the right man would come along. I don't mind telling you that I thought he never would," she added frankly, "but you can't force things. Someone told me once that if I wanted something very much, not to try too hard to get it, so I didn't go out looking for a husband. I just went along, doing my work and having a good time and waited and—well, he came!"

That is her advice to any girl who wants to get married. "But of course they can't all have my Sonny!" she added.

Just imagine—Danielle Darrieux is a movie fan! And when she left Hollywood for her native Paris, after finishing *The Rage of Paris*, she had an autograph collection second to none. Here Helen Broderick and Mischa Auer oblige her

Out in the Open

[*Continued from page 49*]

but delicious dish one of those simply grand all-in-one substantial meals which she enjoys serving to guests on her jolly cutter, the "Cielito Lindo." Afloat or ashore, the hungry "outer" is bound to be satisfied with this hearty mixture:

MEXICAN BEANS

4 Cups fresh lima beans
8 Strips bacon
4 Onions, thinly sliced
1 Large can (No. 3) tomatoes
4 Small chili peppers
Salt, sugar

Place beans in large saucepan and simmer in boiling water until tender. Do not drain off water. In skillet saute bacon strips, and remove. Brown onions in remaining fat, until a light golden color, add tomatoes, salt and sugar, and crumble in the chili peppers. Cover, and simmer mixture 30 minutes. Add this to beans and their cooking liquid, and set the entire mixture to simmer 2 hours or longer over very low heat. Just before serving, break crisp bacon into bits and scatter on top of each portion. Serve with thin pumpernickel bread spread with snappy cheese, and chilled beer.

Spanish Frankfurters is another of those hearty meals which can be made at home and carried off to be eaten anywhere the fancy calls a halt. It may be prepared in a glass oven casserole, made piping hot before setting out, and if wrapped in several layers of newspapers for insulation, will remain warm and appetizing for a long while. Or, this may be prepared in a single unit electric casserole or electric well cooker which are especially designed for portable use and which are guaranteed to keep their contents piping hot for as long as eight hours. Thus, a whole chicken may be roasted in such an electric cooker, flanked with potatoes, vegetables or pudding, and "toted" entire in the rumble seat or bottom of a boat.

SPANISH FRANKFURTERS

1½ Small cans Italian tomato paste
1 Large can (No. 3) tomatoes
2 Green peppers, minced
2 Large onions, minced
1 Clove garlic
Pinch thyme
Salt, pepper
16 Skinless frankfurters
4 Tablespoons butter

Strain tomatoes and combine with paste, peppers, onions and seasonings. Place in saucepan or electric cooker and simmer to blend. Add Frankfurters and butter. (If electric cooker is used, preheat 15 minutes, cook 15 minutes on high and then 30 minutes on low.) (For variation, canned baked beans may be combined with sausage, or lentils which have been soaked overnight may be substituted for beans. Also, bacon strips over top of casserole may be substituted for butter.)

AT PICNICS where there are young children, it often becomes a problem of what to do to keep them happy and out of mischief until meal time. One solution is to make them partners in getting the meal ready by "cooking their own," and so occupying both their hands and spirits. Some sort of a "bob," such as shiskebob, featuring a piece of meat and other items such as bits of tomato, onion, cheese or bananas held at the end of a forked stick and roasted over a fire, is always great fun for the younger set. Here is a recipe of the sort which is a little unusual:

SIZZLE BOBS

1½ Pounds round steak
1 Cup diced celery
1 Cup diced apple or ripe tomato
½ Cup minced onion
Salt, pepper
12 Strips bacon
12 Flat buttered buns

Cut steak into 12 strips each about 4 inches long by 2 inches wide. Combine the celery, tomato, onion and seasonings, and mix well. Place a small amount of mixture in each strip of meat, and roll up. Wrap each in bacon strip, and fasten with toothpicks. (May be prepared at home thus far, if desired.) Broil each "bob" over hot coals, turning often. Place in buttered bun, and eat immediately.

ANOTHER unusual filled picnic bun is liked by both adults and children but is intriguingly called—

LOLLIPOP BUNS

12 Flat round buns
1 Pound beef hamburger
1 Cup hot tomato juice
2 Tablespoons finely minced onion
1 Tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
½ Teaspoon dry mustard
Salt, pepper
Melted butter
Tart pickle relish

Cut slit in side of each bun, and with a fork partially scrape out crumbs, leaving each bun an empty pocket. Combine crumbs with meat, and saute in hot greased skillet, stirring continuously with fork to keep particles separate. Add tomato juice and seasonings, and simmer 10 minutes longer. Brush inside of rolls with melted butter, and fill pockets with hamburger mixture, adding tablespoon of relish to each. Wrap each in waxed paper, until ready to eat.

Another picnic standby is the "loaf" which has the advantage of carrying and slicing well, and in the free leaflet to be sent to all readers on request, there is a special recipe for Chicken-Potato Loaf which is good not only for picnics but for any summer supper as well. And the recipe for the Caramel Pecan Loaf, and the one for All-In-One Outing Salad which will keep moist and fresh in its own jar, and the picnic beverage recipe are all ones which you will certainly want to have ready for use in your picnic hamper. So pick your picnic trail now and get the most health and relaxation out of the good old summer time.

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Cuts to any Size or Shape

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 18]

at being given his big chance and now he felt that the studio had changed their mind about him. It took quite a bit of fast talking on the part of the assistant director, to convince Dennis that he had already rated a stand-in!

ALL the talent in the Evans family doesn't belong to sister Madge. Brother Tom is a photographer and a darn good one too. For a while he worked at M-G-M but he quit there because of personal reasons. Paramount had their own two men but they put Tom on to do some extra work. When a job loomed up at the Roach studio, Tom was quick to take it. But in the meantime the Paramount stars liked his work so well that they are now insisting that Tom be brought in for special sittings.

THE studios that sponsor their own radio programs have their own headaches. Among other things, some of the stars are kicking because they have to appear in front of large audiences. No, it isn't stage fright. The stars just don't want to be seen wearing glasses! Recently when Strangler Lewis appeared on the bill with Bob Taylor, it was discovered that his failing eyesight would not allow him to see clearly at all. How to read his lines was a big problem. Someone suggested they be typed in that very special one inch giant type. Now, all the stars who are vain about wearing glasses are crying for the same big type. It's next to impossible, of course, because it would require thousands of pages for one radio script.

IT SEEMS that Ilona Massey, who really is a beauty, has suffered artistically because of improper screen makeup. According to rumor, M-G-M are calling in the Westmores, who are tops in their line. It is hoped that in their expert hands, Ilona's natural beauty will blossom on the screen as it does in real life.

IN BETWEEN shots on the set, Shirley Temple is a very busy lady. She has one of those spools fitted out with four nails and a ball of string. The idea is to weave a cord that eventually becomes long enough to wind around into a flat mat. When they wanted Shirley for a scene, George Murphy, who is in the picture, called out, "Come on Shirley, put that worm down and get to work!"

ANN SOTHERN really let herself in for something when she took young David Hobbs to the circus. He is the little boy Ann is going to adopt. He had never seen a circus in his life and of course Ann got as big a kick out of his reaction as he did. But that night master David couldn't get to sleep, Elephants (and not pink ones) kept dancing before his eyes. Ann, in her bedroom, could hear him giving out with lion roars and wild west cries. Finally Ann got up and went to David's room. She sat

That delightful daffydill, Gracie Allen, is one of Hollywood's fondest mamas to her two adorable children, Sandra and Ronnie, shown here with her in the nursery

Mexican beans are Evalyn Knapp's prize contribution to the luncheons she gives on her yacht. If you want the recipe turn to Mrs. Christine Frederick's cooking article on page 49 in this issue

and talked to him quietly and at last he fell asleep Ann didn't need anyone to talk to her.

ONLY in Hollywood could a moustache receive as much attention as that of Fernand Gravet. He's raising it for *Johann Strauss* and while it grows to maturity, all those connected with the production are sitting by and concentrating!

AS A safety measure, all the stars in Beverly Hills and Brentwood Heights have their homes wired with burglar alarm systems. They connect with the nearby police station and the alarm goes off if a single window is raised or a door opened. The Fred MacMurrays installed the system recently. They were in a hurry to rush out and have a steak dinner one evening, so forgot to set the alarm. They were just away one hour. During that time their house was robbed!

NOT in years has Hollywood been so upset as it is at the Coogan case. Jackie and his wife Betty Grable are very popular with the younger set. While Jackie's return to the screen has been anything but sensational, Betty is doing better all the time. It's almost unbelievable to think that Jackie hasn't a cent from the huge fortune he piled up as the famous "kid." According to those on the inside, Jackie barely has enough to take care of himself, Betty and the Great Dane that rides around on the back seat of their open car.

Puzzle Solution

		F	A	I	R	B	A	N	K	S		
	B	E	L	L	■	R	■	G	A	A	L	
C	E	L	L	■	G	A	P	■	T	R	I	P
L	A	D	■	R	A	Y	E	S	■	A	P	R
A	L	■	B	U	Y	■	R	U	B	■	S	I
U	■	C	A	S	E	■	T	E	E	S	■	S
D	E	A	R	■	■	■	■	■	A	L	E	C
E	■	L	O	F	F	■	M	A	R	Y	■	I
T	B	■	N	O	R	■	A	N	D	■	J	L
T	O	M	■	R	O	B	I	N	■	H	A	L
E	Y	E	S	■	M	E	N	■	L	A	N	A
	D	E	E	S	■	L	■	R	O	L	E	
		K	A	T	H	A	R	I	N	E		

Most talented girl, say her fellow *Gold Diggers in Paris*, is beautiful Ethelreda Leopold. After a personal appearance tour, she went to Paris

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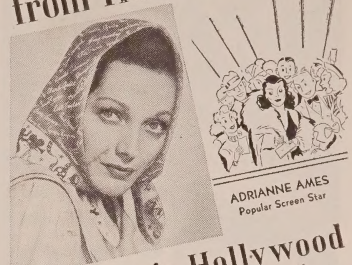

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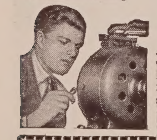

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ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ______

Hollywood's Clown Princess

[*Continued from page* 37]

frogs, the biggest and loudest croakers that ever pierced a hard-working girl's ears. That is perfectly all wrong!

"Si—that's my husband—and I bought a couple of fish nets yesterday afternoon and snared the frogs out of the pool. Then we put 'em in a nice, clean garbage can and then carried 'em half a mile away and dumped 'em on a vacant lot, thinking that we'd gotten rid of 'em. But apparently they're like elephants—they never forget. This morning we happened to glance out of our bedroom window—and there they were! Ten of 'em, and every one as full of hops as ever and all lined up on the edge of the pool ready for their morning plunge! The same ones, too, because Si marked their backs with red paint before he carted 'em away!

"Talk about chickens coming home to roost! This morning Si went down to a hardware store and brought home an air-rifle, thinking we could knock 'em off, Chicago gangster style—but neither of us had the heart. Seems like our aim in life is for higher and nobler things. I snared the last one out just as you rang the cowbell. Now they're all in the can, as we like to say at the studio, and they'll stay there until tonight when we're carting 'em clear down to Santa Monica. It's a long hop from there to here—and if they make it some of 'em are going to suffer plenty from corns and bunions. Now let's talk!"

AND that's just what *she* did for the greater part of two hours—and we'll say this for the top-ranking comedienne of the silver screen—she is the easiest person to interview we've come across in many a long day in and out of Hollywood.

"All these *slightly* insane things you see me do in pictures," she explained, "are merely carry-overs from my vaudeville days—stream-lined and modernized, of course. You may not believe it any more than you do my frog story, but my start in vaudeville dates back to my seventh birthday when I was doing a 14-minute comedy single on the Pantages Circuit. I was billed, then, as the 'Toy Comedienne' and I've been on the stage or in pictures ever since—except for a six-day interval that may give you a laugh when I tell you about it."

We said we were pretty sure that it would and for her to go on.

"When I got to be a big girl—bigger, even, than I am now, and had been traveling over the various circuits for years, I made up my mind that I'd go 'legitimate,' quit the theatre cold, and try to earn myself a living in another line of work.

In those days I was crazy about cards and every payday members of the troupe would inveigle me into a game and before I could inveigle myself out I wouldn't have a thin dime!

"I discovered years later that every vaudevillian in the business used to connive with their booking agents in order to be on the same bill with me. I was that easy! We were playing in St. Paul, my home town, the week I decided to forget it all and earn an honest living and when Monday of the following week rolled around—guess what?—I found myself peddling fish in a five-and-ten store!

"My first customer was an elderly woman who bought a fish and who nearly had me fired when I happened to ask her if she wanted it wrapped up as a gift! Customer No. 2 was another elderly woman. She said

COME TO THE QUINTUPLETS' BIRTHDAY PARTY

THE EDITOR OF **Hollywood Magazine** flew to Callander, Ontario to get a first hand story on how the five famous little girls celebrated their fourth birthday, and see the start of their new feature film, *Five of a Kind.*

Is it true that Emilie steals scenes from her sisters?

Does Cecile refuse to talk to reporters?

What does Yvonne do when she forgets her lines?

Is Marie threatening to retire?

Has Annette the greatest emotional talent?

Here is a fascinating inside report on how the Quintuplets behave before a camera. Read it in

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A PEEPING TOM TELLS ON DANIELLE DARRIEUX

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she wanted four fish—two males and two females. Well, if you can't picture me fiddling in that tank for two males and two females you should have—because it must have been a scream. I finally gave up my hunt, netted the first four fish I could see, guaranteed their gender, and let it go at that. That gives you a faint idea of what I went through. Honest, it got so I couldn't look an honest fish in the eye without going into hysterics!

"Before the week was over I couldn't sleep nights, and finally, on the sixth day, I was late for work. I rushed through the store to punch the time-clock, but unfortunately for me, before I could reach it, I hit a freshly-scrubbed floor. They told me later that I skidded under three counters and upset two tables of chinaware before I grand-slammed into a wall for a full stop. They told me later because I woke up in a hospital the next day. Well, as they say in Hollywood, six days makes one weak, not counting Sundays, and that goes for me after those six days behind that fish-tank. All I got out of trying to earn a legitimate living was ten days in the hospital, a month's compensation, and a wild desire to return to the footlights—which is exactly what I did just as soon as I was able to walk without crutches!"

JUST to give her a breathing spell, we managed an interruption that gave us time to say that it had been quite a jump from the fish tanks of St. Paul to the fish pool and frogs in Beverly Hills. We added that it looked as though she'd made it with yards to spare, judging from the nice things being said about her these days. Then we called her attention to the red marks on her arms and neck and said that it also looked as though she'd been trying to choke herself to death on her climb up the ladder of movie fame and fortune.

"There's a lot more truth than poetry in those words," she admitted with a smile. "Lariat marks the doctor calls them, but they're just plain rope burns to me. In *Josette*, the picture I finished a few weeks ago, there's a sequence in which I have to whirl a lasso. It was written in because the producer, the director, and a dozen gag-men thought it would be funny. Well, when they told me I was to be a female cowpoke I hired an old cowhand and spent three weeks learning how to whirl a lariat. And believe me, before that scene was finally shot I was plenty burned (rope-burned) up about it! When the director yelled 'Cut, we'll print it,' I always had about twenty feet of rope wrapped tightly around my neck and arms and the rest of it around my legs—not overlooking a few feet that somehow got mixed up with my nose!

"In *Josette*, and this ought to give you another laugh, I'm scheduled to be a chambermaid to a couple of dozen dogs of assorted breeds and sizes—and my private opinion is that this is getting down pretty low even for an old-time vaudeville trouper! They tell me that it should draw more laughs than the scene in *Sing and Be Happy* in which I accidentally fell kerplunk into a pail. I hope not, though, because that funny one landed me out of the water bucket and into the hospital for six days."

Dramatic lessons, we learned, occupy Joan's spare time between pictures, although, as she freely admits, she doesn't know why she's taking them.

"It just came to me all of a sudden," is her reason for it, "that here I'd been in the show business for years and years and years without ever once knowing how to talk properly and it seemed to me that I'd better do something about it before it was too late. Now it wouldn't surprise me in the least if, when the script writers learn about it, they go into a huddle and come out with a crazy sequence showing me taking elocution lessons or giving 'em. I wouldn't put it past them, anyway. What I should be taking in my spare time is music lessons. I can't recognize one note from another if I meet them face to face on a music score, and when it comes to singing, believe me, I have a terrible time keeping the flats from getting mixed up with the sharps. But as I keep on saying—it's all a lot of fun."

JOAN and her husband, Serenus ("Si") Wells, teamed together in vaudeville so well that they decided to team together as man and wife. They came out to Hollywood in 1933 for two reasons—to rest up between vaudeville seasons and to be near enough to the studios—just in case.

"After we'd been here long enough to get saturated with the California sunshine," says Joan, "I gave a party and one of the guests brought Mack Sennett along. About the time that the fun and frolic was at its height we decided to put on a vaudeville show. When it came my turn to take the center of the stage I put on some of my old hill-billy routines, and it was lucky that I did, for Mr. Sennett liked them so well that he gave me a hill-billy part in a picture called *Way Up Thar.*

"That was my first picture—and my last—until 1936, when I got a small role of an amateur at a try-out in *Millions in the Air*, at Paramount.

"For some reason or other, old time vaudeville players couldn't get a look in during the period from 1933 to 1937. I was out in the cold along with hundreds of others. It's different now, thank goodness, what with the old-timers in almost every picture that's being shot and producers signing more up every day. The boys and girls with whom I trouped years ago are really going to town, and believe me, we all feel as though vaudeville has staged a great come-back.

"Well, to go on: After the Paramount picture I signed up with RKO, but nothing came of it so far as roles were concerned. Finally I won my release and after months of inactivity, signed up with 20th Century-Fox."

Which, in view of the long string of pictures she's been in since then, was the smartest move this "falling" star of Hollywood ever made in all her theatrical career. *The Holy Terror, Nancy Steele is Missing, Time Out for Romance, The Great Hospital Mystery, Life Begins in College, Wake Up and Live, Angel's Holiday, Sing and Be Happy, Love and Hisses, Thin Ice* and *Josette* is the film record thus far for the girl who right now is ruling the roost among the feminine funsters as the "Clown Princess" of the silver screen. She is now making *Lucky Penny*, Shirley Temple's new starring picture.

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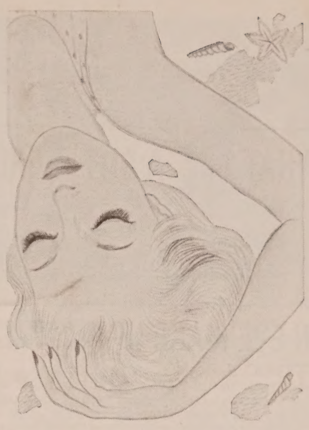

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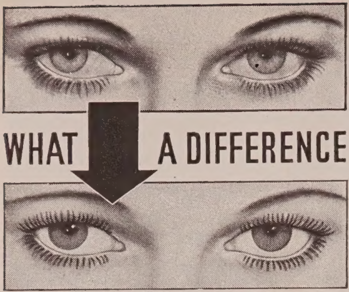

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When Merle Oberon Faced Death!

[*Continued from page 28*]

experiences in the split second before a tragedy. Through her mind ran the question, "Will he miss us?" She thought that without fright or emotion.

And then, with a sudden blinding, roaring, quivering crash, the light of day disappeared.

FOR Merle Oberon, the events that followed have a terrible vividness that make them unforgettable. But we can imagine them best as a curiously assembled motion picture with sharp scenes of tragedy, comedy and drama, interspersed with long, blank stretches of darkness.

She emerged from the darkness to hear voices and see a crowd of misty faces about her as they lifted her from the smashed car. She gritted her teeth against the feeling of helplessness, the first waves of pain. She heard astonished voices saying, "It's Merle Oberon!" "Merle Oberon's been hurt!" "Merle Oberon!"

In the swaying ambulance she woke again, but all sense of time and space had disappeared. She felt the terror of someone lost. "Where am I?" she cried. "Tell me where I am." She was startled when the doctor said, "You're in London."

And then she remembers a voice saying, "What's your name?" The voice belonged to a doctor, and he was tenderly drawing the edges of her wounds together with precise and careful stitches.

She told him. And here is where comedy makes its entrance.

"Come off it!" he protested. "Who do you think you are fooling?" She repeated it, but he still was not convinced that she was the screen star.

"Whom do you want to see?" he next asked her. Merle thought impulsively of her secretary and maid.

"Sandy and Suzanne," she said faintly.

"You're a funny one," the doctor exclaimed. "Wanting to see your dogs at a time like this!" Merle had nothing further to say to that unfeeling young man until he paid her a visit many weeks later. And then he explained that she was suffering from concussion and he thought she was temporarily out of her mind as are many victims!

The final examination revealed a fracture, severe brain concussion; cruel, jagged wounds inflicted by the barbs of flying glass.

But kindly fate had intervened to save that lovely face and just one tiny fragment of glass had lodged in an upper eyelid.

NOW it was enforced darkness. The concussion necessitated her being placed in a room as dark as a cave in that London hospital. Not one of the many people she loved to talk and laugh with could visit her. There were just doctors, dozens of them. Hospital doctors, doctors sent by Korda, doctors sent by Lloyds of London, who had a half million dollars staked on her recovery.

There were only the strange, unaccustomed thoughts of a girl who stands at a crisis in her life to keep her company.

"I thought of death," Merle Oberon told me.

"I thought of death then, and I have thought of it many times since. It had never before occurred to me to think of death in connection with myself. But I found out

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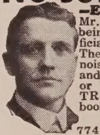

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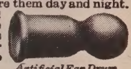

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then that I wasn't *afraid* of death. There was so much pain in the first few days that I think I would have been glad of a chance to escape!

"I found out I wasn't afraid—but I did discover a new reason for loving life. Just to be alive and healthy seemed a wonderful miracle to me then, and I haven't gotten over the feeling yet. Do you realize how wonderful it is to be able to walk around and enjoy things and use your hands and legs without thinking of them?"

Did she think about her screen career?

"I did ask the doctors if I were scarred," Merle Oberon admitted. "They said no, but I knew they wouldn't tell me if I were. I thought then there was a possibility that my screen career would be ended, and I was surprised at how calmly I accepted the idea. I knew that if my screen career were gone, I would simply have to get along somehow.

"I still have my shorthand and typewriting." She smiled at the idea. "I could become a newspaper reporter, and I'm really awfully good at interior decorating. Or I might even get myself in some work where I could help children. I love them so much.

"I wasn't worried about the money I would lose. That was only important while my mother was alive because I wanted to give her everything in the world she desired. But the whole point of making money disappeared when she died. I didn't need it for myself!"

She thought about marriage.

"Just then," she confessed. "It seemed terribly important to have somebody love you. To know that there was someone in the world who really and deeply cared for you. I thought at the time that perhaps I ought to get married."

Merle looked grave for an instant, then the twinkle was suddenly back in her eye. "I've changed my mind since, though," she added hastily.

Had she abandoned the idea of marriage because it was so difficult to find her ideal in a man?

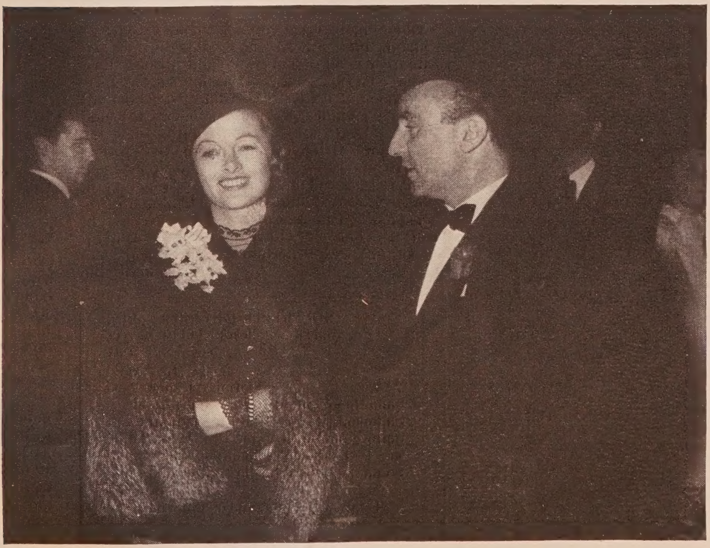
"No," Merle replied. "It's silly to worry about an ideal and the things you expect to find in the person you will love. Because you'll probably fall madly in love with some person who's just the opposite of everything you hoped for. I would have to respect the man I married, however, and the things he represents."

MERLE OBERON would not even settle the question of whether "he" would be an Englishman or an American. With her two-way contract which calls for six months in London and six in Hollywood each year, she has had unparalleled opportunities to view each country's crop of charming and eligible bachelors. She merely says that Englishmen are "very smart," and that she finds Americans "tremendously attractive." Which sort of evens honors.

But, if Merle Oberon is not giving her thoughts and her heart exclusively to romance at this time, she is occupying them with her career. She returned with new zest and eagerness to Alexander Korda's London studio to find herself cast as a vivacious hoyden in a story that was full of deliciously absurd situations. It was *The Divorce of Lady X.*

American audiences received that story with spontaneous warmth and Merle Oberon is glad, because it adds another characterization to her repertory—romoves her from the stereotype menace of typing. A tender, more wistful story followed in *Moon Over the Mountain,* which is shortly to be released. And now she was pausing in New York before flying to California to join Gary Cooper in her first production for Samuel Goldwyn in over a year. Merle was enjoying being back before the camera again, because she knew that it was good to be alive.

So, the next time you view her on the screen, think of her as the girl who faced the ultimate adventure in life with courage and without flinching.



Remember when Myrna Loy was known as one of the recluses of Hollywood? That's a thing of the past now—for the lovely star attends nearly all the important movieland affairs with her husband, Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

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EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

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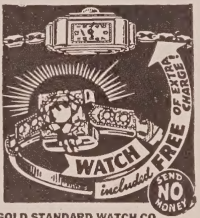
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The **NEVLO CO.** San Antonio, Texas

Hollywood's New Heartbreaker!

[*Continued from page* 25]

months of haunting London studios. The result was a part in Gracie Fields' picture *Sing As You Go* in which Richard had exactly two words to say.

He rehearsed his assigned phrase, "Not yet," carefully, repeating the words in every intonation and inflection—whispering them, shouting them, mumbling them. When the picture was finished, he was a flash on the screen and his two precious words almost lost.

His disappointment was keen, but it had a salutary effect on young Richard. The screen was no go. He returned to the stage for experience and seasoning.

The Brandon-Thomas Repertory Company in Glasgow gave him precisely the sort of training that a young player needed. The rapid shifting from role to role in a wide variety of plays, taught him the mechanics of his profession and gave him assurance and stage presence. He acquired flexibility, the rudiments of projecting mood and emotion across the footlights. Richard Greene did a good job, during the two years he remained with this touring company, of cutting his artistic wisdom teeth.

In the latter part of 1936, he left the Repertory company for a part in *Anthony and Cleopatra.* The part was good, but the play did not succeed, and young Greene shortly found himself at leisure. For a few months his career was catch-as-catch-can. He appeared in an occasional play around London. Eventually he landed the lead in *French Without Tears*—a smash hit!

"It was in this play," he declares, "that I really got the perfect feel of my job. I had always known what effect I wanted to create on the stage, but I couldn't quite do it. Perhaps all my training in the Repertory company suddenly began to take. For now, finally, there was no gap between my instinctive knowledge of what was right and my achievement."

And so he came of artistic age. The name of still another Greene became important in the English theatre.

Reviewers discarded their wonted calm and trotted out their most laudatory adjectives to describe the work of this young leading man.

The movies now sought him for their own. Five companies offered him film contracts. But Richard Greene could afford to wait for the right contract, the right offer, the right opportunity.

French Without Tears was settling into its long-run pace and Christmas was approaching.

CHRISTMAS EVE last will always be a memorable date for him, for that night he received a very definitely attractive offer from Twentieth Century-Fox. Followed days of negotiations on contract provisions, and on January 17, the contracts were signed.

"There were about a dozen people at that contract conference," Richard Greene recalls. "Representatives of the studio, lawyers, clerks, stenographers. I was the most unimportant person there. It was a ceremonious occasion at which I sat in a corner very unobtrusively, except when I was brought out to sign something."

From then on things moved fast for young Richard. He gave his hundred and fiftieth performance in *French Without Tears* and the next day embarked for New York.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES
This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

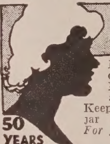
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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IT PAYS TO BE EXCLUSIVE

Says Bette Davis in an exclusive interview in the August MOTION PICTURE. And we echo her sentiments. That's why MOTION PICTURE gives you nothing but exclusive stories and art in its pages. In this issue—the August issue—there's exclusive and exciting interviews with Paul Muni, Danielle Darrieux, Jimmie Fidler, Merle Oberon, Freddie Bartholomew, Jean Arthur and Jackie Coogan, to mention a few. Be exclusive, too, read MOTION PICTURE.

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True Confessions

He had no time to lose. In Hollywood, the picture for which he was cast was already under way. Haste was imperative to save production costs.

The moment he disembarked in New York, he was hustled from dock to airport and within two hours after his arrival he was in the air Hollywood-bound.

Things moved with dizzying speed. He was met by studio executives on landing, hurried to the lot for wardrobe fittings, conferences with officials, innumerable makeup, sound and screen tests. In thirty-six hours he had four hours sleep.

On Monday morning he appeared on the set, lines learned, completely familiar with his part, but still slightly breathless from the comet-speed with which events had transpired. Unwittingly he had established a record. Imports generally wait for months before their working debuts. But time moved up on Richard Greene.

Hollywood intrigues him. The scope of production, the opportunities for a young actor, the youth which rules it, and the fancy hamburgers sold at the drive-in restaurants! Only one thing perplexes him greatly, and that is Hollywood's avidity to send a man and a girl to the altar after their first meeting.

"I met Miss Arleen Whelan one evening and the next morning read in the papers that we were *Yuma-bound*! It distressed me at first. But I am assured I'll eventually become accustomed to romance rumors."

Richard Greene has a heart-warming smile, the sturdy, well-knit body of the athlete and the excellent mind of a man with many and varied interests. He rides, swims, plays golf and tennis. He is an amateur photographer of exceptional ability and has a secret ambition to write something worthy of publication. On his free evenings he takes a busman's holiday and goes to the movies.

Here is a new hero with the tangy, quiet charm of a young Herbert Marshall. A man bound for swift stardom if the prophets are to have honor in their own land.

For Hollywood insists he has all the ingredients of which stars are made!

Mary Carlisle was a gracious hostess to Miss Timmy Sabor of Minneapolis, who won a contest and a free trip to Hollywood in a newspaper talent contest

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes, little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet becomes red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the effected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply. H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

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Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.

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Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

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UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

"TOO bad the kid grew up" has always been one of the most tragic phrases of Hollywood. A has-been at sixteen! Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? And it is ridiculous.

To grow up in pictures has always meant that when a kid reached the awkward age, he or she was through. An old-timer, no longer cute or appealing, no longer wanted!

How many poor kids who have tasted the thrills and enjoyment of sudden fame and fortune in the movies have suffered tragic disillusionment at the ripe old age of sixteen?

We are thinking of offering Deanna Durbin our own special Academy Award. She has changed it all, according to Norman Taurog, the greatest director of children in Hollywood. She has definitely proved that the so-called awkward age is a fallacy, a moth-eaten tradition.

In our enthusiasm over such delightful adolescent pictures as *Mad About Music* and *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, we sought out the man who made them. We figured that director Taurog could enlighten us.

He did, emphatically.

"Look at Deanna at fifteen, *starting* where other kids in the past have had to *stop!*"

At an age when girls are supposed to be passing through the gawky, bashful stage, Deanna is as natural, winsome and appealing as a younger kid or a full-blown rose of nineteen.

While it is true that Deanna Durbin has an amazing singing voice, coupled with girlish beauty, it is her personality and rapidly-developing acting ability that is winning her millions of fans throughout the world. This is the opinion of Taurog and her co-workers, such artists as Herbert Marshall, Gail Patrick and William Frawley.

We agreed, the director and I, that Deanna is too modest to understand what she is doing for the kids of the future in motion pictures. With her amazing success, the producers won't be afraid to take chances with immature youngsters who are still in the formative stage.

Jackie Cooper, who, incidentally is Taurog's nephew, is following right in Deanna's footsteps.

Believe it or not, Jackie was considered a has-been in Hollywood. None of the studios wanted him. He was growing up. Finally an independent studio, Monogram, took a chance. They starred Jackie in a picture called *Boy of the Streets*. At this very moment, it is coining a fortune for its fortunate producers.

Who said Jackie was through? By what right? Just because he has reached the ripe old age of fifteen doesn't mean that he has lost his box-office appeal. He may not still be the same cute kid you wanted to hug, but even at the so-called awkward age of fifteen, Jackie has developed a certain winning personality that makes him a great motion picture asset.

The Warners have lost no time in signing him to a contract, and he makes a new debut in *White Banners*.

This man, Norman Taurog, who brought Jackie Cooper to fame overnight with the Academy Award picture, *Skippy*, back in 1931, has the finest understanding of kids we have ever known. He seems to understand and sympathize with boys and girls in each and every stage of their growing up. From Baby LeRoy to Deanna Durbin, in between we find among his youngsters, Jackie Coogan, the late Junior Durkin, Jackie Searle, Jackie Moran, Virginia Weidler, David Jack Holt, Jimmy Butler, George Breakston, and more recently, the irresistible Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis.

At the ingratiating age of twelve Tommy Kelly can look forward to a few more years of boyish fame in pictures, but Deanna Durbin and Jackie Cooper are making the futures of the Tommy Kellys much rosier and safer.

We were counting over the "forgotten kids" we used to know and like. What has become of these kid stars of yesteryears? Don't forget, they were just as capable as the kids of today.

Baby Marie Osborne and Baby Peggy Montgomery, the first of the baby stars, are "extras" on the Hollywood studio lots today.

Freckle-faced Wesley Barry, Phillipe De Lacy (the little Blue Boy of the screen), the Lee kids, Virginia Lee Corbin, Mary Jane Irving, Georgie Stone, Ben Alexander, Harold Goodwin, Dickie Headrick, innumerable others whose names escape me, were all washed up when they reached their 'teens. Yet they were just as clever and appealing as the kids today.

"In such youngsters as Deanna Durbin and Jackie Cooper," Taurog told me, "we have the good examples that will lead producers to develop carefully such talented kids as Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Freddie Bartholomew, Edith Fellows, Tommy Kelly and others into continued boxoffice attractions in their later 'teens.

"That irresistible Irish kid, Mickey Rooney, is already over the top in those fine, human *Judge Hardy* pictures. He is all set for a brilliant career."

By the time most kids are being graduated from college and looking around for jobs, our screen youngsters should be full-fledged grownup actors who are definite assets to the motion picture industry.

In our opinion, Brother Taurog, you've got something.

W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE AMERICAN MEN?"

Danielle Darrieux, the petite star of Universal's "The Rage of Paris," was asked the familiar question by ship-news reporters the moment she landed in this country. At the time Mlle. Darrieux had no answer, but she quickly consulted FOR MEN magazine, the popular mirror of the tastes, customs, sense of humor, etc., of the American male. Frances Hayden, her stand-in, agrees that Danielle has something there.

The latest issue (August) of Mlle. Darrieux's favorite American magazine is chock full of two dozen hilarious color cartoons and more than twenty entertaining articles.

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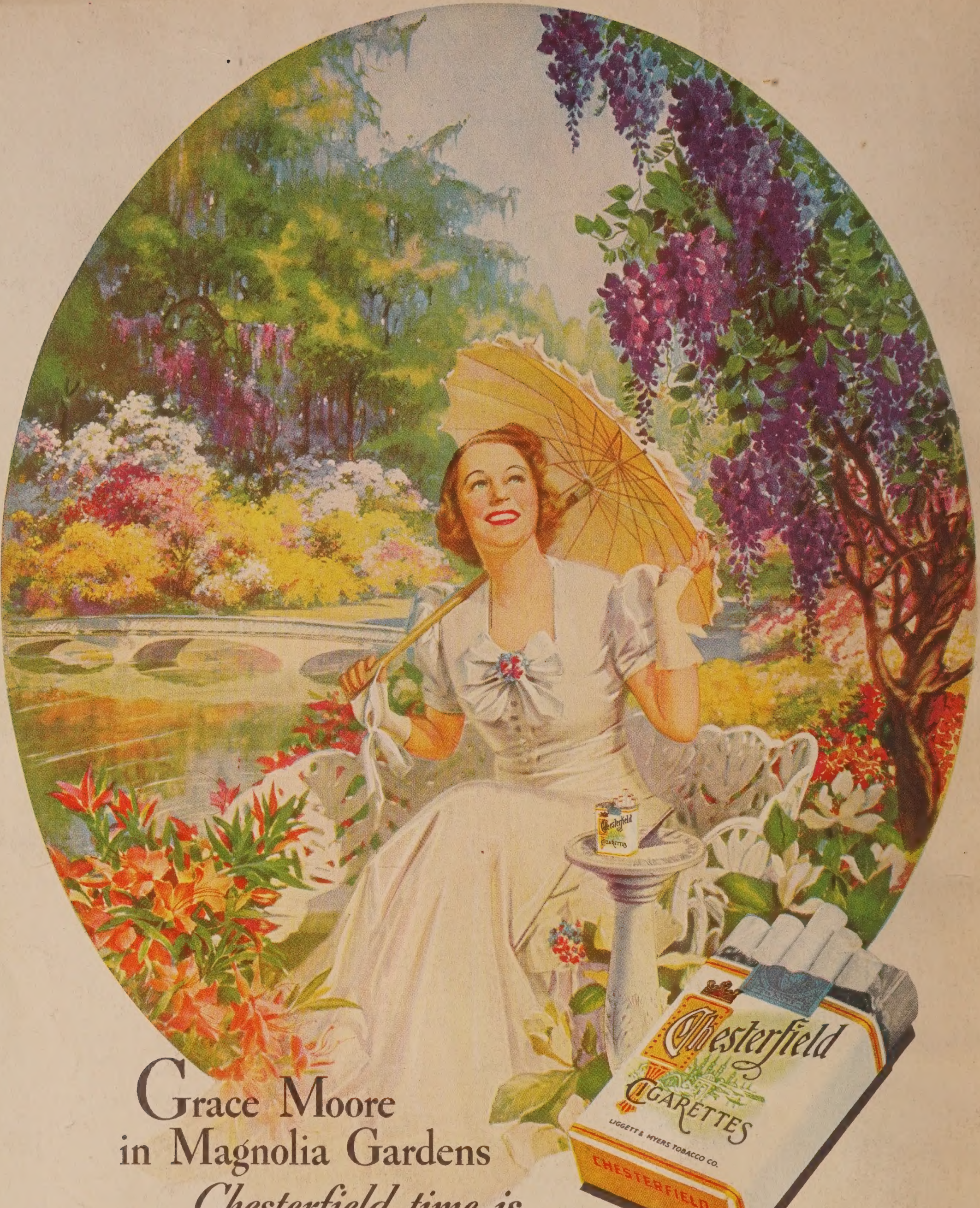
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MAGAZINE

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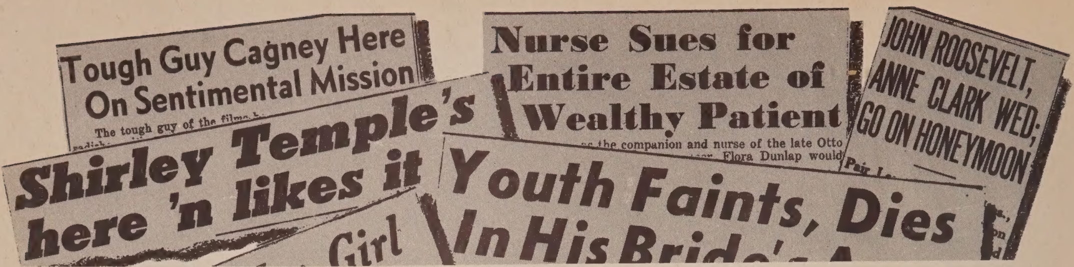
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here 'n likes it

Girl

Youth Faints, Dies
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Straight from the Headlines

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Dixie Dunbar Summoned
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THE whole drama of existence pulses through the newspaper headlines as they announce their daily message of achievement and disaster, love and hate, life and death.

Headlines never lack an audience. Millions of men and women read them eagerly day after day because the headlines deal with subjects which are everlastingly new and vital and important.

Everlastingly new, vital and important, also, are the subjects on which the Fawcett publications are based. Straight from the headlines come the themes and stories that distinguish the Fawcett magazines and give them the throb of life and vitality.

Fawcett writers and editors go to life itself...life as it is lived in America in the twentieth century...for the contents of their magazines. It is this editorial policy that accounts for the "headline appeal" of the Fawcett magazines. It accounts for the fact that millions of men and women in increasing numbers turn every month to Fawcett publications with the same eagerness and interest that characterizes their reading of the headlines.

Magazines can do many things. They can amuse, inform, instruct and preach. Fawcett publications have only one aim...to catch the drama and tempo of contemporary life with the same sweep and impact as the headlines.

FAWCETT WRITERS

The men and women who contribute to Fawcett publications form an amazingly diverse group, reflecting the immense scope of the magazines. Contributors are drawn from all walks of life, but principally from among those who are best equipped to write about some particular aspect of the contemporary scene. Because of Fawcett's insistence on "headline appeal" many contributors are headline personalities.

Among those who have written for Fawcett magazines:

Herbert Hoover
Rev. Joseph Fort Newton
Lowell Thomas
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Father Hill
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Brig. Gen. H. H. Arnold
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Congressman Alfred W. Beiter
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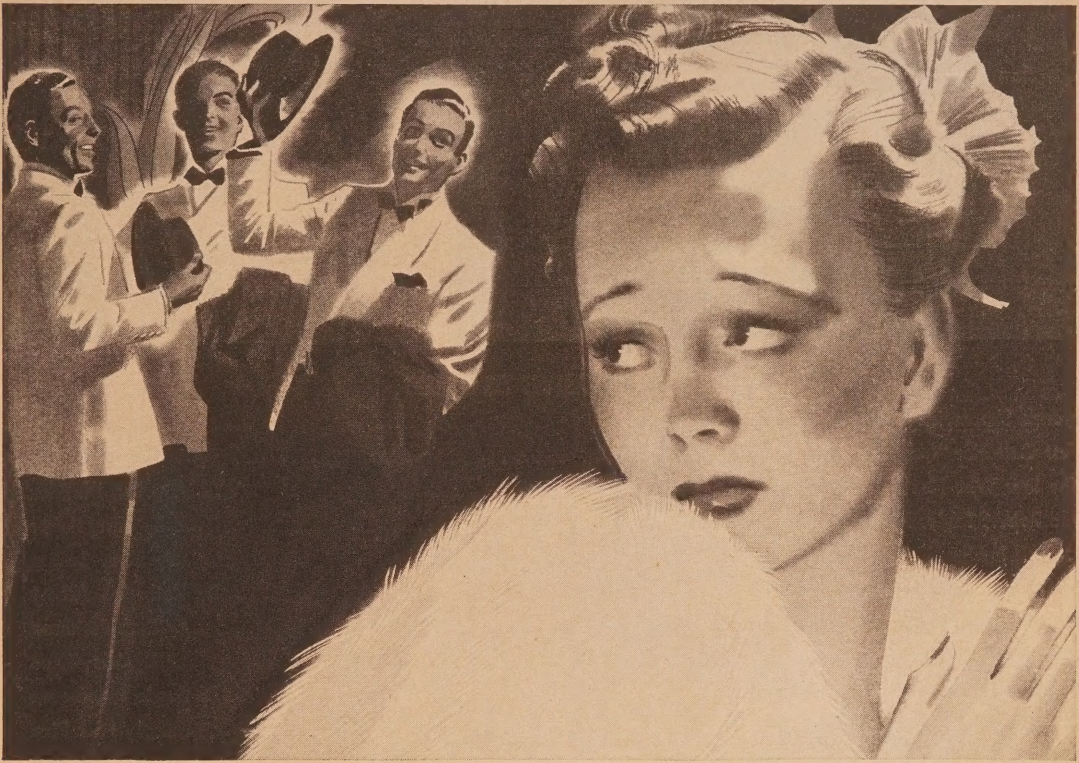
"PARDON US, SALLY!

WE ALL HAVE DATES WITH ANOTHER GIRL—"



You can't offend with underarm odor and still win out with men

SHE'S DOOMED to unpopularity right from the start—the girl with underarm odor! When there's a dance, she'll probably stay at home. Men will be introduced to her—but it's the *other* girl that they'll take out. Why *should* they want to be near a girl who isn't really *sweet?*

Of course, no girl would *knowingly* let underarm odor spoil her charm. Yet any girl can offend this way if she depends on a bath alone to keep her fresh.

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor *to come*. That's why underarms always need Mum's sure care. Mum prevents all risk of offending —Mum makes odor *impossible*.

It's a smart girl—and a popular one —who takes the simple precaution of using Mum after every bath and before every date. Just a quick touch of Mum under each arm and you're sure of your charm — sure you'll never offend those you want for friends. And Mum has all the things you like in a deodorant—

MUM IS QUICK! There's always time to apply Mum. Just half a minute is all you need to be free from underarm odor.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is harmless to every fabric — safe to apply even *after* you're dressed. Mum actually soothes the skin. You can use it right after shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum stops all odor—does not stop perspiration. Mum keeps you nice to be near all day or all evening long.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO
Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know it's gentle, safe, and sure!

MUM MAKES YOUR BATH LAST ALL EVENING LONG

JUST A BATH ALONE CAN'T KEEP ME FRESH, SO I ALWAYS USE MUM!

TO HERSELF: I'M SO HAPPY BILL PROPOSED! AND AM I GLAD NOW—FOR MUM!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10

SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXI No. 2 SEPTEMBER, 1938

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CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer...........Top Photo by Longworth: Ethelreda Leopold

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GABLE

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MYRNA
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The best news since "Test Pilot" with that rare pair of romancers, M-G-M's tantalizing twosome. Clark's a daredevil newsreel man—Myrna's an airdevil aviatrix . . . Action! Heart-pumping paradise for thrill and fun-loving picture fans!

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LEO CARRILLO · Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallings
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

THE CANDID CAMERA PREVIEWS

SPAWN of the NORTH

Paramount's Roaring Drama of America's Last Frontier . . . .

George and Dorothy caught in a clinch.

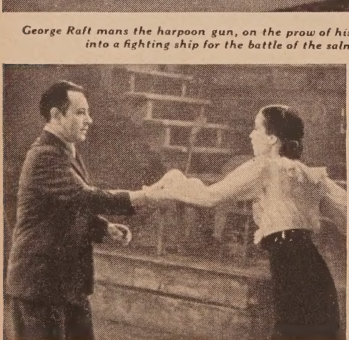
IT'S a busy day on the big Paramount lot in Hollywood. Director Henry Hathaway, famous for his ability to bring the drama of primitive emotional conflict, of thundering action, to the screen, is guiding Paramount's "Spawn of the North" through the final stages of production. On the set are such famous players as George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, Akim Tamiroff, John Barrymore, Louise Platt and Lynne Overman. Beautiful Dorothy Lamour has forsaken her famous tropic sarong for the rough dress, the laced boots of a daughter of the northern wilds. Raft and Fonda are wearing oilskins. For "Spawn of the North" is set in Alaska of 1908, when feud law ruled as brother fought brother, friend fought friend for the priceless rights to the silver horde... King Salmon.

We ask permission to take a few candid camera shots to show you picture fans. Permission is granted and we snap away. The results speak for themselves. You can see Henry Hathaway has a

(Continued on next page)

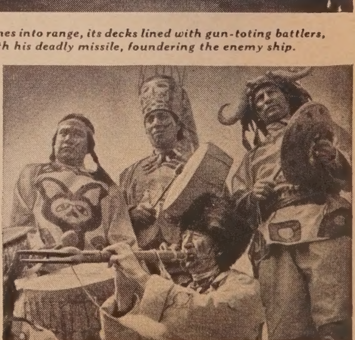
George Raft mans the harpoon gun, on the prow of his seal boat, transformed into a fighting ship for the battle of the salmon grounds.

As the opposing craft comes into range, its decks lined with gun-toting battlers, George lets drive with his deadly missile, foundering the enemy ship.

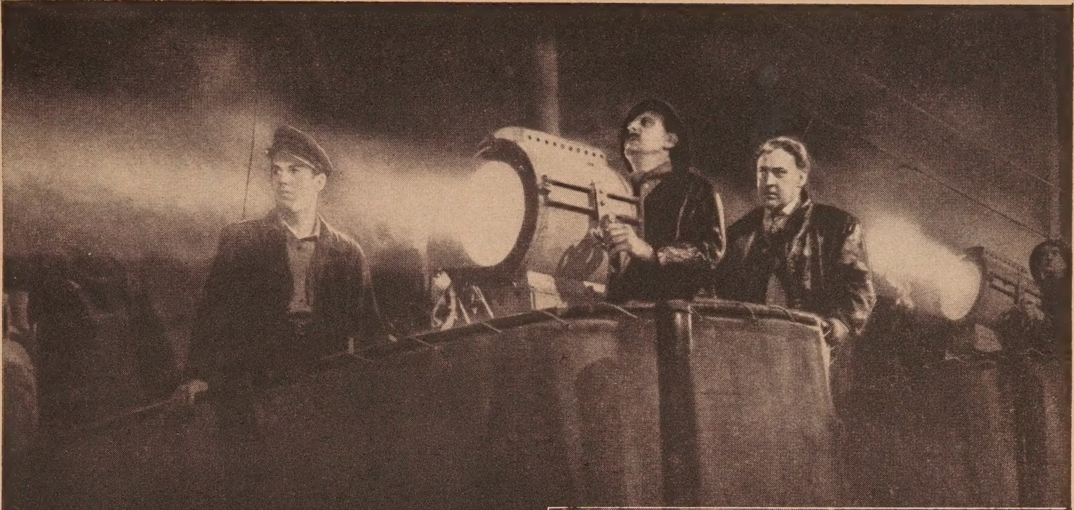


The candid camera catches George and Dorothy doing the 1908 Alaskan version of the Big Apple.

It's a waltz now with these two hardboiled youngsters refusing to admit that love really calls the tune.



Alaskan Indians playing the ancient festival music, tribute to King Salmon who gives them life.



Just a glimpse of the thrilling battle of the salmon traps. Notice John Barrymore, standing at the right of the sailor with the searchlight. Henry Fonda at left.

The luckiest shot of all. George Raft, Dorothy Lamour, and Henry Fonda pose for us between scenes.

picture to rank with his "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," his "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." But Paramount Producer Albert Lewin insists we visit a projection room to see the "rushes" as they come from the big cameras on the set. And we agree with him that no still shots can half do justice to "Spawn of the North." For candid camera shots can't give the thundering action. They can't give the breadth and the sweep of this story of America's last frontier of romance. They can't give the emotional impact of this drama of two men whose devotion to each other is greater than the fear of death itself. Nor can they reveal the poignant beauty of the romance which we believe makes "Spawn of the North" one of the great women's pictures of the year.

The candid camera snaps a shot of George and his pal, Skipper, the smartest seal in all the Pribilofs.

ADOLPH ZUKOR presents

SPAWN of the NORTH

STARRING **George RAFT**

Henry FONDA • Dorothy LAMOUR

AND FEATURING **Akim Tamiroff • John Barrymore**

Louise Platt • Lynne Overman

DIRECTED BY HENRY HATHAWAY • PRODUCED BY ALBERT LEWIN

Screen Play by Jules Furthman • Based on a Story by Barrett Willoughby

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

THE LIPS MEN
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—are soft . . . natural!

Men detest that ugly "painted look". Only Tangee can give your lips this lovely *natural* glow—it's the only lipstick with the famous Tangee color-change principle.

Orange in the stick, Tangee actually changes on your lips to a warm blush-rose—exactly your shade whether you're a blonde, brunette or red head. Won't smear or leave red marks on teeth or handkerchiefs. Special cream base keeps it on...hours longer. Get Tangee. 39¢ and $1.10. Try Tangee Rouge and Powder, too, for a natural matched make-up.

THIS SUMMER, use Tangee Creme Rouge, waterproof. Never streaks or fades—even when you're swimming.

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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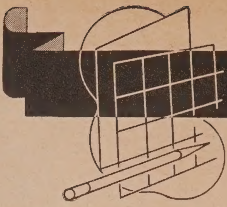
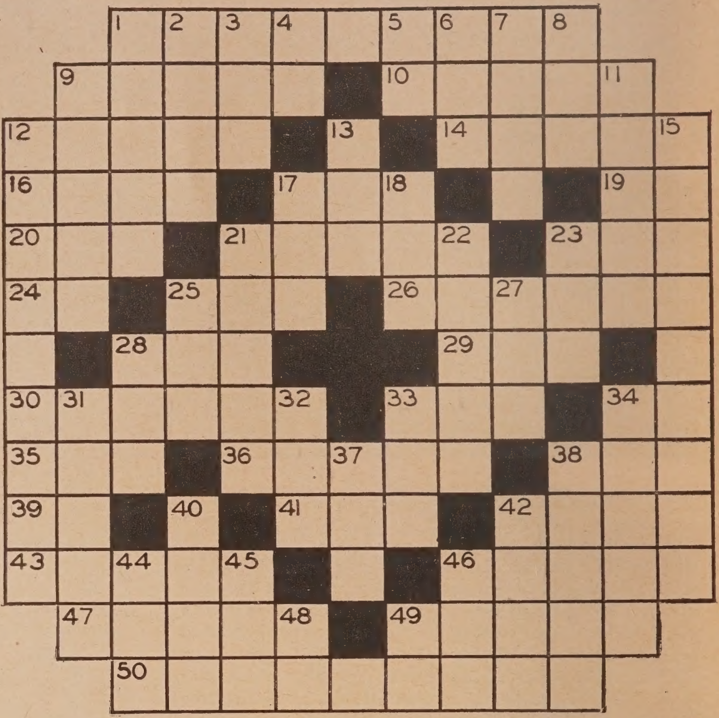


CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Film based on Robert Louis Stevenson tale.
9. Whose role was that of the maid in *Adventures of Marco Polo*?
10. Schnickelfritz Band numbers in *Gold Diggers in Paris.*
12. Cinema canine.
14. Piebald horse such as William S. Hart rode.
16. Comedian who stutters.
17. She started conflagration in *In Old Chicago.*
19. Miss Sheridan's initials.
20. *Romance on the* ———.
21. Nickname of a star of *Holiday.*
23. Short for comedian wed to June Collyer.
24. Mr. Scott's initials.
25. Month in which Joan Bennett was born (abbr.).
26. First name of actor who portrayed *Gen. Ross* in *Test Pilot.*
28. Star of *Wide Open Faces.*
29. Claudia Dell was born in ——— Antonio, Texas.
30. Friends of Snow White.
33. Color of Dick Foran's hair.
34. Mr. Ingraham's initials.
35. *Peter Snowden* in *Secrets of an Actress.*
36. She sang in *Happy Landing.*
38. Karloff celebrates birth in this month (abbr.).
39. Nora Lane's initials.
41. Loretta Young was born on this date in January.
42. Loose outer garment worn by Eddie Cantor in *Roman Scandals.*
43. Remember ——— Hall (poss.).
46. He had lead in *No Time to Marry.*
47. Another name for the vamp.
49. Sally Eilers had title role in ——— *Mary Dow.*
50. Film in which Scott Colton and Mary Russell played opposite.

DOWN

1. Her last name is Morley.
2. Fluid used in drawing animated cartoons (pl.).
3. *A ——— At the Races.*
4. Initials of a star of *Marie Antoinette.*
5. Phillip Terry's initials.
6. What each of Pluto's quintuplets was.
7. First name of Miss Bennett who played leads in silent films.
8. Jean Hersholt's native land (abbr.).
9. *Visakha* in *Adventures of Marco Polo.*
11. ——— *Police.*
12. He generally portrays a villain.
13. *She's ——— Everything.*
15. Feminine lead in *Hold That Kiss.*
17. ——— Calloway has appeared in films.
18. Spencer Tracy's native state (abbr.).
21. Dennis O'———.
22. Frame to support paintings in *Artists and Models.*
23. It gives Joan Crawford a becoming tan.
25. *Paradise ——— Three.*
27. ——— *About Music.*
28. First name of one who portrayed nurse in *Kentucky Moonshine.*
31. *Over the* ——— (pl.).
32. Jackie Cooper had title role in *Boy of the* ——— (abbr.).
33. Western star wed to Clara Bow.
34. Theater stalls.
37. *Penrod and ——— Twin Brother.*
38. He had lead in *Hunted Men.*
40. Name of three brothers who act as comedians.
42. *Trigger* ———.
44. What villain often tells.
45. Artificial setting for a screenplay.
46. ——— *Baba Goes to Town.*
48. *He Couldn't Say* ———.
49. *A Yank ——— Oxford.*

(Solution on page 80)

Worlds of *Exotic* Women!

Women beyond the law's reach ...living their own lives, fighting their own game... each for HER MAN... dark, romantic Charles Boyer in the year's most intriguing melodrama.

WALTER WANGER
presents
CHARLES BOYER
in

"ALGIERS"

with SIGRID GURIE
HEDY LAMARR*
JOSEPH CALLEIA · ALAN HALE
GENE LOCKHART · NINA KOSHETZ

Directed by John Cromwell • Screen play by John Howard Lawson • Additional Dialogue by James M. Cain
Released thru United Artists

*Tip from Ed Sullivan, famous Hollywood correspondent...** "Most gorgeous item to come to the films in the past year is Hedy Lamarr... Wait until you get a load of this lovely number in Wanger's 'Algiers'... She'll create more talk than any performer in seasons... TERRIFIC!"

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*M*UCH of your charm . . . your attractiveness . . . depends on your clothes! Men like to be seen with a smartly dressed woman. Now YOU can have the most fashionable Fifth Avenue modes, no matter how limited your budget! You *save half* the usual cost through our "Finish-at-Home" plan!

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■ Few women conform exactly to standard sizes. That's why you will look so much smarter and lovelier in our ultra-fashionable creations, for we cut to *your individual measurements.* Our expert men-tailors finish every bit of difficult sewing, and we furnish all the trimmings and "findings," so that all there's left for *you* to do is to sew a few plain seams. Simple, isn't it? Yet what you *save* will give you *two* stylish frocks for the price of one!

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

LORETTA YOUNG denies that she has a romantic interest in George Brent—and she ought to be a pretty good authority on the subject. There's a story making the current gossip rounds in Hollywood that may have something to do with Dan Cupid's report. According to those who worked with Loretta and George on a recent radio show, Loretta offered to drive her co-star home. George graciously thanked her and explained that his own car and chauffeur were just outside the door. Then, according to this third hand story, Loretta is supposed to have dismissed the Brent driver. When George started to go home he couldn't imagine what had happened to his transportation. Loretta happened on the scene just at this point and George was very happy to accept a ride home. Whether this story is true or not, in Hollywood it spells r-o-m-a-n-c-e.

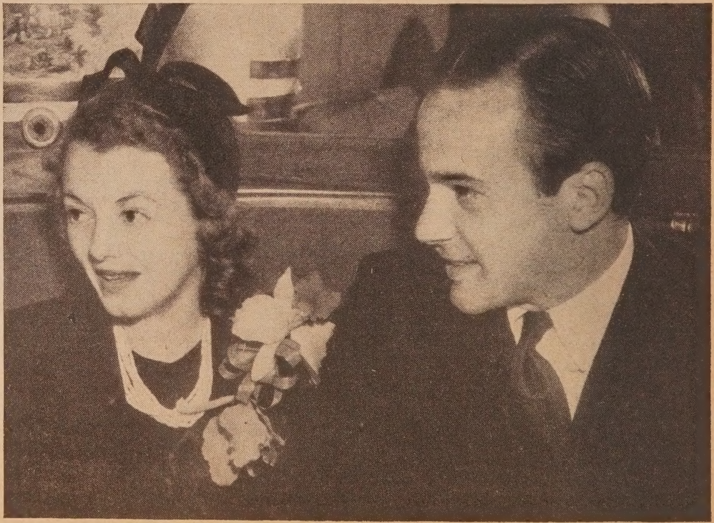
THE tall, dark and handsome Anthony Averill would like a personal interview with the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. When the new Warner Brother rave arrived in Hollywood, he inquired about a beach home. Everyone warned him to make his reservation early, as the rents went soaring, come summer. So in January Tony took a six months lease on a Santa Monica beach home. Three months went by and the new tenant never went near his new house. Then along came the first day of spring. Tony leaped in his car, pulled down the top and went gaily toward the ocean. When he arrived at the spot where he had last seen his beach cottage, Tony learned that it had been washed away during the recent flood. Yes, he just *loves* his Hollywood apartment!

IN SPITE of rumors linking the names of Ilona Massey and Producer Sam Katz, there is a very strong existing friendship between Ilona and Michael Whalen. However, friends of Whalen's say it is more than friendship on his part. He talks about Ilona continuously, and the legion of Whalen admirers hope that Ilona won't let him down.

NO WONDER Barbara Stanwyck says that Bob Taylor is a very remarkable fellow. For some time Barbara had been speaking of building herself a tennis court. Then one night she returned home from the studio and discovered that a court had been started right outside her door. Investigation disclosed that the court was a birthday present from Bob. However, Barbara's birthday was still three months away. Bob explained that he believed in being practical—when it concerned Barbara's pleasure.

CHARLES BOYER and his pretty wife, Pat Paterson, are two of the most genuine souls in the make believe city.

[*Continued on page* 12]



When filmland gossips whispered that Janet Gaynor's romance with Tyrone Power was chilling, her studio promptly sent out photos showing Janet with her new leading man, Richard Carlson (above), in "romantic" poses. But Tyrone continues to be seen at all the smart Hollywood night spots with the lovely Miss G.

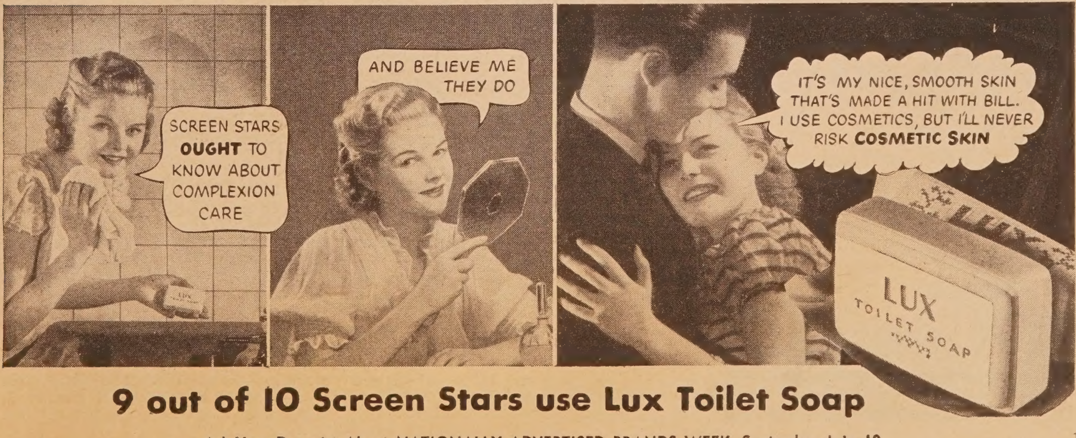
OUT IN HOLLYWOOD . . .

where a Complexion Care *has* to work —

JOAN BLONDELL
WARNER BROS. STAR
I ALWAYS USE LUX TOILET SOAP. IT REMOVES COSMETICS THOROUGHLY

SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP BECAUSE IT HAS ACTIVE LATHER. THIS SAFE, EASY CARE GUARDS AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN
BARBARA STANWYCK
STAR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION "ALWAYS GOODBYE"

— and in your own home town —


SCREEN STARS OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT COMPLEXION CARE
AND BELIEVE ME THEY DO
IT'S MY NICE, SMOOTH SKIN THAT'S MADE A HIT WITH BILL. I USE COSMETICS, BUT I'LL NEVER RISK COSMETIC SKIN
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10

DANDRUFF?

4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch

And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution — 2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

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Next time be sure to USE ZONITE FOR
✓ DANDRUFF
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SPECIAL OFFER
Get this measuring glass at no extra charge with 14 ounce Zonite. Read package folder for details

ZONITE Is 9.3 Times More Active
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 10]

Barbara Stanwyck has been "guest star" on the Chase and Sanborn radio hour with Bergen and McCarthy more than any other cinema luminary. And when you hear Barbara roar with mirth over woodenhead Charlie's antics—rest assured, she isn't kidding! Charlie never fails to "break her up" with his sallies

Charles has it in his contract that he be allowed to get away six months out of every year—to get the smell of grease paint out of his nostrils for a while. But Charles also happens to be in demand every second he has to spare, and decided to close his home in Paris and make Hollywood his permanent address. All his furniture was ordered packed and sent over. In the meantime Charles built a house around the furniture. It is situated high on a hill, close to the home that belonged to John Gilbert, now owned and lived in by Miriam Hopkins and her husband, Anatol Litvak.

BOB TAYLOR put up a real battle for the prize fight sequences in his new picture. For days afterwards his arms were swollen and discolored. For a while there it looked as if Bob had broken his thumb. But it turned out to be a bad sprain. The set was overrun with ex-champions who were hired to do realistic atmosphere work. To the last man, they all agreed that Bob was just as game as any opponent they had ever faced.

NOW that Francis Lederer has given his definite word that he will return to Broadway and appear in Max Gordon's new play, every studio in Hollywood has a picture with a "typical Lederer part." M-G-M is making extensive makeup test of Margo, but she too refuses to sign for more than two pictures a year.

OUT at M-G-M they were using one of those ancient cigar store Indians as a prop in a scene. Fannie Brice, looking for a place to read her script, sat down on the stand that held the statue. Soon Fannie was lost in thought. Suddenly with a start, she realized that she was moving. A prop man was completely unaware that Fannie wasn't part of the display, as he pulled it along toward the door. A trouper up to the bitter end, Fannie held her pose and stared out into space. Everyone on the set watched the spectacle with great amusement. Just as the prop man disappeared through the door, still carting Fannie and the Indian, the entire company broke out in applause. Fannie let out a war whoop what stood for *Vive La France* in Indian language, and the poor prop man is still trying to recover from his shock!

HELEN HAYES told this one on herself and caused no end of merriment at Hollywood dinner parties, given in her honor. While *Victoria Regina* was playing to capacity audiences, members of the company came to Helen and asked where they could go in Hollywood to see movie stars. Helen responded like the Chamber of Commerce and gave the Brown Derby a big buildup. So one night after the show, Helen's troupe sat for hours in Hollywood's most popular eating spot. Nary a star popped in to twinkle. Finally they called over a waitress and asked if there wasn't at least one celebrity in the house. The waitress beamed and pointed with pride to a booth over in the far corner. She assured them that there was indeed a satellite of the highest magnitude. All eyes were strained in the designated direction and there sat—*Helen Hayes!*

IT SEEMS that Basil Rathbone's young son and his bride didn't want anything but a simple wedding. So they announced they would be married just a day or two after they actually set the date. But Mrs. Rathbone, one of Hollywood's most prolific and charming party-givers, went right to work. Thousands of gardenias were used in the garden until it looked like the sloping lawns were covered with pure white snow. The long lanes in the garden were banked with huge vases containing easter lilies. All of Hollywood's famous were there in person, and the ceremony went off in grand style.

Ginger Rogers had herself a Wonderful Time at the Burns and Allen party for Mary Livingstone. With her is the distinguished actress-columnist Hedda Hopper

When the bride and groom returned from their honeymoon, they discovered that Mrs. Rathbone had completely furnished a home for them, not even omitting food in the frigidaire!

IT'S a toss-up between Anthony Quinn and Jack (Ice Skater) Dunn, as to which will re-create the roles that made famous the name and face of Rudolph Valentino. Frankly, Quinn does not want the responsibility and hopes the studio won't pick him. He feels that the public will resent anyone who even attempts to play the roles so mellowed with the memory of the screen's greatest lover.

Incidentally, Tony Quinn and his wife, Katherine De Mille, are expecting a visit from the stork. Tony is part Aztec and part Irish. Katherine is French-Canadian and English. Both are extremely artistic and musical. Their child should be a genius, to say the least!

YES, glamour has really set in, and Martha Raye's "Yeah Man" will soon be reduced to a mere "How-ja-do." The studio not only allows Martha to drive her car on the lot (a forbidden rule at Paramount) but they've also given her the old

[*Continued on page* 16]

TONIGHT'S THE BIG NIGHT!
THAT'S WHY I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP. . IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

WHEN YOU WANT TO BE YOUR MOST ALLURING, JUST TRY BATHING WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP THAT LEAVES YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY... SO SWEET AND CLEAN!
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HER FRAGRANT DAINTINESS WINS!
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU PEG.. SOMETHING SO LOVELY, SO ...WELL, ANYWAY, YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU, DON'T YOU?
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, CASHMERE BOUQUET. YOU DO GUARD A GIRL'S DAINTINESS IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
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MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.
Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

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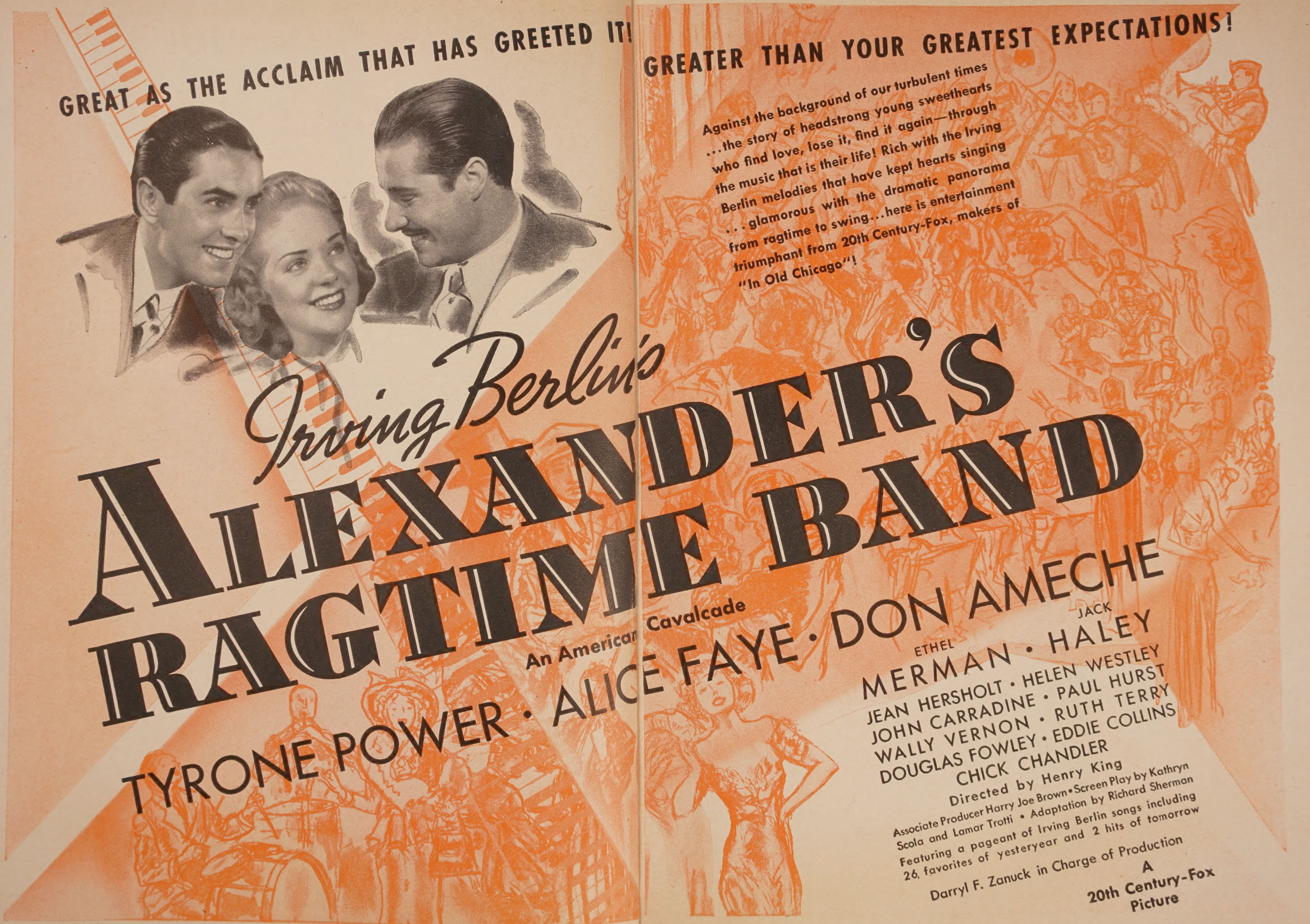

GREAT AS THE ACCLAIM THAT HAS GREETED IT! GREATER THAN YOUR GREATEST EXPECTATIONS!

Against the background of our turbulent times . . . the story of headstrong young sweethearts who find love, lose it, find it again—through the music that is their life! Rich with the Irving Berlin melodies that have kept hearts singing . . . glamorous with the dramatic panorama from ragtime to swing . . . here is entertainment triumphant from 20th Century-Fox, makers of "In Old Chicago"!

Irving Berlin's

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

An American Cavalcade

TYRONE POWER · ALICE FAYE · DON AMECHE

ETHEL MERMAN · JACK HALEY

JEAN HERSHOLT · HELEN WESTLEY
JOHN CARRADINE · PAUL HURST
WALLY VERNON · RUTH TERRY
DOUGLAS FOWLEY · EDDIE COLLINS
CHICK CHANDLER

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Kathryn Scola and Lamar Trotti • Adaptation by Richard Sherman

Featuring a pageant of Irving Berlin songs including 26 favorites of yesteryear and 2 hits of tomorrow

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Does Your Charm Thrill MEN'S HEARTS?

SHE KNEW THE SECRET of allure—a pulse-stirring fragrance to weave on those around her, a spell of thrilling delight . . .

NOW IT'S YOURS—the secret of how to be utterly adorable always, with the romantic, lingering scent of Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. L, New York.

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DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 13]

Dietrich dressing room. This is the famous one that is completely lined with thousands of dollars worth of mirrors. Martha likes to leave the door open. Maybe it gets too crowded with Martha, her hairdresser, her wardrobe woman, her secretary and the two maids she now brings to the studio every day!

ONE of the reasons why the traffic is so heavy out Ventura Boulevard way, is a new chicken house where the lady in charge puts the heart of the South into her flavoring. All the stars drive out for meals and according to inside reports, Mae West is putting up the money to glorify the American chicken!

THE very enchanting Luce Rigaud, wife of Georges Rigaud (brought over from France to play opposite Dietrich), is a constant source of amusement to her friends. When someone called on the phone and asked to speak to Georges, Luce, who is trying to conquer "old man English," very pertly replied: "One mo-ment ple-eze, I will pass over my husband to you!"

THEY do say that Lew Ayres is quite interested in Sari Maritza, who is divorcing producer Sam Katz. And Katz is supposed to have agreed to help Sari get re-established on the screen, as part of their final divorce arrangements.

ONE of the uniformed policemen on the Selznick studio lot is a celebrity in his own right. He just happens to be the father of young Tom Kelly, the lad who was discovered for *Tom Sawyer.* He got the job after Tom was signed to a long term contract. Too bad a few more movie papas and mamas don't show this same good taste, and get themselves jobs!

DIRECTOR JOHN STAHL has the reputation for being a difficult taskmaster when it comes to handling stars. But the stars of yesterday have nothing but praise to offer in Stahl's behalf. Whenever he sees old-timers on the set, he immediately gives them a line to speak. This automatically boosts their pay checks, because the wage scale is much higher for actors with "speaking parts."

WHEN Bob Abbot, who divides his time between Anita Louise and Margaret Lindsay, was called away on business, he didn't know which young lady should be allowed to use his Victorville ranch house. So it all worked out nicely when Margaret was allowed to take up guests over one week-end. Anita followed suit the week following.

THE faith her bosses have in her future is a great compliment to Arleen Whelan. Naturally Arleen wasn't ready

Cecil B. De Mille's Lux Theatre of the Air continues to be one of the high spots of the nation's air waves—and why not, when he presents each week such high-powered personalities as May Robson, Henry Fonda and Joan Bennett?

yet for her big role in *Kidnapped*. But she showed great courage and tried her best to give a good performance. The studio gave her two weeks of retakes when the scenes didn't quite live up to what was expected. This was a swell break for Arleen, who was making her initial appearance on the screen. When her acting catches up to her great beauty, Arleen should be an important star.

HOLLYWOOD columnists can carry on as they will, but Janet Gaynor has her own ideas on romance. If Janet has young Richard Carlton for lunch, you can bet that she is having dinner with Tyrone Power—on the same day! Speaking of romance, on the screen right now Janet is getting all the attention from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. But the minute the camera stops grinding, you should see what really attracts Janet and Doug. Three pet penguins are being used on the set—and the stars play with them by the hour. There's always spare time to make love—but a penguin—ah, that's different!

NEW and unusual sights in Hollywood: Franchot Tone's new moustache. And Marie Wilson's covered wagon hat, fashioned from an old, tired bandana. (Betty Furness, please note!)

TENNIS scores hit a new low at the West Side Club recently. Reason? Simone Simon, wearing a tight fitting bright red sweater, stood on the sidelines and watched. P. S. So did the players!

LUISE RAINER'S divorce from Clifford Odets may have been a surprise to the world, but it wasn't to friends of the whimsical Luise. They had known for some time that the message-writing Odets and his bride were not agreeing too easily. And according to friends, Luise didn't actually let Odets know of her intentions until a short time before he sailed for Europe. Her letter was supposed to have been sent just three days ahead of time and Clifford sailed away to produce his *Golden Boy* in London, right after he got the sad news.

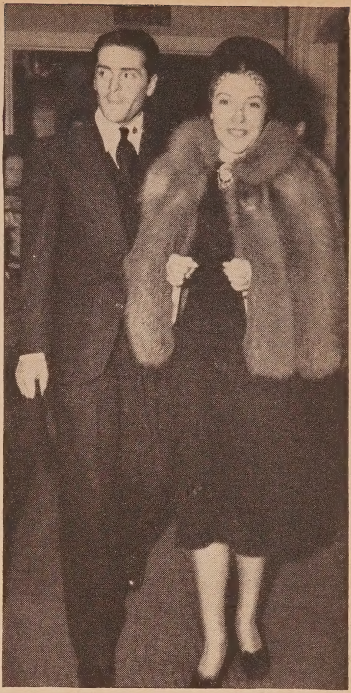
WHILE Madge Evans had been very unhappy at the roles allotted her at M-G-M, she really didn't start to fight until they wanted to loan her out to Republic. So then she took a stand and got her release. Came a long period with no available pictures to do. Then Madge went to work for Universal. Now she has signed for one film with Republic. And M-G-M is supposed to be interested in getting her back with them again!

WHEN Edward Everett Horton gave a barn dance recently at his country estate called "Belleigh Acres," he sent wagons loaded with hay, for his guests. Everyone was instructed to wear a "rube" outfit. Ann Nagel appeared as the most beautiful scare crow Hollywood had ever seen. Ann, who swiped the outfit from the next door field, announced that it had been 'specially designed by Adrian!

CONNIE BENNETT won her case when artist Willy Pogany sued her for nonpayment on an oil portrait. Connie emerged triumphant from the courtroom, and what to do with the portrait became Pogany's problem. A courtroom wag suggested that Pogany send it to commentator Jimmy Fidler (whom Connie Bennett has threatened to bring into court on a slander charge!)

THE Gary Coopers and the Fred MacMurrays are constant companions on week-end trips together. The usually sedate Mrs. Cooper, incidentally, just loves the smell and the muss on those old fishing barges. The more broken down they are, the better she likes them. Hollywood movie stars, please take note!

Paulette Goddard may not have gotten the role of Scarlett O'Hara, but she's due for a terrific build-up by Selznick Studios. The improve her acting, the lovely Paulette left Hollywood to do "summer stock" at the famous Dennis, Mass., Playhouse



At this point, SCREEN BOOK Magazine pauses to wonder: Why doesn't the talented Margo make another picture? The Mexican lass was at the Helen Hayes, *Merchant of Venice* opening with hubby Francis Lederer

WHEN William Gargan was signed for the role of the has-been prize fighter in Bob Taylor's new picture, the studio thought he looked too big and heavy next to Bob. So Bill was asked to reduce. Over to Terry Hunt's gym went Bill, and worked out with all the local boys who were straining every muscle, hoping to get the *Golden Boy* lead. Bill worked like a demon for a week. Then he went back to the studio. They took one look, told him he had reduced too much, and ordered padding made for Bill to wear under his clothes!

ONE of the reasons we love Cora Witherspoon is that she never does what is expected of her. Recently Cora took a guest to Sardi's for lunch. While waiting for dessert, Cora said she would just run across the street to the Guaranty building—"for a second," to leave some important papers. Hours went by. The friend sat and waited for Cora's return. Finally she walked in. No explanations were given. The friend finally asked where Cora had been the last few hours. Cora looked so surprised and assumed the attitude that the friend must be very stupid not to know. "Why I've been in the dentist's chair of course!" said Cora impatiently.

WHEN option time came around for Della Lind, she proved herself quite a courageous person. Having been under contract for over a year and only worked once in a mediocre part with Laurel and Hardy,

[*Continued on page* 18]

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 17]

Another party with Helen Hayes as guest of honor found Una Merkel, Madge Evans, Frank Borzage and Paulette Goddard an agreeable foursome. At Hawaiian Paradise

Della felt that she just couldn't sit back and wait again. So the Viennese singer sent a personal telegram to Mr. Mayer and begged him to be a good friend—and *NOT* take up her option. Mr. Mayer proved to be a "good friend."

ON THE last night of his engagement at the Casino ball room in Catalina, Roger Pryor revealed the name and identity of the singer who had made such a great hit appearing nightly with Roger's band. It was none other than Mrs. Pryor, or Ann Sothern to you. For her vocal holiday Ann wore a red wig, false eyelashes and evening hats that featured tiny nose veils.

JOHN BEAL is so proud of the progress his wife, Helen Craig is making on the stage. So he saves all her clippings, and says he is the only actor in captivity who asks people to come up to his apartment to see his wife's scrap book!

NOW that she has recovered from her disappointment at being dropped by M-G-M when she married, Jean Parker is really growing up with a vengeance. Jean and her husband, George MacDonald, are two of the happiest, the most devoted and ambitious young people in Hollywood. George is on the road to being a great writer! Right now Jean is trying to decide between three studio offers. She has outgrown the wide-eyed little girl roles—And no one is happier than Jean!

EVEN blase Hollywood was flabbergasted when Antony Novotny calmly walked into the M-G-M publicity office and said he wanted to talk over a "little idea" he had. The handsome Czechoslovakian motion picture star, brought to this country by Mr. Mayer, was asked to speak his piece. So Tony, who is quickly getting on to the ways Hollywood movie stars do things, asked if it wouldn't be a good publicity stunt—if he swam from Santa Monica to Catalina Island! When everyone had recovered from the shock—Tony showed them European papers that proved he had actually swam such a distance. All of which puts Johnny Weissmuller in the sissy class, if Tony is allowed to follow through with his plans.

ROBERT CUMMINGS, who flys his own plane, has just accomplished a great feat. In order to secure an instructor's license, a very strenuous and continuous flying record must be attained. Only one out of every few hundred can stand the ordeal. Robert stayed right up there until he won his victory.

FRED MACMURRAY took a good ribbing when he entertained the California Collegians at his Brentwood Heights home. Buffet luncheon was served and the boys went in the pool. It wasn't so long ago that Fred was a struggling saxophone player with the band. But he was luckier than the rest of the boys. Naturally they are all delighted at Fred's success. But just for laughs they kept reminding Fred of those good old days when the next meal was something to look forward too.

GUESS who owns the prettiest legs in Hollywood? A group of chorus girls sitting around a set took up a vote. The winning three were Martha Raye, John Barrymore and Ray Milland!

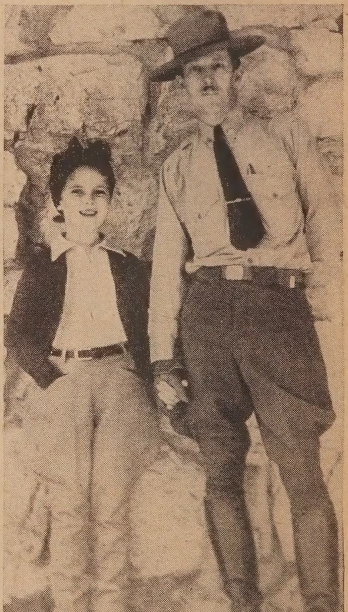
JEAN DIXON, who plays those wisecracking roles so beautifully, has checked out of Hollywood for good. Jean was already to go right after she finished *Joy of Living*. Luckily she waited. Her role was cut to bits and Jean just didn't have the heart to go away without leaving some little milestone of achievement behind her. So she took the role in *Holiday* that has brought her rave notices. Jean will live in New York with her husband Ted Ely. Unless for some very unusual opportunity that gives her a chance to act, she will only return to Hollywood to see the races.

WHEN Conrad Nagel decided to move to the beach, Frank Milan, who was Conrad's house guest, set out to look for a bachelor apartment in Hollywood. Instantly the news spread that it was Ray Milland who was looking for the bachelor apartment. Good old Hollywood, that never allows a false rumor to go to waste, finally had it that Mrs. Ray Milland was already in Reno getting her divorce. And all the time Ray and his lovely wife were blissfully unaware that Holywood had "separated" them!

BELIEVE it or not there's another Cary Grant, not so far away from Hollywood. He lives in a little cottage way back in the hills of Chatsworth Park. And he gets very annoyed if anyone asks him if he is related to the movie star. Well, there are a lot of people who wouldn't kick *too* much—we always say!

THERE'S always some good that comes out of every misfortune. Studio conditions have been so bad, the executives in many cases have been glad to

[*Continued on page* 80]



—*Wide World*

Li'l Missy Temple is seeing America first—and having the time of her young life. At the the awe-inspiring Grand Canyon, she had Assistant Park Naturalist Louis Schellbach as her highly enthusiastic guide

FRANCES DEE

The poetic role of Katherine de Vaucelles in Paramount's "If I Were King" is admirably adapted to the talents of beautiful Frances Dee. And of course Ronald Colman will be dashing Francois Villon, played by William Farnum in silent days

FAY BAINTER

Miss Bainter's superb acting in the Warner film, "White Banners," is no surprise to those who have seen her in Broadway stage hits. Next she'll appear in RKO-Radio's tender drama, "Mother Carey's Chickens," with Anne Shirley

—Photo by Fryer

IT ROCKED BROADWAY FOR 82 WEEKS!
NOW IT'S THE LOUDEST LAUGH ON THE SCREEN!

Boy meets girl! . . . Cagney meets O'Brien! . . . And the great stage triumph that panicked New York and swept the whole nation from coast to coast, becomes the love-and-laughter picture of a decade!

Bella & Samuel Spewack's

BOY MEETS GIRL

FROM THE STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

Starring

JAMES CAGNEY
PAT O'BRIEN

MARIE WILSON • RALPH BELLAMY

FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

Presented by
WARNER BROS.

BETTE DAVIS

Academy awards—praise from the country's leading dramatic critics—Bette Davis takes all honors in stride. Her main interest is giving believable performances — and "The Sisters," her new Warner film, offers her a great opportunity

—Photo by Welbourne

GEORGE MURPHY

That amiable Irisher, George Murphy, is one of Hollywood's most versatile young actors. He follows a song-and-dance role in the new Shirley Temple film, "Lucky Penny," with a dramatic lead opposite Andrea Leeds in Universal's "Letter of Introduction"

Miss Shearer, in the accompanying article, tells of her great delight at having Tyrone Power as leading man in *Marie Antoinette*

NORMA SHEARER REVEALS

FOREWORD: In this exclusive interview, Norma Shearer answers the question—"Will you marry again?" In this incomparable Saga of Love, in the hitherto unrevealed story of Norma Shearer's poignant months since Irving Thalberg's death, lies the answer.

• • •

I SAID to Norma Shearer, "Five years ago I asked you a question which no one had ventured before. It was: 'Are you favored as an actress because you are Mrs. Irving Thalberg?'

"You answered that honestly and comprehensively because you realized that it was a question which had been silently asked and implied a thousand times over.

"Today I have a more difficult question to ask: 'Will you marry again?'

Norma Shearer's face is suddenly still. A tiny pulse beats a tattoo in her throat. Her eyes look back into hidden happenings and past happiness.

Her voice is no more than a whisper as she answers—with a distant hum of grief in it.

"Yes, I suppose I should discuss it," she agrees. "It is difficult. But best."

And she adds—"I have always disliked conjecture, because the truth, where I am concerned, is available."

Norma Shearer leans against the arm of her dressing-room couch as we talk. She is wearing a slim black dress, relieved by white pique at throat and wrists, which make her seem a child too early and too deeply touched by sorrow.

It is a scant two years since *Romeo And Juliet* was finished. There is little surface change in her, but the inner, the vital change is recorded in a tenderness, a softness, a pliability of spirit.

Between the wings of her hair her face is as plastic as it has always been. But it now has a dignity—the heart-breaking quality of many tears shed. It is a stronger face now—but a sweeter one too, for she has learned resignation.

It has power—that strength which women somehow acquire and achieve when the men they love are no longer at their sides.

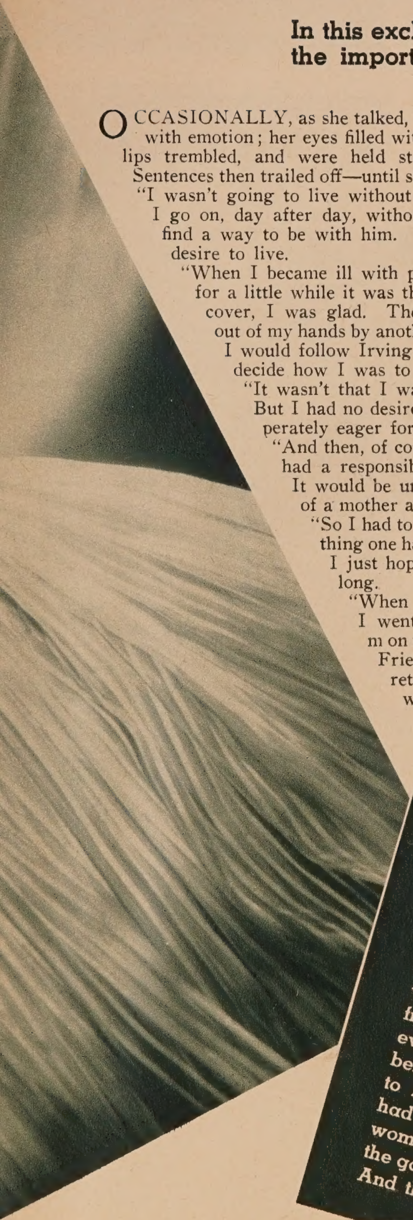
Her dressing-room is an oasis of silence in the rhythm of studio sound. Time is forgotten, while Norma talks of a great and imperishable and flawless love.

And in her story there is the answer to the question of remarriage, even in the remote future.

HER ROMANTIC FUTURE!

By SONIA LEE

In this exclusive interview, Norma Shearer answers the important question, "Will you marry again?"



OCCASIONALLY, as she talked, her voice was muffled with emotion; her eyes filled with unshed tears. Her lips trembled, and were held steady with an effort. Sentences then trailed off—until she could speak again!

"I wasn't going to live without Irving. How could I go on, day after day, without him? I hoped to find a way to be with him. I had no reason nor desire to live.

"When I became ill with pneumonia, and when for a little while it was thought I wouldn't recover, I was glad. The decision was taken out of my hands by another and higher power. I would follow Irving. I wouldn't have to decide how I was to join him.

"It wasn't that I was so dangerously ill. But I had no desire for life. I was desperately eager for death.

"And then, of course, I realized that I had a responsibility to my children. It would be unfair to deprive them of a mother as well as a father.

"So I had to live. Life was something one had to go through with. I just hoped it wouldn't be too long.

"When I was able to travel, I went to Arizona for six months to recuperate. Friends advised me not to return to the house where Irving and I had lived. But I couldn't return home soon enough. It was the place Irving and I had loved together. There were familiar things. I had poignant and constant reminders of my past happiness. And, somehow, strangely enough, they helped ease the pain. I didn't feel so terribly and so frightfully alone. Adjustment was easier because I had memories to help me.

"An European holiday was suggested. Friends asked me to join them in their travels. If I would leave Hollywood, perhaps forgetting would be easier.

"But I didn't feel I could impose myself and my grief on others. I wanted to be alone with my children in Irving's home and mine.

"For months I believed I would never return to the screen. I had no interest in a career. I didn't want one again.

"Then, too, I doubted whether I would ever look well enough again to face a camera. Tears and illness have their own special way of wrecking you.

"For months I could think of nothing but Irving. Again and again I relived all the years of my happiness. There was seemingly nothing left in my life.

"But almost imperceptibly I started on the road back. I felt I should do something useful with my life. I felt that Irving would have wanted me to.

"I had lived with, lived by, and lived for love for ten perfect years. Who was I, I asked myself, to be entitled to a lifetime of happiness? *No one* is entitled to that.

"I had had everything a woman could need, a woman could dream of having, a woman could hope or desire to have. My life had been perfection. I had had steadiness and sturdiness and understanding and sweetness and encouragement. And love!

[*Continued on page* 75]

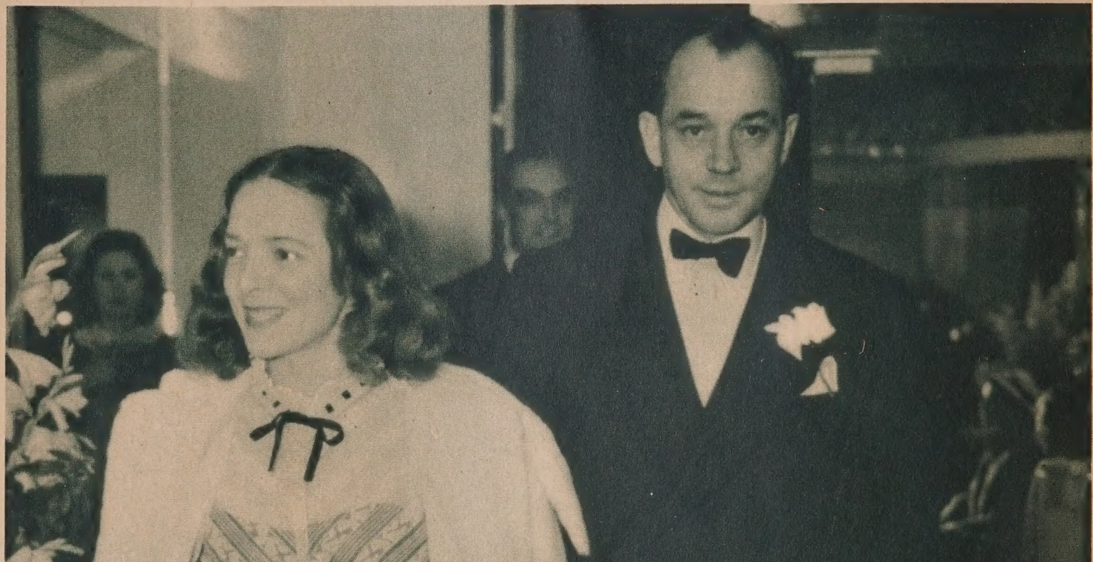
NORMA SHEARER SAYS:

"I haven't considered my future from a woman's standpoint, but I feel that marriage isn't necessary to me. But not one of us knows what emotion will sway us in the future; what emotion will find us vulnerable five years or ten years from now . . . I can't conceive of ever loving again. I just can't believe that love will ever come to me again! After all, I have had all the happiness to which a woman is entitled. More than is the good fortune of many women. And that should be enough!"

Norma Shearer is divinely radiant in her lovely Marie Antoinette gowns, as the large portrait shows. At right, a stunning new portrait of the star by Willinger

One of the great idols of our Hollywood actors and actresses is the superb Helen Hayes. When her play, *Victoria Regina*, recently visited the film town, everyone turned out to pay homage to the star, and later to attend Norma Shearer's mammoth party for her at the Trocadero. At left, (1) two party guests: Walter Wanger and lovely Joan Bennett. At right, (2) Spencer Tracy and Claudette Colbert

HOLLYWOOD PAYS TRIBUTE



Helen Hayes and her playwright-husband, Charles MacArthur, arrive at the Trocadero for Norma Shearer's spectacular party in her honor

As *Victoria Regina,* Helen Hayes made a most phenomenal theatrical tour

TO A GREAT ACTRESS!

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Guests at Norma Shearer's Trocadero party for Helen Hayes included: (3) Basil Rathbone and the lovely Hedy Lamarr; (4) Florence Eldridge, Robert Montgomery and Margaret Sullavan; (5) Charles MacArthur, Hostess Norma Shearer, James Stewart and Miss Hayes; (6) Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford, Cesar Romero and Sonja Henie; (7) Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power; (8) Merle Oberon and George Brent

8

JUST CALL HER

By KATHERINE HARTLEY

One queen who refuses to wear her rightful crown is unaffected Myrna Loy. No regal robes or salaaming will ever change her!

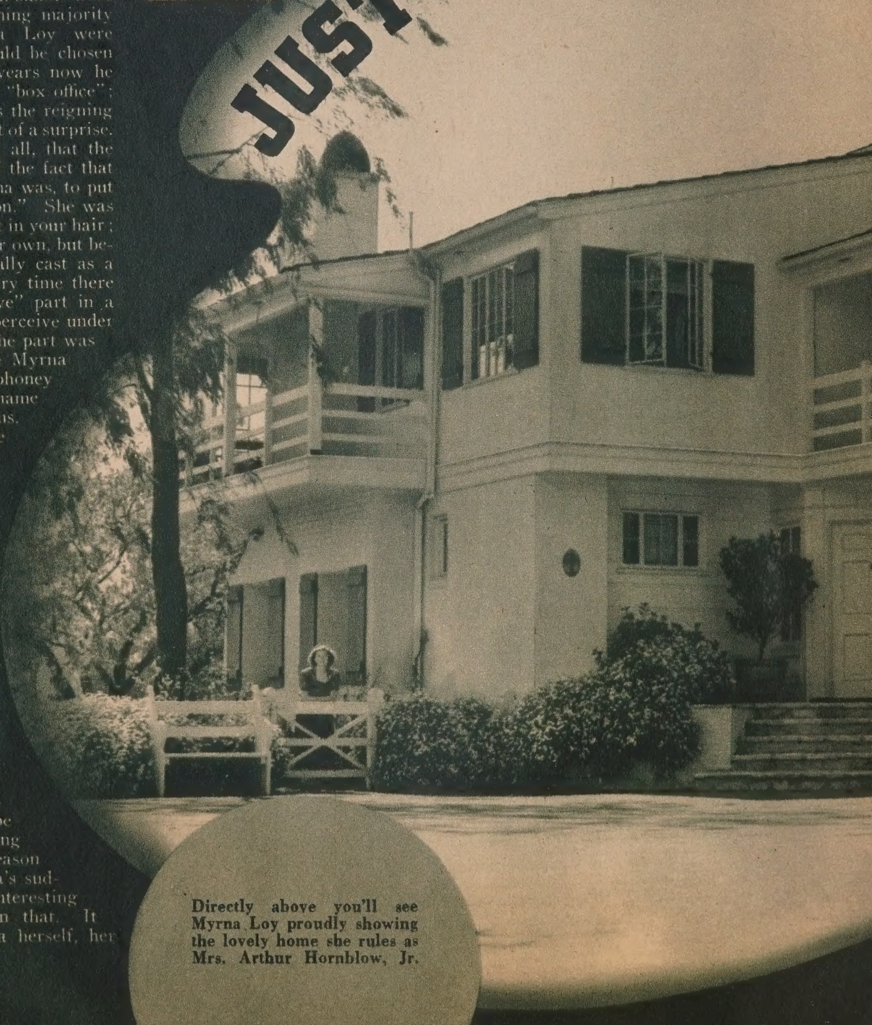
NOT so many months ago the *Chicago Daily News* and its affiliated papers ran a contest so select the King and Queen of the movies. In that contest over two million ballots were cast, and by an overwhelming majority Clark Gable and Myrna Loy were selected. That Clark should be chosen was not unexpected; for years now he has been recognized as top "box office"; but the choice of Myrna as the reigning female favorite came as a bit of a surprise.

You may think, first of all, that the surprise existed because of the fact that only a few years ago Myrna was, to put it bluntly, "box office poison." She was at that time the girl who got in your hair; not through any fault of her own, but because she was so perennially cast as a slinky-eyed Oriental. Every time there was an "exotic" or "native" part in a picture, you were sure to perceive under the gobs of make-up that the part was being played by that same Myrna Loy—the girl with the phoney Chinese name, whose real name was plain Myrna Williams. That griped a bit and the public didn't like it.

Then overnight Myrna sloughed off the old ivory-tinted shell and became herself—the red-hair-and-freckles Myrna Loy—and in that change came her fame and glory. But that wasn't so many years ago. *The Thin Man*, for example—heck, that burst on the world in all its tinkling gaiety only in 1936!

Hollywood is too used to the overnight success of fourteen-year-old opera singers and ventriloquist dummies to be often startled by anything sudden or freakish. The reason it was surprised by Myrna's sudden Queendom is more interesting and more significant than that. It goes right back to Myrna herself, her personality, her manner, her mode of living.

Even before a Queen is a Queen, she is usually a Princess, but there has never been anything about Myrna Loy to indicate that she ever thought her shining, tossing head deserved a crown. She has never done anything, or said anything, that would indicate that she was "to the manner born"—to the manner of movie queens, we mean. Myrna, for the last few years, has been a pretty prominent star in the M-G-M roster; yet from her own behavior you would never be able to guess it.



Directly above you'll see Myrna Loy proudly showing the lovely home she rules as Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

It's rather difficult to show exactly what we mean, without taking a few cracks at some of the other would-be queens at other Hollywood studios; but let's see: maybe with tact, we can attempt it. Miss So-and-So comes crying into the front office that Miss Such-and-Such has a more expensive portable set dressing room than she has, and demands that something be done about it immediately. Miss Such-and-Such comes raving into the front office and says that Miss So-and-So is getting the pick of the hairdressers and demands that steps be taken immediately. Both of these young ladies crack the cat-and-nine tails when it comes to getting what they want, and there are a lot more just like them.

BUT let's look at Myrna. Not so long ago Metro completed its big new dressing room building, which was to take the place of the old, overcrowded and outmoded one. Weeks in advance various artists around the lot had been making their requests: some of them asked for southern exposure; some wanted north; some wanted corner suites; some of them wanted kitchenette equipment and so on. The requests were all right, because the planning department had asked for suggestions. But one day when the name plates were being ordered for the doors, someone in the department made the astounding discovery that they hadn't yet heard from Myrna Loy. They called her on the phone and asked her if she had any preferences she wanted to outline now. What exposure did she want? What style of decoration?

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she answered quickly. "I'll leave it up to you." Whereupon the girl who was phoning had to pick herself up [*Continued on page 63*]

"QUEENIE"!

Above, a delightful informal shot of Myrna, who was recently crowned Queen of the Screen in a two-million vote poll. Her new M-G-M picture is *Too Hot To Handle*, in which she is co-starred with Clark Gable

WENDY BARRIE

The fetching English actress, Wendy Barrie, isn't seen in nearly enough pictures to please her admirers. But she'll have a splendid dramatic role with Edward G. Robinson in Columbia's "I Am the Law"

Try the Don Ameche way to success! An inspiring message from the star who never admitted defeat.

THE STAR WHO HAS EVERYTHING!

By BEN MADDOX

THE one star in Hollywood who has everything today is Don Ameche. *Everything?*

Yes!

But why Don, you ask. And then, I imagine, you add quickly, "How did he get all the luck?"

How he got it is news, and a different kind of news, just as Don is positively a different kind of celebrity.

Frankly, I happen to know every top-ranking person in the movies. I don't say so boastingly. It is my business to go into the homes of glamorous men and women—and more, to go into their hearts. I talk intimately with these strangely vivid human skyrockets. I have recorded their opinions and desires for years now, sighed over their follies, kept their confidences when their personal problems were secret ones.

Perhaps it is silly of me to be so undiplomatic, so apparently forgetful of many fine friends in Hollywood's Upper Circle. But this is the truth: Don is actually the one star with everything, and all the rest of them can well envy him! I realize I wouldn't retain valuable contacts in the theatrical world if I gave advice; yet maybe—just maybe, I say—even a lot of those being applauded in Hollywood still could profitably try the easy, Ameche way to success.

For merely registering in his chosen work is only part of what Don has. Only recently twenty-eight, he is a number one star in pictures, and is equally prominent on the radio besides. There are others who have the same degree of fame, however. There are others who earn more money. No one is better liked by unsung fellow workers, though. Don hasn't trampled on rivals, isn't temperamental. He has extraordinary disposition—he is warmly impulsive, yet habitually he smiles sincerely. He is that rare combination, a daredevil who remembers to practice the Golden Rule. "Regular" is applied too generously; I know Don deserves this adjective because I know what the underdogs behind the scenes report.

Achieving in your work and a big income means success of a sort, but it takes more than that to be completely, thrillingly happy. Don has gained more, too. Consider his life when he leaves the studio.

He has a host of pals who would do anything for him. That's pretty satisfying. That kind of popularity isn't acquired by publicity ballyhoo, either; Don has more loyal chums than any other actor in Hollywood because he—but wait! Let's finish his asset sheet.

Fame, money, faithful friends and no enemies because he won't make enemies, and then—vitality. He is on the go constantly. He's here, there, and physically he's absolutely alert. He's always taken good care of his body. Wise man! He early learned that the more he did the more he felt like doing.

And he early learned that he could turn molehills into mountains with faith. But again I'm anticipating. Certainly Don's success in love must be disclosed. If Don Ameche isn't a success as a lover, I'd like to be told who is.

He thrives on excitement. He must have exhilarating companionship. So, being very emotional, he fell in love in his beginning twenties and promptly did something about it. He married the girl. Now you know as well as I do that wholly successful marriages are unusual achievements. But look at how Don clicks. He is an adored husband. He is a wow of a father, with two little sons.

[*Continued on page 76*]

Trust, says Don Ameche, is vitally important to all those who want to get ahead in the world. The 20th-Century-Fox star, now appearing in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, next plays opposite Loretta Young in *Suez*

Maureen O'Sullivan, who is again Robert Taylor's leading lady in M-G-M's *The Crowd Roars*, thinks him a great guy off-screen

THE ROBERT TAYLOR

Bob Taylor's reactions to the many unfavorable attacks made upon him are a great tribute to his character

SOME day I hope that Hollywood will come to the realization that all great performances aren't confined to the screen.

Then I hope that a special gold statue will be awarded to the actor who suddenly found himself cascaded into world-wide fame almost overnight, and still managed to behave like a normal human being. For such a performance Robert Taylor merits profound recognition.

Now those who know Bob personally, or have worked with him are lavish in their words of praise. A few months ago it was Maureen O'Sullivan, who, in a letter to Barbara Stanwyck, proclaimed her admiration for Bob and the way he conducted himself in a strange country with strange people, while making *A Yank At Oxford*. William Gargan, who was Bob's opponent in prize-fighting sequences of *The Crowd Roars*, is still talking about his terrific sportsmanship. "I've never seen a guy with so much guts and who put up such a real battle," says Gargan. Irene Dunne still refers back to *The Magnificent Obsession*, and says that Bob was one of the nicest actors she ever worked with.

Yet, along with this avalanche of praise from those who know him, there is also a destructive source that makes Taylor an innocent victim of unjust and unfair criticism. Without authority and without any other motive but the inhuman desire to be unkind, self-made critics have gone out of their way to wound Bob. His reactions, and his tolerance of these unpleasant attacks are a tribute to his character—but it still doesn't prevent him from being hurt.

In spite of a placid exterior, Bob Taylor is quite a sensi-

By
JERRY ASHER

tive fellow. He doesn't give in to his feelings easily—for Bob is intelligent enough to realize that his *fame* puts him on the spot. And strangely enough, those of us who like Bob are the ones who resent it most when unfair things are said or done. I've been with Bob in his own home, at Barbara Stanwyck's, sat opposite him across the dinner table at Joan Crawford's and Franchot Tone's. I've observed Bob under all circumstances. For one who is privileged to indulge in the mood of the moment, Bob is much better behaved than those of lesser importance.

One night I had dinner with Bob and Barbara Stanwyck in his San Fernando Valley home. Just that day a national magazine had come out with a series of Taylor pictures. Between the lines of the captions it was easy to read that Bob was being ribbed for his good looks.

"I wonder why they have it in for me," Bob pondered. "I've always tried to give them what they've wanted. I've never refused to pose for them or tried to kill any of their pictures."

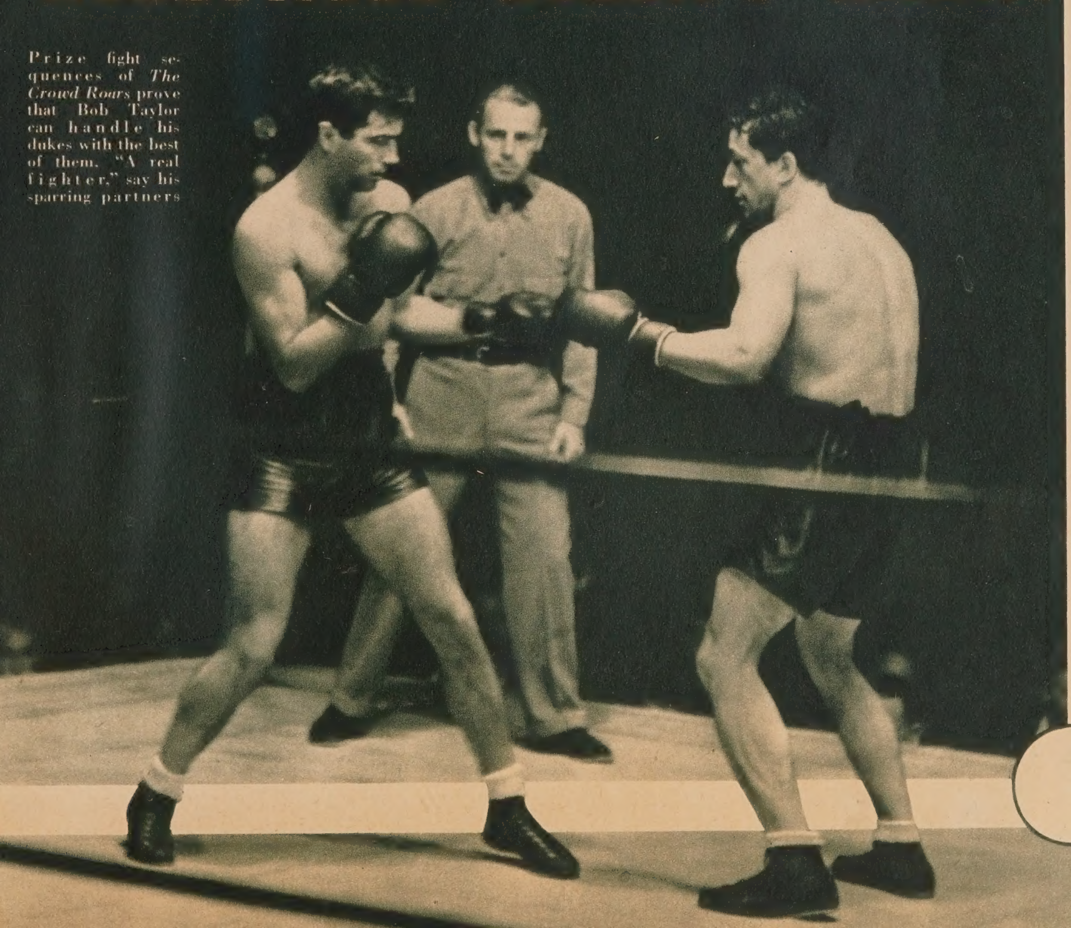
A few days later someone threw a little light on the mystery. It was explained to Bob that the editor of the magazine was annoyed at him, because the editor's wife was a great Taylor enthusiast. Bob had never met her. She had only seen him on the screen. In the face of things, this was pretty unfair. Yet, the following week, when the same magazine requested another Taylor layout, Bob accommodated them to the best of his ability!

While his fame and name have unlocked many doors for Bob, they have also presented obstacles, and especially so because of that sensitive streak in his nature. During the time Bob was away in England, such friends as Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, the Ray Millands and others, saw to it that Barbara Stanwyck wasn't too much alone. Naturally Barbara wrote this to Bob in her letters. When he returned, these same friends intentionally stayed away. They felt that Bob and Barbara would want to be alone at first. There was so much to say to each other—So much had happened while Bob was away.

It took all of Barbara's persuasive powers to convince Bob that everything was all right. That sensitive side in his nature made him feel that everyone put up with him because they liked Barbara. The minute he returned all the people whom Barbara was seeing every week, were suddenly conspicuous by their

[*Continued on page* 78]

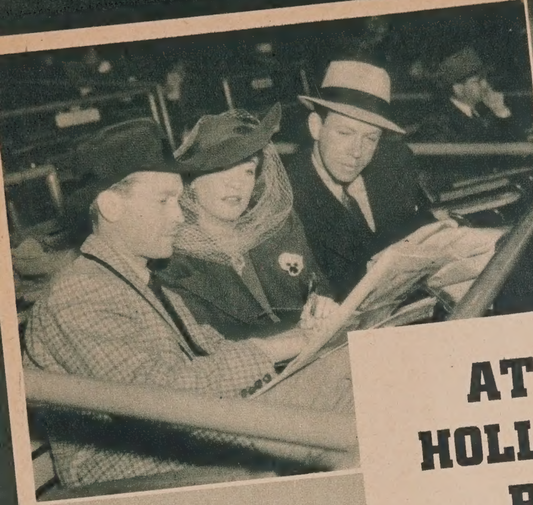
HOLLYWOOD DOESN'T KNOW!



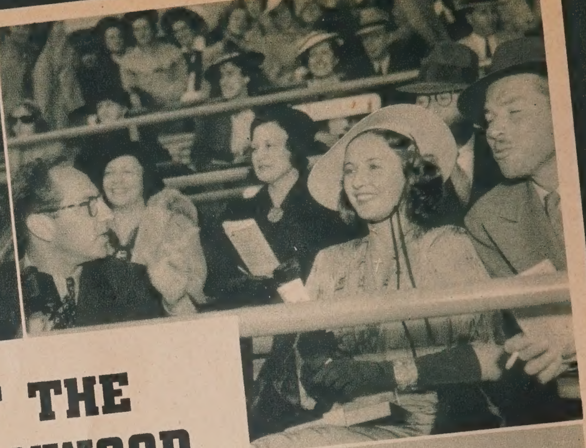
Prize fight sequences of *The Crowd Roars* prove that Bob Taylor can handle his dukes with the best of them. "A real fighter," say his sparring partners

AT THE HOLLYWOOD PARK RACES

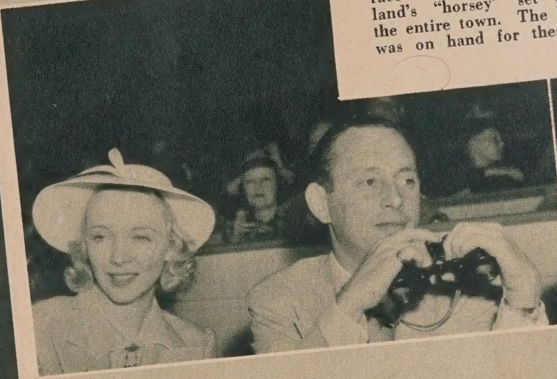
The opening of the new Hollywood Park race track was greeted by all of filmland's "horsey" set—and that includes the entire town. The Fawcett cameraman was on hand for these grand informals



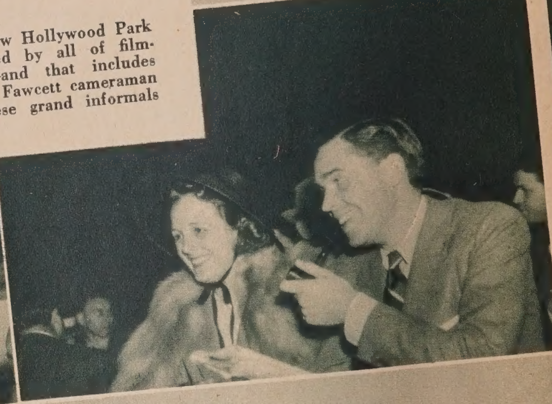
Franchot Tone and his Joan, still ignoring those separation rumors, were on hand to place a few bets. With them is their friend George Murphy



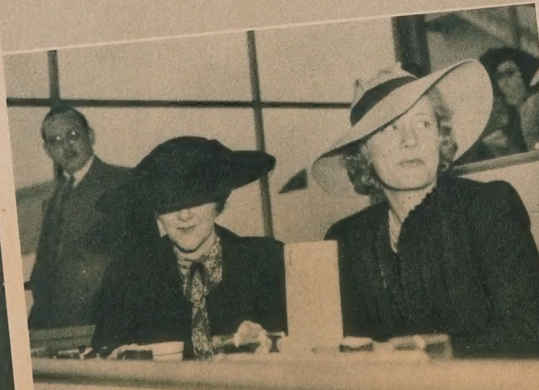
Zeppo Marx, Barbara Stanwyck and Bruce Cabot are always on hand for racing events. Zeppo and Barbara, of course, own the successful Marwyck Stables

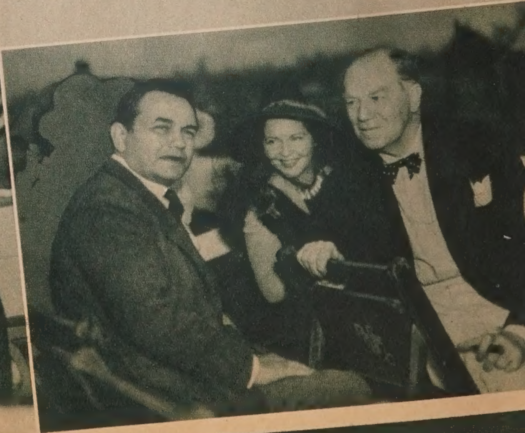


Above: the gracious and lovely Virginia Bruce, with her husband Jack Ruben, gave photographers a field day. Below: Irene Dunne was a prominent boxholder, along with that fine character actress, Jean Dixon



Above: that charming young couple, Mary Astor and Manuel del Campo, were among the opening day crowd at the races. Below: Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson with their friend, the distinguished Montagu Love





By TERRY LORTON

Long "Queen of the B's," Claire Trevor is on her road to great fame as a star of more spectacular pictures!

OLD MAN MARRIAGE has been pursuing Claire Trevor for months—been nipping at her heels. By the time you have read this, it probably will have tagged her. But that's not all. When love came into her life, other things happened, too. Claire saw her five-year contract at 20th Century-Fox drawing to a close—and refused to renew. She stepped out on her own and grabbed more fame in a few weeks than she garnered in a year previously!

It's just one of those things. A New Yorker runs off to Atlantic City for a spell and gains seven pounds. In Hollywood you just go to another studio, and often your name begins to carry a great deal more weight. You can't blame the old home lot for keeping you down any more than you can blame New York. The important thing is that you've made a change and it has done you good.

It all started with *Dead End,* the Sam Goldwyn production. Goldwyn borrowed Claire for an important role in that picture. She clicked. Which was only right, for Claire had a solid role in an A production. Up to that point she had participated in four years of solid B pictures, made at half the cost or less.

She went back to Fox to work out the last year of her contract. Now, with it just closing up, she can point to no less than 28 B pictures during the five years. "And that's foundation enough for any actress," Claire told me over a bowl of soup at Warner Brothers.

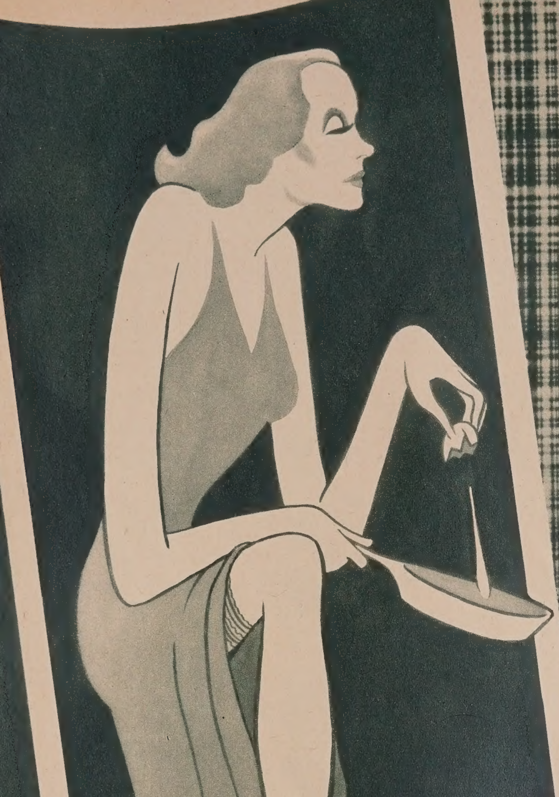
"Sometimes I feel sorry for these new 'discoveries' who have never before done any acting. It's so unfair to them. You can't take a girl out of a dress shop and say to her, 'Now act—a little different than Simone Simon, but on the same general scheme.'

"You can't expect results unless the girl is a genius. So she gets all built up to the idea that she's an overnight star, and when it begins to fade—well, often she never understands quite what happened to her. And worse yet, she can never again be happy selling gowns to wealthy customers."

Claire Trevor speaks from having watched such things. Not from personal experience. [*Continued on page* 54]

NO LULL IN HER LIFE!

Claire Trevor's new Warner Brothers role is in the *Valley of the Giants.* Above, with two leading cast members, Jack La Rue and Charles Bickford



Domestic scene in the Dietrich kitchen: Marlene whips up a mess of eggs

By KATHERINE ALBERT

Shades of the good old days! Hollywood is now going in for bucolic pleasures, and the glamour girls are throwing fudge-making orgies like mad!

IF YOU or I gave a party at which, instead of bridge, dancing or bright conversation, we introduced hunt-the-thimble, tiddle-de-winks or King William we would undoubtedly be considered either feeble-minded or broke. And there would be loud complaints from the guests.

But if you want to knock off a row of social obligations you can do it with nothing more elaborate than a box of jack straws—and if anybody objects, announce that you're giving a typical Hollywood shindig!

For Hollywood has returned to sweet simplicity. Hollywood has gone simple with a bang-bang. Glamor has been left on the cutting room floor. Sophistication is being thrown out with that old beaded bag and the willow plumes. The very newest thing is simplicity—and the more bucolic your pleasures the more popular you are in Hollywood.

When reformers rave about the bacchanalian revels of the film famous you can laugh—ha-ha—because that's old stuff now. The ladies all look clear-eyed and clean-limbed while the gentlemen speculate on the horse shoe pitching contest.

Who began all this? I can't answer. A Hollywood vogue usually springs into existence full blown, but it's a sure bet that Marlene Dietrich put one of the very first fingers into the simplicity pie. And speaking of pies reminds me that the erstwhile glamorous one's desire to cook started the new rage spinning.

Marlene had been at an elaborate and very elegant movie party. Along toward dawn she suggested to the others at her table that they all go to her house for a snack. Naturally they thought Dietrich's kitchen staff had been working their little fingers to the bone running up the caviar sandwiches. But when they got to Marlene's home there wasn't a servant in sight.

"I can scramble the best eggs you ever tasted," Marlene announced. And before anybody had time to faint she had tucked up her gold lame evening dress and the egg beater was running like an airplane motor. (Irrelevancy note: The eggs were the best ever tasted.)

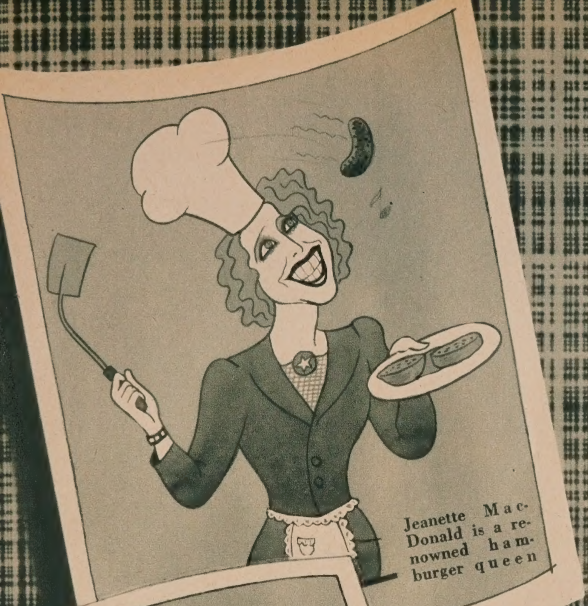
When I heard about this, as everyone in Hollywood eventually did, I thought it was just one of those rumors. There's always some old cynic to spoil your illusions, I reasoned.

But a few days later I was at the Vendome for lunch and I heard a couple of lads discussing Marlene. One of them had been enamored of her, and I practically fell into my consomme a la Reine when I heard him say, "She's so wonderful when she behaves perfectly simply, as she sometimes does. I am often annoyed by her smooth glamor but when she goes around the house in a big peasant skirt and bare feet she's enchanting."

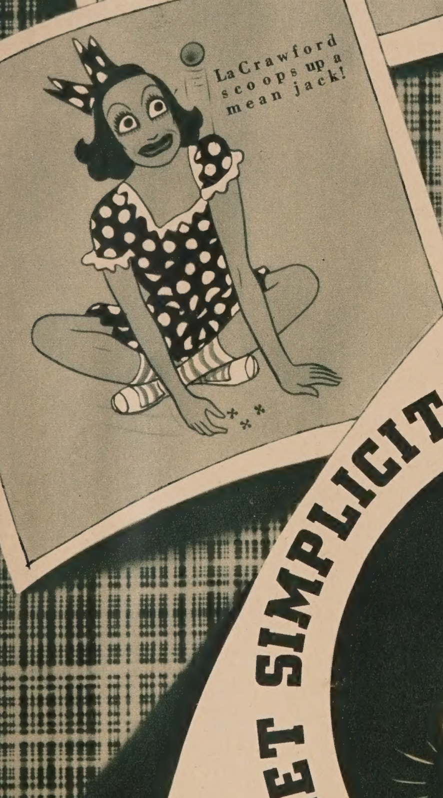
And right then I knew that the town had been hit by a tidal wave of Innocent Pleasure. The fact that Marlene has beautiful feet and knows it, and that a full peasant skirt is enormously becoming to her is quite beside the point. A vogue had been set.

So I kept my eyes and ears open and have now compiled a list of items to show you just how Hollywood returns to the simple life.

SWEET SIMPLICITY IN HOLLYWOOD



Jeanette MacDonald is a renowned hamburger queen



LaCrawford scoops up a mean jack!

NOT so long ago Jeanette MacDonald swept into an executive's office on the M-G-M lot. She was swathed in expensive furs up to here. Her hat was a little number about as simple as champagne, and her red gold hair had been coiffed within an inch of its life. Her great Old English sheep dog strained at the leash.

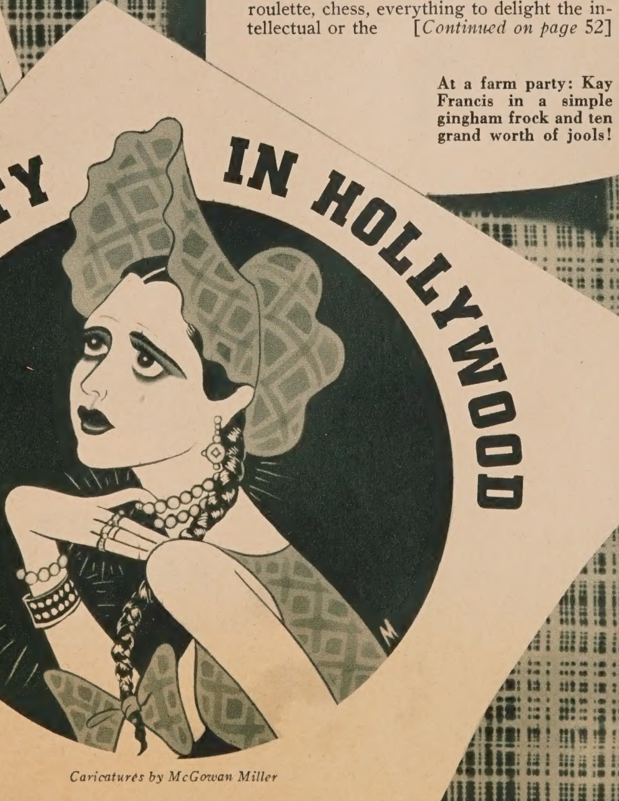
Externally here was a gal to overthrow empires, to make men swoon at her feet. But beneath her form fitting dress beat the heart of a *hausfrau.*

When the conference was over the executive tried to engage her in light chit-chat. She arose to go. "I'm terribly sorry but I *must* run. I promised Gene I'd be home early tonight to cook him some hamburgers just the way he loves them."

The fact that the executive did not reserve space in a padded cell shows you just what a hold simplicity has.

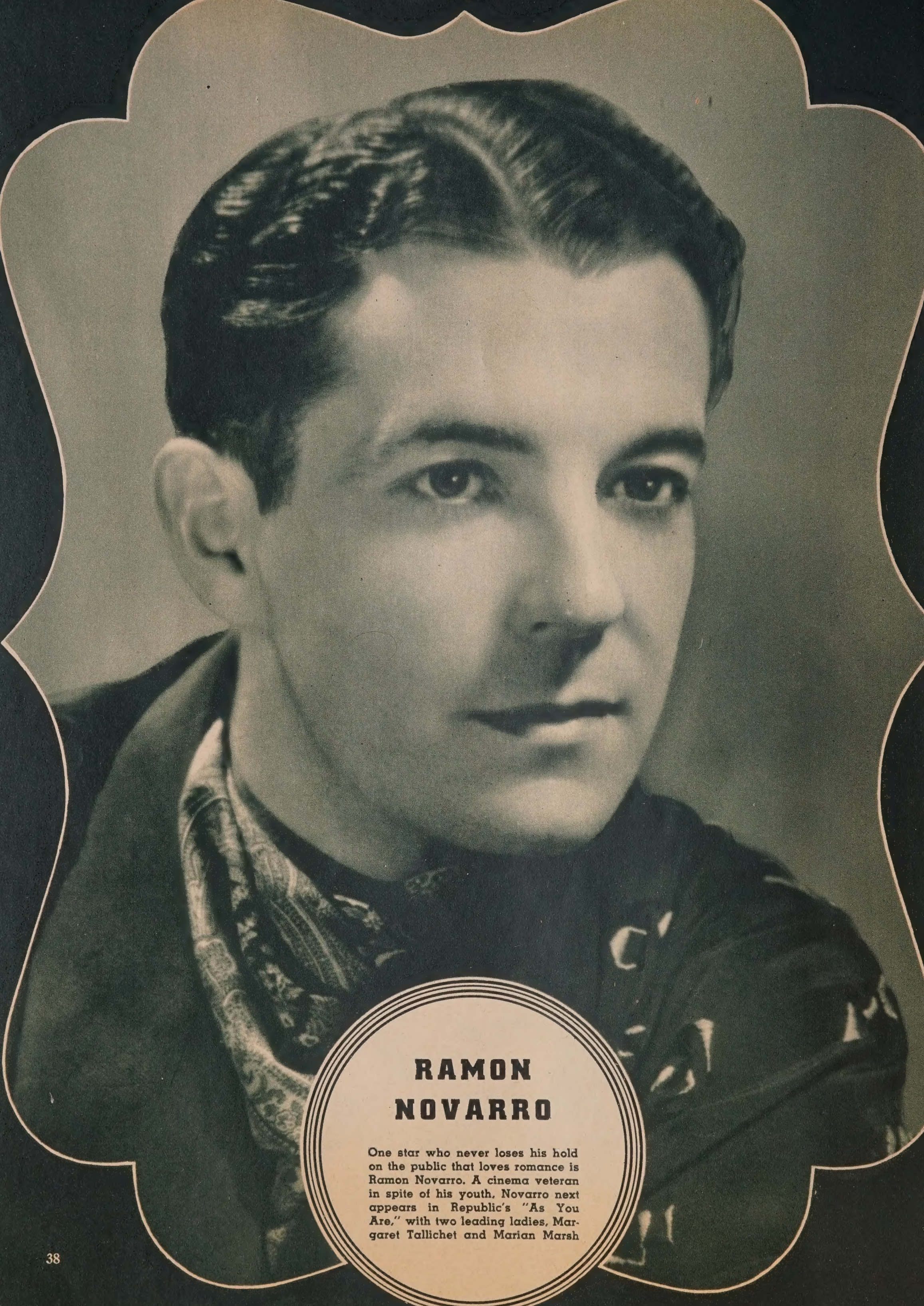
We were at a party at Joan Crawford's. The gorgeous Georgian dining table of her Georgian dining room (designed by Billy Haines) was laden with gleaming crystal and silver. The butler served such little trifles as stuffed lobster and roast duck. Joan, at the head of the table, was something on which to feast the eyes in a blue satin evening gown and all those star sapphires. The conversation was pleasant and witty, as it always is at Joan's table.

When dinner was over she suggested we go into the library for coffee and games. The library is full of games—backgammon, roulette, chess, everything to delight the intellectual or the [*Continued on page* 52]



At a farm party: Kay Francis in a simple gingham frock and ten grand worth of jools!

Caricatures by McGowan Miller



RAMON NOVARRO

One star who never loses his hold on the public that loves romance is Ramon Novarro. A cinema veteran in spite of his youth, Novarro next appears in Republic's "As You Are," with two leading ladies, Margaret Tallichet and Marian Marsh

SOMETHING ON THE BALL!

Blonde, blue-eyed Lucille Ball isn't going to be called "out" by the Hollywood umpire — she's in excellent batting form!

By E. J. SMITHSON

Above, Lucille Ball faces RKO Radio "test" cameras for *The Affairs of Annabel*. At right, a new portrait

HOLLYWOOD, in its own peculiar way, managed to slip two strikes over on Lucille Ball when she wasn't looking—and for a while it appeared as though the umpire of screen careers was going to call her "out." But last month this ambitious young lady stepped up to the plate, took a lusty swing, and scored an assignment that placed her opposite Joe Penner in RKO's comedy, *Go Chase Yourself*. And if Lucille weren't as charitable-minded as she really is, she could have tossed that movie title right at her critics who are now non-plussed over her sudden advancement.

This leading role wasn't a one-picture deal so far as her future is concerned, because RKO-Radio, alert to talent on its own lot, thinks that Lucille really has something on the Ball and on that basis is going ahead with more good roles for the young lady. All of which is very good news, indeed, for those who have watched her plug along since 1935 as a bit and contract player.

For a girl who came out to Hollywood from New York "just to get away from it all" as she says, she's established a record that should be, and is, the envy of youngsters who have found themselves strangely side-tracked in their movie careers.

"For five years," Lucille reveals, "I was a model for Hattie Carnegie. It was the hardest work I ever did, and finally it got me down. If I live to be two hundred, I don't believe I'll ever forget those hot summer days back East when I had to make as many as 100 different changes in costumes!

"And if you'll remember that we used to model winter clothes and furs in the summer time you may have some idea of what that meant. Well, I'd keep that up from eight-thirty until five—and then, because I needed the money, I'd go out at night and pose for commercial photography on the side. And when I wasn't doing that I'd pose for John Lagata and McClelland Barclay, the famous illustrators. If I got home by three in the morning I'd consider myself lucky.

"Modeling was hard work but I didn't complain about that so much as I did the mental stupor it threw me in. Now I'd be the last one in the world to say that I'm brainy or an intellectual, but I do like to think now and then, and so, finally, I decided to get away from it all and see what a vacation would do. I had lunch with a friend of mine one day, and after listening to my tale of woe, she asked me how far I meant by 'away,' and would California do. There was a chance, she went on, that she might get me a job in Hollywood. In pictures, think of that!

"A little while before I had been selected by Liggett and Meyers as their 'Chesterfield Girl' and my friend said that Samuel Goldwyn was planning on [*Continued on page* 67]

A

The engaging Priscilla Lane is one of the many boosters for the new leading man, Jeffrey Lynn

Sister Act, which presents the Lane sisters, and Gail Page as quadruplets, is a Fannie Hurst story

STEP right up, folks! Just take a seat in Nancy, the jaloppy, and we're off—to Warner Brothers. (Remind me to get rid of Nancy some day. Every time you sneeze another spark plug falls out!)

These film factories don't even know it is hot. 102 in the shade, but what's that with chocolate-colored boys in brown caps ready to bring you tall, iced drinks? *Service.* Myohmy, how Hollywood has changed since the days when grease paint melted down your neck and directors with megaphones melted your spirit!

Feathers are oozing all over stage fifteen. Believe it or not, the Lane girls (Lola, Rosemary and Pat, count 'em!) are having a pillow fight. All for *Sister Act.* Director Mike Curtiz is shouting "Plez, girls, you are tickling me to death!" The cameras have stopped but not *they.* Lola and Rosie have ganged up on Pat. They're stuffing feathers down her back. Suddenly, a young, blond giant wearing the costume of a Forty-Niner dashes into the scene. "Hold everything, Pat!" cries Wayne Morris and he enters into the fray. Lola and Rosemary are vanquished. Then he picks Pat up—tenderly. M'gosh, he's kissing her! Curtiz tears his hair. "Get out of my picture you—you *bang-booster!"*

"You mean 'gang-buster,' Mike," admonishes Lola. Wayne and Pat are not even listening. They're walking off towards Wayne's set on the adjoining stage where he is making *Valley of the Giants,* arm in arm. Between every "take" they rush to see each other. (And some say it isn't love!)

Two wardrobe girls start de-feathering the cast, plucking the stuff off their clothes, out of their hair. Everybody's laughing. Curtiz chuckles—he's got them in the right mood for this "shot." (A clever director does more scene-building behind the camera than in front of it!)

Then—"Ready? *Roll 'em over—*" It is the sequence where the four sisters—Gale Page is the fourth—are preparing the spare room for the new boarder Poppa (Claude Rains) is bringing home. Pat, tomboy de luxe, loves letting her hair waggle in her eyes as she energetically mops the floor. But Rosemary isn't a bit pleased with the old dress (wardrobe found it in a second-hand store on Western avenue) and red sweater that she has to wear. And just between us, I suspect it's because Jeffrey Lynn is watching from the sidelines.

He's the "boarder." The gentleman from Auburn, Mass., who supplanted Errol Flynn in the part. Errol's boat cracked up in the Bahamas, you know, so he couldn't get back in time. "It was a grand 'break' for me all right," says Jeff. "I had just a small part in the picture and they told me to memorize this other role and stand by. For six days I was on pins and needles and—*ummpp!"* A pillow lands neatly on his ear, aimed from behind a pillar.

"Now you're on feathers," we suggest as they drip around him. Rosemary steps demurely from behind the post. (What is this, another romance? When they begin throwing things in Hollywood they're in love!) Can't blame her, though. There's something nice and solid and real about Jeff. Reminds me of Gary Cooper, the way he gets red around the

Little FROM "LOTS"

Let's make a whirlwind tour of the studios—and get an "inside" peek at two of the month's biggest Hollywood productions—"Spawn of the North" and "Sister Act!"

By
JERRY
LANE

John Barrymore, Lynn Overman and Louise Platt head the cast of Paramount's novel *Spawn of the North*

The talents of George Raft and Dorothy Lamour are matched for the first time in Spawn of the North

collar when he has to rehearse a kissing scene.

They're changing sets now. Limey Plews, the prop man, is going about tapping everybody's pockets. Eighteen pounds of chocolates have been stolen (he thought he had enough to last through all the scenes of the picture) and Limey is suspicious of everyone. He comes to Curtiz, taps him—the director sputters—and Limey hauls out a half pound from his pocket! Naughty, naughty Mike—

Strains of soft music from the direction of Lola's stage dressing room. A couple of script writers are there. And George Brent has dropped in on his way to a story conference. He does an imitation of "Robin Hood" that's a panic. George seems to be limbering up these days. Maybe it's a little good old-fashioned midsummer madness—

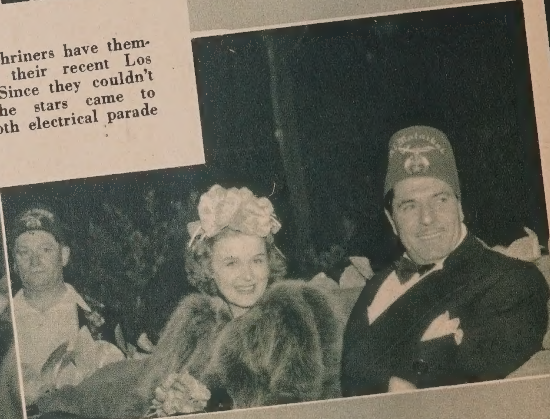
THAT anxious voice you hear on the telephone is Dick Foran (he's Rosie's beau in the story.) "Hello dear. You're *sure* you're okay?" Dick is about to be a parent and apparently he has never read "The Care And Treatment of Fathers." Claude Rains grins. "Wait until you've been through it once," he says with vast content as Dick comes back from the 'phone. "Now my Jennifer has two teeth and the way she tries to talk!" Whether [*Continued on page 72*]

FILMLAND FETES THE SHRINERS!

Boy, oh boy, did the Shriners have themselves a time during their recent Los Angeles convention! Since they couldn't all see the stars, the stars came to them during a mammoth electrical parade

Harold Lloyd furnished entertainment, persuaded fellow stars to appear. Among them: Charlie McCarthy with Edgar Bergen, Mary Pickford and Jean Parker

The crowd roared its delight when those three great favorites, Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie and Don Ameche drove past in a gaily-bedecked car



Above: that handsome young-man-about-Hollywood-town, Jimmy Stewart, rode with the perennial glamour girl May Robson. Below: Shriner Dick Powell, with his friends Henry Fonda and Hugh Herbert, were a big hit

Above: cheers greeted the arrival of beautiful Gloria Stewart with the ever-popular Warner Baxter. Below: beloved Hollywood veteran Hobart Bosworth with famous Shriners, Director Woody Van Dyke and Clark Gable

GLAMOUR IS THE BUNK!

Hollywood glamour doesn't mean a thing to Robert Young. He's discovered his own Design for Living

By JESSIE HENDERSON

"GLAMOUR?" said Robert Young, "what's that?"

He dropped into a chair in his knotty pine dressing room at M-G-M, looking far chirpier than he does in his latest film, *Three Comrades*—for while he can play serious roles perfectly well, his disposition is naturally chirpy just the same—and scaled his soft brown hat across the divan. "Oh, I've heard tell about 'glamour,' " he admitted, a twinkle in his eyes (they matched his hat), "but what is it? And, still more important, why?"

Well, there you are. Nobody knows what glamour actually is. But Bob Young has it all over the rest of Hollywood because he not only doesn't know—he doesn't care. Furthermore, he isn't trying to find out.

So far as Bob is concerned, glamour is the bunk. In a town where everybody's trying to outdo everybody else, where the main idea is to make as big a splash as possible or at the very least to be "different," Bob Young stands forth among the highly successful actors' group as a man who leads a normal life. He goes right ahead, making a good home for his kids, playing bridge upon occasion, and not finding it necessary to arrive at a Hollywood premiere in a rented Rolls.

No, sir; the Young family arrives at premieres in the Young bus, a thoroughly good bus but with no dash of the exotic about it. And the Bob Young career proceeds steadily upward with no exotic trimmings. You don't need glamour, Bob contends, but you can't get along without common sense.

It's common sense, a fine regard for balance, which has kept Bob's life so beautifully normal when the lives of many actors whose pay comes to much less have gone with the wind. No gold bath tubs in the Young establishment; never mind how high M-G-M hikes his salary. The kids go to Sunday school, the Missus plans the meals, and the two youngsters with their parents live in a home that's not a palace but a home.

The Youngs are *in* the film colony, sure enough, and very popular members of it, but with them the family comes first. Makes no difference that the head of the household happens to earn his keep in the movies, the main thing is this household itself. How Carol Ann's getting along at kindergarten looms a lot more important than the party the Whoozits are giving, even though the Whoozits happen to be movie producers. Such normalcy in Hollywood seems little short of fantastic. Why, once the Youngs even declined a very hefty dinner engagement because they'd promised little Carol Ann a small birthday party at home—she's four, and [*Continued on page* 69]

EXPLODING THE LLOYD LEGEND!

BY DICK PINE

Hollywood doesn't really know Harold Lloyd, in spite of his years of fame as a top-ranking star. For an authentic and human portrait of the screen's Number One comedian, read the accompanying article

HAROLD LLOYD was a surprise to me. I met him for the first time, fairly recently, and thereby hangs the story of the surprise—for Harold is by way of being a Hollywood legend.

I knew the legend. I thought I knew all the things that Hollywood said it knew about Lloyd. Some of these were, (1) he isn't an inherently funny man, but rather a shrewd showman who knows, intellectually, how to tickle the funny bone of the public; (2) he doesn't know humor. He employs the best writers, directors, and gag men in the business, and pays them fat salaries to give him funny situations; (3) in person, he is solemn, earnest, businesslike, and excessively domestic.

He sounded like a grim number to me. I thought, for years, that I shouldn't care, at all, about meeting him. And then I met him. I take it all back—and I want to puncture that legend. For Harold *is* a funny man.

He *does* know humor. He laughs easily. As for his excessive domesticity, he has found a design for living, a solution of many problems that beset most film stars. **But wait, and I'll tell you.**

I met him first at a party. He was sitting quietly in a corner, just as I had been told he would. "Uh-huh!" I said to myself; "so that's Lloyd!" His pretty wife was sitting, too; but not in a corner. She was surrounded by people, and chattering; it was a friendly, gay chatter. People were doing stunts—you know, those damfool things people sometimes think up to do at parties. Suddenly, there was an outcry. "Come on, Harold, give! What about a little magic? Or some mind-reading?"

Harold rose from his corner and gave! After producing objects from places where one wouldn't expect to find them, he went into his mind-reading act, which made me extremely uneasy. "Big time professionals have been baffled by him!" someone whispered to me. Now, I'm not a big time professional, but I admit that I was baffled, and also amused. His comments were penetrating—and funny. Funny or not, I slunk into a corner and filled my mind with sweetness and light, just in case he picked on me!

Later, however, I cleared my mind of all fears, and plucked up courage to sip iced tea with him on a deck overlooking the swimming pool at his home. The Lloyd estate is, as you may have heard, one of Hollywood's show places. Yet, it was not designed as a show place, but to give pleasure. There are sunshiny places to sit indoors; decks, glades, and nooks outdoors.

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By

JACK HOLLAND

★ MISS GAAL TELLS ALL!

The charming continental star of "The Buccaneer" and "Paris Honeymoon" is rapidly making herself known to all Hollywood!

SOMEHOW, sitting in that little theatre on Vine Street in Hollywood that night, I had the feeling that something really important was going to happen. I had never heard of *Spring Parade* or of any of its stars. And, besides, I was not exactly a devotee of foreign films. But I was in—and oddly glad of it!

For suddenly, upon the screen flashed a personality so electrifying that I sat up in my seat. A petite bundle of effervescence and nervous intensity was doing things to me. She sparkled, flickered here and there. She caught the audience and carried it along on her delightful road to whimsical fantasy. Who was she? She should be in Hollywood!

To make a long story short this young sensation was Franciska Gaal, the toast of Hungary, Vienna, and all Europe!

This all happened several years ago. Often I have wondered why she never came to Hollywood. But now she's here. And rapidly establishing herself as a topnotch Hollywood personality.

C. B. De Mille has called this new importation a combination of Elisabeth Bergner, Helen Hayes, and Mary Pickford. Yes, she is all that in many ways—but she is also an individual and a very clever and appealing one. And Franciska is also a superb actress. Anyone who can play, on successive evenings, the leading roles in *Kiki, Pygmalion, Alice in Wonderland, Puck* in *Midsummer Night's Dream, Peter Pan* and then round the program out with *Lady Macbeth* certainly can be a candidate for acting honors. And that is exactly what Franciska Gaal did in one week.

Franciska Gaal's life reads much like a fairy tale—a typical success story. But struggles were plentiful in her climb to fame. Struggles that were overcome by a determination to be a great actress.

Franciska, in her own words, was more or less the "ugly duckling" of a family of thirteen. Her sisters seemed to possess all the feminine qualities that she wanted—beauty, charm, family position. You see, since none

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4 STARRED FOR BEAUTY

1. Doris Weston, Republic starlet, believes in selecting make-up that harmonizes. 2. Anne Shirley, RKO-Radio star, attains that becoming natural look with lipstick by following the lovely shape of her mouth. 3. Madge Evans, Republic player, uses a blending brush for smoothing powder and rouge. 4. Gale Page, Warner starlet, makes her eyes appear almond-shaped by applying mascara from the center of the eye outward

By JANET LYNN

Good grooming tips from four film lovelies to aid you in attaining that just-out-of-the-band-box appearance

STAR FALL, 1938, on your calendar. It's going to be different from all other falls, for fashion has decreed that this year we shall be elegant. There's more than a hint of the sumptuousness of the court of Versailles in the air—witness the hoop-skirted evening gowns, and smart little tricornes, pillbox or otherwise.

This year you're going to be brilliant rather than drab, sleek and sophisticated instead of casual. You're going to step out of summer's form revealing slacks and shorts, drape yourself in black jersey. Dresses and coats are flattering, kind even to those of us whose figures don't live up to our great expectations. Bloused backs and dolman boleros will do things for the swaybacked, soft bodices, draped bosoms, victorian shoulders will fill out flat chests, bring narrow shoulders into proportion with full hips. Even sports clothes have gotten away from the classic type sweater and skirt—you'll see the peasant influence carrying on in dirndl cardigans and cute little bloused sweaters. You and I will go back to the year 1880 for fitted basque jackets, chase over to merrie England for Eton waistcoats. . . .

Embroidery is of the essence, and so is applique. For evening, there are sequins. Color is important—tweeds, homespuns and flannels have gone in for misty fall hues, purple thistle, slate blue, pigeon blood, as well as harness tan, glamis reds, valley greens, nigger brown, maize and corn flower. You're safe in black, of course, but "spike" it with a hat of salmon pink or old rose, maize or gold. Try a greyish, faded green hat

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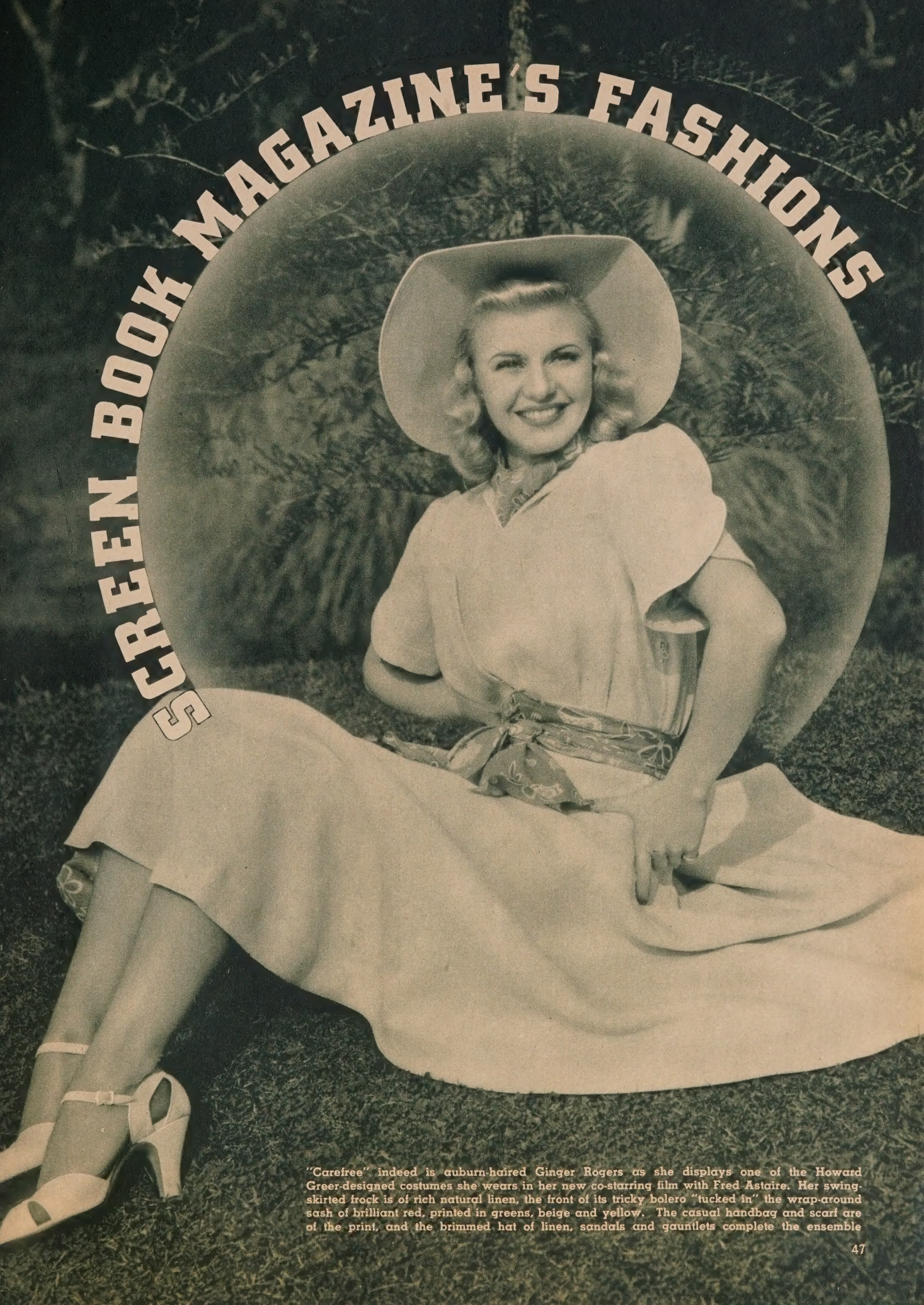
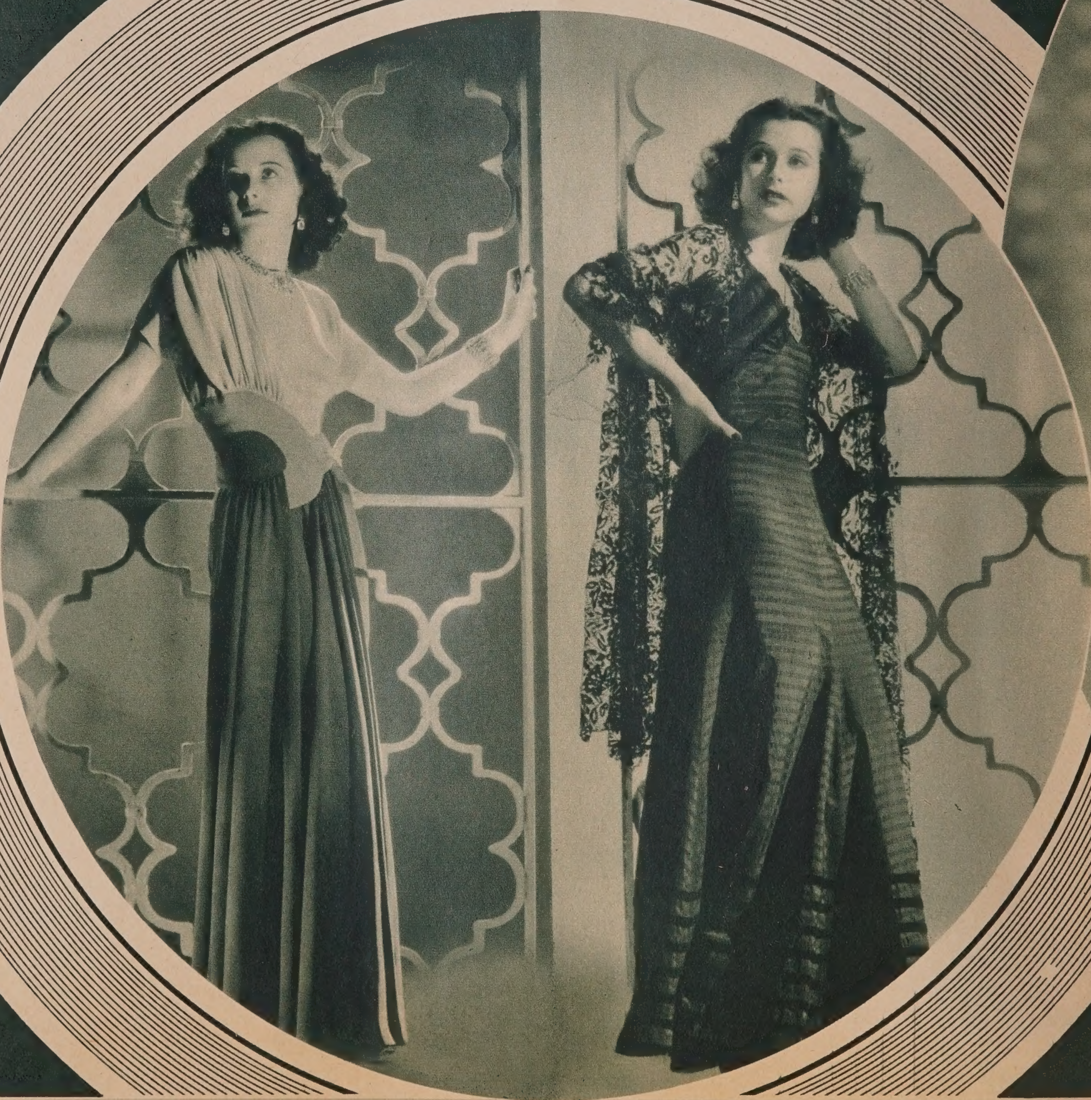
SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE'S FASHIONS



"Carefree" indeed is auburn-haired Ginger Rogers as she displays one of the Howard Greer-designed costumes she wears in her new co-starring film with Fred Astaire. Her swing-skirted frock is of rich natural linen, the front of its tricky bolero "tucked in" the wrap-around sash of brilliant red, printed in greens, beige and yellow. The casual handbag and scarf are of the print, and the brimmed hat of linen, sandals and gauntlets complete the ensemble

SWEET SIMPLICITY IN LAVENDER AND LACE is the striking Viennese beauty, Hedy Lamarr, who makes her American film debut in "Algiers." This lovely three-tone lavender dinner dress (at left) is draped over the right shoulder and falls in two shirred panels down the front. At right, Miss Lamarr models this shirred black taffeta, trimmed with black velvet and worn with a black lace mantilla

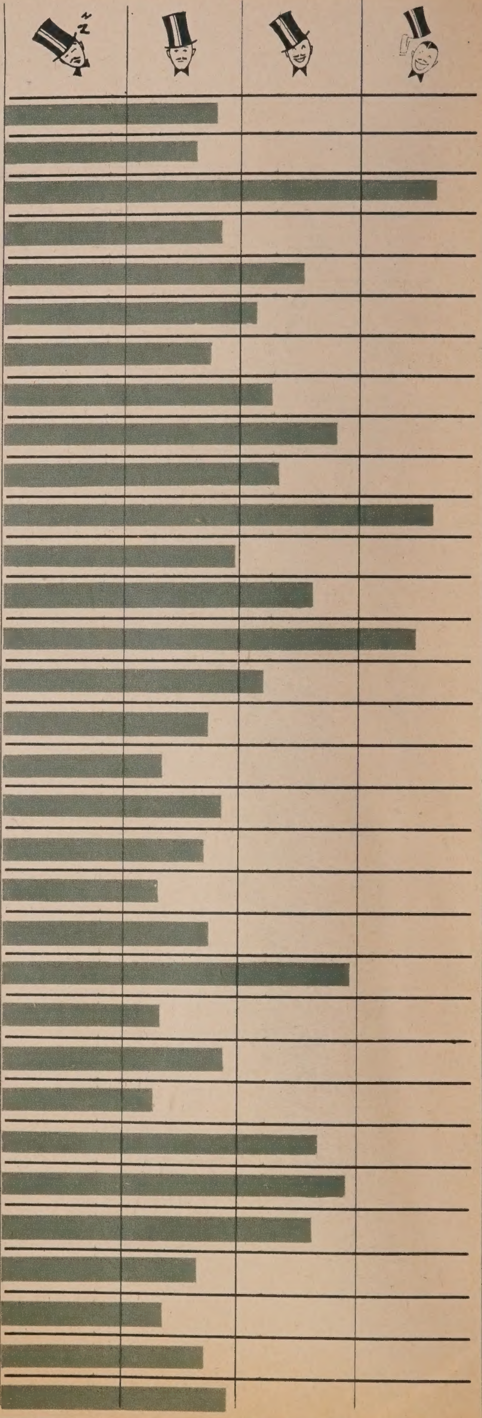
SLEEK SOPHISTICATION IN DRAPED LINES is beautifully carried out in both the hostess robe of royal blue and chartreuse (at left on opposite page) and the simple black evening gown worn by Louise Hovick (at far right). Both models were designed by Royer, Twentieth Century-Fox designer, for Miss Hovick's use in "My Lucky Star." The gown clings to her figure until it reaches the floor in a brief train



THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)

Picture Title	Who's In It
FAST COMPANY	M. Douglas-F. Rice
MERIDIAN 7-1212	G. Stuart-M. Whalen
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND	Ty Power-Alice Faye
PRISON FARM	Shirley Ross-L. Nolan
CITY STREETS	Edith Fellows-L. Carrillo
YELLOW JACK	R. Montgomery-V. Bruce
YOUNG FUGITIVES	R. Wilcox-D. Kent
KIDNAPPED	W. Baxter-Arleen Whelan
THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE	Ed. G. Robinson-C. Trevor
ALWAYS GOODBYE	B. Stanwyck-H. Marshall
WHITE BANNERS	Fay Bainter-C. Rains
DANGER ON THE AIR	Don Woods-Nan Grey
LORD JEFF	Bartholomew-Rooney
HOLIDAY	K. Hepburn-Cary Grant
TROPIC HOLIDAY	R. Milland-Dot Lamour
WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH	Gracie Fields-V. McLaglen
PASSPORT HUSBAND	Stu Erwin-Pauline Moore
CRIME RING	A. Lane-Frances Mercer
REFORMATORY	Jack Holt-C. Wynters
PORT OF SEVEN SEAS	Beery-M. O'Sullivan
GUN LAW	G. O'Brien-R. Oehmen
ALGIERS	Chas. Boyer-Hedy Lamarr
MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS	Wayne Morris-Pat Lane
WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN	H. Marshall-V. Bruce
THE MAIN EVENT	Bob Paige-J. Wells
THE SHOPWORN ANGEL	Marg. Sullavan-J. Stewart
HAVING WONDERFUL TIME	Rogers-Fairbanks, Jr.
THE RAGE OF PARIS	Danielle Darrieux
BORDER G-MAN	G. O'Brien-L. Johnson
WHEN WERE YOU BORN?	M. Lindsay-Anna M. Wong
GANGS OF NEW YORK	C. Bickford-Ann Dvorak
ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST	Jean Parker-Eric Linden



TOMATO SURPRISES!

Make the tomato the center of your warm weather menus. Inexpensive and tasty, its use in salads is a daily "must."

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

SWING it "hot", swing it "high", and let tomatoes be your theme song for pickles and spice, now that tomato time is here again.

For if ever a vegetable could be "jazzed" to suit any taste tempo, that one is the tomato. And no wonder! The tomato was formerly called the "love apple" or "paradise apple", and the legend goes that it was the original "apple" from the Garden of Eden, whose red lusciousness tempted Eve. Other bits of folklore hold that even a single bite taken from one of the gay scarlet balls would act as a "love potion" to the eater. The Italians who first made much of it and who still rank tops in tomato cookery, called it "pomo dora", or "apple of gold".

With this background of rich romance, how could tomato fail to be woman's first choice in fruits? For botanically, the tomato is merely a giant "berry"; and its soft rosy flesh and spherical shape make it little different than a mammoth strawberry. But fruit or vegetable, use tomatoes for tempting taste tidbits; and let them be the basis of the spicy "hot" relishes, pickles and catsups which every woman likes to put up herself and have on hand for next winter's meals. It is not necessary to go into canning or preserving in a big wholesale way; just a jar or two here, or a couple of bottles cooked up some other morning, will soon provide a plentiful pantry. And here's a trick which the economical woman has long ago found out—she can keep her food bills low, if she tones up the meal with pickles and spice, thus making cheap meat cuts more appetizing.

NOW that tomatoes are tops in their season, most plentiful and cheapest, it's a good idea to make them the center of the menu. What could be more delicious than to sit down to a platter of fried tomatoes, bacon curls, and plenty of cream gravy? Or, what about one of the many variations of the baked or stuffed tomato dish, at once tasty, satisfying and very economical? Here's a list of suggestions:

BAKED THRIFT TOMATOES

6	**Large ripe tomatoes**
4	**Tablespoons butter**
2	**Tablespoons minced green pepper**
2	**Tablespoons minced onion**
2	**Cups scraped corn pulp**
2	**Eggs, well beaten**
¼	**Cup milk**
	Salt, pepper
6	**Slices American cheese**
	Buttered crumbs

Scoop out centers of tomatoes. Dice pulp and saute in butter together with pepper and onion, blending well. Add corn pulp to eggs, then add milk. Add to vegetables, and season. Fill tomatoes with mixture, and arrange on shallow baking platter. Place thin slice cheese on top of each, and sprinkle with crumbs. Bake 30 minutes, slow oven (300° F.), until tender. (Serves 6.)

VARIATIONS:

1 **Add 1 small can codfish flakes with ½ cup soft crumbs to sauted vegetables.**
2 **Substitute chopped celery and chopped stuffed olives for pepper and onions. Use 1 cup mock chicken spread, deviled tongue or minced ham. Moisten with milk.**
3 **Substitute cooked macaroni for corn, and top with cheese slice and bacon strip.**

Another variation is to use oysters as the stuffing, and the complete recipe for this one is in the special leaflet which will be sent free to all readers on request. When oysters are in season, oysters and tomatoes are a swell combination, and watch husbands and boy friends go for it!

Another idea is to use tomatoes in casserole dishes, with other vegetables, such as eggplant, for which tomatoes seem to have a special affinity. By using cheese as the "heavy" element in the dish, this recipe makes a grand entree, a hot three-in-one main dish:

TOMATO-EGGPLANT A L'OPERA

1	**Large eggplant**	1	**Cup grated Parmesan cheese**
8	**Ripe tomatoes**		**Buttered crumbs**
	Butter		**Hot boiled rice**
	Salt, pepper		

[*Continued on page* 70]

Sweet Simplicity in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 37]

suave sophisticate. But Joan brushed these aside, and clearing a table in the center of the room, dumped a twenty-five cent box of Jack-straws (yes, ma'am, the kind you played when you were a kid) in the middle.

From then on we all hung over the table picking up those durn little things and if you move one you lose your turn. (Irrelevancy note: Much as I hate to admit, I can't remember when I've had so much fun.)

But I ask you! I honestly think if anybody had suggested bobbing for apples it would have been done. And maybe I shouldn't mention it even now. The next Hollywood party will probably be fully equipped with zinc tubs and a bushel basket of apples.

Not only in entertaining has Hollywood gone simple but in attitude of mind as well, and this is the most alarming of all. I was talking to a friend who knows Robert Taylor very well. Said he, "It's so wonderful that Bob is still the same normal kid he was when he was making thirty-five bucks a week. His sudden fame has in no way changed him. Just look at the way he lives—in an ordinary ranch house. He loves his home because it is so simple. You should see the game room—just a big rambling room with the walls lined with leather."

Oh, shades of Bob's pioneer ancestors! Shades of the simple ranch houses of the early west! Can't you picture those simple cowboys coming in from a hard day of rounding up a cattle thief or branding steers to enjoy a quiet hour in a game room lined with leather!

Now, mind you, I love 'em all—those glamorous little children of nature on the Pacific Coast. And I love them best when they're in the throes of a new vogue.

A sight I wish I had seen was Garbo milking a cow. If we're to believe the press that's just what she did when, in an effort to Get Away From It All, she and a certain well known baton wielder who shall be nameless (Leopold Stokowski) fled to a little villa in Italy.

But a sight I witnessed with these tired old eyes was a certain very, very glamorous lady hunting the thimble (yes, that's one of their games, too) with a glass of champagne in her hand. She said the champagne was a big help.

AND there was a nice little candid camera shot of Kay Francis in the papers which is one for my memory book.

Elsa Maxwell had made New York society's gesture toward the soil by having a farm party at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. One of the great ball rooms was turned into a barn yard, and the most honored guest was a real live hog caller. (Incidentally, there were real live hogs for him to call, although the animals had a little trouble answering the master because the hardwood floor was so slippery!)

Everyone came in costume—gingham and calico and faded overalls. Kay Francis was just a country lass about to do the morning chores, but her long, pointed fingernails were painted bright red and around her neck she wore not a yellow ribbon but a necklace that could have come from nowhere but the vaults of a Tiffany or a Cartier!

In case you don't catch on at once that Hollywood has gone simple (and sometimes, as you can gather from the above, it isn't too easy) they'll explain it to you.

"I just don't know how to be a movie star," a movie star confided to me not long ago. "I try to be glamorous and exciting but I can't get the hang of it. At heart I'm a simple plain person, like the girl who lives next door."

At that very moment she was sitting on the edge of her swimming pool dangling her carmine-tipped toes in the water. The wind played through her golden hair (made gold by expert fingers). She had seated herself so that the wind could blow her hair straight back. (Since I was facing her, my hair was looking very messy, right down in my eyes!)

Presently her maid came out and said, "The man is here with the mink coats. He wants to know if you want the short sports model or the one with the shawl collar."

The girl who didn't know how to be a movie star shook her beautiful head. "I want neither one of them," she said rather sadly. "I've decided on a silver fox cape."

Now the strange part about all this is that if Hollywood *really* wanted to go simple it could. Marie Antoinette's Petite Trianon was supposed to be a replica of a French farm where the lords and ladies in their powdered wigs, their diamonds and emeralds, their satins and velvet, could play and romp. But there's this to be said for the French court. They had been brought up to luxury and glamor. They wouldn't have known simplicity if it had ridden up on a duck and bit 'em.

Yet dig back a few years into the pasts of your most important movie stars and what do you find them doing? Why, washing their stockings in the bathroom, budgeting their lunches to fifteen cents a day, begging Mama to turn over the egg money for a ticket to California. Believe me, they led the simple life then, and if they liked it, why did they want to come to Hollywood?

And that brings me to a little secret. Hollywood can play hunt-the-thimble, it can cook hamburgers and it can milk cows all it likes, but it will never be really simple. And for that let us all be thankful.

IN THE first place no man or woman who has the desire to act is essentially a simple person. You've got to be pretty complicated, you have to possess a big slice of ego, to want to make faces in front of a camera. And it just plain isn't possible for a man or woman to use the emotions of another person i. e., characters he plays, for a period of time without becoming confused about his own.

So take it from me, simplicity will have its little day and a new gag will come along. So don't let Hollywood fool you—no amount of calico can hide the essentially glamorous heart of Hollywood.

But before the vogue changes, you had better get in the swim—and if you want to give the least expensive and most amusing party you've had in a long time I recommend a little get together a la Hollywood in its present mood.

Invite all your guests to come formally dressed—the most elaborate evening gowns the girls own, full evening dress for the boys.

Have small tables set up around the room on which are the following games (it isn't much fun for more than four people to play each game) Jack straws, Tiddle-de-winks, anagrams and a jig-saw puzzle.

In one corner start a game of jacks going (you'd better provide cushions for this).

When everyone is exhausted (and make no mistake about it the simple games are exhausting) repair to the kitchen and make fudge. (That's what Bette Davis' guests did at a recent dinner party. Honest!)

This may sound goofy—I'm not pretending it doesn't—but I tell you it's fun, and it's even more fun where there is the air of elegance, provided by formal attire.

But if you actually want to follow the fads of Hollywood you had better have your party soon!

As of this moment's writing Hollywood has returned to sweet simplicity. At this very second, perhaps, a group of the film center's nifitiest pretties are exchanging recipes and crochet patterns, and, probably Carole Lombard is knitting a tie for Clark Gable. But that is all at this moment.

What will be happening in Hollywood a month from today I hesitate to predict. If they all turned nudists or cannibals I wouldn't be too very surprised.

And that's one of the reasons the darn town is so darn fascinating!

Seldom do we get two such lovely glamor girls as Myrna Loy and Claudette Colbert in one photograph! Our cameraman grabbed this attractive shot at the Roller Skating Derby, which attracted all of Hollywood during its engagement

Now—Apply Vitamin A the “Skin-Vitamin” Right on Your Skin

FOR YEARS we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn't heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this “skin-vitamin” in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That's all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, “Where can I get some of that ‘skin-vitamin’ to put on *my* skin?”

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this “skin-vitamin.” Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin. It's the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

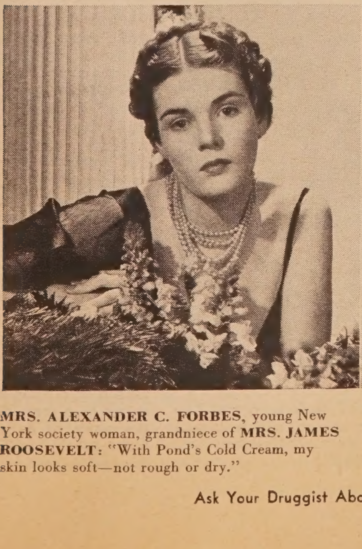
But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active “skin-vitamin.”

Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of “skin-vitamin” in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed “skin-vitamin” back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond's Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond's contains the active “skin-vitamin”—Vitamin A.



MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, young New York society woman, grandniece of **MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT:** “With Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry.”

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: “The use of Pond's Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth.”

Most People don't know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin . . .

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A (“skin-vitamin”) was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A (“skin-vitamin”) applied to the skin healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of “skin-vitamin” in the skin.

I. Dietary—The skin may lose “skin-vitamin” from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in “skin-vitamin.” Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying “skin-vitamin” to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough “skin-vitamin,” the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the “skin-vitamin.” The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with “skin-vitamin” actually put the “skin-vitamin” back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs “skin-vitamin” when applied to it, but that when “skin-vitamin” is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the “Skin-Vitamin”

The “skin-vitamin” functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate “Skin-Vitamin” deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

No Lull In Her Life!

[*Continued from page 35*]

She started in learning this acting game when she was fresh out of high school, and she's been at it ever since. It's high time she is graduating into something resembling real stardom.

Dead End gave her the courage to believe in herself. The termination of that long contract gave her the chance to find out. Warners provided the medium.

She will appear shortly in *The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse*, her first picture for Warners. It has a swell cast which includes Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart. Anatole Litvak, who made *Tovarich*, is the director. When you see *Clitterhouse*, you'll see a brand new facet to the Trevor personality.

SHE has a touch of the Mae West in her personality, yet she's vastly different. But there is definitely more sex appeal to Claire Trevor in this picture than ever before. Claire plays the part of *Jo Keller*, a "fence" for stolen goods. She works hand-in-hand with Humphrey Bogart, chief of a notorious gang.

When the film reached the cutting rooms, Warners knew they had something here. So they promptly put Claire into the Technicolor saga of the forests, *Valley of the Giants*. Again she starts out as a doubtful lady of the gambling dens. But this time, if the picture ends up like the front office has planned, she helps Wayne Morris save himself and his friends from the unscrupulous grabbing tendencies of the lumber baron (Charles Bickford, with lots of hisses.)

After the color film, Claire goes back to Fox to do her last film under the old contract. When that is over, Claire will probably be under contract to Warners or some other studio for three pictures a year.

Somewhere along about this time of future events, Claire expects to face the parson with Clark Andrews, the radio producer and writer. She met him when she was put on the "Big Town" broadcast over NBC. Andrews was the producer of the show. When 1938 came tumbling into the world, love came with it for Claire and her radio man. They've been planning for some time now on getting married.

To date Clark Andrews has been too busy to angle a honeymoon, and so has Claire. They're trying to arrange things so that they can have a nice quiet little wedding in the late summer, and sneak off for a couple of weeks. A New England honeymoon appeals to Claire. But it's just a hope—they may have to be content with the hills of Hollywood, where they can be summoned to town in an hour's notice.

It will be a small wedding.

"You see," Claire explained to me, "there's no romance left in a bridal veil, nor in walking down the aisle of a church done up in wedding finery. I've been a movie bride too often. So we'll probably be married in semi-privacy, with not more than fifty friends around."

You think that's a joke? Not in Hollywood! Movieland standards require either a minimum of fifty, or else you'd better elope. A good-sized wedding is a whole church filled to brimming with people, like the famous Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond affair which often has been called America's Answer to the Coronation.

Claire's love affair with Clark Andrews is her first serious rendezvous with romance since her pre-Hollywood days. I can't tell you much about that original joust with love, but I can recall some ancient quotes of hers, 1933 vintage:

"I got my heart broken early," Claire said, "and I'm going to leave it that way. I think it is safer—for awhile, at least. Some day—well, some day I may feel differently. Meanwhile, I'm saving a lot of wear and tear."

Those are her exact words, and Claire did manage to avoid any dates with the parson until now. After all this time in Hollywood, she should by now be in a fairly sound state of mind about the question.

The lucky man is just the right type for her, if an independent audit of the situation offers any indication. Clark Andrews has just enough good looks to make him desirable but safe. He has lots of ability, an outstanding personality, a brilliant mind. That's a good combination for any woman—especially in Hollywood.

Perhaps you have wondered, seeing her in a dozen or so minor epics, just what Claire Trevor is like. No one will argue with you—it's practically impossible to tell from her film roles. She seems different in every picture.

To me Claire is pretty much of a typical American girl. She lives in Westwood with her mother. They own their home, and it isn't pretentious. Her intelligence and education are above average, but Claire has never made a career out of being too smart. There is little need of it in American women, she feels. The main thing is—don't be dumb! And she follows that rule. She's level-headed, pert, personable.

I think she has a lot of grand virtues. Everyone admits Claire is easy to get along with. She is sane but vivacious, a girl who loves parties and fun, but who balances her life with a large dose of common sense.

CLAIRE has loved parties since her high school days in Larchmont, a town some 20 miles from New York City. Back in those days she never missed a dance. Claire often thinks of the school period in her life as the most exciting time yet—Hollywood notwithstanding.

She must have been a good dancer then. No one can question her ability now, but at 16 Claire was in much demand for parties everywhere. She was chosen queen of the Winter Carnival staged at Colgate University—chosen from the dance floor where she was a guest. She attended dances at a dozen eastern universities—Amhurst, Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, Cornell—

It was all highly exciting, and Claire's folks talked assuredly about her entering Smith College. That's where Claire showed her typical Americanism! She wanted something more than a college education—she wanted to get out into the world and do something for herself. She entered the Academy of Dramatic Art in New York, and that was the beginning of the long trail which finally brought her to Hollywood in 1933.

Besides the 28 B productions in this movie village, Claire can look back on countless amateur plays and stock company productions in the East. If ever a person was thoroughly versed in the Dramatic Arts, she should be the lady.

Warner Brothers are excited over her first two productions at that studio. Already they have been dickering with her for a contract. Probably one will have been signed by the time this reaches print. To date they had not reached definite agreement on all points, however. That is quite the usual thing when star and studio meet in Hollywood—a lot of sparring precedes a definite conclusion.

In any event, it's my guess that you'll be hearing a great deal more about Claire Trevor in the days to come—and be seeing less of her. Instead of doing the usual five or more B pictures each year, she'll appear in three or four top productions. That will be a novelty for her and a definite break for the public, they way I see it.

Yep, Claire looks like the B girl who is making good. That's a fine Hollywood distinction that may not mean a thing in Akron or Mobile, but it can be a matter of thousands of dollars and a great career to the cinema star.

Hollywood was delighted when Helen Hayes decided to give a special performance of *The Merchant of Venice*, for it gave everyone a chance to dress up for two premieres instead of one! Here are the Fredric Marches (Florence Eldridge) and Margaret Sullavan (see how Hollywood paid tribute to Miss Hayes on page 26)

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL HEATER! YOU SAY IT **BURNS LESS OIL** THAN OTHER MAKES?
YES! AND YOU CAN REGULATE A **DUO-THERM,** GET JUST THE HEAT YOU WANT IN ANY WEATHER!

LET THIS NEW TYPE HEATER GIVE YOU A NEW IDEA OF COMFORT!

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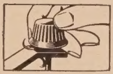

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Safe! Listed as standard by the Underwriter's Laboratories.

Mail the coupon now!—Get the facts on this new heater! Nine models, two beautiful finishes. Heats 1 to 6 rooms. See your Duo-Therm dealer or write us.

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INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS

Did Ralph Bellamy play in *Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm?* Who played opposite him?—A. B. C.

If you are referring to the old version of this film Ralph Bellamy and Marion Nixon were the co-stars. However, the revival of this fine picture co-starred Gloria Stuart, Randy Scott and little Miss Shirley Temple.

In order to settle a controversy will you tell me whether Ray Milland will appear opposite Dorothy Lamour in future pictures?—M. E.

Paramount's current *Tropic Holiday* co-stars lovely Dorothy Lamour and handsome Ray Milland.

Please let me know if the person that played the part of Angel in *Dead End* was a girl or boy. —M. M. F.

A young man named Bobby Jordan played the part of Angel.

I would like to know if Loretta Young's youngest sister played in *Mad About Music?* Was she the fresh girl who didn't believe Deanna had a father?—L. Z.

Ann Royal (Miss Young's new screen name) played a minor part in this picture. Helen Parrish, a fine little actress, played the part of the fresh girl.

Where can I get a picture of Griffith Jones who played the role of Paul Beaumont in *A Yank at Oxford?*—B. J. W.

Although this picture was made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's British Studios, the West Coast Studio of Culver City, California, will gladly send you a picture of this star upon receipt of twenty-five cents.

Who played in the picture *Little Man What Now*, with Margaret Sullavan, about four years ago?—P. M.

You certainly have a good memory, P. M., for it was exactly four years ago that this picture was released and the male lead was played by Douglass Montgomery.

Ralph Bellamy, "Man-of-the-Month," newest contender for terpsichorean plaudits, will again delight screen audiences in RKO-Radio's new picture, *Carefree*, which co-stars that famous team, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire

I would appreciate it very much if you would tell me who played the part of Olivia DeHavilland's brother in the picture, *Gold Is Where You Find It*.—Mary M.

Tim Holt, son of the famed Jack Holt, is the promising young lad you refer to.

Is there a Shirley Temple Fan Club in the United States?—Ina H.

Will a member of the Shirley Temple Fan Club kindly come to my rescue by sending me the address of the club?—Thank you.

Who played opposite Helen Hayes in *The White Sister?* —O. M.

None other than the present-day king of the screen, Clark Gable.

What was the name of Ginger Rogers' dancing partner in *Stage Door?* Will she appear in other pictures?—Jean M.

Ann Miller, talented, up-and-coming RKO starlet, is the lady you refer to. She will be seen shortly in Columbia's *You Can't Take It With You.*

How tall was Will Rogers, please? —S. B.

Beloved Will was five feet eleven inches.

Will my one-time favorite, Nancy Carroll, ever return to the screen?—R. T.

I am pleased to inform you that Miss Carroll will have a part in the Hal Roach production, *There Goes My Heart.*

What are Margo's and Movita's real names, and where may I obtain their pictures?—A. L.

Movita Castenada is under contract to Monogram Pictures, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. (Inhale) Maria Marguarita Guadalupe Bolado Castillo Lederer is Margo's full name. (Exhale) Margo is the niece of the famous orchestra leader, Xavier Cugat.

I note from SCREEN BOOK'S July issue that Tyrone Power's next picture will be *Alexander's Ragtime Band.* Please tell me when this picture will be released in New York City.—Carolyn W.

This great film will be released in New York in the early fall.

Please give me the first twenty box office favorites of 1937.—Edythe.

1.Shirley Temple, 2. Clark Gable, 3. Robert Taylor, 4. Bing Crosby, 5. William Powell, 6. Jane Withers, 7. Fred Astaire *and* Ginger Rogers, 8. Sonja Henie, 9. Gary Cooper, 10. Myrna Loy, 11. Bob Burns, 12. Martha Raye, 13. Jeanette MacDonald, 14. Dick Powell, 15. Wallace Beery, 16. Joan Crawford, 17. Joe E. Brown, 18. Spencer Tracy, 19. Claudette Colbert, 20. Eleanor Powell.

Would you please give me the cast and the parts they played in the screen version of *The Girl of the Limberlost?*—Pearl G.

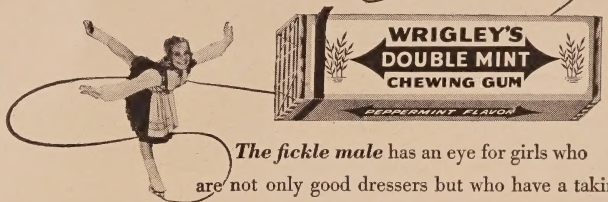
Louise Dresser as Katherine Comstock; Ralph Morgan as Wesley Sinton; Marian Marsh as Elnora Comstock; H. B. Walthall as Dr. Ammon; Edward Nugent as Phillip Ammon; Gigi Parrish as Edith Carr; Helen Jerome Eddy as Margaret Sinton; Betty Blythe as Mrs. Parker (the Bird Woman); Barbara Bedford as Elvira Carney; Robert Ellis as Frank Comstock, and Tommy Bupp as Billy.

May I please have a brief biography of Richard Greene? Will he make another picture with Loretta Young?—R. T.

Richard Greene, Darryl F. Zanuck's newest screen find, is destined to go far. The young English actor will be Sonja Henie's leading man in *They Met in College.* He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue-gray eyes. He's good natured, quiet, likes working hard. He's plenty athletic, and spends a good deal of his spare time riding, golfing, swimming, playing tennis and dancing. He is an amateur photographer of exceptional ability. Richard inherited his love for the theatre from his mother, father, two grandparents and several aunts. His mother is even now appearing in character roles on the London stage. Up to this writing Loretta Young and Richard Greene are not scheduled to appear in a picture together.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK Magazine will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Let refreshing Double Mint gum keep you cool and doubly lovely



The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile as well. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both — style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed — whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature's way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is ***smile plus style*** that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie, acclaimed world famous artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, *left* — adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. ***SO,*** you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely **SONJA HENIE** *whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by* **DOUBLE MINT** *gum in* **SIMPLICITY** *Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write* **DOUBLE MINT** *Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

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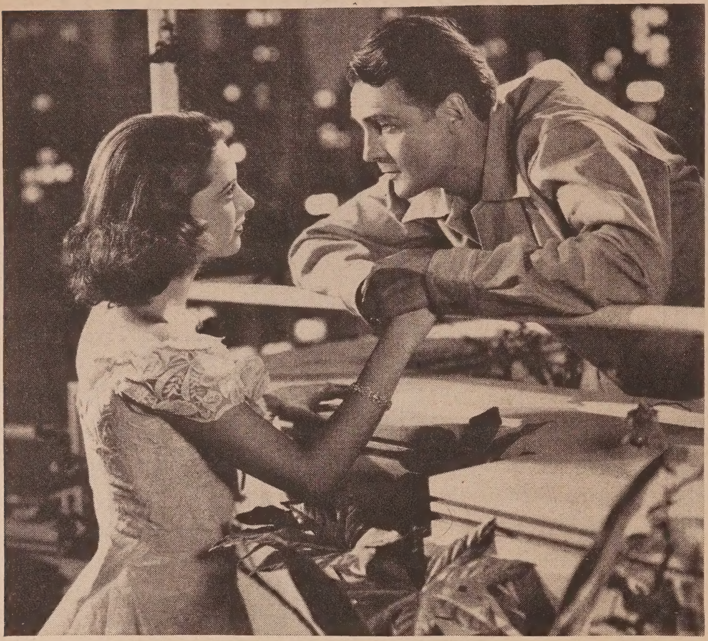
THE POSTMAN RINGS



After far too long an absence from the silver screen, Charles Farrell returns in 20th Century-Fox's new picture, *Lucky Penny*. Let's hope newcomer Amanda Duff, shown above, will prove to be a lucky penny both to our perennial idol and to herself!

$15.00 Prize Letter

Bring Grand Opera To The Screen

DEAR EDITOR:

To the millions who appreciate the ultimate in music, but who find it too expensive an appetite to satiate, except through the medium of radio, grand opera on the screen would be joy incomparable.

The power and scope of the present day screen would be able to do full justice to its magnificence.

Visualize, if you can, the poignant beauty of La Traviata, the stark compelling tragedy of Faust, or the splendor of Aida, brought to us in exquisite Technicolor. The result would be breathtaking.

The stars of the Metropolitan, already in Hollywood, are continually being miscast in weak, romantic trash, spattered with an occasional aria, that does not give them the opportunity in films they so richly deserve. Definitely this will eventually damage their hard earned prestige in their chosen field. They would, I'm sure, welcome an opportunity to bring the less fortunate half of their public the full power of their splendid talent. Then there is our own Jeanette MacDonald, as perfect a Marguerite who ever stepped out of the score of Gounod's masterpiece.

Perhaps, though, it's too much to expect, that the day will come when these men and women with the God-given voices will sing a complete opera for us for forty cents. However, the motion picture industry has made such rapid strides in the past few years that surely this venture into the finest field of entertainment should not be far off.—*Marjorie Van Ness, 59 Marion Avenue, Newark, N. J.*

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

$10.00 Prize Letter

Foreign Casting

DEAR EDITOR:

The majority of foreign-import players bring an artistry to our pictures that is very desirable, and their nationalities should in no way prejudice us against their performances. However, when producers insist on casting these stars in drawing-room dramas which rely on smart repartee for their action —conversation that requires the utmost in subtlety and finesse—I want to sit on my heels and howl! The pathetic attempts of Russian, German and (chief offenders) French actors, to make sense out of lines that would make Noel Coward think twice, result only in a garble of sound that beats upon American ears with all the harshness of a foreign language. I wriggled through Annabella's English in *The Baroness and the Butler*—and now I cry, from the depths of my soul: "How much longer, producers?" —*Lillian Mann, 7512 Kingston Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

A Sincere Plea!

DEAR EDITOR:

Once—long ago—a little girl coming home from school in Hollywood tripped and fell, her school books going in every direction. She wasn't hurt but embarrassed as only an awkward child of ten can be. A man stepping from a car saw her, and laughingly helped her up. She recognized him as the film hero of the day, and was so excited she forgot her fall. Going home she wrote her first fan letter. In reply, and unasked for, she received a large autographed photograph not of the actor alone, but one taken with his handsome family, a beautiful wife, and two lovely children.

Today—in the June issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine—this same girl, a college graduate and far from Hollywood, reads that this actor "once the Clark Gable of his day" is unable to find work acting—"the only work he knows."

Won't someone please give Bryant Washburn another chance?—*Virginia Cloud, 305 Cavalier Apts., Charleston, W. Va.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Just Plain Folk!

DEAR EDITOR:

Many people visiting Hollywood from other states feel a keen disappointment, upon arriving here, at not seeing at least one big star doing his shopping, touring the boulevard in a super deluxe car, or followed by an autograph mob. Looking for a thrill myself, and not knowing anyone here, I passed several persons in one day whom I thought I knew either from home or en route and spoke, fearing to offend. Each nodded charmingly. After a little reflection was I shocked—the gentleman whose polo coat caught my eye was Frank McHugh; the man with the dark glasses limping by on a sore foot, Charles Ruggles; and the lovely lady in the dime store proved to be Glenda Farrell. I was sure I knew them, and was I pleased upon later meditation to discover that they were easy going, charming persons who could really have been just plain folk from my own home town. What a day!—*Gladys Collier, Hollywood Boulevard Apts., Hollywood Blvd. at Garfield, Hollywood, Calif.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

A Genuine Artist

DEAR EDITOR:

The next time there are any awards to be passed out, I nominate for first honors, Beulah Bondi.

I have seen her in half a dozen pictures and every characterization was perfect. I have never found a single mannerism, a single trick of speech out of keeping with the person she is portraying. In each role her appearance, her behavior and carriage are completely that of the character and never that of Beulah Bondi. There are no identifying trademarks to be found in her performances.

To live a part so completely, to interpret each character so fully, to alter the appearance so realistically—these are the traits that make for genuine art in acting.

And so here's to Beulah Bondi!—*Pearl Goldenberg, 510 Eleventh St. S. E., Washington, D. C.*

Wonder if Ray Milland found it hard to keep up with grand dancer Eleanore Whitney at the Mary Livingstone party?

Gossip at the beach!

JUDY: "He nagged and acted so terribly mean, it sure looked like a bust-up for a while. I really felt sorry for Jane."

ALICE: "Aw, be fair! Tom raised cain—but so would you if you always had to go around in tattle-tale gray. Jane was to blame for using lazy soap. It left dirt behind! Tom's shirts and her whole wash showed it."

SALLY: "Well, I'm glad the fuss has all blown over! If we'd only told Jane sooner how Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* hustle out every last speck of dirt—the whole mess wouldn't have happened."

MARY: "Better late than never! Since she listened to us and switched to Fels-Naptha Soap, everything's peaches again and they're off for a second honeymoon!"

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

4 Starred For Beauty

[*Continued from page* 46]

with an old rose cocarde (shades of Louis XIV). Combine pink and grey, black and beige, plum with gold, yellow green, or a soft olive green. Try dark wine colors with light blue, navy or grey.

And what of the face that perches above all this elegance? It must be as soigne, as well cared for as your clothes. A shiny nose won't set off a pre-war tunic length suit, washed out eyes will be lost under a flopping velvet beret. Take a tip from the stars, when you groom your fall face. The glamour gals of Hollywood care for their faces all the time and what has gone for them goes for you this fall!

I talked with Sigrid Gurie while she was being photographed. The lights were hot, and I felt all of a trickle but not so the blonde star of *Marco Polo* and *Algiers*. Her nose didn't develop a single gleam, her make-up looked fresh and natural. All because, I discovered, she uses a powder lotion or foundation cream before she pats on her powder.

To help keep powder on your nose, why not use a certain pale pink cream? A bit of this fluff will blend with any shade of skin, become invisible practically immediately. You'll like the satin smooth and natural finish your make-up has with this base, the way it stays that way in spite of sun and wind and rain. A dollar buys the white jar with its black and gold be-masked label. And when you consider that you're buying a product that has been tested on movie stars over a period of six years, you know you're getting a bargain!

MADGE EVANS tells me she always applies powder lavishly, with a very full puff, then brushes most of it off again. Her face never looks over-powdered in one spot, underdone in another. If you'd like to try this bit of mirror magic, ask for the powder brush that is made by the Hollywood make-up artist who perfected the make-up foundation. It's shaped to fit the curve of the face, downy enough for the most tender skin. Use it to whisk away that over-powdered look, to remove powder from the lines and crevices around the eyes. (Powder there just makes your skin look crepey, your eyes old and tired.) I've discovered it's a good idea to remove extra flecks of rouge with the same fine brush. Another dollar. Would you like the manufacturer's name?

Movie stars have a certain advantage over the rest of us—they're taught the gentle art of being beautiful by make-up men! But they become adept through practice. We can pick up a trick or two of our own and practice! Some evening when you have nothing to do, sit down before your mirror, remove all your make-up, and start afresh. Experiment with your rouge and powder till you find the very loveliest you. If you don't get the right effect the first time, out with the cleansing cream, and start all over. Blend the edges of your rouge so they fade off into your powder, and your cheeks just look healthy. Then practice that perfect make-up till you can achieve the right effect in a hurry.

Girls with "problem" faces should remember that dark shades of cosmetics produce a shadowed effect, light shades bring out or emphasize features. If your nose is too large, too long, use a darker shade of powder on it. A tiny bit of brown shadow blended over the tip will shorten it amazingly, twin shadows of darker powder down the sides will slenderize it. Wear rouge in a triangle, with the base toward the eyes. The girl with a round face will point her rouge toward her nose, to draw the eye of the observer in. She of the long and narrow face, out, to make her face seem fuller. If your cheekbones are prominent, place the rouge on them, keep it out of hollows in the cheeks. For any nose that isn't quite up to snuff, apply rouge far out on your cheeks, away from *it*. Small eyes will look larger if you pluck the eyebrows from underneath, increase the space between eye and brow. Use mascara and shadow only at the outer corners of your round eyes if you'd have them appear almond-shaped, further apart, at the inner corners if your eyes are too wideset. Eyeshadow should create the illusion of shadow, not daubs of color on the lids. If people can tell the color of your eye shadow twenty feet away, you're too painted. A dab of rouge on a too prominent chin will bring it into line.

If choosing the correct shades of cosmetics is your problem, Doris Weston has an easy solution. Select your make-up to harmonize with the color of your eyes. The particular line I'm thinking of contains rouge, powder,

Dear Lonely Hearts,
BUT JANIE! THE TOWN'S FULL OF NICE YOUNG PEOPLE! YOU SHOULDN'T BE LONELY!
OH, DAD, I JUST DON'T SEEM TO KEEP FRIENDS!
LOOK HERE, YOUNGSTER! DO YOU THINK THE TROUBLE COULD BE—WELL, BAD BREATH? ANYWAY, IT'S WORTH ASKING YOUR DENTIST ABOUT, ISN'T IT?
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR BEAUX, JANIE! NO WONDER MY FRIENDS COMPLAIN THAT THIS LINE IS ALWAYS BUSY!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

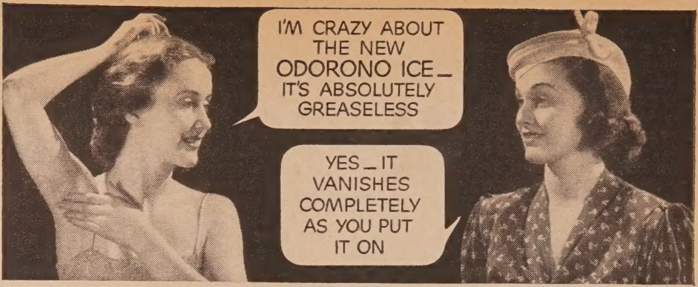
"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

lipstick, eyeshadow, and mascara, in four different types to harmonize with those glistening orbs of yours, be they blue or brown, grey or hazel. Each item in the line costs 55 cents, gets along beautifully with its "mates." If you still have the remains of a summer tan, buy a box of the Tan Rachel Face Powder, blend a bit with the powder for your type. Lighten your blend as your tan fades, till the regular powder just matches your skin tone. Do write me for the name of these easy-to-buy cosmetics.

DID you ever notice the length and sweep of Garbo's eyelashes? Most movie gals' lashes are long and curling and if they aren't that way naturally, they become so. Curly lashes, these glamour girls have discovered, make the eyes seem larger, more brilliant. I'll be glad to give you the name of a trick gadget that curls lashes quickly, harmlessly. Just clamp the rubber-edged curler over your lashes near the lids, count 40—longer for short, stubborn lashes—and release. If you curl the lashes while they're still moist with mascara they'll hold their shape longer! Price of this eye-glamourizer is $1. To go with it, to apply shadow, there's a long handled camel's hair "paint brush," priced at 50 cents. Use this to draw a faint line of shadow along the rim of your deepset eyes, or to paint the whole lid and make bulging eyes sink back into your face. Last but not least, I nominate for your eye routine a semi-automatic tweezer from the same manufacturer. It makes eyebrow plucking almost a pleasure because it tweezes the hairs in the direction in which they grow, before you know what's going on, and pulls them out root and all, instead of breaking them off midway out. A dollar buys it and complete directions for its use, so do write me for the manufacturer's name.

Of course you realize that make-up, even when most carefully applied, is pretty much frosting, and frosting isn't very appetizing unless the cake beneath is tasty. In other words, if your skin isn't clean, all the make-up in the world won't give you a fresh, natural look. Start your make-up off right by cleansing your skin thoroughly. Cream first, then soap, if your skin is oily, the reverse if it's dry and sensitive. There isn't a skin that doesn't need the stimulating, cleansing effects of soap. Plenty of soap and warm water will help to melt away the horny layer of a skin that has seen too much sun. Scrubbing with soap and water and a complexion brush will check the appearance of blackheads, clogged pores. But be sure to use a soap that is bland in its effects, thorough in its cleansing. I'll be glad to send you the name of an oval white soap that lathers quickly, dissolves dirt and the oily secretions of the pores. You'll like its fragrance—a bouquet of seventeen delicious perfumes—and the way the scent stays in the cake (triply protected by three wrappings) until it becomes a part of your daintiness. For a period of time the manufacturer is offering this pure and mild soap in bags of six and twelve, priced at 49 and 97 cents. Cleanliness cheap, I calls it!

If you're re-doing your face at the office, you probably won't have the opportunity for a soap and water scrub. In such a case, why not soak a pad of cotton with a pale golden cleanser, give your face a once-over? The mild tingling of your face tells you that the lotion is doing a pore-deep cleansing job, removing stale make-up, the dust of streets and country lanes. If you're troubled with oily skin and blackheads, use this liquid cleanser oftener to remedy that situation. A six ounce bottle retails for 75 cents—do write me for the name.


I'M CRAZY ABOUT THE NEW ODORONO ICE—IT'S ABSOLUTELY GREASELESS
YES—IT VANISHES COMPLETELY AS YOU PUT IT ON

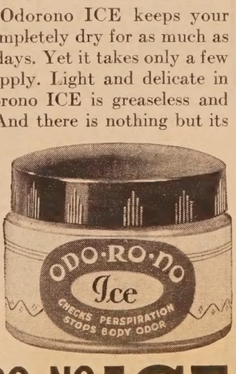
NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT is greaseless, actually cooling and checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

YOU don't know the meaning of "perfection" till you try Odorono ICE—the new non-greasy, non-sticky ICE deodorant that disappears as you pat it on, leaves your skin feeling cool and refreshed, and checks perspiration instantly!

The new Odorono ICE keeps your underarm completely dry for as much as three whole days. Yet it takes only a few seconds to apply. Light and delicate in texture, Odorono ICE is greaseless and non-sticky. And there is nothing but its own fresh odor of pure alcohol which evaporates immediately.

Here is a satisfactory answer to the appeals of fastidious women for an effective, greaseless underarm deodorant. A really pleasant, quick way to put an end to offensive odors and embarrassing and costly perspiration stains.

Why risk offending the very people you want most to impress? Start today to enjoy the sure protection of Odorono ICE! Use Odorono ICE according to the directions on the label of the jar. Only 35¢ at all toilet-goods departments.



*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

*ODO-RO-NO ICE
COOLING—NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 9-A-8*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 427, Montreal)
I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name____________________

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Keep your hands in tune with the new luxury fashions. Don't let rough, reddened hands, broken fingernails, split cuticle, betray your dishwashing, typewriter pounding. Try wearing your fingernails long and see how much more slender your hands will appear. If your nails flake off like a piece of mica before they even start to grow out, try massaging them nightly with a cuticle oil or cream. I'll be glad to send you the name of an extra rich pink cream that did the trick for me. Keep the smart black and white jar on your bedside table, smooth a bit of it over your nails before you drop off to sleep. Be sure to massage it into the cuticle well, and carry a bit of the cream down over your knuckles to prevent their becoming gnarly. I found the cream worked still better if I wore a pair of old gloves to bed, kept the lubricant on my nails instead of on the sheets. If your nails are extra stubborn, re-apply the brittle nail cream during the day after washing the hands or dishes. There are three sizes—a small one (grand for the office desk drawer, your purse) priced at 10 cents, a half ounce jar at 50 cents, and a full ounce jar at only 85 cents.

GIVE your nails another boost by protecting them while they have growing pains. Don't cut them down close at the sides, let them have a wider base so they can stand on their own! And use a protective polish base to help prevent their chipping off. A well known nail polish manufacturer has recently brought out a clear polish foundation priced at 35 cents. Brush on a coat of this smooth textured liquid, allow it to dry for a second or two, and then apply your favorite shade of this manufacturer's salon-type polish. If you like, you can apply another coat of the clear base over the polish, to give it added lustre and protection. I like the foundation because it fills in the tiny ridges in my nails, forms a protective sheath which helps prevent split nails. Select Laurel and Heather, both pink-orchid shades of polish, to go with your misty lavenders, greyed blues and greens, Old Rose and Clover to harmonize with new faded rose accessories. A bottle costs 35 cents—you can have several at that price!

Just another bit of news on the fingernail front. Smart young things may now decorate their nails with tiny blue butterflies, white gardenias or pink or red roses! All by means of minute decalcomanias. All four designs are resting on my desk this moment—and some are on my nails. They're simple as pie to apply—just moisten the surface of the design with the liquid from the "kit," then press it upside down on the nail in the exact place you want it. Hold in place for about 20 seconds, then wet the fingertip with warm water until the paper backing loosens and slides off easily. Presto! Your nails will be the envy of your gal friends, the admiration of your beaux. The designs stay put until you remove the nail polish itself. Want to hear more?

No girl wants to have her glamorous new fall clothes spoiled by perspiration. She'll use a perspiration corrective she can rely on. You can do just that with some tricky little pads that are saturated with a liquid which checks and deodorizes perspiration. The safety period varies, but five days seems to be the average—and some people are safe longer! One pad does the trick for both arms, you'll find. The liquid doesn't harm the pad—so it can't hurt your dresses. Fifty-five cents buys a green and white labeled jar that holds 30 pads—enough for months!

Last but definitely not least on the beauty front this month are some bob pins. Colored, no less! The enamel, in six fashion right shades—aztec red, butterfly blue, blossom pink, turquoise, canary yellow—is twice baked on to stay, to contrast nicely with your fall slate blue, wine and black. The pins are 10% longer and 100% wider than the ordinary ones, because they are supposed to show! You'll find them springy enough to stay put in your hair, smart for wear with this fall's most feminine sports clothes. Ten cents buys a card of eight of a color. Do write me if you'd like the manufacturer's name.

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... BUT HOW WRONG SHE WAS
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It wasn't long until...
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PALMOLIVE

Just Call Her "Queenie"

[*Continued from page 29*]

off the floor. Well, you can expect most anybody to fall off a chair in a situation like that—it's something that has never before existed in all Hollywood's turbulent history.

Is it any wonder then that we were suddenly surprised to wake up one morning and discover that we had been doing homage to the wrong Queens all the time—that the real Queen was the least demanding, the least tempestuous and the least recognizable?

Other remembrances of her too, fostered the surprise further. There was the occasion of her wedding, two years ago, when she married the Paramount producer, Arthur Hornblow, Jr.; or rather there was the lack of an "'occasion" about it. It was a memorable event to the Hornblows, of course, but it was not one of those things that newsmen and cameramen might fondly look back on and say, "Boy, that was a spread. Remember? We did two full pages!" No, there is nothing for them to remember, because there was nothing of a "movie wedding" about the ceremony at all.

It took place in the tiny town of Ensenada, as a matter of fact; and on the day of the ceremony it was discovered at the last minute that it was some sort of a Mexican holiday and everything was closed. Mr. Hornblow could not even buy his bride a bouquet! But did it matter? Did she rant and rave, and complain that "everything was spoiled?" Quite the contrary! Says Myrna: "What did we do? Why, we went out into the garden of the hotel and into the fields and picked our own bouquet! It was much nicer, and meant much more, than any bouquet we could have bought. Nice things always happen that way: spontaneous and unexpected!"

That, then, was Myrna before she became a Queen, so that we were amazed when she did receive the honor; but even more startling is the realization that she is the same now as she was then, a Queen who won't wear her crown. A Queen who refuses to take mean advantage of her position, and order others around; a Queen who has no queenish airs or no Queen's favorites.

She showed clearly how she felt about the whole thing, at the mock ceremony they held on the set of *Test Pilot* when the King and Queen were to be officially crowned. The occasion was Gable's birthday, so some of his pals were out to tease him a bit, and his crown, as compared with Myrna's large and beautiful one, was really a miniature. They made him tie it on with a large red ribbon, which was drawn under his chin and tied there with a bow.

THERE were prop thrones, too, for the two to sit on; appropriate speeches were made by every important executive on the lot, and Judy Garland was there to sing the now famous ditty, "Dear Mr. Gable." Through it all Myrna insisted on taking a back seat, and literally did leave her throne for a chair in the background, so that the show might be Gable's own. After a while you saw her sitting there, giggling, her hair mussed where she had removed the crown, and the crown itself slung like a bracelet over her arm. The Queen who wouldn't wear her crown—there was the actual picture, as we have had it since in countless more figurative examples.

One of the most outstanding examples happened recently on the set of *Too Hot To Handle,* the latest Gable-Loy fea-

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ture. They were doing a scene in a newsreel office and laboratory, and an extra was to work a film-splicing machine, to show how the thing was done. But the young man, the extra, had no idea how a film splicer worked, and neither did anyone else seem to know. Finally Jack Conway, the director, suggested that they send for someone from the studio's own department of that kind, to do the scene. Myrna, overhearing the plan, suddenly stepped forward. "That's not necessary," she said quietly. "I can show him. I was a film splicer myself once, back at the old David Horsely studios!"

The others gaped and gasped. The Queen of the movies owning up to having been a film splicer! It was almost unbelievable. But Myrna thought nothing of it. The only thing she had thought of was that if the extra had been taken out of the job, if someone else was to be substituted, the extra might suffer; and Myrna in her life had too often counted on twenty-five dollar "bit" parts herself, not to know what the loss of one might mean. In this respect she is really queenly, in the really royal and good sense of the word; in the "movie queen" sense—never!

Countless times Myrna has similarly risen to the defense and help of others: not always with big checks and helpful gifts, as that is something that all the stars do now and then, and Myrna does more than her share of that too—but also in little ways that others all too often overlook.

In that connection there is this which happened on location a few months ago. A "location" company was quartered in a very small out-of-the-way town, and before arriving there no one expected any opportunity for relaxation, so nobody took very many extra clothes along, and one girl from the make-up department took no play-time changes at all. Then arriving, they made the pleasant discovery that the local blades and belles were having a dance that night at the town hall—and the company was invited!

This looked like lots of fun to everyone except the make-up girl, who with only slacks to wear, said she had decided not to go. But Myrna fixed that. She loaned her a dress and shoes of her own, and all the necessary accoutrements. Now to you that may not seem like a very special gesture, but to those of us out here who know stories of certain stars who are so class conscious that they wouldn't loan even a shoe string to an extra, it is obvious how unusual it is.

But Myrna is always friendly, in the most gracious way. She is friendly in a non-gushy, non-extravagant way. She is, for all her vitality and earnestness, a very quiet girl. Only few people realize that. You see her in the midst of a group of people on the set, and you hear her laughter, and she seems to be very much a part of the conversation, but afterwards when you have gone away you ask yourself, "Now exactly what did she say?" and you discover that it wasn't she who did the talking but the others; that she was only the very interested listener.

And a good listener, as anyone knows, is hard to find. It is Myrna's calmness and coolness which enables her to be that. There is nothing about her that demands the center of the floor. Among her personal characteristics there are many which bear out this thought: the cool, kind of lazy way she walks. Never mind, let the others hurry and gesture, and get all out of sorts. Her steady easy stride will get her there just the same, and she'll be in a pleasant mood, because of it. She never gets in a stew about anything; not parts or publicity; or dieting or beauty.

On the screen she never looks overdressed, over-made up, or over-coiffured. Looking at some of the other lovely ladies in their swathed clothes, we know that they are not able to sit down in them. But you never have that feeling about Myrna. You know that what she wears is not only smart, but really wearable: you can't imagine her suffering the torture of resting, between shots, against a "leaning-board." She couldn't be bothered with such actressy things as that.

When the wind blows in a scene Myrna lets her hair get mussed, and doesn't think of what it might do to her in a close-up. She doesn't put emphasis on such surface things. She is not beauty mad, grooming mad, or figure mad. She tends to her job of acting, and feels the rest will take care of itself. You just know that she doesn't give her hair a hundred brush strokes every night, and you know, too, that she wouldn't do setting-up exercises if you paid her. Yes, she'll play tennis and swim for exercise, but only because she likes these sports.

She'll do everything that appeals to her, or in a group she'll do what appeals to the others. But there is no posing herself on her own pedestal, setting herself up as a perfect example of what every girl should do and be. No frantic, frowning strain to keep at the top spot she has attained, through all the old patent, superficial ways. She is extremely easy going in her home as well. She adores every square foot of it, and was present at every milestone of the building, but she is no female Simon Legree when it comes to ruling it.

She is interesting, not because she is fantastic or odd—the stuff of which many personalities are made—but because she is so extremely natural and human. A girl who forgets her gloves invariably, even as you and I. A girl who likes to monkey around the kitchen—not too often, but now and then. A girl who adores perfume, but always forgets to put it on. A girl who is thrilled and happy with flowers. They don't have to be any special kind of flowers—just flowers. The gardener brings an armful three times a week for her dressing room, and Myrna never knows what he will bring, therefore she is always surprised and pleased. "I'll leave it up to you," she had said when asked about the dressing rooms. It's what she is always saying to everybody. She says it to the gardener about the flowers, to her husband about her career, to her studio about her pictures, to the wardrobe people about her costumes. She is the most tractable, amicable, adorable young lady in Hollywood—and yet she is the Queen of them all! But she's a Queen who doesn't like salaaming or royal robes, and that means she doesn't like to be called by her title. In fact King Gable himself suggested a better name:

"Just call her Queenie, that's all."

A HIDDEN CHAPTER FROM NELSON EDDY'S LIFE!

Once again SCREEN BOOK Magazine has a real scoop for its readers—an authentic report of one period of Nelson Eddy's meteoric career that has rarely been touched upon in magazine stories. You'll find this rarely revealing portrait of the singing favorite in the October issue—better not miss it!

Miss Gaal Tells All

[*Continued from page* 45]

of her sisters were married, Franciska was supposed to be the baby. To be seen and not heard, you know. So, she made her first impression in socks and little girls' dresses. And how she hated it!

Then, one day, her mother took her to see a play. A little girl in the play, dressed in socks, stayed in her mind. At last Franciska had found herself! She was going to be an actress!

At the age of "fourteen and three-quarters," as Franciska said, she entered the Stage Academy of Hungary, even though the school's age limits were definitely set at from fifteen to thirty. But the Academy could see no talent in the girl, and she was dismissed.

But Franciska was not discouraged! She was more determined than ever to be an actress! No higher education for her. Her life was already arranged.

Then came the tedious rounds of trying to crash the casts of the Budapest theatres. Rejections. "Nothing today." "Can't use you."

Finally, she was able to convince the director of a play in rehearsal called *The Stupid Man* that she should be allowed to sit in at rehearsals. Nothing passed by this alert young girl as she sat in a dark corner of the theatre, listening to the rehearsals. She drank in every word—every move. Soon she knew the whole play by heart.

Came the last rehearsal—and here is the somewhat tried and true twist of fate—but, nevertheless, a reality in Franciska's life. The actress in the young girl part took sick. Frantic calls were made to all dramatic schools, stock companies, and agencies for a girl to fit the role. And all this time,

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Franciska pleaded with the director to let her play the part. Her insistence at last won out, and she was given the role—and a contract.

Overnight she was a sensation. She became the favorite of all Budapest. The director who had formerly turned down her pleas to play in his show now thanked her for helping his theatre by playing in it. Success followed success, notably in the Hungarian versions of *Good News, Kiki,* and *The Wise Child.* Ferenc Molnar, the celebrated playwright, even wrote *The Good Fairy* and *Violet* for her, so intrigued was he by her acting.

Screen offers came, but Franciska refused them all. She wanted to be sure she had mastered stage technique first. However, Joseph Pasternack, now a producer for Universal studios in Hollywood and then a producer for the European branch of the same company, persuaded her to act on the screen.

That was in 1933. The picture was *Miss Paprika.* Franciska doubted her ability as a screen actress, and when she saw the first rushes, she knew she was missing fire. What was worse to her—she felt her sponsors were sorry they insisted on her making the picture.

Worried, she went home that night. Sleep refused to come. Her mind raced back and forth, trying to find a solution. Slowly, very slowly, she found a way. The next morning, and all subsequent mornings, she was right. She had abandoned the technique of the stage and adapted herself to the demands of the screen. *Miss Paprika,* as a result, was an immediate hit, and the name of Franciska Gaal became synonymous with the best in stage and screen acting in Europe.

Then followed other hit pictures, such as *Love and Kisses, Love in Budapest, Spring Parade,* and in Monte Carlo she made her last European film, *Miss Lily,* for a Viennese company.

Immediately offers came pouring in from Hollywood studios, but Franciska chose to come to Paramount. Without the usual fanfare, Paramount brought their new importation to Cinemaville and hurried her away to seclusion—and lessons in English.

In amazingly few months, she had learned English and was making her first picture for Cecil B. DeMille, *The Buccaneer,* opposite Fredric March—one of the year's biggest productions. Now she's leading lady to the popular Bing Crosby in *Paris Honeymoon*—another feather in her acting cap!

It was with a bit of nervousness that I went to see Franciska. Like the average theatre-goer, I was a bit fed up with these "glamor girls" but I kept assuring myself that if Paramount's new star were still as refreshing as she was in *Spring Parade,* I'd enjoy talking to her—accent or no accent!

When Franciska entered, one glance assured me that she had not changed! There was still the naive charm and simplicity, the sparkle, that I had previously admired.

As we talked, her English teacher sat quietly by, ready to help Franciska if she found it difficult to find just the right word.

"You certainly learned English quickly," I remarked, after we had exchanged a few polite words.

"Do you really think so?" she inquired anxiously, her accent making her more charming. She puckered up her lips, smiled timidly, and said, "Oh, this English—it is so difficult. I try so hard to lose my accent, and to think in English instead of Hungarian, but it seems there is always something new to learn."

"Speaking of new languages, did you have difficulty with German?" I asked her.

"Yes, but not so much as English. When I made my first pictures with Mr. Pasternack, I had to learn German. It was hard, but I learned it.

"When I first came here, I was a little frightened at some of the questions the publicity men asked me, because I couldn't understand them. You see, the first thing I said in English—and I said the same thing no matter what was asked me—was, 'Everybody has an automobile.' I couldn't get used to all the cars. Whenever I would see cars going down the street or—"

Fashion be hanged is Margaret Sullavan's motto. Not Hollywood's best dressed woman, but one of its best actresses is the individualistic Peg as she appears publicly in leopard coat and sport shoes

"Parked," supplied the teacher.

"Yes—parked," she went on, "I thought, 'What a lot of automobile shows here.' In Europe, cars are a luxury, for there is so much tax on them."

"Were there any sayings that you heard here that seemed odd to you?" I asked her.

She smiled mischievously. "Yes. When anyone here is asked how he is, he says, 'Just fine.' In Europe, people always go into a long talk about how badly they feel! When I first came here, I used to say, 'All right,' when I was asked. But everyone said, 'What's the matter?' 'What's wrong?' So now I always say, 'Just fine' too!"

Our conversation switched back and forth to various topics. But again we were discussing languages.

"When I came here first," Franciska began, "I went right into my home and stayed there. I never went out, except for a few trips around Southern California. I love its beautiful sunshine, you see, and I just had to go out once in a while. It was a long time before I did anything, though, but study English. For a while, I couldn't get used to the 'th' in your language. I thought it sounded affected. But soon I learned it was a big part in English. Then 'k' bothered me. I thought it meant 'key' or something like that. I never fully realized the importance of those sounds, though, until I got my part in *The Buccaneer.* Then I was glad I had learned something about the 'th' and 'k'."

Franciska fairly exudes love for her work, whether she is being questioned by an impertinent reporter or whether she is working on a picture. When she is studying a script and when she is in actual production, she seldom gets more than three or four hours sleep, for it is impossible for her to relax. Where such energy comes from one so tiny, I'll never know.

She had an interesting story that proved to me, conclusively, how much she loved acting, a love that was born the day she first saw girls at the Stage Academy use make-up—the first day when everything about the theatre seemed real to her.

"I'd been wearing my Dutch costume in *The Buccaneer* and never felt uncomfortable or out of place in it. Then, one night, I went out and wore my own clothes. I felt strange and queer in them. I just couldn't get over the little Dutch girl I was playing!"

And that was no press agent talking. It's what is uncommonly known as "love for acting—love for work."

Franciska's ambition now is to go on the stage, but first she wants to establish herself firmly in pictures here—to stand on her own feet. She likes Hollywood—what she has seen of it—and thinks that picture making here is much better than in Europe, although both countries have much the same methods. The studios here have a better understanding of the business, however, Franciska thinks. But even though she likes Hollywood, Franciska is a lonely little girl. I knew that when she told me, very wistfully, about her Christmas Eve.

"I cried almost all of Christmas Eve. It was the first time I had ever been away from my mother and sisters for so long. But I had their pictures around the tree anyway. They brought me closer to them. I hope to be able to go back to see them soon, but everything depends on the pictures I have to do here. And I also want to see America!"

Miss Gaal is delighted to be working with the amiable, charming Bing Crosby, who has been one of her favorites for several years. Edward Everett Horton, Shirley Ross, Akim Tamiroff and several other topnotchers share leading honors with her in *Paris Honeymoon,* which you'll see in the near future.

The new star is not just another foreign importation. She is vital, dynamic, and above all—sincere. Acting, to her, is not drudgery—it is a challenge. And no matter how many films you may see her in, you'll never tire of her, for she has that "something" that goes to make lasting personalities and the unique in acting.

Her name? Oh, yes—it's pronounced Fran-cease-keh GaAl (as in all).

Something On the Ball!

[*Continued from page* 39]

bringing a number of poster girls to the coast for his picture, *Roman Scandals,* and she might be able to slip me in with them. Which was exactly what she did! I came out to Hollywood for three weeks, the length of time, I was told, it would take to shoot the poster girl sequences. The three weeks stretched out to six, and the six stretched out to 1938, and save for the exception of two months when I played on the stage in a Broadway try-out of *Hey, Diddle, Diddle,* I've been working steadily in pictures at RKO-Radio."

NOW all this progress may seem accidental and as easy as your A, B, C's, but back of it all is a story of struggle and hardship that included starvation in all its forms.

Lucille was born in Butte, Montana, where her father was an electrical engineer with the Anaconda Copper Company. Later her parents moved to Jamestown, N. Y., the town which she now claims as "home."

"After graduation," she says, "I attended the Chautauqua Institute of Music. My mother, who was a concert pianist, had high hopes that I would become one, too. But I wanted to study dramatics, and finally enrolled in the John Murray Anderson Dramatic School in New York City. After a year and a half I returned to Jamestown, joined with a stock company, and travelled with the troupe throughout the East. When we reached New York, Florenz Ziegfeld saw me, gave me a job in the chorus of his *Rio Rita* company, and away I went on another tour.

"It was during the one-night stands that I had a sudden thinking spell during which I decided I was getting nowhere fast and that the best thing for me to do would be to leave the show. Which I did—to become a mannequin with Hattie Carnegie. During the short time I had been in the show business, I had tried starvation and found it entirely unsatisfactory for a girl with my appetite.

"In a show, you know, five weeks rehearsal without pay was the rule—and believe me, that's too long for a girl to fast. I had a hall bedroom, fifth floor back, and would sometimes try to prepare food over a gas jet, but somehow it didn't seem to work out as I had planned. Living on hope and ambition was all right for a week or two, but finally I had to give up to hunger, dig up my little hoard of money, and go on a big eating spree. After repeating that experience three or four times in the show business I had another thinking spell that convinced me there was nothing to the hunger theory, so I went back to modeling, hoping that in time I really could learn the business."

So-o-o-o, as we said, she eventually landed in Hollywood as a poster girl in Samuel (The Great) Goldwyn's *Roman Scandals* and six months later as a contract player in RKO studios, where she's been ever since.

"I'll never forget that train ride," she says. "About halfway to the coast someone told me that slacks were quite the fashion in Hollywood. Five minutes later I was into mine. I wore them when I stepped off the train and I wore them continually for the first year and a half I was here. After putting on and taking off fancy duds for five years, it certainly was a great relief to get into something comfortable! Whoever invented slacks deserves a gold medal or one of those 'Oscars' they award at the Academy dinners!"

AFTER her appearance in *Roman Scandals,* Lucille had parts in such pictures as *Moulin Rouge, Nana, Broadway Bill* and *Carnival.* Following *Carnival* came *Roberta,* in which she appeared as one of the mannequins, a part that was "halfway between an extra and a 'bit'" according to the way she puts it, but whatever the classification, her work in it was good enough to warrant a long-term contract by RKO-Radio. Irene Dunne, you may recall, played the feminine lead in this picture. Now, three years later, Lucille appears in another Dunne picture, The *Joy of Living,* but she's no mannequin this time. She plays the part of Dunne's sister and plays it well.

"More than once," Lucille confesses, "I was ready to pack up and go back to New York and Hattie Carnegie's because I wasn't progressing as fast as I should. But I was learning a lot and RKO was treating me swell—and more than that, I didn't want to be called a quitter. Of the twelve models

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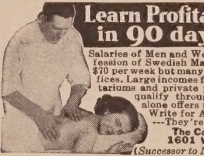

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who had had parts in *Roberta,* six had been put under contract at RKO, and of the six I was getting the most work and experience. I had another one of my frequent thinking spells and decided to stick—which was the smartest thing I've done since I've been in Hollywood. The only thing I'm afraid of now is that someone will try to make me over into a leading lady instead of letting me play the parts I like best—comedy or good character roles. I have neither the talent, the looks, nor the inclination to play dramatic roles. All of which doesn't make me out as being very ambitious, but it can't be helped. It's my story and I hope I'm stuck with it."

Small parts in *Top Hat, Chatterbox, Follow the Fleet* and *Winterset* followed *Roberta,* and then Lucille was given her first real break when she was cast as the second feminine lead in *That Girl From Paris. Stage Door,* starring Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn, came next to definitely establish her as a clever comedienne. You may remember her as the tough gal who married the lumberman. *Having Wonderful Time* was next on the list and her work in that picture won her the second feminine lead in *The Joy of Living,* and her work in *that* won her a top spot in *Go Chase Yourself* starring Joe Penner. Her next picture will be the *Affairs of Annabelle* and they do say at RKO that their Hattie Carnegie model, the girl who really has something on the Ball, puts on a show that's worth the price of your admission ticket at any motion picture theatre.

Lucille is fond of all sports, but next to bicycling, prefers the thrill of flying a plane when she isn't swimming or dancing. Or when she isn't playing tennis, badminton!

SO FAR as romance is concerned Lucille has been giving the chubby little guy with the bow and arrows the cold shoulder. Any number of Hollywood Winchells from time to time have had her "this way" about that one and "that way" about this one, but apparently they have failed to check up with the girl in the case. If they had they would have learned that—

"I've been working so hard since I came to Hollywood that I haven't had time for a real vacation, let alone a real romance, and I don't know when I'll have either one or the other. You can quote me as saying that I'd be the last girl in the world to shy away from romance if the right man came along. And that goes for marriage, too. As for careers upsetting the marriage applecart, I thoroughly disagree. As a matter of fact, I think that a marriage has a far better chance of being a happy one if either one—or both—of the parties of the first and second parts have careers. I may be wrong but you can't prove it until I try it out with my own marriage—which may be a long time in coming."

A well-spoken, sensible little speech coming from a sensible and honest little girl who can talk right out in class with the best of them. If there ever was a girl in motion pictures who always means what she says and always says what she means it's this blue-eyed, blonde Lucille who has something on the Ball when she talks and when she acts—and who has progressed far enough that she has no fear of "sassing" the Hollywood umpire of movie careers if he ever tries to call her "out" of motion pictures!

Undisturbed by those constant "separation" rumors, Mr. Tone and his Joan were on hand to cheer Helen Hayes in *The Merchant of Venice.* Doesn't Joan look lovely?

The gentle Luise Rainer steps from her dressing room clad in the voluminous gowns of another day to appear in another scene of M-G-M's musical *The Great Waltz*

Glamour Is The Bunk!

[*Continued from page* 43]

sister Barbara Queen is less than a year.

Nobody ever hears of Bob Young getting into a brawl in a night club. He doesn't get sued by people. He doesn't have to be carted home and put to bed. He carries on a family-man existence—and likes it. And in a village where the unusual is the rule, and the clamorous-glamorous almost a compulsion—how on earth does he get away with it?

"Well, I've always done what I wanted to do," Bob replied easily, "and what I've always wanted was a quiet life. Plenty of fun and good times, of course; but a quiet life underneath it all. A night club and dancing now and then, not too often. An evening of bridge at the house of friends. And a home to go back to; not simply when you can't think of anywhere else to go, but the sort of home where—come right down to it—you'd rather be than anywhere else for the major portion of your time.

"It's a wonder to me," he said, slanting an eye quizzically, "how anyone in Hollywood nowadays, anyone in pictures, finds time to have a life otherwise than quiet and home-y. If you have a call at the studio in the morning, it means early to bed tonight. You don't want to go to a party and leave just as it's getting started. So what?

"So you can go to a picture. But with double bills, if you go to a picture you don't get out till next Thursday. You can have people drop in; but they'll have to drop out around eleven or you won't catch your sleep. I tell you, believe it or not, Hollywood is bringing back the old-fashioned home. Hell, you simply *can't* run wild if you're going to make a living here."

HE'S making a living, all right. They've just signed him to a new contract at M-G-M. They have a habit there of tearing up his current contract and handing him a better one.

"That's another thing—suspicion," Bob went on, putting his feet upon a chair. Suspicion, he explained, kept more actors from normal living! "Soon as I signed my first studio contract, friends rushed to me and began to compute. 'Let's see, in three years you'll be free,' they said—you'd think I'd got into San Quentin!—'and then . . .'

"'Free of what?' I said. 'Free of your contract,' they answered. 'But I don't *want* to be free of it,' I replied. 'I've worked like blazes to get into it; why should I paw the ground to get out of it?' 'So you can free-lance,' they told me, 'probably make a lot more money—' 'But they're paying me good dough *now,*' I said. That seemed to stop 'em. I mean, they couldn't understand me. A guy who refused to be discontented just wasn't right in the head, that's all.

"Therefore it didn't surprise me much when several fellows advised me not to sign my latest contract. 'Fight 'em!' they advised, 'give 'em an argument!' 'What about?' I asked! 'I'm perfectly satisfied!' 'Well, watch out for some catch!' they came back at me."

Bob threw back his head and laughed. "You know, I signed my first contract almost without reading any line of it," he reminisced, "I was so glad to get into the movies, I bet I'd have signed anything. Not that I think it's a good idea, either, to sign blind; and not that I think you ought to be a doormat. In fact, after signing the contract I sent it to a first class lawyer and asked him what I'd signed. He kept the document a week and then telephoned me that it would take him several weeks more to figure it out completely, but he'd figured out enough to realize that I couldn't even spit without asking M-G-M's permission."

Again Bob chuckled. "It was okay by me. I got along fine on that contract, didn't have any trouble with anybody. The point I'm trying to make is that a certain degree of contentment is necessary to the average man, and I intend to remain the average man.

"There's no percentage in letting people 'do' you, in being a sap; but you can lean too far the other way, and nothing kills contentment so much as growing suspicious that somebody's going to 'do' you. I'd rather be 'done' once in a while (not that I ever am, I believe) than feel continually scared that I'm going to be."

Talk of this kind led him to talk of investments; and bad investments, the wildcat sort, are in his opinion the reason why many Hollywood dwellers, like many dwellers elsewhere, are exchanging normal contentment for worry. Happiness goes out the

[*Continued on page* 71]

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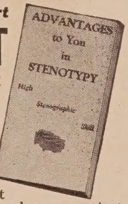

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Tomato Surprises!

[*Continued from page* 51]

Peel and prepare eggplant in large cubes. Slice tomatoes thickly. Saute both, in different pans, in plenty of butter or cooking fat, turning to brown. Grease large casserole, and arrange in it alternate layers of diced eggplant and tomato rings, sprinkling each with salt, pepper and cheese. Repeat layers. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake 40 minutes, moderate oven. Arrange hot rice in ring on large platter, and fill center with cooked casserole contents. (To give this dish the finest touch, use minced onion and garlic and saute with tomatoes. Mushrooms also may be added, making this a prize vegetable meal.)

AND now for the "hot" and "high" relishes, and the prize pickle recipes handed down from one generation to another. What about this unusual 100-year-old recipe from Connecticut? And what could be easier, for it doesn't have to be cooked! Every reader will want to try this:

CONNECTICUT COLD TOMATO RELISH

(Prize Recipe Used 100 Years)

1	**Peck ripe tomatoes, chopped fine**
2	**Cups finely chopped celery**
2	**Cups finely chopped onion**
8	**Sweet red peppers, chopped fine**
2	**Cups sugar**
¼	**Cup white mustard seed**
1	**Cup salt**
2	**Teaspoons ground cloves**
2	**Teaspoons ground mace**
4	**Teaspoons ground cinnamon**
2	**Teaspoons white pepper**
3	**Quarts cider vinegar**

Scald and peel tomatoes, and drain 2 hours. Chop all vegetables as fine as for chili sauce. Add other ingredients in order given. Pour cold vinegar over all. Mix thoroughly. Seal, cold, in sterilized jars.

By the way, the same friend who graciously allowed the above relish recipe to be printed here for the benefit of our readers, has also furnished two others, one for Chili Sauce and the other for Tomato and Apple Relish, and both of these are featured in the leaflet, "Tasty Tomato Treats."

Several letters from readers have also brought forth some interesting recipes and suggestions. For example, in preparing that popular "stuffed tomato surprise" so dear to woman, and so suitable as a lunch dish, one reader suggests that the stuffing be made of mock chicken paste or deviled ham or tongue spread such as is sold for sandwiches. Clever! Another reader writes how she serves a "cherry tomato salad" made from tiny "cherry" tomatoes, by inserting a sprig of parsley or cress into the end of each, and grouping them as a cluster on a lettuce leaf. Another reader from California gives her special Tomato-Avocado Salad recipe which she says is a favorite with a popular male movie star. Last, is a recipe for Green Tomato Sweet Pickles—and it is both "hot" and "high!"

Let me send you the leaflet prepared to accompany this article, free!

CHICKEN GUMBO

Deep South Style

1½	**Pound Broiler chicken**
2	**Tablespoons bacon or other fat**
1	**Clove garlic, sliced**
2	**Small onions, sliced**
1	**Whole clove**
½	**Bayleaf**
2	**Sprigs parsley**
1	**Cup sliced okra**
3	**Cups diced ripe tomatoes**
¼	**Cup elbow macaroni**
	Salt, cayenne.

Disjoint chicken and saute in fat, together with sliced garlic and onions. Add water to cover, together with herbs, and simmer 30 minutes. Discard bones, add okra, tomatoes, macaroni, and simmer 30 minutes longer. Season. Serve with ring of boiled rice if desired, or pass dish of boiled rice from which each can help himself. (Serves 6.) (Stewing chicken may be substituted, in which case increase simmering period.)

FRIED TOMATOES & CHICKEN LIVERS

3	**Tablespoons salad oil**
1	**Thin slice garlic**
2	**Tablespoons minced onion**
2	**Tablespoons flour**
1	**Can Mushroom Soup**
1	**Teaspoon minced parsley**
	Sprig thyme
6	**Chicken livers**
6	**Ripe tomatoes, sliced**
	Cornmeal or flour
	Salt, pepper

Heat salad oil, and saute garlic and minced onion until a light brown. Blend in flour, then add mushroom soup, with enough additional water to make a thin creamy gravy. Add parsley and thyme. Add chicken livers and heat, but do not cook hard. In separate saucepan fry thick ripe tomato rings dusted in seasoned meal or flour, and sauted on both sides until well browned. Arrange tomatoes in circle around hot platter, and fill center with creamed livers. (Serves 6.) (Kidneys may be substituted, or shredded chipped beef.)

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Glamour is the Bunk

[*Continued from page* 69]

door when a wild cat comes in the window, and Hollywood windows are wide and wildcats plentiful.

"When you put me down as a contented man," Bob Young said, "you'll have to chalk up credit to my wife. She really has sense."

Bob, incidentally, didn't marry a "glamour girl." He married a redhead with humor, capability, loyalty and various other qualities that last long after the tinsel of glamour has gone. He fell in love with her during their high school days, and during his climb upward to an assured position in pictures and a good salary, Betty waited for him. What's more, Bob waited for her. Nothing and no one lured him to this side or that. Theirs is one of the happiest marriages you'll find anywhere.

He'd rather stay home with the kids and a book, he confessed. His favorite reading, if you want to know, is some good biography of somebody famous for something; no matter what. He thinks the most interesting thing in the world is people.

"Maybe that's my mother's training," he reflected, "but she goes farther in the matter than I do. She not only thinks people are interesting, but she thinks at heart all of 'em are good. Really, she does. Even when it's a case of a murderer or a kidnaper, what she remembers is that once each of us was a little baby and some day somebody's going to dig a hole in the ground and put each of us into it. I wish I had her great love for mankind . . . but, anyway, her philosophy sometimes helps me at parties when they go blah.

"Now, I like parties. There's nothing like going to a party when you're in the mood. But, as everybody knows, it does occasionally happen that a party sort of flops."

Again his brown eyes crinkled with fun. "You know, if you set your mind on it, you don't have to be bored at parties," he said with mock solemnity; "my wife and I made up our minds some time ago that we simply wouldn't allow a party to pall on us, as a party is sometimes inclined to do, even in glamorous Hollywood."

(Even? You mean, "especially" in Hollywood, I murmured smartly.)

"Don't be cynical," Bob admonished, "you know perfectly well that a party anywhere is generally fun, but occasionally they begin to die on the vine. So my wife and I made up our minds we'd find something interesting in the conversation of anybody to whom we happened to be talking; we'd just concentrate and concentrate till we got interested. It works! Usually, that is. But when all else fails we get away by ourselves and talk to each other. We've never been bored with each other yet. If all else fails, we can always discuss household expenses."

There's another thing. Bob Young lives in a style that accords with what he earns. His family has every comfort, plus some luxuries. But Bob's one of the few actor's who doesn't live as if the fountain of gold were bound to continue spurting forever. He lives as the normal man lives, putting aside a fixed percentage to take care of him when that rainy day comes along, and to take care of him when he retires.

There's no wild extravagance in the Young menage. No surplus of servants or acreage. No fabulous jewels. The Youngs live within their income, and well within it. Not like a fellow player of whom Bob spoke with friendly amusement. "Says he has to 'maintain a certain position,'" Bob quoted, "and then he's appalled because he hasn't any money left over. What he thinks he has left over, the income tax takes away. He doesn't know what to do.

"Well, it's simple. What he ought to do is to economize. Stop spending so much. Get a cheaper house. Not insist that his wife must wear bracelets to here. Pull in his horns. But," Bob added, "he won't. He's sold on the idea that he has to maintain a certain position. Boy, I'm glad I don't!"

Nevertheless, it would have been easy for Bob to fall into that idea himself the minute his salary began to grow. Players with smaller salaries than his live more luxuriously; not, however, more comfortably. They've known thin times, possibly, and the sudden prosperity goes to their heads. Bob has known thin times, too, but he reacted to prosperity in a different way; he didn't forget the thin times, he didn't argue that because he'd once fared like a church mouse he must now fare like a king. Why, he doesn't even aspire—or desire—to be a full fledged star. He'd rather go slower—and longer.

Undoubtedly it was the hardships of his early career that gave him both his interest in people and his appreciation of money values—gave him also perhaps his complete freedom from envy of other people's success. Bob wouldn't call them hardships, though, but adventures. When his mother came to Los Angeles (Bob had been born in Chicago), she and her five children were often in financial straits; they depended largely on the earnings of Joseph, the oldest son. Bob helped out with part time jobs after school hours.

"I jerked sodas in a drugstore," he said, "I was pretty good at it, too. Once I worked for two weeks in a newspaper office, but I got fired for irreverently impersonating an editor behind his back. My English teacher in Lincoln High gave me the job I liked best of all—manager of the school play—but it didn't carry any salary; it made me want to be an actor, though.

"I worked in a building and loan office. I worked as a furniture mover—that was sort of fun. I worked in a bank . . ."

And after banking hours he played in theatrical productions at the Pasadena Community theatre, appearing in forty roles in four years, receiving not a nickel of salary, and snatching not over five hours' sleep a night. Twice he gave up every thought of a theatrical career. When he was about to give up for the third time, his chance came; M-G-M signed him. Today he's borrowed by every other studio in town whenever M-G-M can spare him.

He rises early. He goes to work—or to golf or tennis, as the schedule may demand. He comes home for dinner. He plays with his kids in the evening. He reads a book . . . Unexciting? Not to Bob; and, besides, he says there's excitement enough in the movie parts he plays.

"Listen to what Carol Ann said about Barbara's toes today," wife Betty will remark, knitting by the fireside (if it's a cool evening).

Bob will drop his book, all agog as any father would be . . .

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5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

A Little from "Lots"

[*Continued from page* 41]

it's Hollywood or Hoboken, fathers are all the same!

"On the set, everybody" calls the assistant director. This time it is a rain scene, exterior of house. But only a faint mist is wanted. "Where is the 'soft-shower' man?" bellows the A.D. Weather men in the movies, you see, are divided into "soft shower" and "hard shower" men. The former operate the more slender pipes that are perforated so that they shoot water upward and it gives the effect of a drizzle.

Lola and Rosemary are seriously giving Pat the once-over because it's her scene. Brushing her off, giving her cues, touching up her lip rouge. "Sister Act" is more than a title to those girls!

R*ATTLE—bang—zoom*— That's us headed for "location." Down on the sands and water—of Balboa, some forty miles from Los Angeles—Paramount has built a replica of Ketchikan, Alaska, for *Spawn of the North*. Where do they dig up all these characters anyway? Russians, Finns, Indians, Eskimos and Filipinos mill about the streets. The town (marvel of the movies!) has been constructed mostly on piles driven into the ocean. Fourteen houses, a packing house, even a hotel— Twenty-five seine boats stand ready for the salmon rush. Another one, George Raft's, has just entered the "harbor." He dives overboard, makes for the wharf in front of the hotel.

Somebody—or something—else dives from the second story of the building simultaneously. A perfect swan dive! Beautiful! Ah, no wonder—it's Slicker the seal. He is supposed to be Raft's pet and *how* that seal can act. Look at him flap his fins about George's face (the life of an actor is not all it's slapped up to be). Out on the wharf steps Dorothy Lamour *minus* a sarong. Somebody must have made a mistake. But no, she's the hotel keeper it seems, in love with Raft. But he's been having himself a time up in Nome (see script: scene 42A) and Dorothy greets him by banging a fish over his head. Down goes Raft.

"Harder, next time, Dotty," says Director Henry Hathaway.

"Say, whose head *is* this?" splutters George. They "shoot" it over again. And again. It's the eighth take and Hathaway still isn't satisfied. "Dotty, you don't seem to be hitting him." George groans. "She isn't, eh? Well, let her hit *you* once!"

Up comes Hathaway on the nice wet planks. He snatches off his hat. "Okay. *Hit me!*" Dorothy acts on the suggestion. She swings a mighty fish— He slips—*Splash*—and he's in the Pacific. "Nice going, pal," grins George to Dorothy.

This is the story, you remember, once slated for Carole Lombard. At that time, however, the studio intended to hire a liner and shoot the whole thing in Alaska. Carole thought of Clark (Gable to you-all) and said, "Nix." Four months is a long spell to be absent—SO-o-o—a newcomer by the name of Louise Platt has her part (opposite Hank Fonda). They wrote in a role for Dotty; sent a crew to Alaska for backgrounds; rebuilt Ketchikan; and here they are.

WHO is the tall and handsome with Dotty? Looks a bit like Gilbert Roland. "Hi," she calls, "come over and meet my old boss."

Boss, huh? "He," explains the lovely Lamour, "used to be the head starter at Marshall Field's when I ran an elevator there!" Time marches on—

I like that story about Herb Kay, her band-leader hubby. When he came out here this last time he found Dotty had rented a lush apartment. He took one look around and walked out. "I know I have a movie-star wife, but we're still going to live on *my* salary." And they do.

Henry Fonda is teaching Raft a mind-reading act while the lights are being shifted. Suddenly he stops and breaks into a smile a mile wide. A slim, charming woman is coming over with a huge chocolate cake in her arms. For a moment it looks as if the cake is going to sea as they meet. Then—"Happy birthday!" says Mrs. Fonda. By pre-arranged signal two singing telegraph boys appear and go into a duet on "Happy Birthday to you." That's a contribution from Hank's old pal, Jimmy Stewart, and Chico Marx. Slicker thinks it's his cue and applauds wildly. (He was Butch the seal in *Dr. Rhythm*. Remember?)

On a canvas deck chair John Barrymore—the publisher in the picture—sits and sits. He has just bought another boat to go cruising about with wifie Elaine and his mother-in-law. Maybe that takes a lot of thinking about—

They brought John out of the Silences the other day, though. His man Friday delivered a note—accompanied by a check. John squinted at it. *"Twenty-five thousand dollars!* Whew!" He read the note. "My dear Barrymore: This is a bonus for the splendid work you do in your *bit part* in *Spawn of the North*. Signed—Adolph Ziekor."

Barrymore bounded. He thought that signature was "Zukor," the head of Paramount. "Well that's damn nice of him!" he shouted. Then he saw Dorothy Lamour—convulsed with laughter. In her hand was a blank check book. And they say Glamor Girls have no humor!

They say these two are ducking the night spots—but Clark Gable and Carole Lombard sometimes emerge. Snapped here at the recent Hollywood Roller Derby

Exploding the Lloyd Legend!

[*Continued from page* 44]

There are tennis and badminton courts, a real brook, a pond big enough for miniature outboard motor boats, (can you imagine the fun the kids have?) and a nine hole golf course. But I want to tell you what I learned of Lloyd over the iced tea.

One of the chief things I learned, perhaps, was that matter I mentioned earlier—Lloyd's solution of some of the major problems of Hollywood. He is almost the only actor I know, almost the only figure of any importance in this razzle-dazzle community, who seems to be at peace with himself and the world. And do I hear a voice somewhere demanding, "And why not? Look at the money he's made! Look at what he can do for himself and his family?" I'm telling you, my lads (and lassies) that there are plenty of people in Hollywood who have made just as much money, and who have no peace—and, maybe, no money left, either!

IT IS certainly true that Lloyd is one of the hardest working men in pictures, when he is working. And when he is not working on a picture, he has other things to fall back upon, which absorb him as completely as his picture work. In his early days, he knew struggle and defeat and worry which would scare a lot of our present pampered skyrocket stars to death. But no one, to date, has ever seen Harold tearing his hair, and yelping that he must "get away from it all." When he finishes a tough day's work at the studio, he puts on his hat, and goes home, and he *is* away from it. When the gates of his driveway clang behind him, he becomes a quiet, landed gentleman, surrounded by his family, his dogs, his flowers, and his hobbies. There is no shop talk; no studio gossip, no discussion of production problems, however harassing they may be. It is a strict rule of the household—and that's one of the answers.

"You see, when I work, it's on an eighteen hour a day shift," he told me. "This isn't because I want it to be so. It's because it *has* to be that way. First, there is the search for a story, and you have no idea what a trying search that is. Then, of course, I work on the story. I have to have a finger in every part of the making of a picture of mine. I *have* to. And, of course, I couldn't possibly do it, if I didn't have a really fine and experienced organization."

He paused to reminisce a bit here, and told me something which explains why he has been the only consistently successful actor-producer in Hollywood.

Years ago, when he was working for Hal Roach, the latter began to expand his activities to the point at which he could not give all his attention to any one picture, and so, he adopted the unit system; which meant that Lloyd handled his own unit; developed a skilled and experienced staff, so that when he severed connections with Roach later on, he had a carefully built, carefully chosen staff of experts to help him build his pictures. When he went to Paramount, it wasn't just Harold Lloyd; it was a valuable organization of people skilled at a certain type of picture making. A lot of those people are still with him.

"Gloria Swanson asked my advice, one day," Lloyd recalled. "She told me that she planned to produce her own pictures, with her own money. She wanted to know what I thought about it. I asked her, 'Gloria, have you had any experience in producing?' 'No, Harold, but I can learn.' 'Have you any staff at all, or the nucleus of an organization to help you?' She admitted that she would have to begin at the beginning on that score."

He shook his head. "I immediately viewed her project with alarm," he said. "You see, I was lucky. I had been virtually producing my own pictures for a couple of years before I ever tried producing them literally. It's an intricate business, and you have to learn. And it's awfully important to have people about you who know their jobs!"

I watched him at work on the *Professor, Beware!* set, a few days after this conversation. I saw him taking direction, graciously and interestedly, from Elliot Nugent, one of the best comedy directors in the business. I heard him make a suggestion, almost diffidently, quite as though he were a hired man, instead of the man who was paying all the bills on the picture. A week later, he was knee deep in retakes, because a sequence had not seemed "quite clear." Ten days after that, he was in the cutting room. So far in, indeed, that he ate all his meals there!

Oh, yes! When Lloyd works, he works hard.

BUT when he plays, it is almost as strenuous. One of his hobbies is microscopy, and he has the last word in equipment. He spends hours at a time peering through microscopes at varieties of infinitesimal creatures. He makes notes, and ponders over tomes, which tell him more of their little ways.

Then again, he paints in water color. "I don't paint very well," he admitted cheerfully, "but, gee, I have a lot of fun. Some of them really aren't bad, even if they're not very good. Take that painting up there—those flowers. Now, haven't you seen worse things?" I *had* seen worse things, and said so. He glowed.

He has a discerning taste in what he calls "really good" paintings; and in fine antiques. His home contains some really beautiful things. "But I don't *collect* 'em," he assured me. "There isn't a thing in the house that isn't meant to be used, or to be looked at for pleasure. What I mean is, I haven't bought anything which I would be proud of just because I thought some other fellow would like to own it."

He likes almost every kind of competitive sport, and is a pushover for any new type of parlor or table game. He's pretty good at most of these. Hollywood was very amused several years ago, when the first miniature golf course made its appearance on Hollywood Boulevard. Harold's own private nine-hole course was just nearing perfection. But here was a *new* game. Day after day found him enthusiastically going round and round the tiny public lot at fifty cents a round, practising his shots with serious intensity; importuning his friends to join him.

He likes guessing games, marble games, spelling games, or, if these fail him, he'll contentedly throw cards into a hat. Unlike most game addicts, he always enjoys conversation, and is sometimes so carried away by his own eloquence on a pet subject, that he paces the floor, and makes truly grandiloquent gestures. I haven't seen it happen, but I'm told that if the conversation drifts to petty gossip, he becomes silent, turns red, looks uncomfortable, and contrives to leave the room.

The Lloyds "entertain" very little, as Hollywood understands that term. But they do enjoy, and indulge in what they term

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"get-togethers;" gatherings to which friends come and bring their children. Holidays and Sundays find their house and gardens filled. Once a year, perhaps, they give a formal party, but I think they enjoy the smaller parties better. Harold's food passions, he confides, are fried chicken, spaghetti, and tamale pie.

He took Mildred and the three youngsters abroad a few years ago, but one has a feeling, somehow, that they went because the Lloyds felt it might be good for the children. He plans trips, vaguely, to the Orient, "some time." But he dreads his necessary business trips to New York. He has so much fun at home! Why should any *wanderlust* trouble him?

He would like to make more pictures, but, apart from the difficulty of finding stories, there is not time enough in one year for two pictures. I asked him if he had any basic recipe for comedy. "How do you know," I asked, "what will make people laugh? You've proved pretty thoroughly that you *do* know."

"But I *don't* know," he assured me. "If I had a basic recipe, it would all be much simpler. *Grandma's Boy,* which was one of our most successful early pictures, could have been a drama, so far as story and situation went. The line between comedy and drama was so fine, that sometimes, we almost lost sight of it. *Safety Last* required an entirely different recipe, and, of course, *Cat's Paw,* was different from anything we had ever attempted, and required still another recipe. But, the audience must be interested in something, some thread beyond a succession of laughs based upon gags. That's why I believe the story is so very important. However, if you do meet somebody who has a basic recipe for comedy, I hope you'll introduce him to me!"

Whatever his recipe for pictures, it seems that his recipe for living is a good and successful one. Harold and Mildred appear to have more fun than almost any other couple in Hollywood. And this without benefit of racing stables, nights spent in gambling clubs, concentration on the latest cuts of emeralds, or worrying about fantastic costumes to wear to the next fantastic party.

But don't let anyone tell you that Harold is a solemn guy. He isn't!

Miss Gaynor whacks a lusty backhand return during a game of ping-pong between scenes of her new Selznick picture *The Young in Heart*

Because I Was A Secret Bride

If her parents heard about the marriage, they were sure to have it annuled. That's why they kept it a secret. If only they could have foreseen the grief and shame that was ahead—because the world didn't know they were man and wife.

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OUT OF MY CLASS
She Dared to Love Him

And others

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Romantic Story

Norma Shearer Reveals Her Romantic Future!

[*Continued from page* 25]

"Irving had given me everything. And left me everything—but himself!

"Eventually I knew that I had to go back to the studio and face the future. *Marie Antoinette* was waiting for me. For almost three years before his death Irving had planned their production. Something always interfered. Either I was having a baby, or another picture was scheduled for me, or it wouldn't fit in with the general production schedule.

"We had discussed it minutely. He had so many dreams and plans for it.

"I knew it would be hard to make it without him—without his ever-present help, without his suggestions on how I was to play a scene, or how a character should be interpreted. Or the meaning or the motive behind every small action. It had always been Irving's custom to rehearse me in scenes, to listen to my interpretations, to see rushes with me, to offer advice and criticism. Now I wouldn't have Irving at my side. Whatever I did would have to come from within myself.

"I think I never again shall make a picture or have a role comparable to *Marie Antoinette*. I feel that essentially this picture was a trust which Irving left to me, to Producer Hunt Stromberg, to all the others closely associated with its production. We all did our best.

"FORTUNATELY, there were adjustments to be made during production. I had anticipated working with Sidney Franklin, who had directed me before. When W. S. Van Dyke was assigned to direct, it was a departure for both of us. We both had to accustom ourselves to each other's idiosyncrasies. But I gave in a little to him and he gave in a little to me, and we got along beautifully. He was a darling—one of the sweetest, kindest men in the world. It was good for me to be working again after long months.

"It was wonderful to have Tyrone Power play opposite me. He is born to the costumes of the period. And in addition, he is a very fine, a really great actor. He reminds me singularly of Irving. He has that same fineness and sweetness—you might even call it sensitivity. He has the same coloring, and at times, almost the same cast of features. I found it inspiring to work with him.

"Work at the moment is my salvation. I have contracted to do six pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the next three years. *Idiot's Delight* I start almost immediately. *The Women* and *Pride and Prejudice* are definitely scheduled. *Susan and God*, the sensational New York stage play, is a possibility.

"As for remarriage, I have had too much happiness and love out of marriage to have even given the idea a thought.

"Marriage must not be a compromise. It must not be either an opiate to sorrow nor an escape from unhappiness.

"Frankly, I should like never to marry again. But to consider myself permanently married to a career. A woman who has once been overwhelmingly happy, as I have been, can steep herself in some useful work and find a measure of contentment.

"At the moment, my problem is not to give a picture of a woman alone. I don't want to be a burden to my friends, to call too loudly to their sympathies.

"Irving was a person who loved life, who loved gayety, who had great friendships, who had the capacity for deep and lasting human relationships. I have found consolation in being closer to the people he loved and admired. I enjoy being with them most.

"Perhaps when I'm with people I make too much of an effort not to be sad just now—perhaps I'm even a little too gay at times. But Irving was always so gay when he was with people, I don't want them to think of him unhappily and I don't want them to be sorry for me. So one must make a little effort. It is too easy to get into the habit of leading the life of a recluse. It is up to us if we want to be with people, not to burden them with our sorrows. They probably have enough of their own.

"After all, there are so many people who go through life with an ache and a loneliness in their hearts that one is not alone in this. I shall always suspect those persons the most who appear to be consistently and flagrantly light hearted."

But no woman as young, as vital, as Norma Shearer has a right to dedicate herself to lifelong loneliness. To permit a great love, even a perfect love, shadow the rest of her life. I suggest that to Norma.

"I haven't considered the future from a woman's standpoint," she replies. "Marriage isn't necessary to me.

"But not one of us knows what emotion will sway us in the future; what emotion will find us vulnerable five years or ten years from now.

"I can't conceive of ever loving again. I can't believe that love will ever come to me again!

"After all, I have had all the happiness to which a woman is entitled. More than is the good fortune of many women.

"That should be enough!"

Hollywood is glad to see Norma Shearer so radiant these days. And it's Jimmy Stewart who generally escorts her to parties

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The Star Who Has Everything!

[*Continued from page* 31]

He's made a ten-strike in love and the grief and divorces that afflict other stars are foreign to him. Because it has never occurred to him not to live up to his marriage vows—and because it seems only natural to him to love and to cherish his children.

As a final commentary, he has no relative trouble. On the contrary, Don has bought his mother and father a ranch near his own home. His mother-in-law has just left his home after a three-months' visit which all enjoyed. Then Don is putting two brothers and three sisters through school—and they fully appreciate it. Sordid intrigue to capitalize on his name? How absurd! He has a lot of relatives, but instead of being nuisances they're splendid, self-respecting people.

But how has he become such a favored one? Who gave him the silver spoon?

Darryl Zanuck, potent head of 20th Century-Fox, where Don is a movie star, could do much for anybody he fancied. Well, Zanuck does believe in Don; he does assign him excellent roles. But he signed him from a screen test filmed in the East, without meeting him. Don made the grade in the same fashion; he prepared himself for breaks and he goes on preparing.

THE credit all goes to the fellow himself. He hasn't been plagued with bad luck because he has decided, deliberately, to revel in good luck. Furthermore, and this will surprise you, there is nothing stuffy nor tried-and-true-and-trite about his method for success. Of course he has a method. But it isn't any one, two, three formula. It's revolutionary in its elemental simplicity.

"You don't have to plan!" Don exclaimed, driving me out to his country place near Encino the other afternoon. He drives like the wind. He never wastes time. I was almost going to wonder out loud if it mightn't be a worthwhile idea to plan on some idiot popping from a side lane. But Don, suddenly serious, was pouring out his philosophy and it is what has turned him from an eager nobody into a thoroughly successful somebody.

"The trouble with mose people," he continued earnestly, "is that they have too many troubles. And troubles are unnecessary. You know you don't *have* to be sidetracked and miserable. Weighted down, held back from what you want. When something goes haywire it's because you have let yourself go off on some fool tangent. But it's not because you planned wrong. I don't agree with that old-fashioned notion that you must plan every move, every minute of your day. I heard it when I was a kid. But I couldn't go for it.

"I like to do things spontaneously. I don't want a cut and dried existence. I want to experiment. I get a wallop out of taking chances. I'd die if I had my day all scheduled. Believe me, when I heard that was the road I had to travel I said, 'Nuts—I don't intend to be bored to death!' "

He grinned. There is nothing pompous about Don.

We were whizzing past a golf course. Don won't hire a chauffeur, for he likes to feel the sensitive obedience of a high-powered motor. "That reminds me," he interrupted himself, cocking an eye at the rolling greens. "Got to get in earlier these nights, so I'll get more practice." He hates to eat at

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home quietly, so his wife invariably joins him in town for dinner at one of the jollier night spots. He generally practices his golf drives in the living room, when they finally return home around midnight.

"No," he resumed, "if my opinion means anything, I don't see any fun to planning a sure-fire route to your goals. After you've tried it a couple of times, and I did, you learn that you backslide. At least, I did. Then what? Then I knew I was a failure, a has-been. It's dismal being a has-been at eighteen. I found that out!

"So gradually I began to figure for myself. I began to figure on what *I* wanted. It had occurred to my parents that I'd be a lawyer and that's why I was sent to college. I didn't find that first college I enrolled at as much fun as I expected, so I invented a reason for transferring to a livelier place. It wasn't as gay as it promised to be, so I transferred again. Then I was sure the law wasn't for me. It was too confining, dealt too much with rules. Why argue forever over precedent? Which came first, rules or living fully? I have great respect for lawyers, but I just didn't want to devote my energy to research.

"I wasn't any model young man. I don't claim to be any model now! I picked out courses that were pipes instead of brain-busters, and I had a fondness for a glass of beer with the boys. That was after ma had tried to iron the roughneck urge out of me, naturally.

"Slowly I discovered I really didn't have to let other people run my life. After all, why had I mimicked my betters when I was a kid? Why did I like football and being in the college shows? That was *me*. That was my particular individuality. I was meant for action. Why stifle me? I found that acting and singing seemed instinctive with me. Why not the theatre then?

"It was a shock to my parents, who had imagined me a great lawyer. But, fortunately, they love their children enough to let them develop as individuals. They forgave my jumping from college to college, realized I had possibilities they had disregarded.

"I began acting in a stock company in Madison, Wisconsin. Immediately I knew I was on a better track. You can tell. When the season ended I took the train to New York, ready to bowl over Broadway. I didn't. I made the rounds of the theatrical offices dozens of times and there was no go at all. I was one more would-be and no one cared a hoot. The money I'd saved was gone pretty soon and so I returned home and took a job shoveling cement.

"But I had begun to think as I do now, to believe the philosophy which has brought me what I wanted. I wasn't discouraged when I was ignored in New York, for I hadn't pinned my hopes explicitly on the stage. I gradually saw the futility of despair, as I'd seen the dullness in doing what I had no feeling for. I gradually saw that the natural thing for me to do was to develop as I myself felt was right for me. I realized that success in work, and with friends, and in love, was a natural thing also. God isn't purposeless. He didn't make me, nor anyone else, for failure. If I followed His laws of cause and effect I would get the success, the all-around success I wanted.

"I made myself learn to *trust*—I didn't know how I could climb, where I was to climb, nor who the girl was to be. But the minute I began to trust, wholly, my good luck began to unfold. I didn't plan. I exercised my faith that what I needed for a normal, full life would come to me somehow, exercised it by constantly being optimistic and certain of my good future, though there was no girl and no keen job at the time.

"I didn't enjoy shoveling cement. I didn't enjoy not being madly in love. I wanted, desperately, to get out of the fix I was in. And, I firmly believe, because I *wanted*, the way was given me.

"A friend wrote me about a radio audition in Chicago. I hadn't made the grade as an actor. It seemed an awful gamble to try out against hundreds probably more suited than I was. But I wasn't being fussy. I was receptive. I felt I could be some kind of an entertainer. Possibly—so I tried out."

DON was chosen from all the applicants and was so perfectly equipped for radio work that he found himself on half-a-dozen programs at once. It was constant work, but his instinct had guided him correctly and he shot to radio heights. Hollywood was next, automatically.

When he began liking his dates with the blonde, college-trained dietitian who is now Mrs. Ameche, he liked them more than any other dates he had ever had. He had such crazy grand times with her, and he still does. He rushed her furiously, and still does. But beneath his pep and banter there was no doubt but what he'd be a steadfast riot. He is. He hasn't any rules for not divorcing, incidentally.

"I believe love not only can be, but is enduring," he declared, sweeping the car between the gates to his estate. In a second or two we were past the tennis court and the swimming pool and Mrs. Ameche and the two children were tumbling out at us.

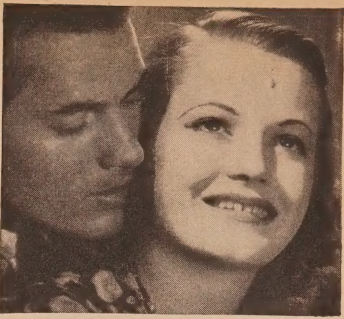
"Don!" she cried. "Daddy!" they shrieked.

"We're going swimming!" he yelled.

Into the pool went the four Ameches.

Do you still want to buy a book on how to come into your own? Do you still want to bother with minute maps for yourself? Try trust in all the good things coming to you, work like the devil, and—well, try the easy, Ameche way to success! Look what it's brought Don.

Conveniently enough, two David Selznick players, Alan Marshal and Margaret Tallichet, have discovered each other in a romantic way. They're an attractive pair



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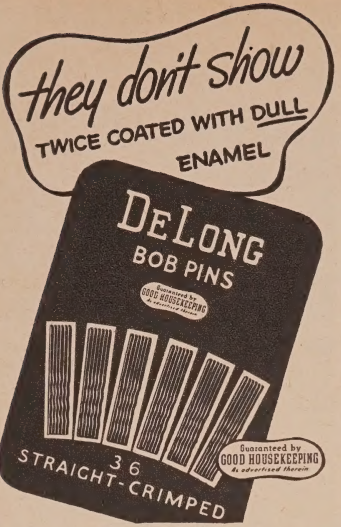
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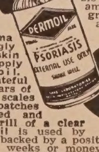

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The Robert Taylor Hollywood Doesn't Know!

[*Continued from page 33*]

absence. These were the true feelings of one who has been accused of being "conceited!"

ONE evening while Bob was rehearsing for his broadcast at the El Capitan Theatre, Barbara Stanwyck and I went visiting. It was understood that Barbara would be back at ten-thirty to meet Bob, and he would drive her home. The home we visited was entertaining Dr. Bertrand Frohman, a famous psychoanalyst. Barbara became so fascinated by the conversation it was midnight before we realized the time.

Naturally Barbara was very upset. Bob didn't know where to reach her. He probably was worried sick, thinking something terrible had happened. At twelve-thirty we drove up in front of the El Capitan Theatre. There out in front, on a deserted Hollywood Boulevard, stood Robert Taylor. He had every reason in the world to be sore as hell. He had been working at the studio all day. He had been rehearsing for the radio all evening. He had been standing there waiting for over two hours. No one could have behaved any nicer. The Bob Taylor who has been criticised for taking it all too seriously, just smiled and said:

"I didn't mind waiting. But I was just worried for fear something had happened. I'm glad you're safe."

To prove further that fame, fortune, stability for the future, cannot rob Bob of his sensitivity, there is the time he invited Ray Milland out to his ranch to go horse back riding. Having served as a cavalryman in the King's Guard, Ray is an authority on jumping. When he said he would love to see Bob's horses, Ray was invited out. Days went by and Ray waited for Bob to call and set the time. In the meantime when Milland didn't put in an appearance, Bob began to wonder. Finally to Barbara, Bob confided:

"I guess Ray doesn't like me. I invited him to come out and go riding but he never showed up. I wonder why. I think he is such a nice guy. I hoped that we would be friends."

When the game of acting out quotations hit Hollywood, no evening was complete without it. At Joan Crawford's a buffet supper was in progress. George Murphy, who was at the table, suggested playing the game. Finally, it got to Bob's turn.

"Just skip me," said Bob. "I'm such a lousy actor, no one would guess what I'm doing anyway." And he meant it!

Shortly after he returned from England, Bob had another experience that never reached the front pages. At the time Bob was pretty sick at heart, from all the unfair and unfavorable publicity that had heralded his sailing for Europe. And the rumor that his own publicity department had planted the two little girls under his bed as a publicity gag, didn't help the situation. A young lady showed up at Bob's house and announced that she was a long lost sister. Fortunately, Bob's mother, who happens to be an authority on the subject, answered the door.

Obviously the unfortunate young lady was laboring under a delusion. And she wasn't one to be put off. The natural thing to do would have been to call the authorities. Bob would have been in his rights, especially so soon after his unhappy shipboard experience. But the humane quality that Bob has never

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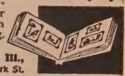

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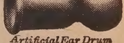

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lost, asserted itself. Very quietly he investigated, found out where the young lady belonged and saw to it that she was returned. The family of the girl was eternally grateful.

BEING a figure of national recognition, long ago Bob came to the realization that privacy was not for him. Still at times such unfair things happen—things that affect Bob's own private life. Not so long ago he had dinner at Barbara Stanwyck's. Bob wanted to go see *Vivacious Lady*. Barbara wanted to see it too. But she had to be up at six in the morning. So Bob said goodnight and drove into Hollywood.

Passing the drug store where he used to trade before he was Robert Taylor, movie star, Bob suddenly decided to go in and say hello to the boys who used to serve him. At the soda fountain Bob was joined by a man from his own studio, who was escorting two girls. Introductions were made, and of course the girls got a big thrill out of meeting Robert Taylor. The whole incident lasted all of five minutes. Bob said goodbye and went on to the show. Yet, in that brief space of time, a local columnist happened into the drug store and took in the situation. The next day the columnist announced that Bob and Barbara were no longer going together—that Bob was now taking out other girls. Of course Barbara laughed it off. But Bob was upset—because Barbara happens to be the only girl in his life. And yet when the same columnist came on Bob's set, instead of using his authority and ordering the man off, Bob went up and greeted him, as a friend.

Recently I ran into Nat Goldstone, who, as manager, has handled Bob since the advent of his success. Nat confided that he had just had a conference with Bob. Frankly, Bob was worried. He had come to see Nat and poured out his heart. Bob was so afraid people would turn against him if he didn't continue to appear in good pictures. He was a little doubtful of his role in *Three Comrades*. He was upset because Eastern critics blamed him for bad stories, when he had no choice in selecting them. He didn't want to disappoint people. He didn't want to lose their loyalty and support. What could he do about it?

The night of Ray Milland's house warming I had a perfect demonstration of Bob's modesty regarding his present stellar position. Among the guests was Ann Sothern. When Bob was introduced, he seemed a bit embarrassed. "You'll never know how hard I tried to meet you," said Bob to a rather bewildered Ann. Later on in the evening Bob explained to Ann what he meant.

"When *Of Thee I Sing* came to Omaha," Bob grinned, "a bunch of us fellows went to see the show. From then on we followed you around town and tried to get an introduction. We even tried to bribe the door man to get us backstage, but he wouldn't give in. Later on I read that you went into the movies. Of course I never dreamed then that I would someday wind up in Hollywood myself." Any other actor with a smaller sense of values, would have thought it too adolescent to admit to a college boy crush. Bob Taylor was delighted to admit it.

Personally, I think Bob is to be greatly admired for his attitude. He might so easily sit back and be the glamour boy up to the bitter end. He might so easily let those who have a big investment in him, worry about his career. Actually, Bob is all set. He has a straight seven year contract. A certain amount is held out and put in trust every month. Whether he winds up being the greatest box office sensation the movie world has ever known—or the worst flop—he will still be sitting on top.

When you take a good look around the Hollywood scene, Bob Taylor can hold his head way above most of the big wigs who became public idols over night. And that's saying a lot for a guy who started out being sensitive and has retained his early ambition—to want people to like him for himself.

Oh to be in California, now that summer's here and the beaches display such eyefuls as Ann Rutherford and Mary Howard! They're both M-G-M starlets

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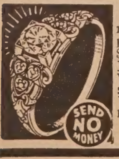

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Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 18]

grant requests to have contracts cancelled. Herbert Marshall is one who succeeded in getting out of his RKO commitments. *Breakfast For Two* is the last little opus on that lot that completely took away Bart's appetite.

TYPICAL of Randy Scott, who is a gentleman in every sense of the word, his divorce plans remained a secret right up to the moment the final step was taken. Even Randy's closest friends, (aside from Cary Grant) the Fred Astaires, were ignorant of Randy's future plans until they read the announcement in the papers.

PRODUCER DAVID SELZNICK has an eye on Jean Muir's talents. In the last year Jean has made three pictures in Europe and a series of personal appearance tours. In New York she appeared in several summer stock theatres and is now talking business with the newly-formed Mercury Theatre Group. Away from Hollywood, Jean has developed into a beautifully-poised young actress. Selznick is arranging for tests in New York with the thought of allowing Jean to remain East until he has a definite role to bring her hurrying home again.

WHEN Joan Crawford did Ibsen's *A Doll's House* on the radio not long ago, everyone in Hollywood was amazed. Joan's *Nora* was pronounced one of the most vivid and fragile of any yet attempted. Joan arrived at the rehearsal wearing slacks and a sweater. Just before she went on the air, her maid arrived from home with a beautiful afternoon dress to wear in front of the audience. The minute the show was over, Joan jumped into her car and dashed over to the Ambassador hotel. There she had a room waiting, where she could bathe, change into luxurious formal wear and just get down town in time to make the curtain for the opening of *Victoria Regina.* While everyone else was wilting, the lady herself said she wishes she could have every day in the year just as full!

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R	U	N	■	K	A	T	I	E	■	S	T	U
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MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

GET YOUR COPY NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

LEE PATRICK was pretty pleased when no stone was left unturned to get her for an important role in *The Sisters.* Lee made a test for it and no less an authority than Bette Davis says it is one of the finest she has ever seen. But the studio thought that Bette and Lee looked too much alike and Lee began to see her fine chance fading in the distance. Then Bette suggested that Lee take a test in a black wig. She did and the test was perfect. Not so long ago Lee was dropped by RKO for being "too difficult to cast!"

MONA BARRIE, who lives in the heart of the hills, had a real fright recently. Just as she started to dive into her pool, Mona saw a large snake crawling along the bottom. After she had recovered from her fright, Mona started screaming for help. But no one came to her rescue. There was only one thing to do and Mona did it. She drained the pool, snake and all. It costs fifty dollars to refill.

WERE Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy's faces red when they arrived at the studio for the second day's shooting of *Sweethearts.* Overnight the executives had a brain storm. They decided that the picture must be done in color. Retakes were in order on the second day, and when you see the finished product you'll know how Jeanette and Nelson look across the breakfast table.

GEORGE MURPHY has his own impression of Hollywood. According to George, Hollywood is a place where, "From little cigars, big producers grow."

HERE'S a fashion tip for you girls. Joan Crawford passes it on to you, and Joan's tops when it comes to tips. With all her tailored suits, Joan wears suspenders. Instead of buttoning on to the skirt the way they do on a man's trousers, Joan's suspenders clamp on with little gold teeth. They can be worn in all colors. Joan prefers all black, with a tiny monogram of contrasting shade.

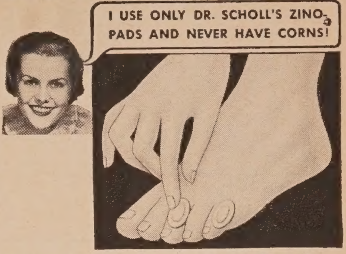
GOING to bed has re-e-ally become a problem in Hollywood. A scene in *The Sisters* had to be rewritten because of censor trouble. That beloved old character actor Henry Travers and Beulah Bondi are happily married in the picture, and are supposed to be seen sleeping together, as most happily married couples do. But the censors said "Naughty-Naughty"—or whatever it is they say when they assert their moral viewpoints. Even though it's way out of period, Beulah and Henry are now sleeping—not too happily—in twin beds!

POOR Sonja Henie is having her troubles. The weather has been so bad in Hollywood that most homes have open fire places in the midst of summer. Sonja can't stand the heat. When she is invited out to homes where the fire burns brightly, while everyone else gets cozy and warm, Sonja looks around helplessly—hoping she'll locate a frigidaire! Speaking of Sonja, be prepared to see something really breathtaking in her next picture. As a big production number, *Alice In Wonderland* will be done on ice. Alice skating through the magic mirror is Hollywood's answer to Grimm's Fairy Tales.

LIKE so many other stars, when Norma Shearer has a portrait sitting, she kills or okays all the printed proofs. Usually there are more destroyed than saved. So the studio was quite surprised and of course delighted when Norma went to Sun Valley recently. She posed for all the camera boys there and they got a great selection of poses. But of course movie stars never get to see their pictures, once they are photographed by anyone not on the studio pay roll.

Everyone is eagerly awaiting Columbia's version of the stage hit, *You Can't Take It With You,* in which Lionel Barrymore plays the loveable "Gramps" and Jean Arthur makes a vivid return to the screen as his beautiful granddaughter

End CORNS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TOPPER'S FILM REVIEWS

ALGIERS

United Artists

Hold your hats, kids—a new glamor girl has come to town, and it looks like she'll be leading the field before many Hollywood moons have passed! She's the superb Hedy Lamarr, and her American film debut in *Algiers,* believe it or not, overshadows one of Charles Boyer's most impressive performances!

Miss Lamarr is brunette, lithe, alluring, and the possessor of the most expressive eyes we've seen in many years of moviegoing. Her emotional gifts are still an unknown quality, since her role requires little in the way of acting—but for sheer visual appeal, the lady is the biggest bombshell since the late Jean Harlow first rose to fame.

Boyer is superb as *Pepe Le Moko,* Parisian bad man who rules the evil native section of Algiers, the *Casbah.* Sigrid Gurie, as his native sweetheart, reveals versatility in her role. Of the large supporting cast, individual honors are won by Joseph Calleia and Gene Lockhart.

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME

RKO-Radio

Those who saw *Having Wonderful Time* on the New York stage will be vaguely disappointed in the screen version of Arthur Kober's poignant comedy. It has lost much of the tenderness and understanding of the stage play—although the acting leaves little to be desired.

Cast standouts of this little romance of a Bronx stenographer who goes to a mountain summer camp to "get away from it all" are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Lucille Ball, Eve Arden and Lee Bowman. Miss Ball, in particular, further impresses as a comedienne who is going places. Ginger Rogers' performance is a distinct disappointment, after her deft playing in *Vivacious Lady.* Miss Rogers is a very positive personality, and is miscast when required to play a mousy character such as *Teddy Shaw.* The others in the cast, Peggy Conklin, Dorothea Kent, Grady Sutton and Donald Meek among them, are excellent.

THE SHOPWORN ANGEL

M-G-M

Once again the odd magic of Margaret Sullavan's inspired acting lifts a mediocre story into something approaching greatness. It is to be regretted that her sponsors cannot find a worthy vehicle for this actress—she deserves one.

Miss Sullavan's portrayal of an embittered, cynical actress who suddenly finds herself in love with a naive soldier from Texas (James Stewart), is devastatingly honest, and should win her new fame. Walter Pidgeon is more than admirable in a thankless role. He is the wealthy man who has loved the girl for years and wants to marry her.

As for James Stewart, as the Texas lad, we tried awfully hard to like him for the entire hour-and-a-half of *The Shopworn Angel,* but didn't succeed. Stewart never seems to try to give a characterization, relying instead on his innate personal charm to put him over. The supporting cast, with the exception of the highly amusing Hattie MacDaniels, means little.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE

Warner Brothers

A smash audience picture is Edward G. Robinson's newest Warner thriller. It has mystery, excitement and enough romance to make it appeal to any type of fan—and the acting is swell.

Robinson, of course, plays the title role of a Park Avenue physician who is an ardent criminologist. In order to perfect his study of his subject, he turns crook himself, and gets involved with as neat a set of shady characters as you've seen. They include Claire Trevor, a lady "fence" for stolen goods and Humphrey Bogart, at his most sinister as a jewel thief. Before you can say "Doctor Clitterhouse," the smart medico is caught in a web of his own weaving, and facing a rap for murder, of all things. But—guess what?—the ending proves that if crime doesn't pay, it can sometimes be taken as a harmless prank. Wonder what the Hays office thinks about *that?*

Robinson does a grand job—ditto the handsome Miss Trevor. We want to see more of Gail Page, who plays a minor part in a distinctive manner. And Maxie Rosenbloom, one of our idols, has a few grand moments.

THE RAGE OF PARIS

Universal

Mark our words—Universal has a potential box office smash in the lovely person of Danielle Darrieux, French star of *Mayerling.* Her first Hollywood film, though not deserving of Academy awards, is a glittering and attractive frame for the beauty, charm and sparkling personality of la Darrieux.

Film has the star as a stranded French chorus girl who is convinced by an older friend (Helen Broderick) that she should hook a millionaire instead of facing poverty. This they do, with the aid of a goofy headwaiter (Mischa Auer). The wealthy lad is Louis Hayward, and the romance is stymied because his friend, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has good reason to believe that Danielle is no better than she should be. It takes a lot of film to convince Doug that he's wrong, but it's a lot of fun as well.

Miss Darrieux has an engaging flair for light comedy, and though "cute," is never annoyingly so. We hope that Universal will give her a more dramatic role in her next picture.

ALWAYS GOODBYE

20th Century-Fox

The admirable Miss Barbara Stanwyck is again suffering the pangs of unrequited mother love in *Always Goodbye*—but suffering much more gracefully, and in better gowns, than she did in *Stella Dallas.* The ladies will love this Stanwyck picture, although it is a shoddy story that never rings true.

Barbara plays another of those noble unwed mothers, although 'twasn't her fault. Her sweetheart was killed in an accident while she was waiting on the courthouse steps for him to marry her. When she tries suicide, Herbert Marshall, a kindly doctor, dissuades her, sees to it that her fatherless baby is adopted by a kindly couple, and puts her on the road to success. Enter complications in the person of Ian Hunter, who has adopted her boy and who is planning to marry a second wife, a mercenary young minx who is certain to do him—and baby—no good. You can guess the plot from this point on.

Miss Stanwyck, as mentioned, gives a grand job, as do her two leading men. The deft Binnie Barnes does wonders with a small role, and there are good performances by Cesar Romero, Lynn Bari and Mary Forbes.

LORD JEFF

M-G-M

Those splendid actors, the Messrs. Bartholomew and Rooney, are at their top form in *Lord Jeff,* which is a human document to which Hollywood can point with pride.

Freddie Bartholomew plays one of those nasty boy characterizations he did so beautifully in *Captains Courageous,* and as far as we're concerned Freddie can be as nasty as he likes, as long as he reforms so beautifully. He plays the juvenile member of a gang of thieves, who is left in the lurch by his pals and sentenced to a super-reform school to learn the shipping trade. There he meets Mickey Rooney, a noble Irish lad, who takes him under his wing. When Mickey gets in trouble over Freddie's double-crossing, the whole school avoids young Master B., but finally his true colors are revealed.

Cast standout is a likeable youngster named Terry Kilburn, who is a cinch for future stardom. The adult members of the cast, all of whom are admirable, include Charles Coburn, Herbert Mundin, Gale Sondergaard and Monty Woolley.

Another Way to a Man's Heart

EVERY woman knows that well-worn phrase, "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." If you're careful to see that your favorite male . . . boy friend, husband, father, brother or second cousin twice removed . . . gets enough of what he likes to eat, you're bound to stand high with him. That's one way to his heart.

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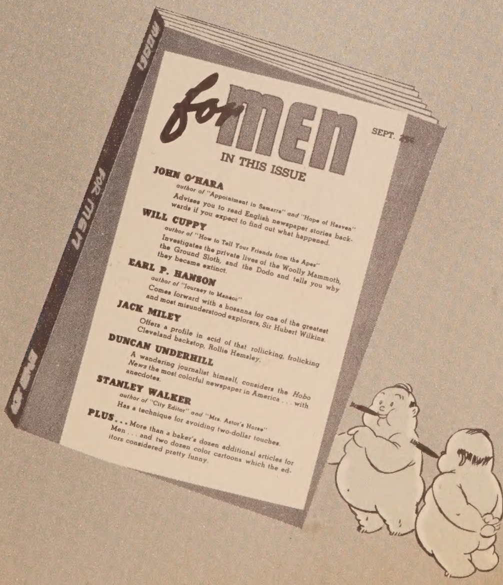

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JOHN O'HARA
author of "Appointment in Samarra" *and* "Hope of Heaven"
Advises you to read English newspaper stories backwards if you expect to find out what happened.

WILL CUPPY
author of "How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes"
Investigates the private lives of the Woolly Mammoth, the Ground Sloth, and the Dodo and tells you why they became extinct.

EARL P. HANSON
author of "Journey to Manaos"
Comes forward with a hosanna for one of the greatest and most misunderstood explorers, Sir Hubert Wilkins.

JACK MILEY
Offers a profile in acid of that rollicking, frolicking Cleveland backstop, Rollie Hemsley.

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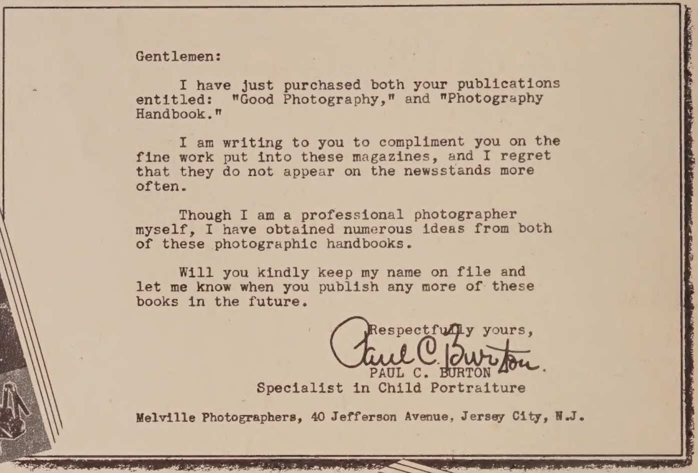

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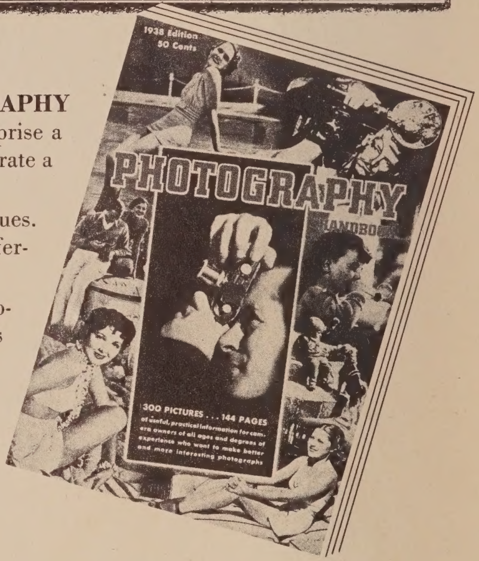
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CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer........Top Photo by Hurrell: Irene Hervey

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Since we were in the 4th grade...

All of us .. kids together .. we have been reading about Marie Antoinette .. the glamorous Queen of France. Of her virtues .. her intrigue and brilliance as a queen but .. more than anything else .. we read of her scarlet history as the playgirl of Europe ... of her flirtations .. her escapades with the noblemen of her court .. her extravagances even while her subjects starved. ✱ Now the screen gives us .. "MARIE ANTOINETTE" the woman .. we see her, as tho' through a keyhole .. not on the pages of history ... but in her boudoir .. in the perfumed halls of the palace of Versailles . .. on the moonlit nights in her garden .. A rendezvous with her lover .. we follow her through triumphs and glory .. midst the pageantry of that shameless court .. we see the tottering of her throne .. the uprising of her people .. her arrest and imprisonment .. and we follow her on that last ride through the streets of Paris to the guillotine. NEVER .. not since the screen found voice .. has there been a drama so mighty in emotional conflict .. so sublime in romance .. so brilliant in spectacle .. so magnificent in performance .. truly "MARIE ANTOINETTE" reaches the zenith of extraordinary entertainment thrill!

NEVER HAS THE SCREEN WITNESSED A GREATER PERFORMANCE THAN THAT OF NORMA SHEARER AS THE "ROYAL BAD-GIRL"

NORMA TYRONE

SHEARER - POWER

in Metro · Goldwyn · Mayer's Finest Motion Picture

The Private Life of

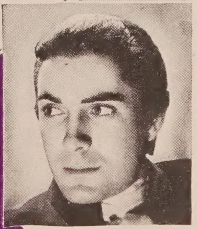
MARIE ANTOINETTE

JOHN BARRYMORE • ROBERT MORLEY

ANITA LOUISE • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Gladys GEORGE • Henry STEPHENSON

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG



ROMANTIC TYRONE POWER AS THE MAN WHO OFFERED HER THE LOVE SHE COULD NEVER FIND IN HER STRANGE MARRIAGE

FILMLAND WHISPERS

ANN SOTHERN, and her younger sister, Bonnie Lake, who is quite a songwriter (being a protege of the late George Gershwin), joined talents a few months ago to write a song called *Cowboys' Return*. Published by a Dallas music house, it is now sweeping the cow country and the girls have realized exactly one hundred and forty-seven dollars in royalties to date.

KEN MURRAY says as how he heard tell they had to cancel a Federal Theatre show scheduled for a town in the Kentucky mountains.

"The entire male population turned out with rifles," says Murray. "They thought Federals meant revenooers!"

TRAGIC indeed was the death of Jack Dunn. And more tragic still was the plight of Jack's mother, who hurried over from England, only to arrive in Hollywood a few hours too late. While indulging in an early morning breakfast, a telegram was delivered to the plane informing the brave mother of her son's passing. When the plane landed at Glendale it was ahead of schedule. Naturally, those who were meeting the bewildered stranger at the Hollywood gates, hadn't arrived yet. The only reception committee present was made up of cameramen and reporters who flashed their bulbs and plied their questions. Finally, Mrs. Pughe's friends arrived. The men who supply a morbidly-curious world with its entertainment left with their pictures and stories. Jack Dunn's mother was left with her sorrow.

WHEN Jean Harlow's mother made one of her rare public appearances at the *Marie Antoinette* premiere, there were tears in the eyes of those who stood by and cheered themselves hoarse with joy.

GEORGE MURPHY'S dancing feet have never been lighter. The twinkle in those laughing Irish eyes has never been brighter. And George is wearing a smile that won't rub off. In October his lovely wife Julie is expecting the stork. Eleven years of marriage passed for the Murphys, before they got "the bird."

IT WOULD have made the picture pretty complete if Tyrone Power could have attended the *Marie Antoinette* premiere with Norma Shearer. Norma invited Tyrone personally. She also had the studio extend an invitation. But Tyrone had already asked Annabella. Much as he appreciated all Norma's efforts to have him with her, Tyrone being a gentleman, took the original lady of his choice.

—*Acme*

Lasting fame came to woodenhead Charlie McCarthy when his hand and footprints were shaped in concrete in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Attending the solemn ceremony were (left to right) Sid Grauman, Master McCarthy himself, Director John Stahl, Edgar Bergen and cement artist Jean Klossner

The superb Hedy Lamarr made an unqualified hit in her first American picture, *Algiers*. Critics agree that with proper grooming she will be one of the top stars

IT'S too bad Fay Bainter couldn't have been hiding in a corner in Ginger Roger's house, the night Ginger ran *White Banners*, for a few friends. When the lights went on, Jack Oakie was literally sitting in a pool of his own tears. Everyone present was so sad and so touched by the Bainter performance, Ginger had to run a Mickey Mouse cartoon to make them smile again!

WHAT a time young Dickie Moore had for himself, when the *Arkansas Traveler* company went away on a hot location trip! The fact that he was playing one of the best roles in the picture and being paid a pretty penny for his efforts, meant less than nothing to our favorite movie moppet. But it did mean something

[*Continued on page* 8]

PAT O'BRIEN

Pat in a grand new part . . . a night-world king who rules with a glad hand!

JOHN PAYNE

A dashing new personality fights and loves his way to Hollywood's heart!

HEADING THE PARADE IN MOTION PICTURES' GREATEST YEAR!

Here's the new season's high level in new entertainment. Packed with action! Crammed with surprises! Be there when this fast-moving romance is shown in your theatre!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

GARDEN OF THE MOON

JOE VENUTI AND HIS SWING CATS • JOHNNIE DAVIS • JERRY COLONNA

JIMMIE FIDLER

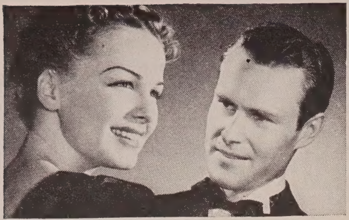
"Everybody but me turns in a five-bell performance."
—Jimmie Fidler

MARGARET LINDSAY

The greatest Lindsay you've ever seen . . . in a role that's the soul of romance!

DIRECTED BY BUSBY BERKELEY • Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay
From the Saturday Evening Post Story by H. Bedford-Jones and Barton Browne • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubin and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.

Hear these great new song hits: "GARDEN OF THE MOON," "LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT," "CONFIDENTIALLY," "THE LADY ON THE TWO-CENT STAMP," "GIRL FRIEND OF THE WHIRLING DERVISH."



FOR A WOMAN IN LOVE...If you want to attract HIM, use the lipstick he likes! Men detest lips that look too bright and "painted". Use the lipstick that gives your lips a smooth, natural glow.

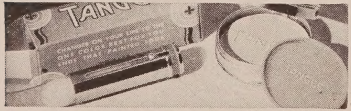
LIPS ARE ROSY AND SMOOTH when you give them the magic touch of Tangee! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the shade of blush-rose that best suits you—whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead. And Tangee's special cream base *keeps* lips soft, tempting.

AND ROUGE TO MATCH...In the Creme or Compact form, Tangee Rouge blends with your individual complexion—gives your cheeks a delicate, natural tone. It suits every type of coloring—perfectly! *Try Tangee Rouge and Lipstick tonight!*

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Company, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick,* Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 6]

—in fact *everything*—when the man who owned the candy and cold drink wagon allowed Dickie to take over the running. Not only did Dickie remove bottle caps and make change, but in between scenes he went around to Bob Burns, Jean Parker and John Beal to solicit their business, so he could remove *more* bottle caps and make *more* change.

A HOLLYWOOD wag suggests that M-G-M rename *The Toy Wife* and call it *Winnie the Frou!*

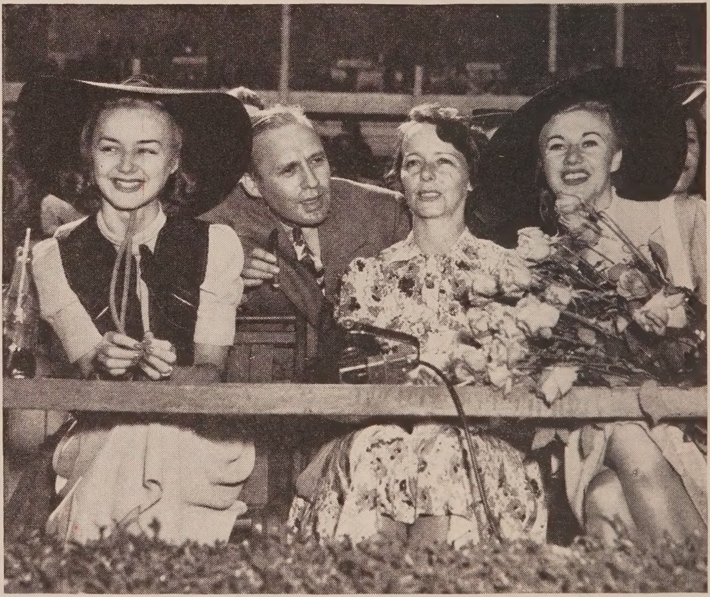
GORDON JONES had his heart broken (well, anyway chipped) when he lost the swell role of a football player in *Hold that Co-Ed.* Gordon, who played football for years at U. C. L. A., was told that he wasn't the type!

HERE'S hoping the dark-eyed Frances Mercer will learn her lesson before she makes more mistakes that may ruin her career in Hollywood. According to reports coming from stars, extras and prop men, Frances has a little way of not speaking to her co-workers and trying to crowd them out of the scene. Real troupers have a way of taking care of such tactics. Everyone is being terribly tolerant of Frances because she is still green in the acting game. After getting such a good break in *Vivacious Lady* (this is the one where Ginger Rogers accidentally gave her a black eye) Frances should know she can go places if she will just play the game.

WHEN Ronald Colman entertained with a dinner party recently, among the guests was the lovely Vilma Banky, who is now happily married to Rod La Rocque. Ronnie thought he was doing a swell thing when he ran off an old print of himself and Vilma in *The Dark Angel.* Of course the Vilma Banky of today is infinitely more beautiful than the way she appeared in the silent jerky film—and she was considered tops in those days. After the picture was finished, Vilma said she was much happier just living at Malibu Beach and being plain Mrs. La Rocque.

WHY can't the old order change just *once* in Hollywood? When Wayne Morris got his break everyone was pulling one hundred percent for "the kid." Whatever it is that happens after success, evidently has happened to Wayne. The same persons who used to sing his praises, now

[*Continued on page* 12]



A charity polo game given for the Motion Picture Relief Fund brought forth stars galore. In one box were the cunning Anne Shirley, Jack Benny, Florence Lake and Ginger Rogers

FRANK CAPRA

The Great Pulitzer Prize Play Becomes the Year's Outstanding Picture!

Frank Capra's

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

JEAN
ARTHUR ★ LIONEL
BARRYMORE ★ JAMES
STEWART ★ EDWARD
ARNOLD

MISCHA AUER · ANN MILLER · SPRING BYINGTON · SAMUEL S. HINDS · DONALD MEEK · H. B. WARNER

Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART

Screen play by Robert Riskin

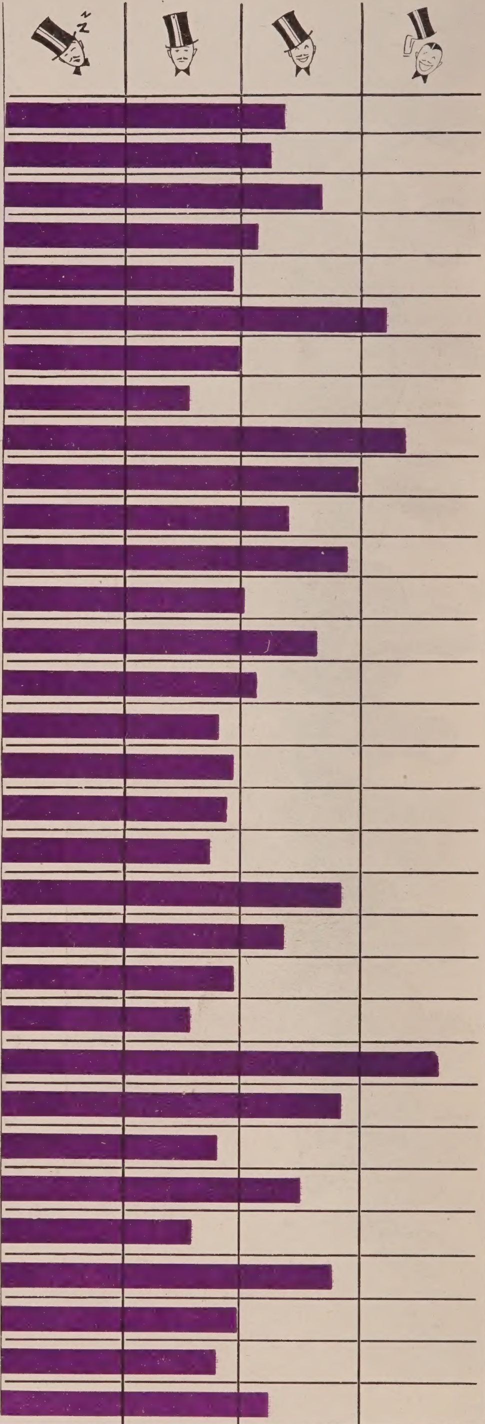
A Columbia Picture

Directed by FRANK CAPRA

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)

Picture Title	Who's In It
LITTLE MISS BROADWAY	Shirley Temple-G. Murphy
I'LL GIVE A MILLION	W. Baxter-M. Weaver
THE AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL	Lucille Ball-Jack Oakie
GARDEN OF THE MOON	Pat O'Brien—M. Lindsay
MR. CHUMP	Johnnie Davis-Lola Lane
BOY MEETS GIRL	Cagney-O'Brien-Wilson
LITTLE TOUGH GUY	Dead End Kids-R. Wilcox
PRISON BREAK	Glenda Farrell-B. McLane
MARIE ANTOINETTE	Norma Shearer-Ty. Power
LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY	Rooney-Garland
THE TEXANS	Randy Scott-Joan Bennett
FOUR'S A CROWD	Flynn-deHavilland-Russell
ARMY GIRL	Madge Evans-P. Foster
PROFESSOR, BEWARE	H. Lloyd—Phyllis Welsh
MEET THE GIRLS	June Lang-Lynn Bari
BOOLOO	Tapley-Regan
SKY GIANT	Richard Dix-Joan Fontaine
THE CHASER	O'Keefe-Morriss
I'M FROM THE CITY	Joe Penner-Kay Sutton
GIVE ME A SAILOR	Martha Raye-Bob Hope
MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS	Fay Bainter-Anne Shirley
A DESPERATE ADVENTURE	Novarro-Marsh
BULLDOG DRUMMOND IN AFRICA	J. Howard-Heather Angel
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND	Ty Power-Alice Faye
LETTER OF INTRODUCTION	A. Menjou-A. Leeds
CRIME RING	Allan Lane-F. Mercer
CITY STREETS	Edith Fellowes-L. Carrillo
PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE	The Mauch Twins
DRUMS	Raymond Massey-Sabu
PRISON FARM	Shirley Ross-Lloyd Nolan
SOUTH RIDING	Edna Best-R. Richardson
RACKET BUSTERS	Geo. Brent-Gloria Dickson



(See Topper's Film Reviews on page 82)

TOGETHER AGAIN!

FRED ASTAIRE
GINGER ROGERS

in

"CAREFREE"

Lyrics and music by

IRVING BERLIN

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Come on, Ginger! Hurry, Fred!
Slap that floor and paint it red!
Sing it, swing it, make gloom scram—
Heat your feet and do THE YAM!

Here they come! . . . Dancing to your heart's content! . . . Dashing, bubbling, floating on a cloud of rhythm through a romance that will make you sigh as much as you laugh, and thrill as much as you tap your toes! WELCOME, FRED AND GINGER, IN YOUR BIGGEST HIT OF ALL!

with

RALPH BELLAMY
LUELLA GEAR
JACK CARSON
CLARENCE KOLB
FRANKLIN PANGBORN

A PANDRO S. BERMAN PRODUCTION
. . . Directed by Mark Sandrich

Screen Play by Ernest Pagano
and Allan Scott . Story
and Adaptation by Dudley
Nichols and Hagar Wilde

Do You Want To Be QUEEN of LOVE?

COURTED AND ADORED—lovers sighed and poets sang of the intoxicating perfume that made her the loveliest of women...

EVERY GIRL A QUEEN when she borrows for her own the enchanting fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc...provocative and Parisian.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"

—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. R New York.

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... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page 8*]

go out of their way to pan him. Even associates right on his home lot shake their heads sadly when his name is mentioned. Recently Wayne picked on the wrong guy when he casually cast aspersions on Robert Taylor. It just so happens that Mickey McEvoy, who trained Taylor for the fight stuff in *The Crowd Roars,* was also hired to work out with Wayne. But McEvoy wouldn't take it when Bob's name came up for criticism. McEvoy thinks Bob is one of the best fighters and most regular guys he has ever met—and he told Wayne this in no uncertain terms.

EVIDENTLY *one* of the columnists must have been right. In the July Fourth issue of the *Hollywood Citizen News,* Sidney Skolsky announced, "The Harry Ritzes expect a baby in January." On the opposite page of the same issue, said Ed. Sullivan: "The Harry Ritzes have cancelled the order for Sir Stork." (Why not ask the stork?)

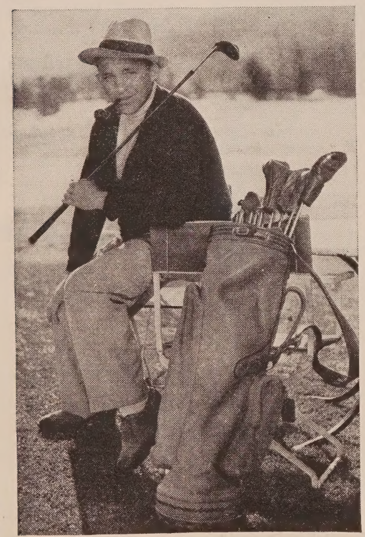
OUT at 20th Century-Fox studios, they will tell you that they have great difficulty with John Barrymore, because he cannot remember his lines. Other actors learn theirs one hundred percent letter perfect, just in case John might get through the scene without "blowing." To speed up production John's lines are written on a blackboard and placed just beyond the camera's eye. Even reading his lines and not looking at the actor he's supposed to be talking to, John Barrymore is still tops and steals every scene!

ED GARGAN (brother of Bill) has played more cops than there are on the New York police force. As a matter of fact, when Ed isn't wearing a uniform, he feels strangely out of place. Recently, Ed was cast to play another cop for Director John Stahl. When it came time to do the scene, Stahl complained. He said Ed didn't play his "cop" convincingly. They took the scene again and again. Each time Ed did it his way. Each time Stahl insisted that he wanted it done differently. Finally, Stahl proceeded to act it out the way he wanted it done. When Ed still refused, Stahl threatened to call in another actor. And that's exactly what Ed suggested that he do.

An unexpected thrill for Fawcett Movieland Tourists came when they witnessed a make-up show at Clara Bow's "It" Cafe, arranged by the famous Westmore Beauty Salon. Pauline Moore, lovely 20th Century-Fox starlet, was one of the models

Naturally, Ed didn't get paid. Even a movie policeman has a tough time keeping law and order!

BOB TAYLOR'S surprise birthday party for Barbara Stanwyck was really a celebration. It was catered by the Brown Derby and given on the tennis court that Bob had presented Barbara as a pre-birthday gift. In the corner there was a bar. In another corner a five-piece orchestra played dance music. In still another corner the Brown Derby Chef barbecued his famous steaks. As an added surprise, Bob hired five acts of old-time vaudeville. Some of the people hadn't worked for years and it was heart-warming to see how happy they were to be back in "the act" again. After the festivities were over, Bob insisted that the performers stay on for dinner and the bar was thrown open for their exclusive use. Among the guests were such ex-vaudevillians as Fanny Brice and Jack Benny. Just as they were exchanging significant looks, Barbara Stanwyck, who was also once in vaudeville, leaned over to Fanny and Jack and said: "But for the grace of God, it might have been me out there still doing my act."

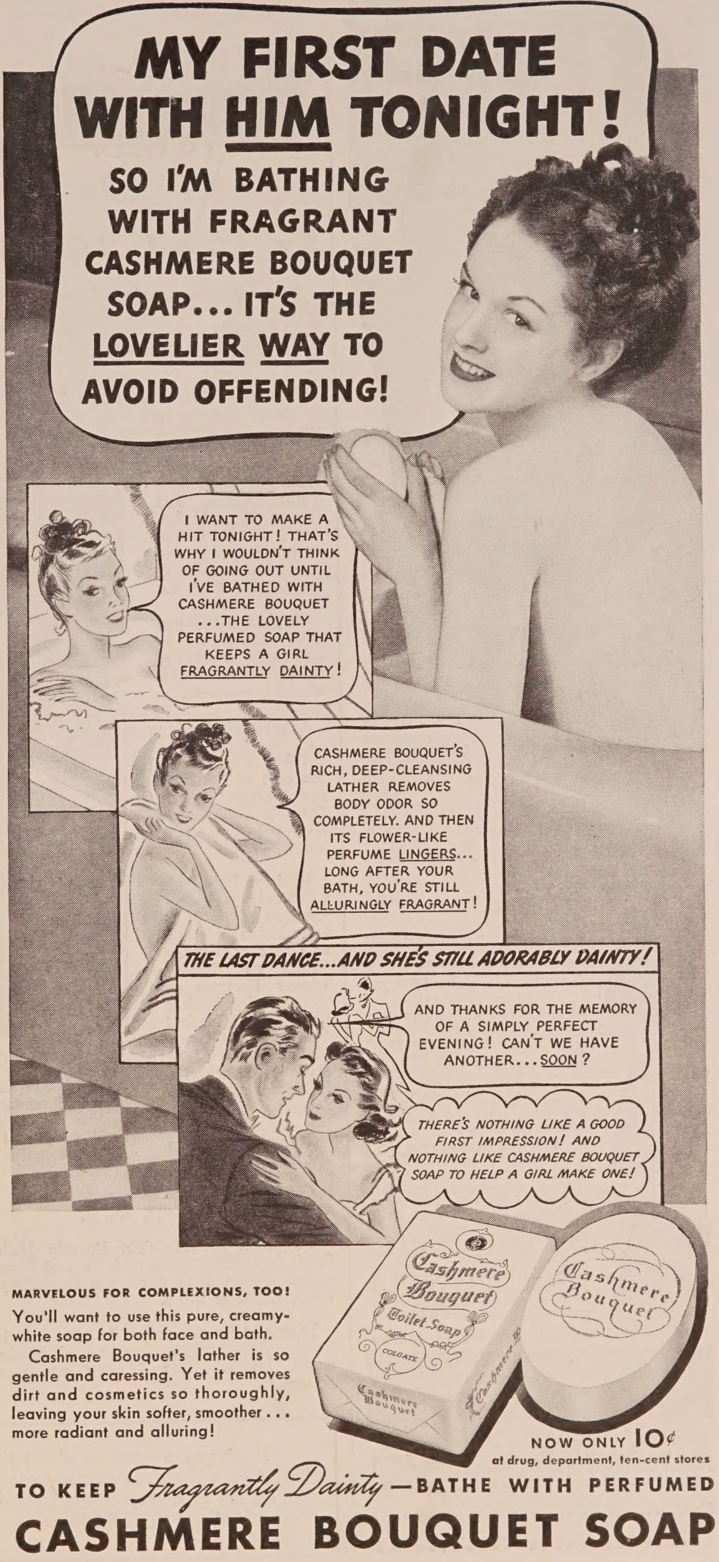


His studio has no trouble finding Bing Crosby in a hurry. The crooning king can generally be located on the links of the nearby Lakeside Golf Club

BOB HOPE'S remarks on the Frances Langford-Jon Hall marriage are worthy of special mention. In referring to Frances, Bob says: She's the only girl who ever married a *Hurricane!*

WE DIDN'T see her do it but our informer swears the information is true. According to the informative one, Miliza Korjus, M-G-M's newest diva, (who weighed over two hundred pounds when she arrived from Europe) eats twelve raw eggs a day. At this rate Miliza is liable to cackle any moment!

[*Continued on page* 63]


MY FIRST DATE WITH HIM TONIGHT! SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!
I WANT TO MAKE A HIT TONIGHT! THAT'S WHY I WOULDN'T THINK OF GOING OUT UNTIL I'VE BATHED WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET ...THE LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP THAT KEEPS A GIRL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
CASHMERE BOUQUET'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES BODY ODOR SO COMPLETELY. AND THEN ITS FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME LINGERS... LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, YOU'RE STILL ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!
THE LAST DANCE...AND SHE'S STILL ADORABLY DAINTY!
AND THANKS FOR THE MEMORY OF A SIMPLY PERFECT EVENING! CAN'T WE HAVE ANOTHER...SOON?
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION! AND NOTHING LIKE CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP TO HELP A GIRL MAKE ONE!
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother... more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* — BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

TEST
Thynmold
for 10 days
. . . at our
expense!
GIRDLE OR BRASSIERE may be worn separately

Appear
SLIMMER
. . . at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE . . . and wear dresses *sizes smaller?* That is just what the Thynmold *Perforated* Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES *Smoothed Out* **INSTANTLY!**

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat . . . the thickness of waist . . . the width of hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Quickly CORRECT YOUR FIGURE FAULTS

BEFORE...A Bulging Reflection in Your Ordinary Girdle

AFTER...Sizes Smaller...No Bulges...in Thynmold!

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate...its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

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Dept. 1310, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y.
Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name..
Address..

INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS

Please advise me where I may obtain a picture of Louis Hayward. Also, where may I obtain a picture of the man named Tommy in the picture *Law of the Underworld?*—C. M. R.

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., is Mr. Hayward's studio address. Richard Bond's photo may be obtained by writing to RKO-Radio Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Please do not forget to enclose 25c with each request for a photo.

Please tell me who was Marlene Dietrich's leading man in *The Garden of Allah.*—M. M.

Charles Boyer.

Please give me the cast of the motion picture, *Banjo On My Knee,* also the parts each played.—R. W.

Barbara Stanwyck as *Pearl;* Joel McCrea as *Ernie Holley;* Helen Westley as *Grandma;* Buddy Ebsen as *Buddy;* Walter Brennan as *Newt Holley;* Walter Catlett as *Warfield Scott;* Anthony Martin as *Chick Bean;* Katherine DeMille as *Leota Long.*

I would like to know where I may obtain photos of Richard Greene and Ray Milland.—H. M. E.

Twentieth Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, Calif., is Dick Greene's address, and Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif., is Ray's.

Please tell me how I can get in touch with Louella Parsons of Hollywood Hotel. She is my cousin.—James E.

This month we proclaim young Billy Halop, 'Dead End' leader, as (young) 'man-of-the-month'. Due to their recent success in *Crime School,* the 'Dead End' kids will be seen shortly in Universal's *Little Tough Guy*

By writing in care of Margaret Ettinger, Fox-Wilshire Theatre Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Please tell me who played the role of Tom Brown's wife in *In Old Chicago,* and what part did Barbara O'Neill play?—Ruth L.

Gretchen was portrayed by June Storey. You seem to be a bit confused, Ruth L., for Miss O'Neill was not a member of this cast.

Please tell me who played the part of *Little John* in *The Adventures of Robin Hood.*—Audrey K.

Alan Hale portrayed the part of *Little John* in both the old version, in which Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., portrayed the role of *Robin Hood,* and the new version.

As Joe Di Maggio played in Republic's *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round* would the studio send me his picture?—E. T.

Upon receipt of 25c, to cover cost of mailing, they will gladly do so.

I would like some information about James Ellison including age, next picture, if married, to whom, and his mailing address.—I. L. A.

James Ellison was born in Valier, Mont., 28 years ago. He is under contract to RKO Studio, address listed elsewhere. Married Gertrude Durkin on April 25, 1937. His latest is RKO-Radio's *Mother Carey's Chickens.*

Is it true that Tyrone Power was once an extra in the movies? If so, please let

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK Magazine will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

me know the titles of the pictures he appeared in as such.—Donna M. C.

Yes it is true. Tyrone portrayed the role of a cadet in both *Flirtation Walk* and *John Brown of Culver.*

Will Ruby Keeler appear in pictures again? Where may I obtain a photo of her?—Rita F.

Ruby Keeler returns to the screen in *Mother Carey's Chickens.* RKO Studio, address listed elsewhere, will supply photograph upon receipt of the customary 25c.

Please give me the complete cast of the picture, *Cradle Song.* Who was the young man in the picture, *Lime House Blues?*—Bartholomew S.

Dorothea Wieck as *Joanna;* Evelyn Venable as *Teresa;* Sir Guy Standing as *The Doctor;* Louise Dresser as *Prioress;* Kent Taylor as *Antonio*; Gertrude Michael as *Marcella*; Georgia Caine as *Vicaress;* Dickie Moore as *Alberto;* Nydia Westman as *Sagrario;* Bonita Granville as *Carmen;* Mischa Auer as *Priest;* Gail Patrick as *Maria Luccia.* By "young man," I presume you mean the leading man. If so, it was George Raft.

Please tell me the names of the two male stars who played the parts of *Michael Shaw* and *Budge* in *I Met My Love Again.*—Doctor Penn.

Alan Marshall played the part of *Michael* and Tim Holt the part of *Budge.*

Would you kindly tell me if Susan Hayward is related to Louis Hayward.—B. C. H.

Miss Hayward is not a relative of Mr. Hayward.

A Thank You Note To Nelson Eddy Fans

In the August issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, I asked for information regarding the whereabouts of a Nelson Eddy Fan Club. An immediate and overwhelming response was received from presidents and members of clubs in various cities. So, Jean M., I am happy to list this information for you. Loretta Schultz, 637 Craig W., Montreal, Canada; Frances Bradley, 4211 Overlook Road, Birmingham, Ala.; Victoria Mason, 704 West 20th St., Wilmington, Del.; R. B. Wilkins, 2510 N. 12th St., Kansas City, Kansas; Dona Marsh, 1903 Hancock St., Rockford, Ill. I have been informed, Jean M., that upon receipt of a postcard the different clubs will supply you with full details. Thank you all for your speedy response. —J. V.

I have a letter from Chaw Mank, President of the *Lest We Forget Club* of Staunton, Illinois, requesting me to inform our readers of his fine club. He tells me they are trying to boost the late, beloved Jean Harlow for the next month, and would appreciate hearing from readers everywhere, especially the Harlow fans. He also tells me that upon receipt of all requests, a copy of a song dedicated to the memory of Jean will go out to you, gratis. The words are written by Mr. Mank and the piece should prove to be a cherished possession.

ANN IS PRETTY—ANN'S EFFICIENT
WHY CAN'T SHE KEEP A JOB?

Mum would have saved her charm and her job. Mum prevents underarm odor

IT'S a miserable thing to know you're intelligent, efficient, attractive — yet never to *win!* Ann's jobs, like her dates, always came to grief, and she never knew why. She never thought it could be *underarm odor*—didn't she bathe each day?

So many girls make Ann's mistake of thinking a bath keeps them fresh and charming all day long. Remember, no bath can! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come!*

Girls who are *really* smart play safe with their jobs—and their friends. In one quick half minute they take an all-day-long precaution. They *prevent* odor—with Mum. They *like* Mum—it's so pleasant, so quick, so dependable.

MUM SAVES TIME! A touch of Mum under each arm and you're through. Keep a jar in your desk to use even *after* you're dressed. Mum is harmless to fabrics!

MUM IS SAFE! Try this pleasant cream deodorant even after underarm shaving. See how it actually soothes your skin.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Buy Mum from your druggist *today* and on your job, on your dates, you can be *sure* of your charm.

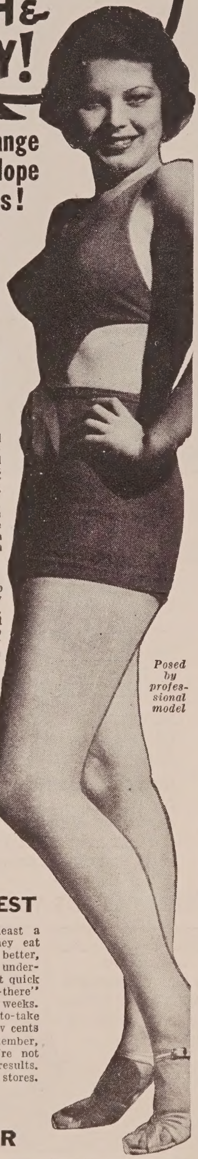
IN BUSINESS OR IN LOVE—MUM GUARDS YOUR CHARM

I'VE A DATE WITH KEN RIGHT AFTER WORK, BUT I'LL STAY FRESH WITH MUM!
TO HERSELF: KEN ALWAYS THINKS I'M NICE TO BE NEAR—MUM'S PROTECTION REALLY LASTS
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins— *Thousands of women use Mum for napkins because it's so safe, sure. Avoid worry, with Mum.*

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

OVERCOME MAL-NOURISHMENT AND YOU WILL KNOW THE JOY OF HEALTH & BEAUTY!



A Simple Change Brings New Hope to Thousands!

Frequently Folks Like Yourself are MALNOURISHED (Not Getting Sufficient Minerals and Iodine for the System to get the Real Good out of Food.)

If your weakness and skinniness keep you everlastingly embarrassed and unhappy . . . if you can't seem to gain an ounce of flesh or strength no matter how much you eat . . . here's good news. Experts in nutrition say the cause of these conditions is often malnourishment. When that's what's wrong . . . try Kelpamalt.

Don't resign yourself to being a skinny, scrawny physical wreck. Kelpamalt, rich in minerals and iodine, has brought the joy of health and beauty to thousands who were weak and underweight for years. That's because the body's normal chemical processes, which change digested food into rich blood and firm flesh, require certain minerals . . . elements often deficient in the daily diet. Without them, good nourishment may be wasted. KELPAMALT HELPS PROVIDE THESE NUTRITIONAL ELEMENTS. Its iron, copper and calcium, as well as its natural sea-plant iodine, help the system get the real good out of food.

MAKE THIS TEST

Try Kelpamalt for at least a week. Thousands say they eat better, sleep better, look better, feel better, too. When underweight, they are amazed at quick gains of solid, "stay-there" flesh, often in a few weeks. Kelpamalt comes in easy-to-take tablets and costs but a few cents a day to use. And, remember, your money back if you're not completely satisfied with results. For sale at all good drug stores. Get Kelpamalt today.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Send for free, fascinating, instructive 50-page booklet on How to Build Strength and Add Weight. Information on minerals, iodine and vitamins and their effects on the human body. Weight and Measurement Charts. Daily Menus. Absolutely no obligation. Kelpamalt Co., (Dept. 1460), 21st St. and Borden Ave., L. I. City, N. Y.

Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets

BETWEEN US FANS

MARIE WILSON plays the dumb, naive waitress mother. She is perfect in the role, never once slipping out of character. It is this young actress' biggest part to date, and the superb manner in which she handles it boosts her immediately to screen importance. —The Hollywood Reporter.

Marie Wilson turns in a grand performance as the simple candid waitress, giving the part unusual charm and appeal, and demonstrates her readiness for more demanding roles than she has previously had. —Variety.

* * *

THE editor of SCREEN BOOK Magazine felt a personal thrill of pride when he read the above excerpts from reviews of the new Warner Bros. picture, *Boy Meets Girl*. Because to him, as well as thousands of other fans, Marie Wilson, the blonde youngster who gets her first big break opposite James Cagney and Pat O'Brien, is a friend for whom he's proud to boost.

And the fact that her studio was willing to trust an unknown girl with the leading feminine role in one of its biggest productions proves one thing very decisively: We fans are definitely an important part of the film industry that gives us so much pleasure!

Apart from the fact that Marie had previously demonstrated her ability in numerous "bit" parts, it was the letters from hundreds of us fans that impressed her bosses that the girl had what it takes for great fan popularity. It was the boosting of us fans, who kept writing in, suggesting Marie for *Boy Meets Girl*, that finally cinched the deal. And those same fans can beam happily when they see the grand job their young friend does—for *them*, the people who believed in her!

The "Let's Boost Marie" campaign was started by a girl fan named Georgia Sargent, who lives out Indiana way. She sent Marie one of her first fan letters, telling how interested she was in Marie's acting; she offered her friendship and interest in the new player's career.

NATURALLY Marie answered. She's a grateful girl, and was pleased and delighted that a stranger should single her out for admiration. A lengthy correspondence ensued, and her fan admirer suggested that she begin a Marie Wilson Fan Club. Marie modestly demurred at first, but finally Georgia Sargent had her way—and the Wilson campaign was under way! Due to Georgia's efforts, dozens and then hundreds of fans began to watch for the appearances of the long-lashed Marie in tiny roles in such films as *King of Hockey, Public Wedding* and *The Great Garrick*. They all decided that Georgia's enthusiasm was more than well-founded, and promptly wrote in to tell the studio so. It was their praise, their interest, their boosting that helped Marie get her big break!

Marie Wilson took time off from posing for publicity pictures to be photographed with SCREEN BOOK Magazine editor, Tom DeVane during his recent Hollywood visit

Remember this, fans—don't hesitate to let the producers know when a bright newcomer, like Marie Wilson, catches your eye. Don't think that the executives don't read the letters you write—because they do. It's to their advantage that they give you what you want.

Tyrone Power, to cite an outstanding case, was brought to the attention of his boss, movie mogul Darryl Zanuck, as a result of hundreds of letters and inquiries that followed his first appearance in *Girl's Dormitory*. Marjorie Weaver's first important role, in *Second Honeymoon*, was greeted with such waves of applause from the fans that she is now on her way to great screen heights. Robert Taylor, as most of you know, was literally shoved into fame as a result of letters from fans who saw him in an M-G-M short.

On a recent trip to Hollywood, Marie Wilson told your editor how grateful she was to Georgia Sargent and all the other fans who have proved so helpful in her career. And don't think she didn't mean it!

WE ALL like "success stories." And the tale of Nelson Eddy's early days as a 16-year-old cub reporter (on page 22 of this issue) is a particularly inspiring one. That Eddy chap has *worked,* fans; success has not come easy to him. Jessie Henderson, who is still Hollywood correspondent for the Philadelphia *Bulletin,* has given us a definitely *new* slant on the famous singing star—and we hope that her story pleases all you Eddy fans who have been beseiging us with requests for stories on your idol. Let us know, will you?

* * *

In next month's (November) issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, you'll find one of the most pertinent movie articles to hit the newsstands in some time. It's called *Why Stars Hate the Candid Camera*—and when you read it, you'll agree that the players have legitimate complaint against the prevalent Hollywood practice of snapping them unawares.

None of the stars have any prejudice against being presented to the public as they really *are*—but even the most handsome and beautiful of them can occasionally be snapped in a very unflattering light. And we fans can understand their viewpoint; after all, we wouldn't want *our* worst snapshots and pictures displayed for the world to see—would we? Don't miss this revealing article in the November issue!

* * *

That dynamic bundle of energy, Bette Davis, is the "girl on the cover" of the November issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine—all dolled up in one of the quaint costumes she wears in *The Sisters,* her forthcoming Warner Bros. picture. And there's a penetrating article by that swell Hollywood writer, Sonia Lee, in which Bette discusses "Ten Don'ts For Career Girls!" It's something that none of you working girls fans should miss—for Bette Davis is one of the few Hollywood players who is fitted to give down-to-earth advice on the subject.

Until next month, then,
TOM DEVANE

When a youthful Fawcett Movieland Tourist asked Wendy Barrie and Lee Bowman for their autographs, they turned the tables on her by requesting hers!

AN EXPERIENCED WOMAN

could have told her!

Neglect of intimate cleanliness may rob the loveliest woman of her charm... Use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene

ONE lesson life teaches a woman is the need for complete *intimate* daintiness.

A man wants to think of the woman whose love and companionship he seeks as his dream of feminine loveliness . . . fresh and exquisite at all times. But, without realizing it, there are times when even perfumes, baths and beauty aids may fail to make you attractive—if you neglect the practice of feminine hygiene. Many experienced family doctors know that this neglect has wrecked the happiness of countless marriages.

Don't risk offending in this most personal way. Be *sure* of complete exquisiteness. Follow the "Lysol" method of efficient feminine hygiene.

Ask your own doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. He will tell you "Lysol" has been used in many hospitals and clinics for years as an effective antiseptic douche. Directions for use are on each bottle.

Six reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide,* active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

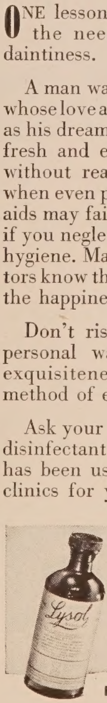
4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

•

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 10-S. B. Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

Name____________________

Street____________________

City__________ State__________

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

A MODERN GIRL HAVING A MODERN GOOD TIME . . .
SWANK CLOTHES, SWELL DATES, SWEET ROMANCE . . .
THAT'S SONJA NOW, *SO* DAINTY, *SO* DESIRABLE, *SO* INCREDIBLE!

All dressed up, and plenty of places to go, as the queen of a co-ed campus! Laughs sail through the air like ski-jumpers! Love calls in the good young American way — forever and ever! And the sumptuous ice climax will bring you to your feet with shouts of wonder and delight!

SONJA HENIE
and
RICHARD GREENE
in
MY LUCKY STAR
with

JOAN DAVIS
CESAR ROMERO
BUDDY EBSEN
Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert
George Barbier • Louise Hovick
Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst

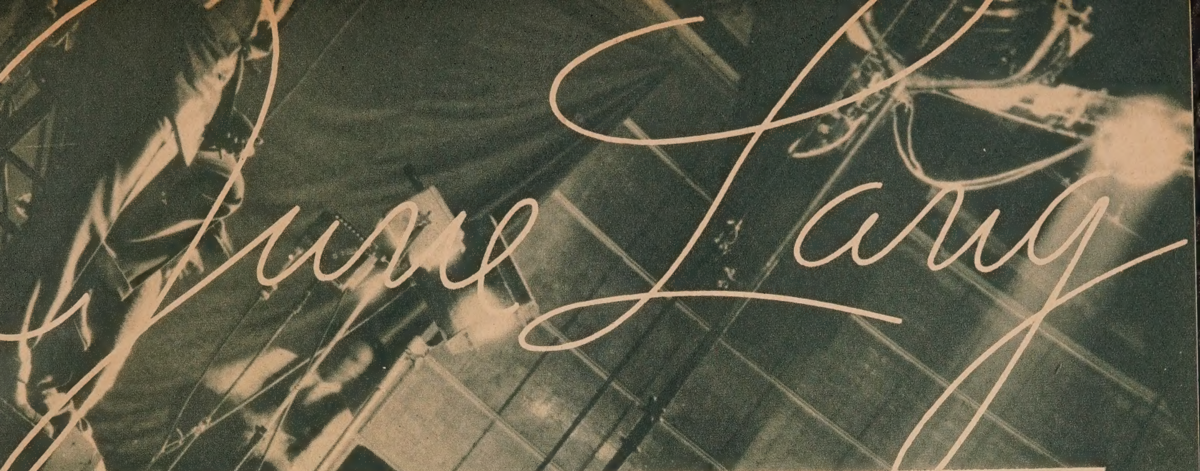
Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • From an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
a 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Snow-deep in the rhythms of Gordon & Revel!

"I've Got a Date with a Dream"
"Could You Pass In Love"
"The All American Swing"
"This May Be the Night"
"By a Wishing Well"

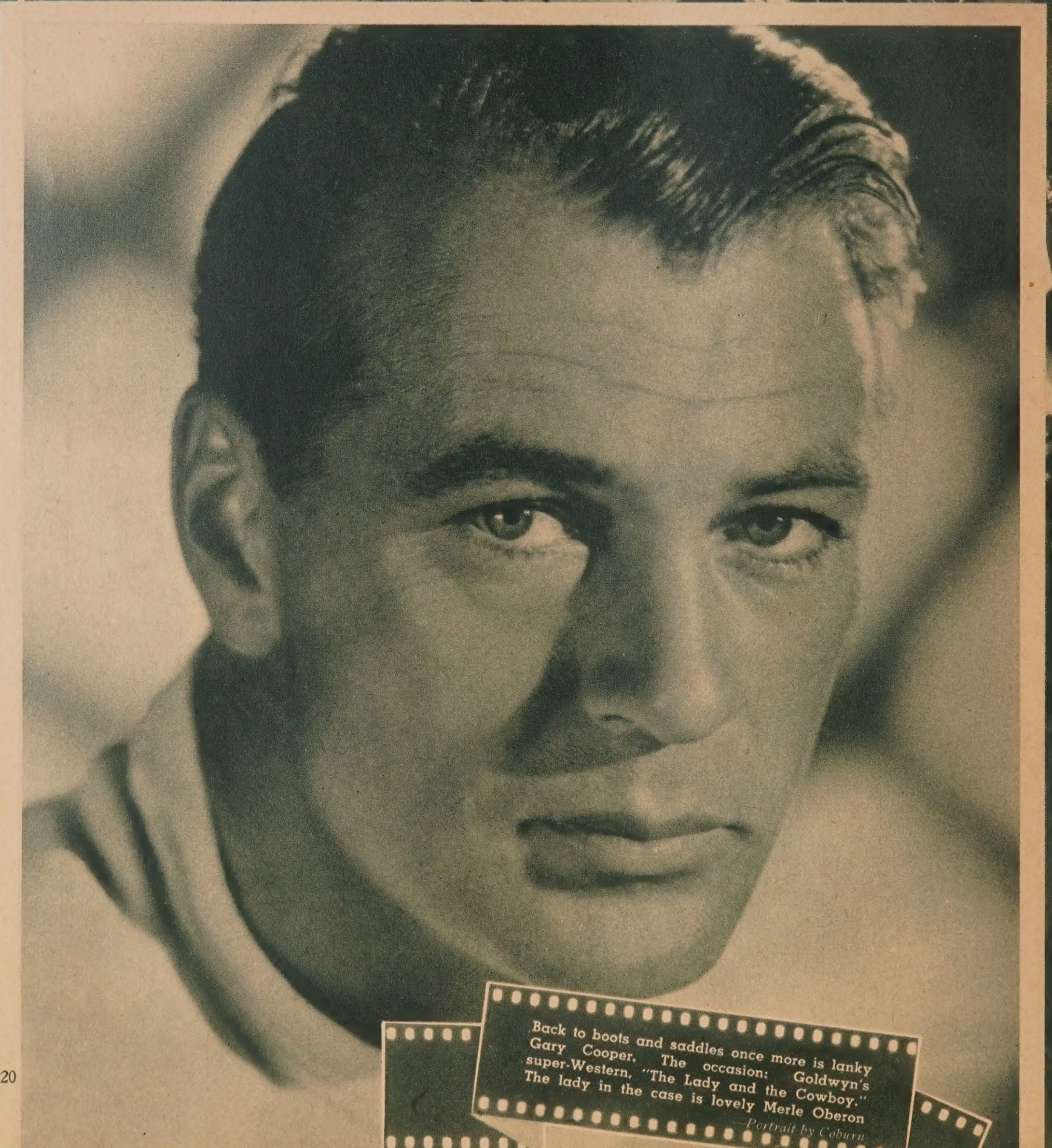
Every woman in America will be crazy about Sonja's twenty-eight new Fall costumes styled by Royer!

June Lang



Easily one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, June Lang continues to impress with vivid performances. She's in "Meet the Girls" first of a new series for 20th Century-Fox

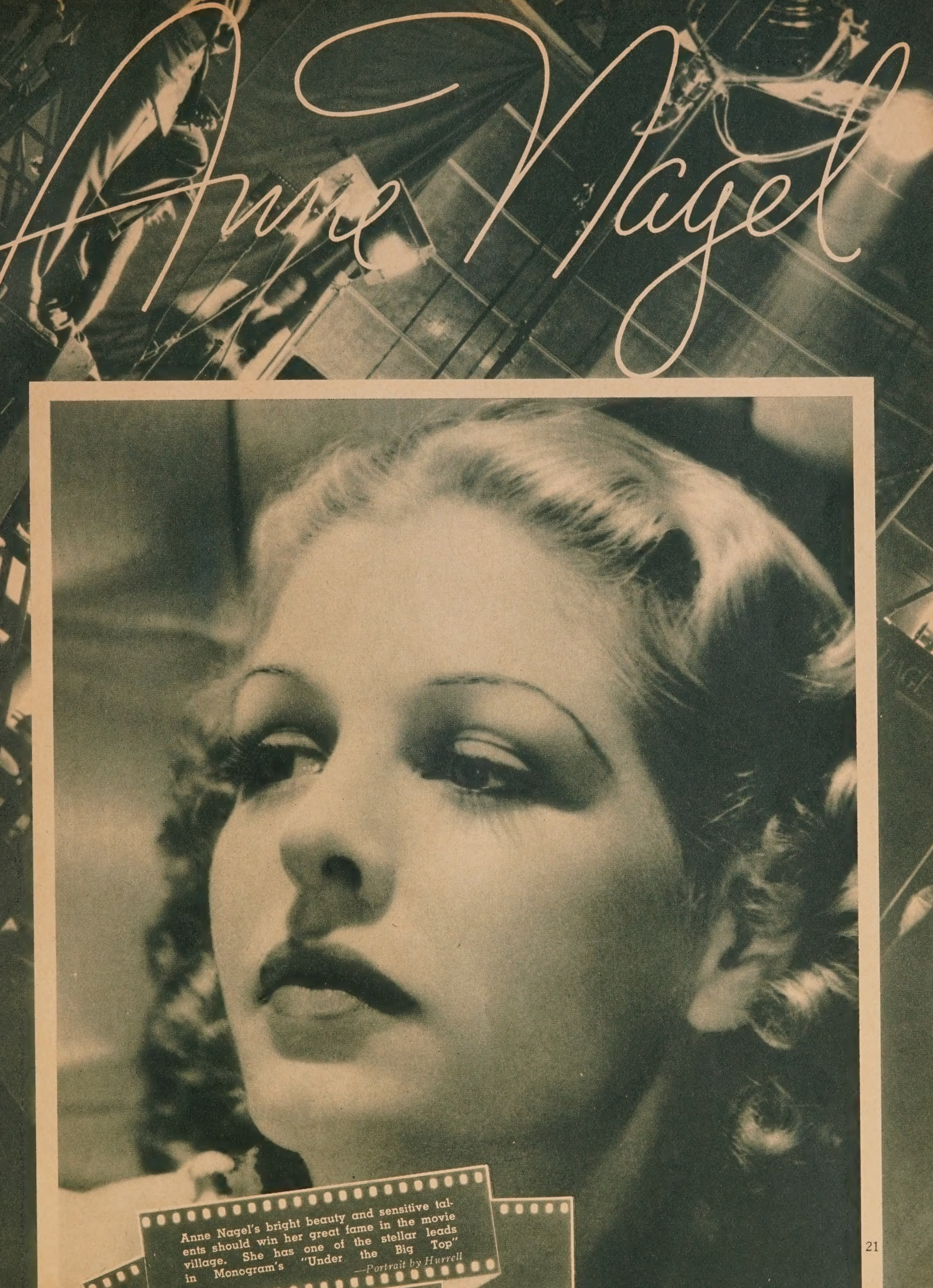
Gary Cooper



Back to boots and saddles once more is lanky Gary Cooper. The occasion: Goldwyn's super-Western, "The Lady and the Cowboy." The lady in the case is lovely Merle Oberon

—Portrait by Coburn

Anne Nagel



Anne Nagel's bright beauty and sensitive talents should win her great fame in the movie village. She has one of the stellar leads in Monogram's "Under the Big Top" —*Portrait by Hurrell*

A HIDDEN CHAPTER FROM

By JESSIE HENDERSON

As a "cub" reporter on a metropolitan paper, Nelson Eddy began the career that lifted him to magnificent heights!

THE LIFE OF NELSON EDDY

I WORKED with Nelson Eddy when he was a redheaded young man in a green Norfolk suit—and, at first, a not too good reporter. To be perfectly honest, he startled us by his habit of humming audibly round the city room of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin,* and breaking outright into scales and arias that floated through the washroom transom when he was cleaning up to go home.

To some of the hardboiled coterie, the scales were distinctly annoying. The rest of us didn't sing at our work, and there were those who didn't think a first class reporter would. Which is where Eddy fooled us, for he turned out to be not only an A-1 news hound but a sports commentator, rewrite man, and headline writer as well!

Another thing that got some of 'em down was the expression of fierce determination with which this cub reporter went about the business of chasing fires, homicides, club meetings, and the varied assortment of a newspaper man's day. Later it developed that a good reason existed for the do-or-die look; it helped, with the horn-rimmed glasses, to make Eddy appear more mature. Though he had been a reporter, briefly, on the Philadelphia *Ledger,* he was still the youngest reporter in town. Only 18, they said. Actually—but he guarded the secret well—he was only 16!

You get the picture. A tall, slim, athletic youth with husky shoulders, hat on the back of his head in approved journalist style, and a shell of New England reserve (he's from Providence, R. I.) which, because he didn't go around back-slapping, made various people think him stuck-up till they knew him better.

From his seat in the second row of desks he learned to respond with goodnatured defiance to cries of: "Take it outside!" as he reached for a high note in an idle moment. Once when I was working late, I heard him burst exuberantly into a cadenza and, as I glanced up, he bent double and cheerfully dodged a telephone book that somebody scaled across the half empty city room. Without a pause in his vocal pyrotechnics he grabbed for the book and threw it right back again.

"Can't you stop singing?" a sarcastic voice inquired. (Because, while we knew he was Nelson Eddy, we didn't know he was NELSON EDDY, if you get what I mean. Boy, what people pay today to hear those baritone cadenzas—!)

"Nope," Eddy answered, and I guess he spoke the truth.

He couldn't stop singing, nor thinking about singing. When we'd all skin over to the cafe across the street for cheesecake and coffee, Eddy would sit with a French grammar propped against the sugar bowl. He had French ballads in his reportoire even then.

When they took me to the M-G-M dressing room of famous picture-star Eddy the other afternoon, I found that Nelson remembered those *Bulletin* days with uncanny accuracy; names, news assignments, the whole of it. Though this is a phase of his life about which few people know, Eddy himself looks back on the newspaper experience with wistful joy. "I still treasure," he said, "the note dashed off with a pencil stub on copy paper that the city editor wrote to wish me luck when I left."

The horn-rimmed specs were gone, the tall, redheaded youth had developed into a taller man who, while young, has hair very prematurely silver. But the quiet twinkle of humor in his direct gaze and the enviable poise were the same. We reminisced and reminisced. . . .

NELSON got turned down when he applied for a job on the Philadelphia *Press* because he admitted his age was 16. So he went over to the *Ledger.* "How old are you?" said the city editor. "Eighteen," Nelson replied. "And what do you know about newspaper work?" "Nothing whatever," Nelson said. "Start work Monday!" cried the city editor, "by gosh, you're the first man coming in here to ask for a job that's ever told the truth." Nelson blushed, but he took the job.

He started at twelve dollars a week. But he got a chance to write obituaries on the side at space rates and they netted him $3 more.

His initial assignment [*Continued on page* 61]

On opposite page, a grand "action" shot of Nelson Eddy, taken during a desert vacation at Palm Springs. Below (opposite page), Nelson with co-star Jeanette MacDonald and Producer Hunt Stromberg after a *Sweethearts* conference. Right, Nelson as his adoring fans like him—smiling and unassuming

QUEEN SHEARER

Biggest and most spectacular Hollywood premiere of the season was M-G-M's "Marie Antoinette," which brought Norma Shearer back to the screen in triumphant fashion. Everyone of any importance in Hollywood was on hand to welcome the Screen's "First Lady" after her long absence. At right, and reading across top of these pages: (1) Miss Shearer with her handsome co-star, Tyrone Power; (2) Walter Wanger with the beautiful Joan Bennett; (3) enchanting Margo with her husband, Francis Lederer; (4) Paul Muni and his attractive wife; (5) that romancing couple, Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene

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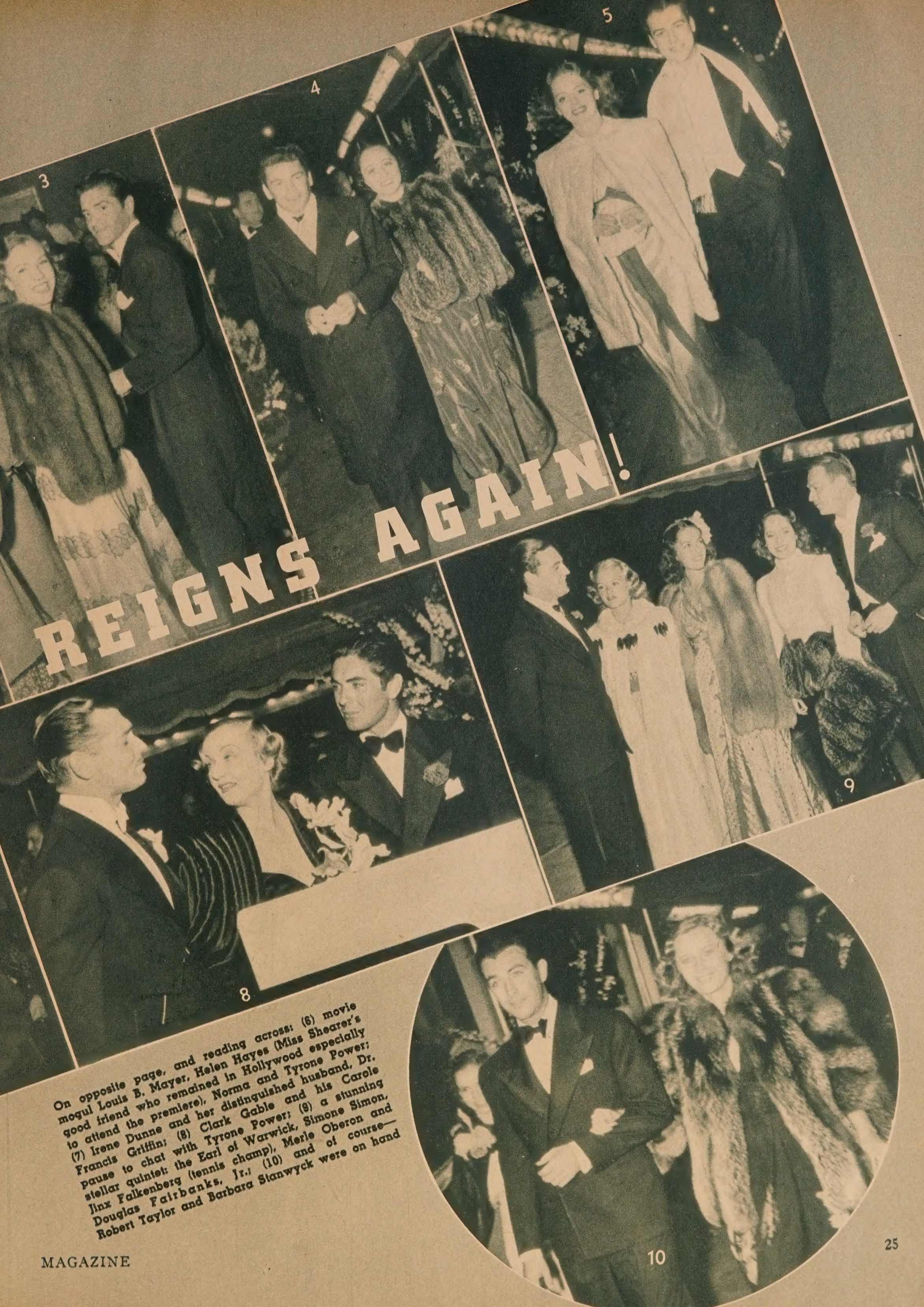
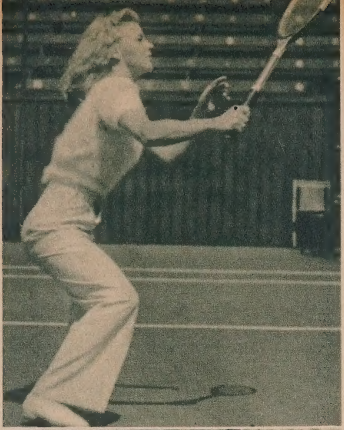
REIGNS AGAIN!



On opposite page, and reading across: (6) movie mogul Louis B. Mayer, Helen Hayes (Miss Shearer's good friend who remained in Hollywood especially to attend the premiere), Norma and Tyrone Power; (7) Irene Dunne and her distinguished husband, Dr. Francis Griffin; (8) Clark Gable and his Carole pause to chat with Tyrone Power; (9) a stunning stellar quintet: the Earl of Warwick, Simone Simon, Jinx Falkenberg (tennis champ), Merle Oberon and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; (10) and of course—Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck were on hand



Ginger

Mothers and daughters can take a tip from Ginger Rogers and her youthful parent. In this exclusive personal letter from the dancing star to her mother, you'll find out many reasons why the two have always been wonderful pals

Letter obtained by Phyllis Fraser

DEAREST MOTHER:

Today Hurrell, the photographer, delivered the pictures that we had made just before your departure for New York—and someone commented, as usual, that you and I looked more like sisters rather than mother and daughter. That made me dig down into the files to find the pictures that we had made some eight years ago when everyone said the same thing. , When I compared the two I suddenly realized that you had accomplished something that few mothers have—you have grown up with your daughter!

Strangely enough, it was quite a shock to me. For the first time I took inventory—and understood one great truth—that if you weren't my mother, and I were looking for a friend—the person I would choose would be you! Because that's what you are to me—a friend as well as mother.

Do you realize—but of course you do, because you must have planned it that way—that when I was sixteen, you were sixteen too—and with me you did all the crazy things that a girl of that age likes to do. When my mind turned to more serious things you immediately started reading books that I was reading so that you could discuss them with me?

I haven't the superlatives at hand to tell you how much I admire you—not only as a mother but as a woman! For you are very vital and alive and you know what's going on in the world every moment. Unlike many other mothers, you aren't content to have your daughter's career your only interest in life—but have gone out to make a career for yourself!

I love to see the startled faces of people here in Hollywood when they ask about you, and I tell them that you are in New York readying your play *Funny Man* for fall production. They invariably ask how I'm managing without you. They naturally know of our close relationship through all these years. But they *don't* know that eight years ago you started preparing me for your departure, by advising and teaching me to come to right decisions—not only about business but also about my personal life.

I'll never forget the night that you and I sat in your den discussing *Stage Door*. There was no definite script for you to read because Mr. La Cava, the director always shoots a picture "off the cuff." You suddenly turned to me and said, "Darling, you know enough about pictures and stories to decide whether this

At left, top of page: Ginger played a wonderful game at the recent Hollywood tennis matches. Center: with Fred Astaire in a scene from *Carefree*. Bottom: the dancing stars with composer Irving Berlin

writes her mother!

one is right for you to do or not. I'm going to leave this decision entirely up to you. From now on—YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!"

I must admit I felt a little strange, because always before we'd talked back and forth—both of us giving our arguments pro and con, and finally arriving at what we considered a good conclusion. We were partners—so naturally I trembled in my boots when you left a decision to me.

I believe that the happiest moment I've ever had is after you'd seen the picture and told me that I had done a good job. Of course it wasn't the first time that you'd encouraged me, but you congratulated me on a decision that I had made without guidance from you. It made me so proud that the junior Rogers had come through for the Senior half of the team.

YOU know, dear, I think that you should write a book on "What every mother should know." Because you are so just and fair, and at the same time my favorite critic. When some friends were over the other evening, we were laughing about the time someone asked me to play my accordion and you'd suggested that I play "Judy." I started through it and hit a sour note and you grinningly said, "Ginger, that note will fit into any other piece—in any other place—except in the spot you just played it!" Now most other mothers would have smiled and beamed proudly on their child prodigy and led the applause with, "Marvelous, marvelous,." But not you—you're too honest. Which is one of the reasons that I love you so much!

If I told you my secrets when I was young, and about my latest childhood crush—you were never too busy to listen—and not once as I think back can I [*Continued on page* 78]

Ginger Rogers, unlike many stars, doesn't mind posing for bathing suit pictures now that she's one of the screen's top stars

Youthful appearing Lela Rogers (in circle) is constantly mistaken for Ginger's sister. Lela's first play has fall New York opening

WHY IS CAROLE LOMBARD

Big-hearted Carole Lombard has all of Hollywood worried. What happened to change the happy girl it once knew to the recluse she has now become?

HOLLYWOOD'S greatest paradox of the moment is one that has the entire film city wondering.

And you'd wonder, too, if one of the favorite daughters of *your* town, without any warning, suddenly decided to get away—oh, far away—from It All. That's what happened when Carole Lombard, who has long been synonymous with good fellowship and popularity, decided to go into the Great Silence.

Popular night spots of the film town no longer ring with the beautiful lady's hearty laughter (and that's a great loss, because that guffaw of Carole's can do more to instill happiness than anything else I know of!). Reporters, once Carole's boon companions, are greeted with politeness if not cordiality (for over a year she has refused to give interviews—even on the most abstract of subjects).

Of course there have been a lot of rumors about Carole's sudden and voluntary retirement from public life. Some of them have been unkind—some tempered with tolerance. But all rumors come back to the same moot point—why is Carole absenting herself from the Hollywood scene?

Carole's romance with Clark Gable is perhaps one of the most publicized in the world today. The gossips have it that Mr. G. himself is responsible for Carole's "I won't talk" attitude. They hint darkly at dissention between the present Mrs. Gable and her spouse that prevents the usual divorce and the expected happy ending of the Carole-Clark romance. But whether it's true or not, Hollywood resents the fact that the happy-go-lucky Lombard that it once knew is no longer part of its colorful present.

You see, Hollywood knows the girl as she really *is*—a big-hearted, cheerful gal who began her career over a decade ago as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. On the screen, she may put across the idea that she is a giddy, pertly irresponsible, always-wisecracking blonde. Off the screen, she has a famous—and volcanic—vocabulary; but in a town where selfishness is a synonym for self-preservation, she goes out of her way to do things for people. Gratis—impulsively—instinctively.

You have had inklings, perhaps, of the Lombard big-heartedness. So have I. They led me to look for definite evidence. And the evidence accumulated not only makes a case. It makes an untold story.

This doing-things-for-people isn't a new facet of the Lombard personality, like her recent elusiveness toward the Press. She simply has never talked about anything she has ever done for anybody. She couldn't be bludgeoned into confessing. But if you know people close to her, and can get them to talk (you have to promise not to mention their names), you hear some amazing things about Carole. Things that have been going on for years—ever since she was a bathing girl.

That's how she started in this movie game, as a kid in her early teens. Most people know that. But what they don't know is this:

One of her pals on that old Sennett lot was another bathing girl, named Madalyne Fields. As insiders tell the tale today, Carole's option was picked up and Madalyne's wasn't. Perhaps Madalyne would have connected somewhere else; perhaps not. But Carole wasn't going to let down her best pal. . . .

They were together until recently, when Madalyne became the wife of that fine movie director, Walter Lang. But as "Fieldsie," Carole's pal became a Hollywood legend. Anyone who knows Carole knows that she seldom moved without consulting her secretary friend. And the steady sureness of Carole's rise, and the extent of her success, made the shrewd observers suspect that Fieldsie is one of the smartest girls in Hollywood.

Carole would deny heatedly that she has ever done anything for Fieldsie. She would insist that she hasn't done Fieldsie any favor, having her around; Fieldsie had done her the favor, *staying* around!

HER habit of befriending people has paid her dividends like these only this once. But Carole never has thought of that angle. She wouldn't.

There was what she did for Margaret Tallichet, for example. Margaret had come to Hollywood to try to get in the movies, had had no luck, and, determined to stay close to [*Continued on page* 57]

At right: Carole Lombard is pictured with her latest protege, Cheryl Walker, in the publicity department of the Selznick International studios where she turned press agent for her new picture, *Made for Each Other*. Opposite page: A delightful portrait of the star and (at top) her real life leading man, Clark Gable

HIDING OUT FROM HOLLYWOOD?

By FREDERICK McFEE

SHE DIDN'T TAKE IT WITH

Movie star frills and furbelows were left behind her in Hollywood during the year that Jean Arthur gave up her career. She preferred confidence, security and freedom to be herself!

"PLEASE," said Jean Arthur, on her return to Columbia studios after an absence of a year from the screen, "please don't ask me to give any interviews right now. In a few weeks or so, after the picture is started, perhaps—but, you see, the truth of the matter is that I don't feel like an actress now!"

From that rather simple statement a wealth of information may be gleaned about the girl who has been puzzling press and publicity departments for years. For years no one could understand why Miss Arthur persistently avoided all interviews; why she was never available for those informal public appearances at preview microphones, at press luncheons, at night club openings, at any of the usual Hollywood shindigs where picture stars are wont to put in a glamorous appearance.

Some thought it shyness, some thought it temperament. But the real truth is to be found in that amazingly honest statement above: Jean Arthur is an actress only when she is in front of the camera, and away from it she has none of the usual actress instincts. Away from the camera, exhibitionism is not one of her talents. Talking about herself fills her with self consciousness; showing herself off fills her with rebellion. We watched her once in a New York restaurant, where three quarters of the patrons sat at three-quarter angles in their chairs to get a good look at her. She was so upset that her fork jabbed her cheek instead of her mouth, and a quivering hand spilled coffee all over her blouse.

You have to understand that, then, to understand her, and what an unusual sort of Hollywood personality she is. In fact, strictly speaking, she is not a Hollywood personality at all. A Hollywood personality is always the same whether you run across her in Podunk, Cannes, Florida or New York. But there were no signs by which you could recognize Jean Arthur on her various wanderings during that year she spent away from the screen.

And her peregrinations took her to quite a few places; to Yosemite, Tahoe, Mount Shasta, Portland, San Francisco and Carmel. You would never have recognized her as a successful motion picture actress, because she took no motion picture traits, contraptions or accoutrements with her. She traveled with no daily copy of the *Hollywood Reporter* under her arm; no autographed pictures to be given away; no twenty sets of false eyelashes; no maid, no secretary; no stooge; and she did not keep any publicist informed of her itinerary.

She took that year off, in the first place, because she was tired. She had made six pictures in twelve months and that was just about three pictures too many. At least it was three too many for Jean to make, because she puts so much into each picture that at the end of the final shooting day she is emotionally devitalized. And there were several whoppers among those six which had claimed more than their share of her: *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town, The Plainsman, History Is Made At Night,* and *Easy Living* among them.

To show you how deeply sincere she is about each picture, and how fearful she is that she has never done her best in any of them, after the preview of *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* Jean came home and burst into tears. She had noticed so many things that could have been improved. She was crying at home; and outside, about town, the word was spreading about one of the most delightful actress performances of the year!

This same thing happened several times after that, and finally it was her husband, Frank J. Ross, to whom she has been married since 1932, who persuaded her to call a halt on this [*Continued on page* 59]

HER!

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

Jean Arthur's return to the screen is in the eagerly-awaited *You Can't Take It With You.* With her, above, is famed director Frank Capra; on opposite page, Jean with leading man James Stewart

Ray Milland

The handsome Ray Milland seems to be Paramount's idea of a typical aviator. Now he's an airmail pilot in the Technicolor film, "Men Without Wings," with Fred MacMurray

—*Photo by Wallin*

JANE RAISES THE DEVIL!

Now that she's a big girl of 12, harum-scarum Jane Withers is all set for bigger pieces of mischief—but it's all in fun!

By GRACE SIMPSON

IT WAS JANE RUTH WITHERS' birthday.

She came running over to me after she had finished emoting for a bedroom scene of *Hello Hollywood*.

Holding something behind her, Jane's dark blue eyes were holding a look half angelic and half devilish, as she exclaimed:

"Today I'm twelve—and now I can raise the devil!"

"Why, Janey!" I retorted in mock horror.

"Oh, I didn't say anything bad, an' I fooled you, too," she laughed. "I mean I received this 'devil' as a birthday gift (she brought forth the funny devil doll you see in the picture on this page) and I'm going to raise it with my family of 700 dolls—see?"

Speaking of the devil gave me an idea. "Now that you're a year older, Jane," I began, "are there any particularly devilish things you'd like to do?"

"Gee, just loads of 'em," she promptly decided with gusto. "First of all, I'd like to ride a fire engine, steering from the back wheel of the ladder truck, an' go fast around every sharp corner in Hollywood! I'd love that. If I was a boy, I'd want to be a fireman or else—"

"Else what?" I encouraged.

"Or else an aviator. Oh, boy, how I'd love to pilot an airplane! Fliers have all the fun!"

Incidentally, Jane was all set to give a bunch of her friends a birthday-airplane party, but the studio refused permission for their million-dollar "baby" to leave old Mother Earth, so the whole thing had to be called off. She took them to the circus instead.

"What's the use of having a plane party," moaned Jane, "if they won't let the planes leave the ground!"

She's "The World's Only Honorary Chief Air Hostette of American Airlines"—a title copyrighted in her name by President C. R. Smith and IS she proud of it! She says she wouldn't part with the silver wings, full uniform and engraved certificate for a million!

"I'd just love to do some stunt flying sometime," Jane went on. "And parachute jumping must be [*Continued on page* 55]

When Jane Withers speaks of "raising the devil" she's referring to her devil doll (right), gift of an admirer. In circle, Jane with her new leading man Robert Kellard in *Always in Trouble*

Bing Crosby, the crooner king himself, and his lovely Dixie (right) are one couple to which Hollywood points with pride. Myrna Loy, the screen's "perfect wife," (below) is definitely a hit as Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

Hollywood's youngest "old married couple" are Frances Dee and Joel McCrea (below). Frances is an example of a "one-man woman!"

By DENA REED

ONE-MAN

Irene Dunne and her little-publicized husband, Dr. Griffin (above) are always ideally happy. And Ruby Keeler Jolson, with her Al (right) prefers marriage to a career

Marriage is a great lark to Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond (above) and they intend to keep it so!

Don't grin, you skeptics—there are one-man women out Hollywood way! We offer with reasonable pride, six filmland wives who are great successes in their marital careers

WOMEN OF HOLLYWOOD

THE usual Hollywood cocktail is one part love, three of marriage and four dashes to the divorce courts!

There are a lot of marriages out in Los Angeles that *start* with the Very Best Intentions—as they do everywhere. What is often neglected, as the couples trip gaily down the middle aisle with their "something new and something blue" (and how blue it's apt to get at the end of the long, long trail!) is that little thing called love.

Love, like genius, happens rarely. Yet it *does* happen! And (surprise!), even in Hollywood one-man women, glamorous enough to be feminine King Solomons, go so completely into reverse as to make him look, practically, like Lonesome Luke!

For Exhibit A, let's have a look in at the Hornblows.

The little woman at this house is none other than one-man Myrna Loy! Myrna's one-track mind, as far as men go, leads straight to Arthur Hornblow, Jr.—and no detours! When she first became camera-conscious, she left the uplands of Montana for the badlands of the West. She didn't take Hollywood by storm. She merely worked hard at being exotic, which never got her farther than half-caste parts midway up the ladder of success.

At their second meeting, a year and a half after their first, at a party held by Samuel Goldwyn, Hornblow had a serious talk with Myrna—about her work. He told her she should play modern women, since she had a strong sense of humor found in rare combination with a generous share of poise. He imbued her with the courage to fight for the kind of part with which she has now become so completely identified.

Her reaction was immediate and sure. She had an immense respect for this young executive who, in addition to possessing a law degree, had been both editor and playwright; but, more especially, she admired his quick, unerring decisions and his alert mind.

At that time gossip had it she might marry Ramon Novarro or Bill Powell. Myrna said nothing. Apparently she was too busy fighting her studio for a chance to do the sort of thing she wanted. And so hardly anyone was prepared for the quiet marriage which took place over a year ago in Ensenada, Mexico, yet their beautiful, well-run home at Bel-Air, where Myrna presides over her household in much the kind of role she has popularized on the screen, is tangible enough proof of an entrenched domesticity.

"The trouble with women," she dares to expound, "is that they lose their perspective and do not have enough confidence in themselves. They begin to doubt their own power of attraction as soon as they feel the sting of Cupid's dart. Competition is inescapable.

"Luckily, women are beginning to realize the battle is not over when the altar is reached. That is only the beginning of both competition *and* romance. When women learn that they must put as much effort and expend as much energy on marriage to make it a success as they do on their jobs as business women, then Reno can be given back to the Indians!

"Because I am a happy wife I find it easy to smile and overlook small details like a late meal that does not mean anything in the real business of loving and living, for love is much too precious to treat lightly once you've found it!" And Myrna never has.

So *there's* one of Hollywood's one-man women who wouldn't be a husband-trader if she lived in the Arctic Circle and Arthur were a travelling salesman for gum-drops!

THE one-man women of Hollywood are not so select a group as you might have imagined—although strong in numbers, they simply don't make the pink editions so, shall we say, conspicuously.

The Crosbys epitomize one of the epic romances of Hollywood, with Dixie Lee (Mrs. Crosby and mother of four small boys) a charming young blonde who graces the screen just as often as Bing can spare her. Dixie is a charter member of the One-Man Woman Club and its most spirited cheer leader. She remains one of the growing number who doesn't think parenthood is something in the way of being a public outrage. She managed to give both marriage and motherhood a glamor it had seldom before enjoyed in the land of glee and home of the rave. And she and the singing sensation of the screen, to say nothing of the ether's own tidal wave, remain a happily married young couple.

And just to prove how being a one-man woman can sort of creep up on you, it was Dixie who said, "Of course I don't mean that married lovers should be in their own company so continuously that they get on each other's nerves. But they should work to make a success of their marriage as hard as they do to make a success of their careers.

"Even when we have company, Bing frequently excuses himself at nine-thirty or ten and goes up to bed, when he's working on a picture, because he can't keep late hours and do justice to his work. I'll confess it used to 'get' me when we were first married when I didn't happen to be working too. I thought Bing was mean to leave the whole burden of entertaining to me. But I know him well enough and I love him deeply enough to have thought it all out and to come to realize that his work is *my* job too and that I have the responsibility of keeping my own end up."

[*Continued on page* 81]

ANNOUNCING MISS SHERIDAN!

BY JERRY ASHER

It's taken Hollywood a long time to appreciate the great ability of Ann Sheridan, but now the Texas contest winner has made good—in a big way!

HOLLYWOOD should be eternally grateful to the State of Texas. Following in the wake of such native charmers as Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers and Joan Blondell, our newest gift comes to us in the form of Ann Sheridan.

Literally speaking, Ann has just "arrived." Actually, it was almost five years ago when she landed in Hollywood, as the Dallas winner of Paramount's *Search For Beauty*. Just why it's taken this long for Ann to be given her chance is a little mystery I'd personally like to wrap up and present to Charlie Chan.

Long before the grease paint was dry behind her ears, Ann discovered that a beauty contest winner's chances in Hollywood are only skin deep. When all the ballyhoo had died away, there remained a few frayed clippings and a few unimportant bits in unimportant pictures as Ann's bid to fame. Then Paramount failed to renew her option. When it seemed inevitable that she must return to Texas and resume her studies at the Teacher's College, Warner Brothers came to her rescue. And as a reward for her faith, hope and unfailing good humor, Ann was selected by Jimmy Cagney to be his leading lady in *Angels With Dirty Faces*.

For two years on the Warner lot, Ann has been waiting for this chance. She has worked hard and improved herself to the best of her ability. Easily the most popular girl on the lot, there was a general spirit of celebration, when word got out that Ann was getting her break. Prop men and electricians banged on her dressing room door and shouted in their blessings. Wardrobe women, hairdressers and script girls, all got together and enjoyed a good cry.

Ann's reaction to her good fortune, is typical of her unusual makeup. Way down deep inside she was tickled silly—but the most important moments in her life are the ones she tosses off lightly. For some unknown reason it has always been easier to cover up her genuine emotions, then to hopelessly try and express them. When a studio official beamed down on her and presented her with the glad tidings, Ann would have loved to voice her enthusiasm. Instead, she looked him square in the eye and quipped: "I think it's going to be fun!"

THIS same attitude has oftimes been misunderstood and gotten Ann into trouble. At Paramount she was called on the carpet. Being an actress was serious business, she was told. She was taking it all too lightly. She laughed at serious moments. She refused point blank to worry. But being happy, healthy and completely lacking in temperament, Ann just couldn't see herself allowing the pain of it all to turn her into a Hollywood neurotic. "Why worry about things, when worrying doesn't do a bit of good," she told them. "Besides, it's much more fun *not* to worry!"

Shortly after she signed with Warner Brothers, Ann was again called into the front office. An executive had just returned from the projection room, where he had seen her work from yesterday on the screen. Ann had done a highly dramatic scene and had moved the executive practically to tears. Then, as the scene was over, Ann, up there on the screen, burst out laughing in those throaty tones that are so unmistakably hers. The executive was indignant. "Now tell me just why you *had* to laugh," he demanded.

"It was fun doing the scene!" was Ann's reply. In reality she had been scared to death.

Strangely enough, there are very few people who know, or have taken the trouble to find out that Ann's "having fun" attitude, is purely a defense. Being a beauty contest winner made her self-conscious right from the start. Very little was ever expected of ballyhooed beauties in Hollywood. And Ann's vivid personality, her flaming locks, her slender, statuesque loveliness were impossible to ignore. Back in Dallas they were expecting big things of her. In Hollywood she was being shoved around like a poor relation. It was

[*Continued on page* 52]

One of Ann Sheridan's best friends is her hairdresser, Linda Cross (below). And two of her greatest boosters are Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien, (right) with whom she plays in *Angels With Dirty Faces*

A LITTLE FROM "LOTS"

By JERRY LANE

Bette Davis, Anita Louise and Jane Bryan are ideally cast in Warners' *The Sisters*

NO, GALS and boys, that is *not* the Hippodrome nor yet the Congressional Library. It's M-G-M's new Executive Building where the local Brain Trusters have royal plush suites (each with steam-heated bath and ice cubes on tap.) Some fun, eh?

That noise you hear is from the Canning Factory (sound library.) They're testing out the lion's roar. But I have a hunch things are really happening over on Stage 13—Let's skedaddle.

Outside, a darky bootblack is shaggin'. Inside—they're doing *The Great Waltz.* That's Hollywood for you! It's the Imperial Opera House in old Vienna with gas footlights and Franz Josef (Henry Hull) himself leaning out of the Royal Box. Suddenly a voice booms over the loud speaker, "All extras in uniform will report back to wardrobe for mustaches!" They grow 'em while you wait!

It is the story of Johann Strauss (Fernand Gravet) and Poldi (Luise Rainer), the little baker's daughter he married; their mad young romance coupled to music—and marred by Strauss' infatuation for the glorious prima donna who lifts him to fame. Drama—backed by real life drama. The first line Luise had to speak in the picture was, "I hear you are taking my husband from me."

The director, Julien Duvivier, said softly when the shot was finished, *"Mon Dieu,* how she feels this scene!" He didn't know what lay behind it. He didn't know that Luise went to a deserted corner of the stage and cried her heart out afterward. She has taken the breakup of her marriage to Clifford Odets harder than most people imagine. There's such a sad, bewildered look in her eyes these days when she thinks no one is watching. I think I agree with Shaw—*"Two artists should never marry."*

But Luise tries terribly to be gay. Right now she's stealing up behind a very serious person (he's a Production Manager, no wonder!) He has his hands behind his back and Luise—m'gosh!—she has handcuffs! *Snap*—they're on! And does the gentleman think it's funny? He does not! "Don't be silly, Luise," he snaps. She gives him that innocent Rainer twinkle. "I'm not being silly. I'm being cute!" Try to get one up on that girl!

Errol Flynn is Bette Davis' newspaperman sweetheart in Myron Brinig's *The Sisters*

Basil Rathbone is giving Ronald Colman a race for acting honors in Paramount's *If I Were King*

Our snooping reporter is brimming over with choice anecdotes about the filming of three big pictures—"The Great Waltz," "If I Were King" and "The Sisters"

AH, WHILE they wait for the extras to be mustachioed they're going to shoot a scene in the prima donna's dressing room. She's Miliza Korjus, you know, the operatic Mae West of the swivel-hips and oh-so-naughty eyes that they imported from Austria. The late Irving Thalberg heard a record of her voice (she's considered one of the best coloratura sopranos since Patti) and signed her sight unseen. When she arrived the gorgeous Korjus was not exactly—er—streamlined. But the studio turned her over to the Star Grooming clinic and boyohboy what a Number they produced.

There she is in a white lace hoop skirt with eight Birds of Paradise, listening to Fernand Gravet tell her he loves her in no uncertain terms. He's standing, leaning heavily on an exquisite old chair and pounding it for emphasis. "But I can't go on this way, I adore you" *Cr-rash* goes the chair—and Fernand with it. (It was an antique all right; termites had eaten the inside of the entire frame!)

When the laughter subsides Duvivier says, "Once more, please. Now we will have the perfect take—" It looks like it. It's a honey. Then—"HOW-OW-OWW!" right into the sound track. Duvivier clasps his head. The company stares. Luise is running across the stage like fury to where a bundle of fur is doing the Big Apple. It's Johnny again—her screwball Scotty. He got tangled up with a spider (an iron connection for the lights) and the spider kicked back with 250 volts. Now Johnny's the hottest thing in Hollywood. He sulks. And the scene goes on.

Korjus leaves Fernand. It's curtain time on his first opera. She steps before the footlights, backed by the Albertina Rasch ballet swinging into the waltz. What a sight—what a *song!*

Sh-h, who's the visitor leaning over to talk to Arthur Rosenstein? (He is the musical director, used to be with the Metropolitan.) It's a slim, blue-eyed girl who seems lost in the music—Joan Crawford. "If I stay here much longer," she tells him, "I'll be singing with the chorus!"

Rosenstein smiles. He's her vocal teacher. "All right—you're in!" She has a million dollar contract with M-G-M but this is one time she'll work for nothing!

An "Austrian nobleman" is looking over a racing schedule as we leave. Familiar face. It should be—he's King Baggott, once the biggest male star in pictures. Glad of extra work now. Outside the little darky bootblack is still shaggin'.

IT'S twelve miles, as the cars fly, from Metro to Warner Brothers. (Pity the poor "atmosphere" folk who make all the studio rounds on busses!) We swoop over Cahuenga Boulevard and here we are in front of a growling Irish gateman. But we fool him. We have a pass to *The Sisters* set. That cracks the ice. "Shure and you'll be seein' Miss Bette. There's a gur-rl for ye! Did y' know she saved my job for me when I was sick a while back?"

It's only in the Front Office that Bette Davis is known as the Fireworks—and you can be sure those skyrockets she turns loose have a purpose. This is her first picture since the recent Big Walkout. (She wouldn't play in *Comet Over Broadway*, remember? Got herself suspended—and spent most of the time fishing!) Ought to be fun on this set. It's called "return of the rebels" because Errol Flynn, that titillating, tantalizing Irishman, rebelled too (by way of his new boat and Cuban waters) until they gave him the part opposite Bette.

Of course they don't exactly *look* like rebels. Maybe that's because they kissed twenty times a half hour after they first met!

Ginny Woods of the publicity department and a pal of both, said, "Bette, you know Errol Flynn, don't you?"

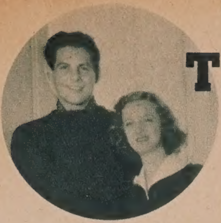
Bette said, "Why no, we've been on the same lot for years but we've never actually met before."

And Director Anton Litvak said, "Now we'll rehearse that love scene if you please!" (It's the unwritten law of Hollywood that they never shoot [*Continued on page 79*]

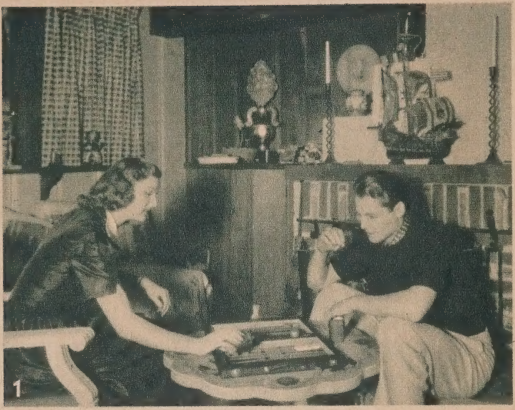
Ronald Colman (Francois Villon in *If I Were King*) has lovely Frances Dee as his gentle and poetic leading lady

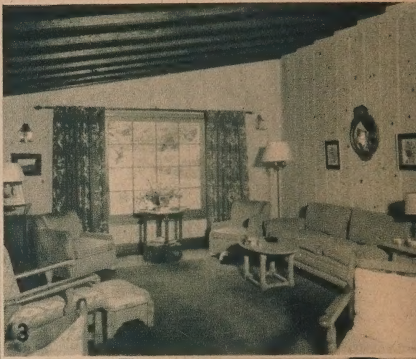
Fernand Gravet is the composer Johann Strauss and Luise Rainer his Poldi in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *The Great Waltz*

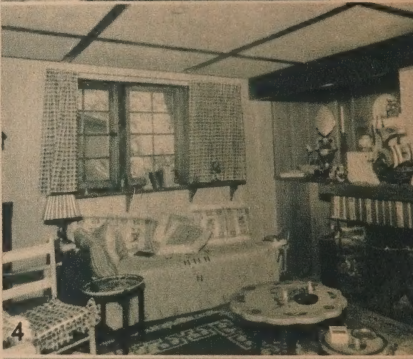
The Great Waltz introduces the Austrian operatic sensation Miliza Korjus, who sings opposite George Huston



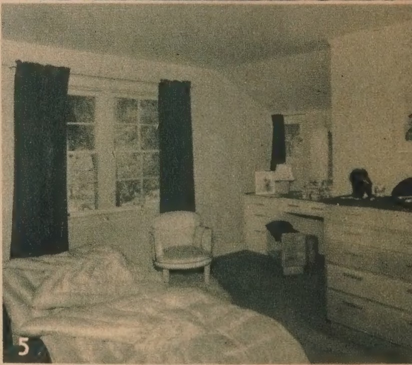
THE JAMES ELLISONS—AT HOME

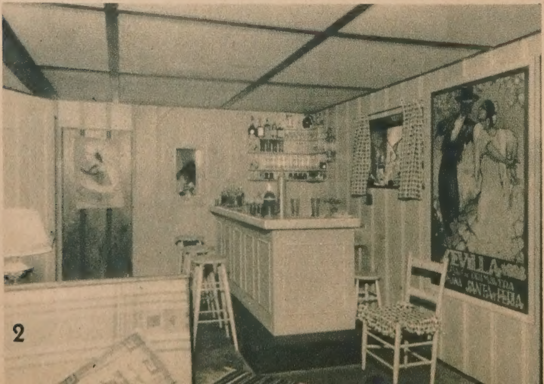


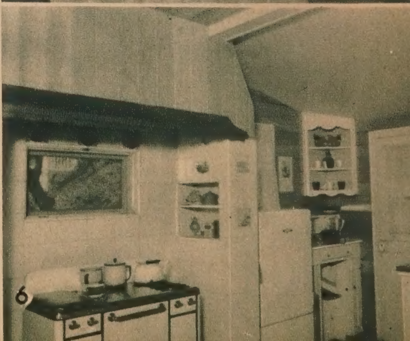




No more rented homes for James Ellison and his bride, the former Gertrude Durkin! They celebrated their first wedding anniversary by moving into their own home in Westwood, exclusive residential suburb near Hollywood. Exclusive pictures show their delightfully informal home, where they frequently entertain the film colony's "younger set." Above (1) Jimmy and his bride enjoy a bit of backgammon in their playroom, which is furnished in Spanish style. Below, (2) the gay little bar in the playroom is a popular spot. (3) Red is the predominant color in the living room of the Ellison manse. (4) Glowing warmth is added to the game room by a large open fireplace. (5) Blue moire curtains set the theme color of the modern bedroom. (6) Gleaming white with a convivial touch of bright red is reflected in the kitchen. On opposite page (7) we find Jimmy and Gertrude enjoying a cup of coffee in front of the living room fireplace. (8) Jimmy studies the script of his new picture, RKO-Radio's "Mother Carey's Chickens," in the powder room (that framed picture is of Patricia Ellis, a dear friend of the Ellison's). (9) The dining room of the Ellison home is in Colonial style. (10) Jimmy's collection of phonograph records is one of the best in the film colony.







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Anita Louise

The ethereal blonde Anita Louise is currently portraying a fiery, tempestuous role in "The Sisters," Warner Brothers' film version of Myron Brinig's famous best-selling novel

—Photo by Welbourne

Latest of the famous Paynes of Virginia to make his mark in the world is that handsome youngster, John Payne. Warner Brothers is grooming him as the screen's newest singing hero!

By JOSEPH JEFFERSON O'NEILL

A PAYNE IN THE RIGHT PLACE

Newcomer John Payne is one of Hollywood's happiest bridegrooms. His bride: the charming Anne Shirley. At top of page, John with Margaret Lindsay in *The Garden of the Moon*

ANOTHER of those Paynes of Virginia seems about to add to the lustre of that distinguished name. John Payne, this time.

Most famous of the clan, perhaps, was an ancestor of his, several generations back, called John Howard Payne. He wrote an opera named *Clari, the Maid of Milan.* You never heard of it? O. K. Neither did many other persons of this generation. It must have been what today's jargon would designate as a floperoo.

But there was a little song in it that aroused no great attention at the time, although since then it has been pretty well known. The name of it is *Home, Sweet Home.* The ballad endured, though the opera nose-dived. Probably the world will sing that simple little thing for a long while.

Then there was a collateral member of the family, though he spelled his name with an "I" instead of a "Y." Thomas Paine, more familiarly known as Tom. English-born, American-bred, French-experienced, he was perhaps the first member of the early Colonies to be called a "free thinker," which in those days was quite an awful name. Tom Paine wrote *The Age of Reason,* a startling book for its era.

And there have been Paynes and Paines distinguished in Virginia's history as scholars and public officials and what-not, like the famed Lees of Virginia and Warrens of Virginia and—to bring it down to date—Byrds of Virginia, who include Admiral Richard in their roster.

But this discussion started—didn't it?—about the present day John Payne. He is not a statesman, a learned scholar or anything like that. He is, to be frank, a movie actor—but sort of a different movie actor than the ordinary type.

He started out a few months ago in a Warner musical called *Garden of the Moon,* and next to Pat O'Brien, the star, he was the most important man in the cast. Jack L. Warner, production chief at the studio which bears the family name, liked Payne so well in this that he immediately promoted him to a similar position in *Wings Of The Navy,* an aviation story now in the making at the naval station at Pensacola, Florida. In this show, Johnny Payne is second man only to George Brent.

The next step, if Hollywood routine is followed, will be for young Payne of Virginia to be a star in his own right. He can not only do straight dramatic acting but can sing, as well. It was none other than Dick Powell [*Continued on page* 54]

A CAMPBELL IS COMING!

Newest Cinderella girl of the Hollywood firmament is the beguiling Louise Campbell. You'll see her in Paramount's forthcoming epic "Men With Wings"

WE DON'T know how much credence to give the rumor that Chicago owes its nickname of the "Windy City" to a movie star. But you can ask two out of every three residents of the Middle West metropolis and they'll tell you, without batting an eye, that Louise Campbell, the pretty little eyeful out at Paramount, authored it. They'll tell you that even when she was too young to wear rompers she was singing, reciting, and orating all over the place, and that as she grew bigger, the singing and reciting and orating grew louder!

No doubt she did stir up a great commotion with her childish dramatics and whether or not her efforts were responsible for the "Windy City" tag, she's managed to bear up under it fairly bravely. As a matter-of-fact, she's still at her old tricks and if you don't think she's stirred up a commotion in Hollywood, you certainly don't know your movies, especially your Paramount movies in which this good-looking, hard-working little actress is starred. Just the other day Bill Wellman, director of this studio's super-colossal aviation picture, *Men With Wings*, grabbed her for the top feminine lead after a five-minute interview. No tests. Just the interview, and to hear Bill tell it, he's about the luckiest director on the lot.

"That girl," he boasts, "has the throaty voice of Jean Arthur, easily photographed beauty, and exceptional talent."

Well, Bill ought to know. You may remember that he selected Clara Bow, then a comparative unknown, and Gary Cooper, who had had nothing but small roles, for his war aviation picture, *Wings*, in which Richard Arlen and Buddy Rogers were also starred.

"Seldom, if ever, has any Hollywood hopeful ever gotten into one of Bill's pictures unless Bill himself placed his own particular stamp of approval upon them. That he took less than five minutes to choose Louise for his latest flying epic is something of a record for this brilliant director—and certainly will prove something more than that for the girl who is credited with the authorship of Chicago's nickname.

By E. J. SMITHSON

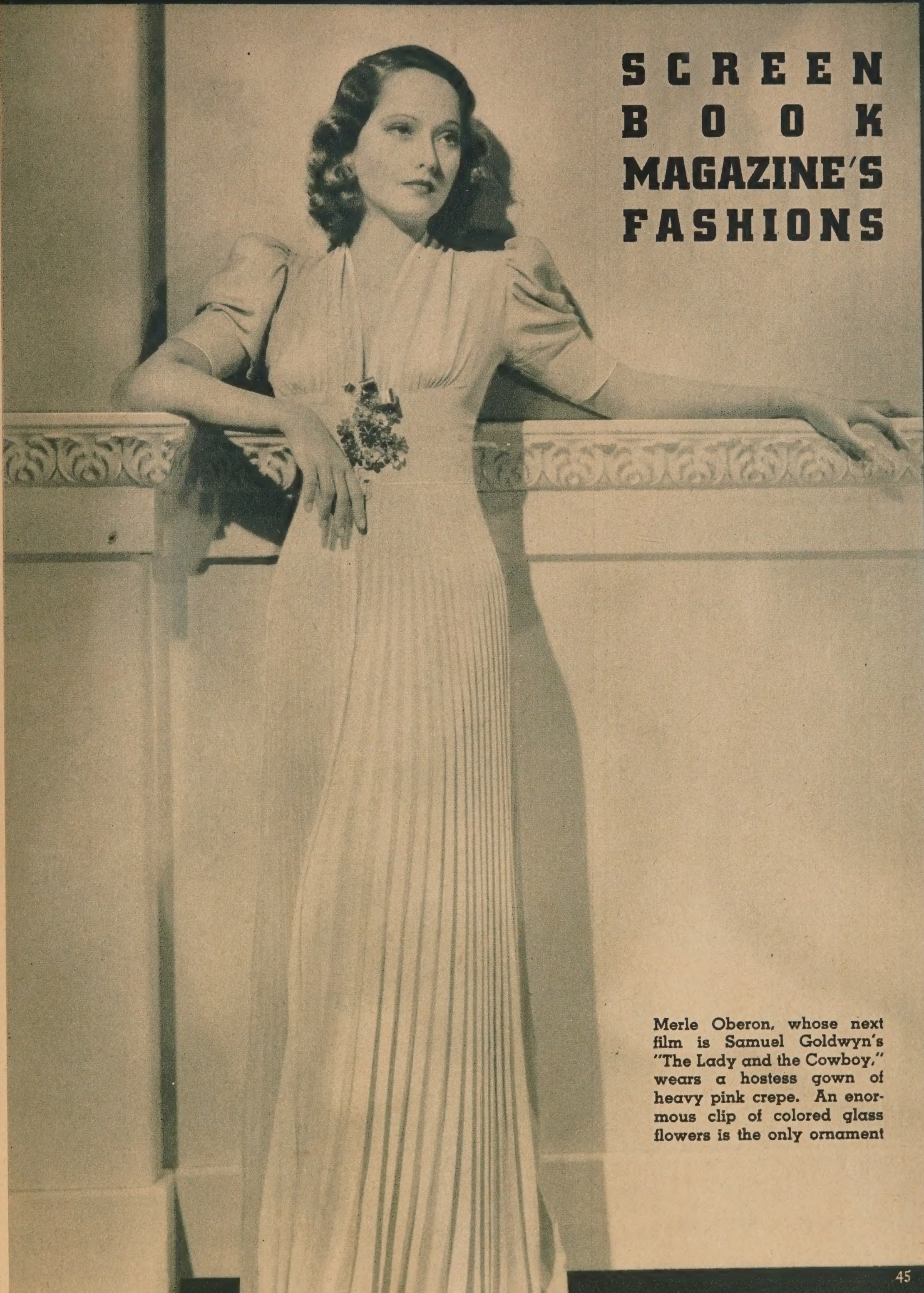
"During my grade and high school days," says Louise, "I studied drama with my sister, Ottilia. My interest in it grew more intense with each passing year. At St. Michael's School, and later at Northwestern University, I burned a lot of midnight oil upon subjects relating to the theatre—and the more oil I burned, the better I liked the subject. I left Northwestern for a two-year course in the Chicago School of Expression and followed that up with another two years at DePaul University."

ALL this study cost money, and rather than be a burden upon the family's financial resources, Louise, practical, stubborn, and as determined as they come, decided to employ the pay-as-you-go method. Long before this she had become convinced that if she were to get anywhere in her career on the stage she'd have to have a pull of some kind—and the very first move she made to acquaint herself with this necessary line of attack was to get herself a job as a dentist's assistant!

For two years she scrubbed and polished and shined up the molars, incisors, and bicuspids, learned how to smile sympathetically while she told nervous patients to "Open wider, please," just as the yanks were coming, and in many other ways learned how to conduct herself as an efficient, first-class dental nurse. And while she learned she earned—enough money to pay her way through school and enough knowledge about "pull" to get herself a new and easier job, that of teaching

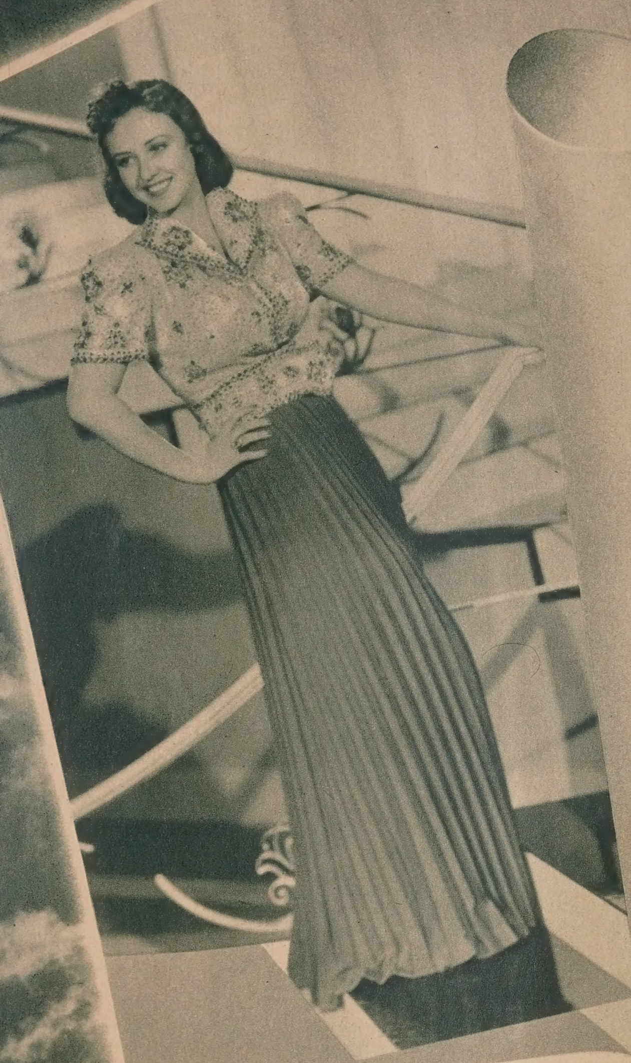
[*Continued on page 72*]

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE'S FASHIONS

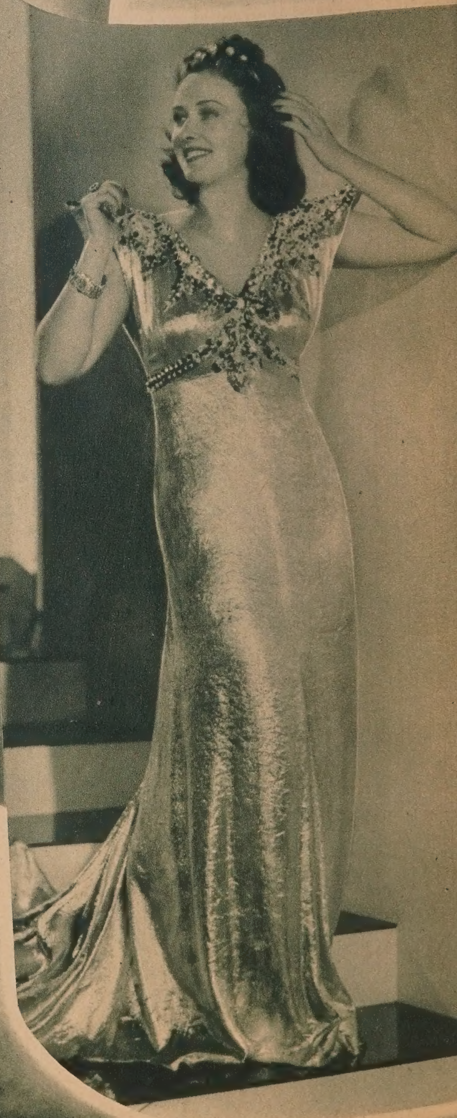


Merle Oberon, whose next film is Samuel Goldwyn's "The Lady and the Cowboy," wears a hostess gown of heavy pink crepe. An enormous clip of colored glass flowers is the only ornament

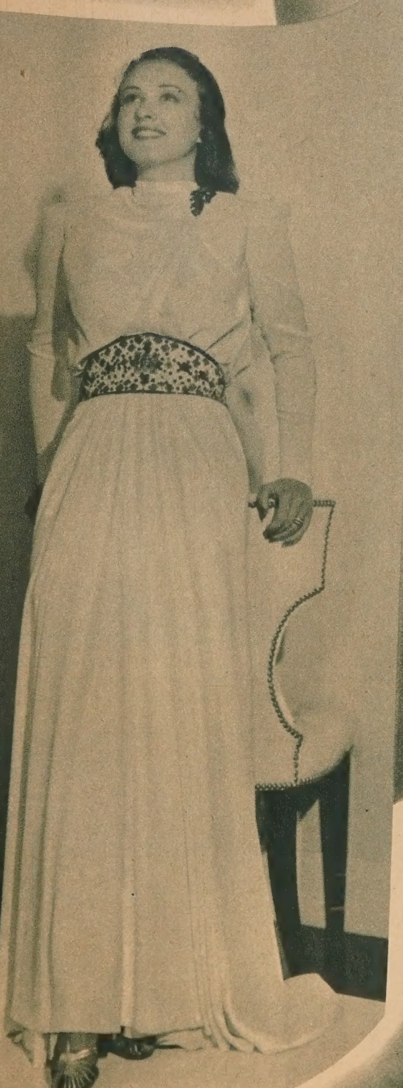
Below: In her new Warner Brothers film, "Garden of the Moon," Margaret Lindsay wears this regal gown with long fishtail train, designed for her by Howard Shoup. The form fitting model of magnificent silver cloth shows winged shoulder line heavily encrusted with silver sequins

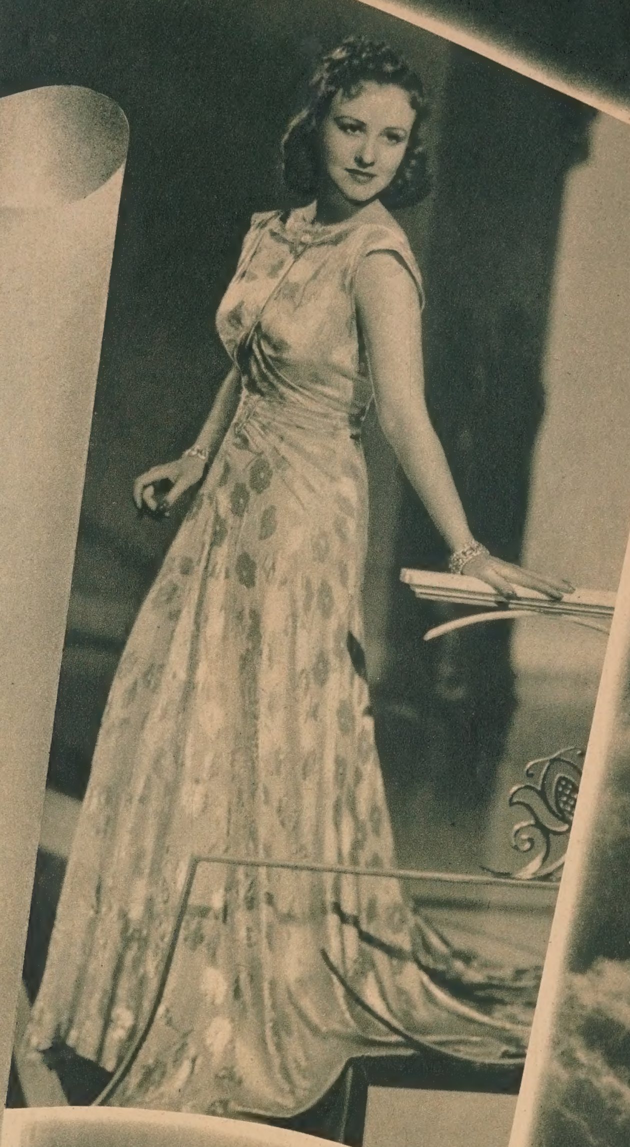


Above: In this charming dinner gown, Designer Howard Shoup has used distinguished coloring. The tailored top is of pistachio green crepe encrusted with red brilliants, while the pleated skirt is of beet root red wool



Below: In step with the season's fashion trend, beautiful Miss Lindsay selects this chalk-white Grecian model, with high draped neck treatment accented with a buckle of red brilliants. A girdle of red sequins catches the fullness of the skirt into the closely fitted waistline





Above: For one of those gala Hollywood premieres, the Warner Brothers star selects this gown of white and silver cloth in a beautiful floral motif. Sunburst tucks radiate from the sides of the full skirt to the front of the waistline

KEEP YOUR HAIR UP!

By
JANET LYNN

Fashion decrees our crowning glories must follow the upward trend—so pile those shimmering tendrils high!

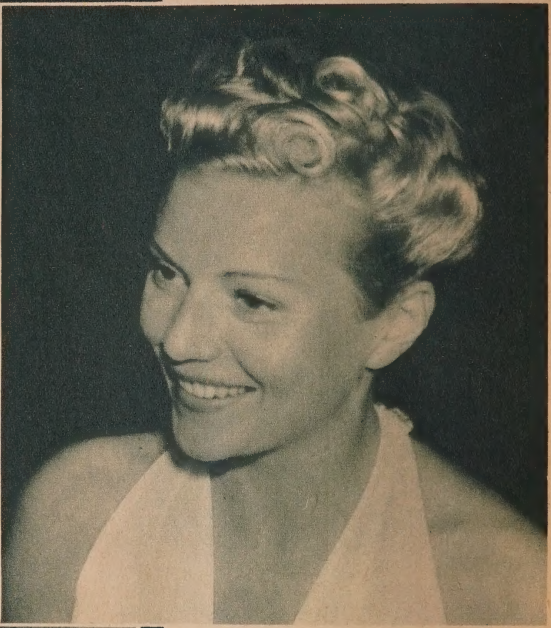
IT'S but a short step from summer informality to fall elegance, if you know how to take the step. Look at Annabella. A twirl or two with the rat-tailed curling comb, a dash of lipstick and mascara, a touch of powder and rouge transform the charming "boy" pictured here into as chic a Parisienne as ever lived.

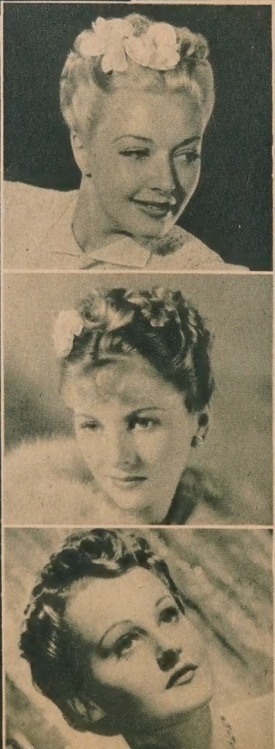
Annabella thinks it's all very easy. For example, her hair. When I chatted with her it was cropped short just as you'll see it in *Suez,* her latest picture for Twentieth-Century Fox. That hairstyle would stump some of us—but not Annabella. According to her, the length is perfect. Just long enough to be transformed into a mass of ringlets on top of her shapely head, just short enough in back to give that fitted line demanded by the high-piled coiffures.

Most of us don't dare to go so far as to cut our hair for the new coiffures. Suppose that brushed-up line shouldn't agree with our peculiar style of beauty? We'd have to wait several long months before we could switch back again. We'll keep our back hair long, thank you, so we can let it down again when the spirit moves us.

To achieve that smooth, high-piled effect with long hair, or to give a sheen to your summer-weary hair, brush! Morning and night and in between. Of course, you can't take a regular hair brush to the office with you, or to a dance, if that's the occasion for your high-piled hairstyle. But you can tuck into your purse or evening bag a tricky combination comb and brush. It's just five inches long, and efficient as can be. The brush slides away from the comb—in case you want to part your hair, or wash the gadget. You'll find it easier to use the two parts at once, though. The comb removes the snarls, the brush polishes the hair, makes it stay in place. I've found the pair indispensable—even when my back hair is down! The new crystal finish is my choice, but you can pick your favorite from an array of red, green, blue, ivory, amber and tortoise shell—each complete with a protective carrying case in the same color. All for the small sum of $3.50. Do send for the name.

Whether you're wearing your hair up or down, you'll find that curls are definitely the thing. [*Continued on page* 68]





Above left: A new portrait of that continental charmer, Annabella, from her latest 20th Century-Fox film, *Suez*. And, above, an informal shot with her curls piled atop her head. At left, top to bottom: Vicki Lester and Joan Fontaine, both of RKO and Lynn Carver of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, are advocates of the new coiffure

Dates More Dates Re-dates!

...ALL FOR THE GIRL WHO KEEPS SKIN THRILLING

NEXT DAY
LET'S MAKE IT A STANDING DATE, DEAR

SMART GIRLS CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN... FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE *

WHEN SKIN LACKS VITAMIN A, THE "SKIN-VITAMIN", IT GETS ROUGH AND DRY— WHEN "SKIN-VITAMIN" IS RESTORED, IT BECOMES SMOOTH AGAIN

Men fall for *soft, smooth* skin. When skin lacks Vitamin A, the vitamin essential to skin health, it gets *harsh* and *dry*. Now Pond's Cold Cream contains this necessary *"skin-vitamin."*

I ALWAYS CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO MY SKIN BY USING POND'S COLD CREAM... IT HELPS PROVIDE AGAINST LOSS OF THIS NECESSARY VITAMIN FROM MY SKIN

MARGARET BIDDLE
Philadelphia Deb

If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an *Extra Supply* against possible *future* need. Smart girls follow this new beauty care to help provide against loss of the "skin-vitamin."

● All normal skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." ● In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. ● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Pond's has not been changed in any other way. It's the same *grand* cream you have always known. Use it as always—night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

✱ ***Statements*** **concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S
POND'S COLD CREAM FOR Cleansing
AND POND'S IS THE SAME GRAND CREAM. ITS USE HELPS GIVE SKIN A SOFT GLOW— MAKES MAKE-UP THRILLING!
Margaret Biddle

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

At left is effective Halloween atmosphere with the clever use of crepe paper. Center: Lead the way and bring on your worst witches for this gay party. At right we have spook pear salads which are both funny and decorative and oh so very good to eat

HALLOWEEN HILARITY!

Enhance your gaily decorated table of witches and ghosts and scarecrows with these fine recipes and your Halloween party will be a success!

By

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

WITCHES walk, and ghosts rise up and talk, on the evening of October 31st, familiar to all as Halloween.

Everything conspires—the time, the place and the food—to make this the merriest party of the season. For what could be more auspicious than a dark windy October night, on which to seek one's fortune in bobbing nuts or in a mystery goodluck cake? Or what menu so enjoyable as one based on the bountiful harvest of autumn—ripened fruits and vegetables?

In the country, a goodly supply of cornstalks, barrels of apples, pumpkins and jugs of cider are the "makings" of the Halloween background. But even in the constricted space of a small house or city apartment, this traditional party atmosphere may be duplicated, and very effectively, by the clever use of crepe paper decorations, favors etc.

So ho! for Halloween hilarity, whether we're six, sixteen or sixty. Bring on your worst witches, and let ghosts grunt while we stouten our hearts with hearty harvest viands, and take strength from cups of mysterious witch's brew!

Adults may center their party plans around one of these two interesting and novel suggestions: an Irish Shamrock Supper, which takes the form of a hot buffet supper; or, the Harvest Box Supper Auction, which is, as its name implies, an eaten-out-of-hand supper reminiscent of the picnic hamper. Both may be developed in simple or elaborate details, as preferred.

Why the Irish Shamrock Supper for Halloween? Ah, because is it not well known that the Irish are "fey," or gifted with second sight and ability to peer into the future? And are not the Irish renowned for their fairy tales and legends of "the little people" who trouble the ponds or the cattle, or who cast spells on those who offend them? Then let us "go Irish" in planning our Halloween party!

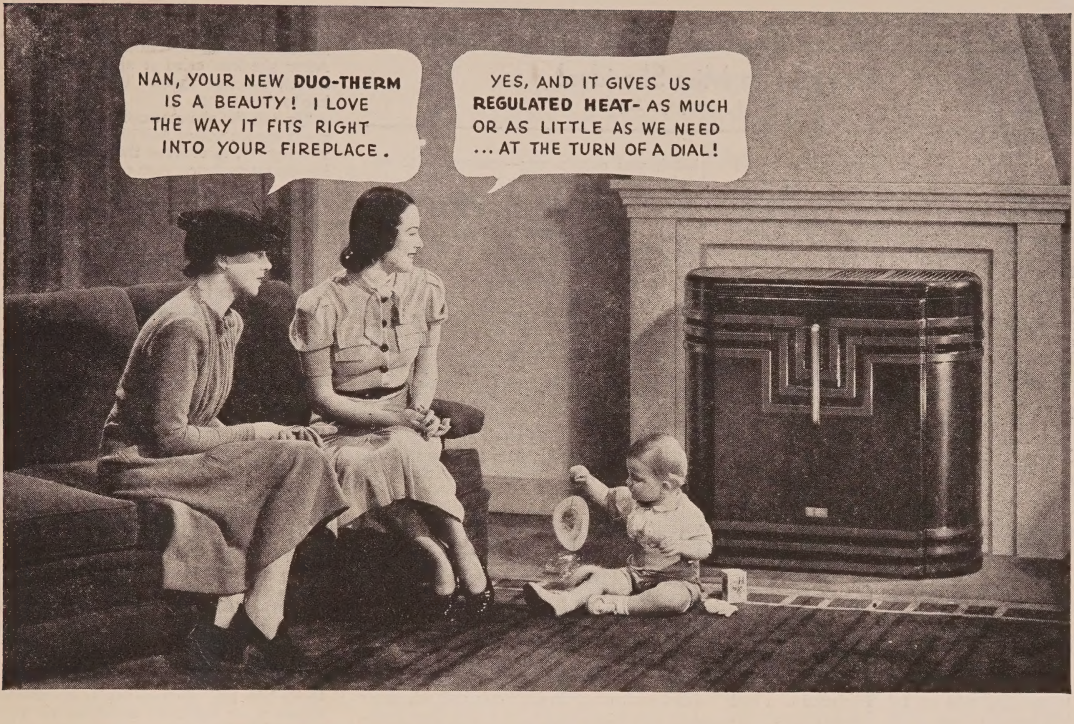
Invite guests to come in outfits such as gypsies and "tinkers" wear, which by the way are costumes most easily and inexpensively made from any assortment of slacks, bright colored scarves, jumpers and beads. Write the invitations on coarse yellow or brown "butcher" or wrapping paper. Make informality the keynote of the whole party, from the way the food is served to the way in which guests may dance the "big apple" or any other modern version of the old-fashioned Irish jig or "shakedown."

GREEN, orange and black are the colors to use, and are admirable for giving the right goblin atmosphere so desirable on this holiday. Paper dolls, orange jack-o-lanterns and black cats decorate the table, which may be set in buffet style. In this case, place the hot dish service at one end of the table, the beverage service at the other, with various other dishes and utensils in between. Or, the centerpiece might be a large four-layered Goodluck cake, frosted in Emerald Green, in which case the hot dish suggested is called Gilcuddy Beef and Cheese Stew, a casserole dish at once inexpensive, tasty and satisfying. Here is an entire menu for this type of supper:

IRISH WITCH PARTY
(Halloween Buffet Supper)

Gilcuddy Beef and Cheese Stew
Potato Pancakes or O'Brien Potato Chips
Blarney Stone Biscuits Killarney Salad Shamrock Sandwiches
Pat's Pickle Pipes Paddy's Punch
Goodluck Cake
(Containing a ring, a silver coin, a fortune and a licorice baby!)

For the second kind of party, or Harvest Box Supper Auction, the background may be enhanced with cornstalks, with russet leaves around the walls and real or paper pumpkins on the floor. If there is a fireplace, it can be ablaze with logs on which to toast marshmallows, pop [*Continued on page 76*]


NAN, YOUR NEW **DUO-THERM** IS A BEAUTY! I LOVE THE WAY IT FITS RIGHT INTO YOUR FIREPLACE.
YES, AND IT GIVES US **REGULATED HEAT**- AS MUCH OR AS LITTLE AS WE NEED ... AT THE TURN OF A DIAL!

END HEATING TROUBLES WITH THIS AMAZING NEW TYPE HEATER!

DON'T go through another winter with old-fashioned heating! Burn cheap fuel oil in a Duo-Therm heater—and enjoy an entirely new kind of heating comfort!

An amazing new heater! The new Duo-Therm "Imperial"* has a revolutionary design that keeps heat lower—gives warmer floors—keeps heat down where you need it most—gives more even, uniform heat throughout the whole house. It is easily installed in any fireplace, and its lower, more modern, more compact design—its handsome new finish—make it a beautiful piece of furniture you'll be proud to own!

Always just the right amount of heat! You can regulate the heat in your home by turning the dial! Get a flood of moist, healthful heat for zero weather—or throttle your Duo-Therm down to a "candle flame" for mild days! You don't burn lots of oil when a little will do!

Most efficient burner made! Duo-Therm's patented Dual-Chamber burner gives you more heat per gallon—because it always burns cleanly, silently, from pilot light to full flame! And Duo-Therm's Co-ordinated Controls give you correct draft settings at every stage—insure perfect combustion!

Keeps more heat in your home! Duo-Therm's "Floating Flame" doesn't rush up the chimney! It "floats" against the sides of the heater. Like Duo-Therm's special "Waste-Stopper," it forces more heat out into the room—saves you oil.

Safe! Listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Mail the coupon today! Get all the helpful and money-saving facts about this new type of heat! The Duo-Therm comes in nine models, two beautiful finishes. Designed to heat from one to six rooms. See your Duo-Therm dealer or write us.

Dealers: Ask us about the Duo-Therm franchise!

*Pat. applied for

Easy payments—ask your dealer!

DUO-THERM

FUEL OIL CIRCULATING HEATERS

The heater with the famous Dual Chamber burner

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Duo-Therm presents:
5 WAYS
to make a home more comfortable

DUO-THERM DIVISION
Dept. SB-810, Motor Wheel Corp., Lansing, Michigan

Please send me information on the Duo-Therm Circulating Heaters.

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I would also like to know about:

☐ Duo-Therm Oil-burning Ranges ☐ Trailer Heaters
☐ Water Heaters ☐ Furnaces ☐ Radiant Heaters

Announcing Miss Sheridan!

[*Continued from page 37*]

so much wiser to show them she cared too little, than too much—or so Ann thought.

Perhaps if she had gone hysterical on them, let her temper fly and given out with an outburst of protest, Ann would have been a star long before this. Even if she had allowed the producers to see that comfortably-crazy side of her nature that draws people to her like a magnet, her possibilities might have made an impression on their unimaginative minds. It was Director John Farrow (husband of Maureen O'Sullivan) who recognized quality in Ann and gave her a chance to prove it.

"I am very grateful to John Farrow," says Ann. "He had faith in me and I knew it was up to me not to fail him. After those secondary roles in *Sing Me A Love Song*, *Black Legion* and *The Great O'Malley*, I was beginning to get discouraged all over again. I thought my experience at Paramount was going to be repeated. But I kept my misgivings to myself. Then I was given the role opposite Pat O'Brien in *The Cowboy From Brooklyn*. But Priscilla Lane had the lead.

"My little contribution to *that* picture was bouncing break-away vases off Pat's head. I didn't get much chance to act. But it was fun socking Pat. (There she goes again). When they told me I had injured him and laid him up for a week, I didn't have such a good time. Later on, of course, I discovered that it was only a gag—someone else was having fun—at my expense.

"It was after I had completed my role on loanout to Universal in *Letter of Introduction*, that Mr. Farrow sent for me. He was going to direct a picture called *Three Girls on Broadway*. I was in Texas at the time, where I flew when my father passed away. I flew back for the test. Mr. Farrow was so kind and helpful, I got the part. Now I have just learned that the studio liked the picture so well that it is going back into production. They are doing a week's extra shooting. My part is being enlarged and the picture will be released as a Class A production."

There's more to the story of Ann's flight to Texas, incidentally, than she cares to tell. Linda Cross, who is Ann's close friend and hairdresser, vouchsafes the information.

"It was the last day of shooting at Universal," confides Linda. "Ann received word that her father had suddenly passed on. She worked right straight through, greeting people in her usual friendly manner and never letting on that anything was wrong. Everyone always finds some excuse to drop by when Ann is on the set, so there was a steady stream of visitors all day long.

"When I got home that night, Ann came over to my house. We live across the street from each other in Burbank and whenever Ann has anything on her mind, she always drops in to talk. This time she threw herself into my arms and at last the tears came. After she had cried it all out, she pulled herself together again. Then I drove with her to the airport.

"Just as the plane was pulling out, a casual acquaintance whom Ann had met at a Hollywood party, discovered they were both taking the same plane. Ann naturally wanted to be alone. She was in no mood to carry on a superficial conversation. But instead of giving into her feelings she proved herself to be an agreeable travelling companion.

"It's too bad that Ann doesn't allow more people to know her as I know her. She gets along with everyone because she's always happy and gives the impression that she hasn't a care in the world. You know Ann has great admiration for Bette Davis. Naturally Bette wouldn't know about it because Ann would be the last person to go up to Bette and gush. But whenever Bette is making a picture, Ann arrives early in the make-up department, so she can sit there under the drier and watch Bette while she is being made up."

IN COMPLETE contrast to her own objective personality, Ann selected dark-eyed, sensitive-faced Edward Norris to be her husband. You remember him as the young husband in *Show Them No Mercy*. His performance was poignant and real. In *They Won't Forget* Edward gave a beautiful acting account of himself and got lynched for all his trouble. For years the M-G-M studios have held him under contract. Their plans for him seem vague and yet they refuse to let him go. Ann serves as an excellent ballast when Edward's ambitions hit an occasional low.

HERE'S LONESOME LOU
KNITTING ONE, PURLING TWO —SHE THINKS THE BAD BREATH ADS MEAN YOU!
ARE YOU TELLING ME TO READ THIS BAD BREATH AD?
DON'T GET MAD, SIS! PLEASE READ IT--AND THEN SEE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK TO OUR DENTIST TOMORROW
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S....
IF YOU KEEP GOING OUT EVERY NIGHT LIKE THIS, LOU, I'LL HAVE TO FINISH MY SWEATER MYSELF!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

Ann admits that her marriage to Edward has helped in her career. It's given her stability—a feeling of *belonging,* and that necessary protection, so completely lacking when one is footloose and fancy free in Hollywood. Ann met young Norris about two years ago. When they fell in love, she promptly married him, in spite of the misgivings of friends. "They told me that marriage would hurt my career," says Ann. "So I got married. I thought it would be fun to find out!"

Recently the order went out from the front office that Ann Sheridan was definitely on the way up. This is the magic word in Hollywood that automatically creates that aura of success. In most cases, imaginative publicists start dusting dust off their most elaborate superlatives. Designers knock themselves out in an orgy of creation. A chair bearing the stars name magically appears on the set.

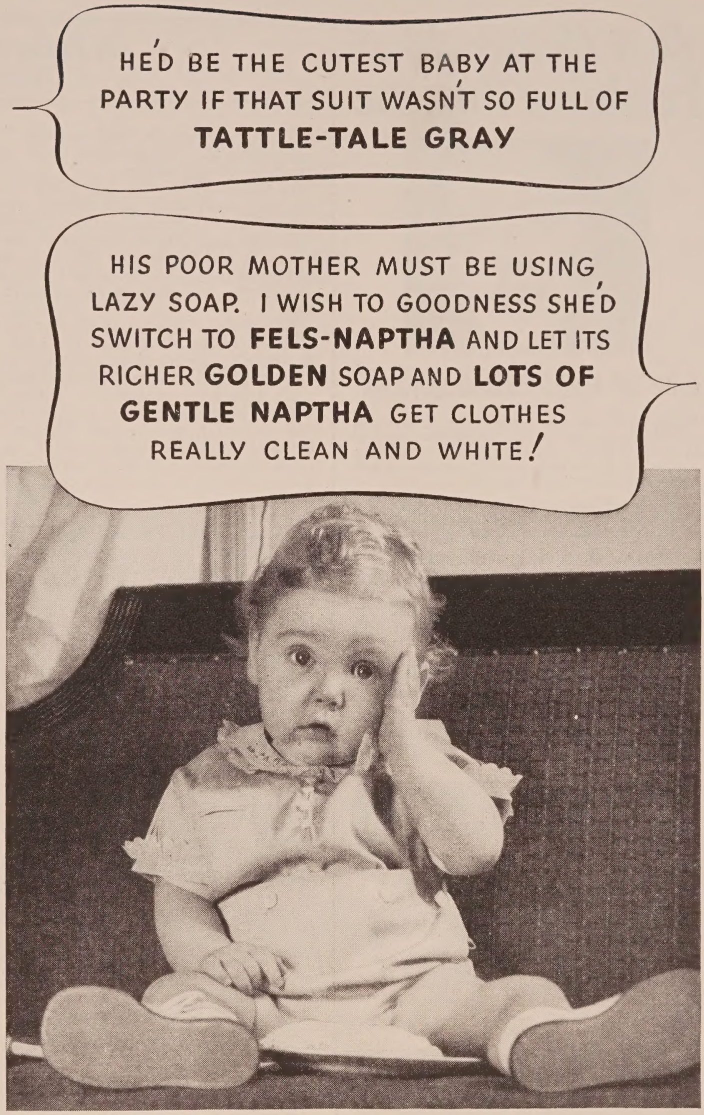
Ann's case is completely different. Every member of the Warner publicity department has already gone out of his way to give her all the publicity breaks possible. Because they like her, Ann has already had as much newspaper space as some established stars. Orry-Kelly, whose clothes are only worn by the stars in Class A productions, has often expressed himself as hoping that Ann would soon get a break so he could dress her. To a man, everyone has just been waiting for the word to give Ann Sheridan "the works."

There was only one time that Ann made it a point to put her foot down. She was nice about it but at the same time she had that look in her eye that no one could misinterpret. With all the seriousness that she had at times been accused of lacking, Ann spoke her piece:

"Someone put out a story that I was the one who should be groomed to replace Jean Harlow," Ann told the publicity lads. "That isn't being fair to me. That isn't being fair to an ideal that means so much to millions of fans. No one could ever take Jean Harlow's place—And least of all, me. Please don't *ever* allow that story to go out again."

All this is happening to Ann, and she still says, "It's fun." Even if she hadn't made good—which seems preposterous—Texas would have loved her just the same. When her first picture had a local showing, the whole town turned out. By the time it was cut and edited, Ann's small part had been reduced to an off-stage noise. But there's something mighty beautiful in the loyalty of the South. They billed Ann over the star—and put her name up in lights!

We hear that the slim and lovely Wendy Barrie and Lee Bowman are serious in their intentions! Here at Biltmore Bowl


HE'D BE THE CUTEST BABY AT THE PARTY IF THAT SUIT WASN'T SO FULL OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY
HIS POOR MOTHER MUST BE USING LAZY SOAP. I WISH TO GOODNESS SHE'D SWITCH TO FELS-NAPTHA AND LET ITS RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF GENTLE NAPTHA GET CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN AND WHITE!

EMBARRASSING? It certainly is—and then some—when people whisper about your clothes!

So why take chances with tattle-tale gray? Lazy soaps can't wheedle out every last bit of dirt—no matter how hard you rub and rub. There's one sure way to get all the dirt—use Fels-Naptha Soap!

Get whiter washes! Try it and see if you don't get the snowiest, sweetest washes that ever danced on your line! See how much easier and quicker its richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* make your wash!

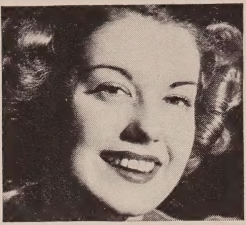
Change to Fels-Naptha! Get a few golden bars from your grocer on your next shopping trip. You'll save money. And you'll save your clothes from tattle-tale gray.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

PEPPIEST FLAKES EVER!
TRY FELS-NAPTHA
SOAP CHIPS, TOO!

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

Don't Hesitate About
Feminine Hygiene



Use a **modern** *method*

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, *greasy,* and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, effective—kills germs—and, equally important—*dainty!*

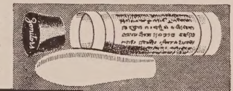
ZONITORS ARE GREASELESS

Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snow-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and *completely* removable with water, Zonitors maintain long, effective antiseptic contact. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 4003 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

SNOW WHITE
Each in individual glass vial.



Zonitors
FOR
FEMININE HYGIENE
A Zonite Product

WRIST WATCH included FREE of any extra charge
SEND NO MONEY
LADIES
MENS
Simulated diamonds set in Lifetime Sterling (U.S. Standard) Rich 1/30, 14k Gold.

Your choice of ladies' smart new **Jeweled Wrist Watch** or men's curved **Gold Plate Front** wrist watch included **FREE** of any extra charge with every ring ordered during SALE and paid for promptly on our easy new two monthly $2 payment plan (total only $4). **YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA for the Watch!**

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A Payne in the Right Place

[*Continued from page* 43]

whom he replaced in *Garden of the Moon* when Dick, for some reason or other, didn't work in that production.

In *Wings Of The Navy* he plays Brent's younger brother, with both in love with the same girl, the gorgeous Olivia De Havilland. Who gets her? You'll have to go see the picture to find out, because you're not going to be told here. But it's a sure thing that John Payne will show up splendidly in the film.

Johnny is, of course, a member of the F. F. V. (First Families of Virginia), but he doesn't brag about it and you'd never think it if you'd scan the life he's led thus far.

He was born in Roanoke, the son of George Washington Payne and the former Ida Schaeffer, a one-time Metropolitan Opera singer. He couldn't make up his mind whether he wanted to be a singer or a newspaperman, so he tried to combine both careers.

HE ENROLLED at the Columbia School of Journalism in New York and likewise at the Juillard School of Music, to which latter he had won a scholarship. This was great for him, intellectually, but not so good physically, because no money was coming in and Johnny was faced with the necessity of eating.

He tried fiction for a while—and a tough branch of fiction, too. He wrote for those "pulp" magazines called Astounding Tales, Amazing Stories and Weird Stories. Only once in a while did he sell a story, and this merely alleviated his hunger to a small extent.

Then he tried professional wrestling, being a 6-footer and pretty husky. But he never advanced beyond the ham-and-egger class. In fact, he was a palooka in the game of grunt and grimace. He got only five bouts, all of them in the smallest of clubs. And he took five beatings!

Johnny's wrestling career led to several jobs as bouncer in several speakeasies, but these didn't last very long. Next he tried being caretaker of a tough pool-and-billiard room. But the cigar and cigarette smoke bothered his lungs and throat and interfered with his singing, so he quit that.

From the bulletin boards outside the cheaper Sixth Avenue employment agencies he garnered a day's work from time to time waiting on table, driving a car or digging ditches. Once he even became a scene painter in a little art theatre for a few days.

"Luckily it was a screwy play they were going to produce," he says, "so it matched up with my screwy painting. But anyhow, it put the theatre idea into my head. This was heightened by a couple of brief singing engagements for a small-time radio station.

"I trudged Broadway and haunted the offices of the agents and theatrical producers. I bet I know every crack in the sidewalks of that portion of New York. I bet I can tell you the number of steps in the stairs leading to every room in the Big Town where possibly a job might be had.

"But I got one, finally! It was with a summer stock company in Roxbury, Mass. They were doing Shakespeare. I did pretty well at that—so well, indeed, that I was offered a non-paying job in London's famous 'Old Vic' Theatre, but I couldn't afford to take it because I had no money to live on while being instructed in the works of the Bard."

Back to pavement-pounding went Johnny Payne, but he was not to be kept down. The Shuberts were about to send out a road company of *The Student Prince* when the young Virginian landed a job. He had a single line, to begin with. At St. Louis he was promoted and given three lines—each spoken by a different type of character. He played an old man, a whipper-snapper student, and a uniformed Captain of the Guard.

WHEN the tour ended, he was pretty well established as a player of tiny bits on the stage, and it wasn't long before he had another job, this time as Reginald Gardiner's understudy in *At Home Abroad*, on Broadway. Then he was given a real part in the same show with Beatrice Lillie as its star. This lasted for nine months.

His work here attracted the attention of Sam Goldwyn, and he went to Hollywood with the idea that he was going to have considerable to do in *Dodsworth*, but the big part didn't materialize. Eventually Warner Bros. picked him up after he had played several minor roles at other studios, with the intention of giving him lesser roles in lesser pictures. Then came his big break.

Dick Powell was to have played the part of a singing master-of-ceremonies in *Garden of the Moon*, a picture dealing with a popular night club located in a swanky hotel. But the sometimes-temperamental Dick got the idea that Pat O'Brien's role as manager of the place was more outstanding than the master of ceremonies' (which, indeed it is), and turned down the job.

That sort of business doesn't go with the Warners, so they promptly put Powell under suspension without pay, and put Payne—after several singing tests which revealed a splendid voice—into the part. He was a bit scared in the early days of shooting on this picture, but that affable and friendly Irishman, O'Brien, soon talked him into a state of confidence. That's one of the many winning traits of Pat. He is always helping some young newcomer. No wonder he's about the most popular actor in Hollywood among his fellow-actors!

It really ought to be mentioned, too, that one of Johnny Payne's best boosters is none other than Dick Powell. As a matter of fact the suspension didn't bother Dick any (all movie contract players have to take twelve weeks off annually without salary, anyhow), because about that time he and his wife, Joan Blondell, were waiting for the arrival of their baby, who has since made her life-debut and is called Ellen.

Dick thinks Johnny is a fine actor with an excellent voice and predicts he will go far. That seems a pretty safe prediction which anyone might make. Johnny is destined to go far apparently.

He's a very happy young man. A few months ago he married that lovely starlet Anne Shirley, who has a fine career of her own. Remember her as the daughter in *Stella Dallas*?

Johnny Payne of the F. F. V.s is 6-feet-2, weighs 190, with brown hair and greenish-blue eyes. Keep an eye on him!

DON'T BE A CHILD STAR!

Says Johnny Downs, that rapidly-rising and popular young actor. Johnny was a child star himself, with the original "Our Gang" kids, and he has good advice for the present crop of moppet players which he offers in the November issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine.

Jane Raises the Devil!

[*Continued from page* 33]

swell fun, too! Not long ago when I was made an honorary Sergeant-Major of the U. S. Flying Corps at March Field, they put on a special aerial stunt show for me and let me give directions to the boys as they went up. I told 'em to do desperate an' daring flip-flops and dives. They did—and how! Just then a general or something came by in his plane an' saw them and WAS HE MAD! It appeared they weren't supposed to do such stunts unless he had given permission. But everything turned out fine-and-dandy when he learned it was all my fault!

"Now I'm 12, I think I should have a nice, speedy motor boat, don't you? One that can just fly over the water, the faster the better," reflected Jane Ruth.

"I love the water anyway, and how I love to go on fishing trips with Daddy (genial six feet two and a half inch Walter Withers). Once I really caught a 6½ pound bass—and that's no fish tale either! I guess I like most anything that goes fast—including autos. I can drive, too—of course, if my legs were longer I could do a much better job, but I can steer pretty good if I do say so! I love motorcycles, bikes and motor scooters an' gee, how I wish Mommie and Daddy would put my scooter back to its original speed of 35 miles an hour now that I'm 12! They cut it down to 12 miles one day after I went through a fence. I guess maybe they thought they'd have to pay for all the fences in Westwood if I kept on!"

"Now that I'm 12, I *could* have my first date—except for one thing," Jane went on.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Except that I've already had it!" she laughed in great glee. "It happened a few months ago when I received my first Gardenia and box of chocolates from a 'gentleman friend.' He's 14 and quite nice but the big 'date' was only a trip to my Sunday School in Hollywood. I came all the way from Pomona, where we were on location for *Checkers,* to keep it—I've never yet missed a Sunday. The 'gentleman' was Buddy McAlister, who also attends my Sunday class.

"My second date," continued Jane, "was with Freddie Bartholomew. It was only his first date, though, imagine that! We went horseback riding in the Hollywood hills, accompanied by our instructors, and had a keen time."

"Now that I'm 12, I'd like to become a great skater like Sonja Henie—she's so cute, I think—and a great knife thrower like Steve Clemente. Mr. Clemente once tried to show me how to throw knives into a tiny square board. I practiced at home and guess what my first throw did? It completely severed the head of my favorite (and most expensive) doll, Princess Titania! I felt almost like a murderer! Mother told me, sort of firmly, that hereafter I'd better use knives only at the dinner table!"

SINCE Jane has never used a double for any of the dangerous things she's done in her films, she decided—if everything else failed—she could be a stunt lady when she grows up! A funny thing, she has a boy double (hired by the studio), who is supposed to do the hazardous stunts for her—but she's never yet used him. When a scene in a recent film called for Jane to jump out a window, climb across a slippery roof and slide down a tree, the studio asked the boy to do "his stuff."

Jane was indignant. "The idea!" she exclaimed. "He might get killed! Of course, he doesn't have to do it for me—I'll do my own stunts or else—!"

Spunky? You said it.

Jane never permits anyone to make a fuss over her. "I'm no better than anyone else—just lucky!" is the way she puts it.

Well, between you'n me, she WAS lucky on her birthday, for she received some darling gifts (some few thousand of them in fact!)—among them a huge potted plant from Sol Wurzel, a little Annie Rooney doll, a big doll made in her own image and exactly her size; a bunch of baby chicks and ducks from her friend, Barbara Bletcher; a half interest in a beautiful race horse, a gift from Henry Wilcoxson (it's the first in his stable and he's renamed it "Jane Withers"), and hundreds of other costly presents including a dwarfed replica of Charlie McCarthy from Edgar Bergen. Incidentally, Jane now hopes to become a first rate ventriloquist.

"What was the first thing the real Charlie said to you when you first met?" I asked.

"Why," replied Jane, in wide-eyed innocence, "I was *so* surprised. He said, 'Jane, you're a honey-bunch and have always

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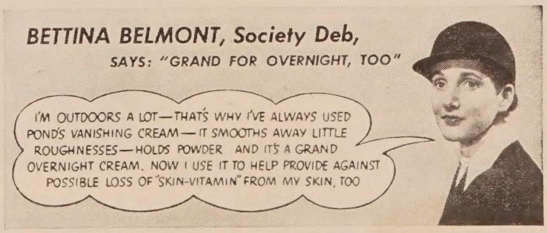
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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

been my favorite actress!' And here I was thinking he was sweet on Mae West!"

Jane is now a full-fledged girl scout (until you're 12 you can just be a Brownie) and wants to do all the things a good scout does, including her daily good deed. She's also an honorary member of the Sunbrite Junior Nursing Corps (500,000 youngsters from 10 to 15 belong) and wouldn't mind growing up to be a Red Cross nurse, especially if there's ever a war.

Mrs. Withers told me this little story about Jane's knowledge of first-aid: One day she made the discovery that one of the gardeners had cut his hand. It was her long-awaited chance and immediately out came the little first-aid kit. "Now you just keep cool an' I'll fix you up in no time at all!" She promised the man. He grinned cheerfully as she washed the wound and dabbed rubbing alcohol on it, finally applying a tight bandage. "There now," she beamed, surveying her work with real satisfaction, "I bet you feel better already—at least 100% better!"

Five minutes later, she started to worry and called the studio doctor and begged him to come out and look over her "patient." He came and after examining the gardeners hand, remarked: "You're a wonder, Jane—I couldn't have done this job any better myself!"

The gardener got Jane to autograph the bandage (he wanted it for his little daughter), so she had to hunt around and find him a rubber glove to wear.

Another time, Jane was her own patient! She stepped on a needle, felt a searing pain and discovered part of the needle sticking out of her foot. Her mother rushed to the phone—"I'll get a doctor, darling!" she cried. "Don't need him, Mommie," said Jane, biting her lips to keep back the pain. "I'll save you the bill if you'll just find me some tweezers."

Mrs. Withers got a pair and Jane applied them close to her little bare foot. She yanked with both hands, her brave little face lined with pain. But she got the needle out and bathed the place with alcohol. Mrs. Withers had the doctor call anyway, and he told her Jane had done fine and had the makings of a grand little nurse in her!

Jane wouldn't mind being a real reporter "sometime" and be sent out on "desperately, daringly-dangerous" news stories. But the night of her birthday party at the circus, she decided she wanted to be a trapeze performer or, at least, walk upside down on the ceiling, the way the circus lady did! "Poor me," grinned Jane roguishly, "I've never even stood on my head in a picture—I'll have to do it sometime!"

She also wants to found a home for girls—also girl dogs and cats and other feminine animals! She thinks that boys and boy animals get to do a lot of exciting things girls aren't allowed to do or aren't supposed to do. For instance, Jane says, "Why can't girls play football like boys? Gee, how I'd love to organize an all-girls' football team and play a regular schedule! Mickey Rooney has a swell boys' team but I betcha we could beat him to a frazzle if I could just get that team of mine! So far the studio won't permit me to start a team—they think the moment I get in my first game I'll get every bone in my body broken! However, they *do* let me play baseball."

FURTHERMORE, Jane thinks now that she is 12, people shouldn't worry if she climbs trees, roofs, and does circus stunts on horseback (she has two horses, Bingo, a buckskin from Jackie Searl, and Red Fox, a chestnut sorrel.) She'd also like to be a cowgirl or ranger during her vacations, like "Uncle Jack" Trent, her husky bodyguard who was a Texas Ranger for many years.

"Do you do devilish things about the house anymore, Jane?" I wanted to know.

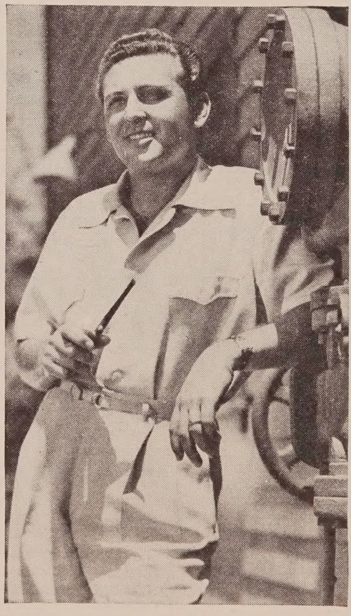
She grinned. And her dancing eyes sparkled as she drawled: "Oh, one tries to avoid such things as one grows older!" Then she laughed heartily and went on:

"I remember one thing—I had to use a giant bean shooter in a recent picture and my director told me to practice with it at home. That night Daddy was fixing the radio and I don't know yet what made me do it but I suddenly said, 'Daddy,' and he turned around quick and I let a bean go full speed ahead and it hit Daddy right on the end of the nose—and that night I wasn't allowed to listen to 'Dick Tracy,' my favorite radio program!"

Only once has Jane held up a movie scene. That was the day before last Christmas when for one scene, she was due to receive an over-ripe tomato full in the face.

"Don't you think," she whispered in Director "Lucky" Humberstone's ear, "you'd feel lots better and happier if I didn't get hit with that tomato until after the holidays?" He laughingly agreed and Jane ran to her Mother and winking one twinkling eye, murmured, "See, Mommie, if you just want something bad enough to fight for it, you always win out. Yessireee!"

Did you ever hear how the Withers came to buy their beautiful Westwood home, built on the original site of Rancho San Jose de Buenos Aires (Saint Joseph of the Pleasant Breezes), granted to Don Maximo Alanis in 1843 by Micheltorena, then governor of California? Well, Jane rode by it one Sunday with her parents and was much impressed, especially since it was right opposite U. C. L. A., and looked down on their big football field. Without telling anyone, Jane wrote the next day to the agent and said, "I saw your Sunset boulevard house near Bel-Air and liked it heaps. In fact, I think it is a keen place and really quite colossal!"



Allan Jones grins happily for the cameraman — perhaps because he recently celebrated the second anniversary of his marriage to charming Irene Hervey!

Of course, they sent a salesman pronto to the Withers and before you could say "Jack Benny," the new "colossal" home belonged to little Miss Withers and family!

JANE likes to play cops 'n' robbers, but she also like to sit down and write a composition. Movie work has taught her the value of a surprise ending—and typical of her work is the following which she wrote for me:

There is a well-known opera star in our house called "Senorita." She gets up every morning and serenades us with some sort of a Spanish song. We don't know what it means but she always sings as if she enjoys it. Perhaps she is not very temperamental for an opera star, but she seems to us to be very jealous. When we play the victrola, or the radio, she makes quite a fuss; but when she hears other opera stars sing, she actually cries.

This opera star who lives with us has a very peculiar voice. Sometimes she sings soprano and at other times she sings alto. Her soprano voice means that she is happy; but when she sings alto she is furious.

I guess you are wondering who this great opera star really is. She is my pet polly parrot who came from South America!

Jane likes Boris Karloff, Tarzan, *Flash Gordon* and kidnapping stories. But she also likes *Snow White*, Alice Faye, Pat O'Brien and fairy tales. The first movie she ever saw was Will Rogers and Fifi Dorsay in *They Had to See Paris.*

"Mr. Rogers was one of the nicest men I ever met," Jane declared. "I played on a lot of benefits with him, the last being for the Salvation Army. Lots of kids outside the stage door were too bashful to ask him for his autograph and so—I was playing with them while waiting to go on—I collected their books and took them to Mr. Rogers and he signed every one and put a dollar bill in each. One was a little crippled boy and when I told Mr. Rogers he put a five dollar bill in that one. Later, Mr. Rogers showed me through his bungalow dressing room on the lot and showed me where the key was on a ledge above the window so I could come in and play there any time I wanted to. But I never went in. Mr. Rogers scarcely ever went in either."

Jane would like to have the largest and finest doll collection in the world—and is well on her way to this achievement with over 700 dolls from every section of the globe, and a two-story doll house being built to house her doll museum.

Thus, you see, that in spite of all her tomboyish-devilish ambitions, she's still a little girl at heart who is very proud that one of her dolls was recently named the best-dressed doll of the year, and that she's been named an honorary member of the National Doll and Toy Collectors Club.

A tomboy? To be sure—but she's also a perfect little lady, strange as *that* may seem. She can sew and cook (her gingerbread cookies may be of unusual shape but they are certainly keen tasting!), and make beds and sweep and dust and play the piano, the ukelele and the drum. She can speak French and Spanish, and can do every type of dancing.

One moment she might be swinging a la Tarzan from the shaky limb of a tree, and the next might find her doing an old-fashioned waltz to please some younger kids!

A study in contrasts—a delightfully refreshing study in contrasts—that's Jane Withers.

Why is Carole Lombard Hiding out from Hollywood?

[*Continued from page* 28]

them, if not in them, had got a job as a stenographer at Paramount. She landed in the publicity department.

The legend has it that Carole first saw her there. That isn't true. One day an interviewer (this was back in the good old pre-elusive days!) had an appointment with Carole. Margaret's boss, who was busy, sent Margaret to sit in on the interview. Carole said afterward, "I couldn't talk. I couldn't keep my eyes off that girl."

She found out the girl's name. The next day, she walked into the surprised secretary's office and took her off to meet Adolph Zukor, head of the studio. Without any ballyhoo (Carole was against it), Margaret was enrolled in the studio's acting school. Two months later, she was given a test. Nothing came of it. One broken-hearted girl saw herself going back to a typewriter for keeps. Carole saw something else.

She persuaded Zeppo Marx, a friend and an agent, to make an exception just once and have an unknown for a client. He interested Producer David O. Selznick in testing Margaret. Weeks passed afterward, with no word. Carole, herself, talked Selznick into making an elaborate second test.

To get "the right clothes," for Margaret, Carole raided the Paramount wardrobe department. That appealed to her sense of humor. Wouldn't it be ironic for one studio, which hadn't been interested, to help another to find a new star? She also bought clothes for Margaret. She talked to her by the hour, and had Clark Gable do likewise, giving her tips. Margaret was signed after that second test, given a "bit" in *A Star Is Born*, then sent East by Selznick for a year's training in little theatres and a year's study of glamor, poise, and everything else a star should have. Margaret Tallichet is in for a big build-up—and all because of Carole!

Then, there is Alice Marble. Carole knew the pretty Californian long before Alice became a great women's tennis champion. She tried to talk her into a screen career then. Alice, whose greatest ambition was to be the foremost net star of the country, couldn't be interested. She's still striving. If she *does* attain her ambition, then perhaps there'll be time for a movie career—and Carole may attain her frustrated ambition to see Alice Marble on the screen!

Ambitions like that aren't usual in Hollywood. Far from it. Few stars ever go out of their way to help, or even encourage, girls who *might* develop into screen rivals. Self-preservation argues against it. But does Carole think of that angle? The evidence says: "No."

THREE years ago, a picture crew was flying East for location work when their plane crashed. Some were killed. One electrician almost died, was in a hospital for months, finally recovered with a leg amputated. Under workmen's compensation, the studio had to pay his medical expenses. But the studio went farther—it promised him that when he was able to get about again, he could have his job back. He learned how to walk with an artificial leg. Then, somehow, no one seemed to remember the promise of work. Carole heard about it. She saw red. She had one of her impulses.

At that time, she and the studio were in the throes of contract talk. She went to the Front Office and said, "I want that man kept on the payroll, given work. I won't sign, if he isn't." The studio said that it was an oversight that he hadn't been rehired, and put him back to work.

A couple of days later, a radio gossiper broadcast the story—and the studio told the electrician, "You're through." Even though Carole publicly denied the story. He was idle four or five months. Now, by saying nothing, doing nothing to add fuel to the fire, he finally has his job back. But, as the studio executive who told me this inside story (in whispers) pointed out: if Carole had signed that contract, she would have seen to it that that electrician never was fired—no matter what happened. But she had decided to become a free-lance, instead. She had no weapon with which to continue the fight.

P. S. She didn't know the electrician, except by sight.

She's the same way, if anyone she knows is sick. She doesn't take the simple, easy way of remembering. She doesn't just call up her florist and have him send around a basket of flowers and consider her duty done. She'll send flowers, yes. But she will also rack her brain to think of some present that will be really useful, something that will last.

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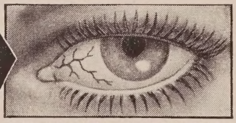
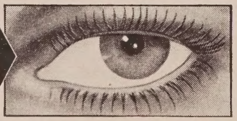


TIRED EYES

***RED, VEINED, OVERWORKED**



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Travis Banton, the designer of all of Carole's clothes, can tell you. When he was in the hospital not so long ago, she took the trouble to find out what was the most annoying thing about his slow convalescence. It was the fact that he couldn't seem to get warm. She sent him a blanket.

There was a hairdresser (not Carole's own) who was struck in the eye in and accident. Her eyeball was punctured. Carole heard about it. Whether or not she helped with the hospital bills, no one will ever know. But I happen to know that she can be suspected of it. I know of her taking time out to think of what might be useful to that blinded girl, in that hospital bed. She went downtown, herself, to get a bed jacket for her.

When someone is sick, she doesn't content herself with one thoughtful gift. She spends hours, thinking of gag presents—things to make even invalids laugh. Dr. Lombard believes in the medicine of laughter.

Everybody knows Carole's love for animals. Everybody knows, also, that her favorite pet of all time was her dog, Pushface, which played in *Love Before Breakfast*, and in whose behalf Carole at the time took out full-page ads in the local trade papers. But few people know what has happened to Pushface.

"Push," as she called him, was very fond of her maid. The maid was crazy about the dog. So what should Carole do but give Pushface to the maid—who is the "day" variety and lives "outside." It wasn't easy to part with Pushface. But giving him to the maid appealed to her as a way to make both the dog and the girl happy. That's typical of her.

ANY interviewer who has ever talked to Carole for five minutes about her career has heard her say, "In *20th Century*, in six weeks, I learned more about acting from John Barrymore than I've learned from other people in all the years I've been in films." She isn't afraid to acknowledge her debts. And she has a long memory.

A few months ago, John Barrymore was let out by M-G-M. He went over to Paramount, doing a series of *Bulldog Drummond* pictures. Everybody felt sorry for "America's greatest actor," reduced now to featured billing—in B pictures. Everybody, that is, but Carole. To her, he wasn't through. All he needed was a chance.

She saw a spot for him in *True Confession*. It wasn't a typical Barrymore role. All the better. It would prove how much acting he still had in his system. She saw to it that he was given the role. Result: every other one of the comment cards from the sneak preview mentioned Barrymore. He all but stole the picture! And Carole is tickled silly. It's A pictures for John from now on!

You won't get Carole to admit that she had any hand in his getting the role. You won't get the Front Office to admit it. But let me point out that he wouldn't have been in the picture if Carole hadn't wanted him there. She has a voice in the casting of her pictures.

At Paramount, making a strong comeback, is Evelyn Brent—who was a star when Carole still was pretty much of an unknown. She has had some good roles recently, but she could do with some better ones. Carole saw a spot for her in *True Confession*. She promoted Evelyn for the role. Director Wesley Ruggles argued for another girl. He finally won—for reasons that don't need detailing here. The important point is: Carole Lombard tried to give Evelyn Brent a break.

Few stars go in for impulses like that. Most stars, if they ever think of onetime stars trying for comebacks, think, "They've had their day. Why don't they give up?"

Carole, you see, can put herself in the other fellow's place. It's an uncommon talent, in this everybody-for-himself town.

She learned that her stand-in for a recent picture—a new girl—was planning to be married during the picture. Twice the wedding had to be postponed, because of the picture schedule. The girl set a third date. For a Saturday night. Director Ruggles, early that afternoon, decided to have the company work that night. About 5:30, Carole suddenly—and very conveniently—fell ill, couldn't go on working. Her stand-in had her wedding.

Two other incidents, typical of Carole, happened on this set.

There was a bit player, a man, who had one line to deliver. On take after take, he muffed it. Ruggles was really a paragon of patience. He saw about six takes spoiled. Finally, he said he was going to get someone else for that "bit." Carole took Ruggles off to one side and persuaded him to keep this player, give him six more tries, if necessary.

Few stars would have done that. Most of them would have blown up after the second take, *demanded* a replacement. I know; I've seen it happen. But Carole knew what the loss of that bit would do to that man. Even bit players' reputations get bruited around Hollywood. He would have found it hard to get another job. Carole thought of that angle. Carole would.

Then, there was the day that two of her leading men had a difficult scene together, with Carole sitting on the sidelines. Time after time, they tried it. Time after time, something happened to spoil the take. Finally, it looked as if they had it when—somebody coughed. A prop man, somewhere behind Carole.

Ruggles whirled around, with fire in his eye. Somebody was going to get a verbal blistering. Maybe somebody was going to lose his job. Maybe somebody was going to be murdered!

Carole spoke up, to say: "I'm awfully sorry, Wes. I couldn't help it. I couldn't hold it any longer."

There have been rumors of late that Carole is beginning to come out of her shell. As a publicity gag for her new David O. Selznick picture, *Made For Each Other*, she became head of the publicity department, and had herself a grand time planting yarns with all the leading columnists and writers. According to rumor, she was all set to call up such varied personalities as Mrs. Roosevelt, the Duke of Windsor and George Bernard Shaw to find out what they thought of the casting of *Gone With the Wind* (also a Selznick production) until forcibly called off. When, for another publicity stunt, she was made mayor of Culver City, Carole promptly called a public holiday for all studio employes. Selznick tried to remonstrate with her, whereupon the original Miss Lombard, emulating that famous Eastern mayor, said forcibly, *"I am the law!"* (And she got away with it!)

That would indicate that eventually Hollywood will soon see the return of the gay, laughing Carole that it used to know.

Maybe she's learned that she shouldn't hide away from the town that loves her!

There's a brand new star in the Hollywood sky! Her name is Nancy Kelly, and her first role is the feminine lead opposite Richard Greene in *Wooden Anchors*. For the first interview with this new player read the

NOVEMBER ISSUE OF SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE.

She Didn't Take It With Her!

[*Continued from page* 30]

preview business. For her own good it was decided that she would never attend another preview. She has also never seen any rushes of her pictures since. Her procedure now is to "catch" her pictures at some neighborhood playhouse, several weeks after they have been released. Only in this way can she look at them calmly and impersonally.

Being so much an actress while she is working, she is also inclined to bend back a little too far on the subject of realistic characterizations. When *The Plainsman* was in preparation, she was determined to play the part of helter-skelter Calamity Jane without make-up, with her hair cut short, and without any attractiveness or beauty at all. It took no little dissuasion to finally convince her that the Jane you finally saw was a happy medium. And no matter how big or how small the part, Jean tackles each with the same strict ardor for art rather than glamor. In her return picture, *You Can't Take It With You,* she shares honors with several important players in the cast, but without resentment: she is not one of those actresses who demand the whole picture or else. Still, she will have pretty much the whole picture in her next, *Water Gypsies,* for Hal Roach, on which her husband will be associated with her as production aid.

BUT it is more readily seen now, after the mental turmoil she went through with such a heavy production schedule two and three years ago, why that year of rest and relaxation was important to her. She sloughed off the actress at that point, and became just Mrs. Frank Ross, and it's of that girl that we want to tell now. What is she really like, this girl, away from the screen? Many have wondered but few have known, yet you may combine these few kaleidoscopic real-life shots of her, and together they will make the first complete, behind the scene film of her ever shown.

It was six o'clock at the snow-high hotel on top of one of the highest mountains in Yosemite National Park. A phone call came through from Mr. Frank Ross in Hollywood asking for Mrs. Ross, who should have arrived there at least an hour ago. She was arriving by car, coming up there to ski. But Mrs. Ross had not as yet checked in. An hour later Mr. Ross phoned again. Still no Mrs. Ross! Again at eight o'clock, at nine, at ten, a very frantic and worried Mr. Ross calling now. He had all sorts of visions of her; mainly Mrs. Ross spilled along some treacherous road, lying death-still in the snow.

As it happened Mrs. Ross was in the snow, but she was far from still. Together with a woman friend and her driver she was heaving-and yo-hoing my lad, and straining all of her 110 pounds against the rear end of the car. Hair flying in the icy wind, red nose sniffling against the cold, she shouted and strained and tried to revive courage where courage, like the car, had long since been buried hub deep in the snow. "What we need," she said finally "is a couple of logs or boards. Come on, gang, let's go!" Up the slippery side of the mountain and down again, dragging unwieldy branches. "I'm getting awfully cold," said the friend. "I'm going to freeze."

"No, you're not," said Jean. "Ever throw snowballs? Come on, we've got to limber up, get warm, before we go on." So there, while Mr. Ross hung frantically on one end of a telephone wire hundreds of miles away, Mrs. Ross and party, due three hours before at the hotel, paused in their occupation to splatter each other with snowballs. Laughing and screaming, stooping and throwing, circulation speeded up, and so too, after a while, did their work. They worked the branches in and under; more lifting and straining; and before long the car was out.

Example one, that was: the Arthur courage and resourcefulness.

And now the scene changes, winter becomes summer and the thermometer reads eighty-two. This time it is Mr. Ross who drives the car, with Mrs. Ross beside him, and the road they follow curves along the ocean near Carmel. Suddenly in Jean's eyes a dream explodes. "That's it!" she shouts. "That's it. Stop, Frank, stop!"

"What's it?"

"The house out there on the cliff. That's the one we're going to rent!"

"But I didn't know we were going to rent a house."

"Neither did I," she answers quickly. "Not until just now. But we are!" And they did.

She planned to stay there a month, with the waves beating at her front door, but it was three months before she could drag herself away. She read, and walked, and

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collected sea shells. She got sunburned and peeled, and got sunburned again. She wore slacks, and let her hair go free. Behind the house she planted a garden. She worked there every morning, wrist deep in the soil; got her hands so good and dirty that it seemed they would never get clean; she broke all her finger nails, grinned and didn't care. Through all of this, she was giving vent to the one unexpressed urge she had always had: city born and city bred, she had always wanted to live in the country, in the open, free and unhurried, finding pleasure in Nature—the one companion in the world on whom you can always count.

Jean has always loved animals and flowers: she is the sort of a girl who would almost rather see a human hurt than a dog, because as she reasons, "at least the human can tell you about his pain, and he can be helped, but a dog is helpless, alone in his hurt." And so it happened that on one sunny morning when a stray dog straggled, Jean's summer was complete.

It wasn't much of any kind of a dog, but she could see that it was supposed to be white at least. She washed him, combed him, named him Pat, then dutifully decided that before she kept him for good she'd have to advertise. "Found, a dog, white, shaggy, probably part terrier, part Spitz." Every time the phone rang or the mail man came Jean crossed her fingers and hoped. Hoped that no one would come to take him away. And no one did.

NOW it has often been said that a man may be sized up by the company he keeps, but it is even more true that a girl may be sized up by the way she treats her pets. And Jean, original in this as in other things, has her own, very definite, ideas about how to have a dog and enjoy him too. "I wouldn't have a trained show dog or trick dog for the world! I believe that dogs should be allowed to be natural—then if they do have any personality it will show itself in its own individual way. Pat can't sit up and he can't walk on his hind legs, and he can't lie down and roll over, because no one has taught him how, and I won't teach him either. But, boy! you should see him tree a squirrel, dig up a clam, and go at a gopher's hole. He's an outdoor dog, a real outdoor dog, and he's like a bull in a china shop in the house; he hates a leash, loves a fight, and that's only natural, isn't it? Isn't that the way a dog should be? Pamper him and fuss over him, making him 'cute'—I should say not!"

It's only natural that Jean Arthur would feel that way. She dislikes cuteness and pose in humans; she is astute enough to appreciate the opposite in dogs.

As her personality is bare of all dangles and do-dads, so also are all of the material things which she gathers around her. Although she started out as a fashion model—and perhaps because of it—clothes do not mean a great deal to her now. She has one of those "small but meaty" wardrobes, as someone once described it; marvelously simple sport clothes being among her favorites. As for extravagant jewelry, she has none of that at all, only a few pieces which her husband has given her, each of which has a high sentimental rating, but which would not intrigue the London Lloyds. Nor does it take engraved invitations and a carpet rolled out in front for her to have a good time. Jean is strictly a hamburger joint girl; adores eating at little roadstands, drive-ins, and assiduously avoids big parties in her own home. When Jean says she gave a big dinner last night she means that there were four guests.

Perhaps one of the nicest things about her is the spontaneous shrieks of enthusiasm which sometimes pierce through her usual quiet serenity. Window shopping sometimes brings one forth, when she suddenly spies something she particularly likes. Or the sudden vision of that house at Carmel. And when she's on skiis, you hear, rather than see her flash by. Hollywood has so long thought of her as calm, cool, "untouchable," that this ought to change the impression somewhat.

Add to her interesting qualities already touched upon, the quality of generosity which so definitely rules her, and the portrait of Jean is pretty complete. She is above all a very loyal girl, and her urge to make money from the very beginning was inspired by the wish to provide for her mother and father in their later years. As a very young girl Jean never aspired to be an actress; she took part in no amateur theatricals; she did not get mist in her eyes at the mention of a movie star's name. While she was still in high school she discovered that posing as a photographer's model was profitable, and for that reason and that reason only she pursued that career after school hours. While she was still modeling, movie scouts informed her that acting for the movies would be even more profitable, and so when she was offered a contract she jumped at it. Yet she is very much an actress when she is acting, for she has the kind of integrity that would make her try hard and earnestly at anything she undertook.

The ever-glamorous Nancy Carroll returns to the screen in the Hal Roach picture, *There Goes My Heart*. Good luck, red-head!

A Hidden Chapter from the Life of Nelson Eddy

[*Continued from page* 23]

took him to Drexel Institute to pick up a news item about something of no vital significance. It was the usual mild task for the beginner, but Eddy remembers how important he felt. No success in Dresden or Paris or America, no roles in grand opera or pictures, has ever brought back quite that sensation of terror and delight.

He went out and bought a notebook and a shiny red pencil. He climbed on a trolley, looking to right and left (Eddy illustrates the reminiscence with sly, bashful dartings of glance) to see if anybody observed the notebook, in which he immediately began to jot down notes. Naturally, he didn't realize that a sure enough reporter seldom jots down a note and never carries a notebook.

Arrived at the Institute, he inquired: "Is Mr. Drexel in?" Mr. Drexel, the millionaire who founded the Institute, was in Florida for the winter. That stopped Eddy, but he rallied and asked briskly: "Any news?" "No," they replied. So he put away the notebook and shiny pencil and returned to the office.

They bawled him out, his ears growing redder and redder, and sent him to Boy Scout headquarters. The Scouts were scheduled to lend active aid in some local disaster. Again Eddy returned empty handed. "But what are the Scouts DOING?" the city editor yelled. A fine crimson again suffused the Eddy ears: "They—didn't say." "How about their PLANS?" "I d-didn't think to ask," Eddy confessed. The editor gave him an awful glare. It began to dawn on Nelson that to get the news you had to ask the right questions.

After that, he always came back with news. It might not be the story for which he'd been sent, but he brought a story, anyhow.

In due course Eddy joined *The Bulletin* staff, still a tyro but learning rapidly. Among other things he learned to imitate a rival reporter's voice so that when this chap from the opposition paper ducked out of the police station which they both, as district men, were supposed to "cover," Nelson could talk to the opposition city editor and save the rival's job. Incidentally, he nearly lost his own job once when he refused to tip off his own paper to a story which he felt in honor bound to hold exclusively for his rival.

When a sports writer became ill, and Eddy acknowledged that he knew how to play baseball, they sent him out to help cover a World Series. He asked Connie Mack: "Who's your best pitcher?" "They're all good," Connie retorted. So Eddy went home and stayed up all night writing a story about how Connie's team was composed of aces; not a lame duck among 'em. He mixed in some human interest stuff about each player, and altogether it was exactly the way not to write a sports story. Being different, it pleased the editor. He sent Eddy back for more.

"But in a few days I grew sophisticated," Eddy recalled, "I found out that a baseball was a 'leather pellet' and a man 'skidded over the platter' instead of sliding to base. The editor pulled me off the assignment because I was just copying other sports writers. He said: 'Analyze and study the other fellow's methods but never imitate him.' It's something I've kept in mind ever since."

Before he ceased to be a sports writer, however, Eddy learned yet another lesson which hit him so hard it still hurts. "Nelson was kind of an idealistic bloke," one of his ex-fellow reporters says, "not only clean-minded and decent, but clean in principle. You know—honorable." This made him trustful; too much so.

"WHERE was Eddy?" I can still hear the city, sports, and assistant editors shouting it round the office on that black occasion; "but where was Eddy?"

Eddy, it developed later, was in a booth telephoning a "color" story on the crowd. This was fine, only during his absence 15,000 baseball fans tried to annihilate the umpire in one of the worst riots of baseball history. The first Eddy knew of this big news story was when he saw the opposition paper with screaming headlines across page 1.

Of course, as is customary, he had arranged with a fellow newspaperman to "cover" him if any untoward event occurred. His "buddy" had 'phoned his own paper, but not Nelson's!

Perhaps only a reporter can understand what a tragedy this was from Nelson's point of view. He came back to the office, and they fell upon him, snarling; and no won-

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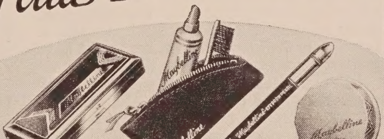

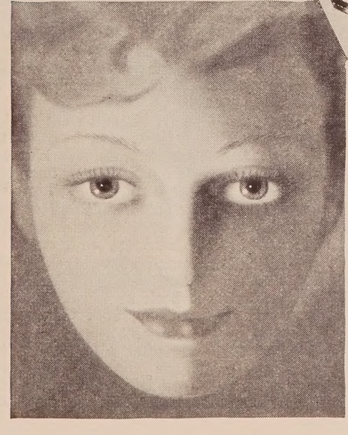

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der. He took all they had to say, which was plenty, his ears red; he replied briefly; he slouched down at his typewriter and pounded out a few routine notes. And somehow, perhaps because he looked so awful, they hardly twitted him about it afterward.

"Terrible to return to the office with those headlines staring me in the face," Eddy admitted the other day, "but it was worse to think that a brother newspaperman, a bird I'd trusted, would do this to a fellow journalist." Eddy made his eyes big and ingenuous and horrified. "That's how I felt," he said; "well, after that I became less trusting—and probably a better reporter. Nothing teaches you about life like newspaper work."

I THINK newspaper work was a trifle disillusioning to Eddy. But as he himself remarked, he had perhaps too many illusions and needed to lose some of them.

He learned another valuable lesson at this time, too. It was a lesson about how haste makes waste even on a newspaper. He had been assigned to the very late night shift at his office and happened to be on his way to work when he saw two fire trucks, answering an alarm, run smack into each other at a midtown intersection.

"Oh, boy, a reporter's dream!" Eddy gloated in retrospect, "and I was the only person who saw it happen! Oh, three or four hundred spectators, but I mean I was the only reporter. An exclusive! I ran up to this fireman and that: 'What's your name? Middle initial?' Nobody seriously injured but everything highly spectacular. I got each name and ran like mad all the way to the office."

He went, panting, to the city desk and told what he'd seen and done. The editor spoke. *The Bulletin*, he reminded Nelson, was an evening paper. Nelson's jaw dropped and his face grew a mile long. In the first place, the whole thing would be covered as a matter of routine police and hospital reports, including the names. "And, what's worse," said Eddy, "it would be printed in the morning papers hours before our first evening edition came out. I believe," he appended mournfully, "that this was about the greatest blow of my newspaper career."

All this while, of course, Nelson was singing around the office, but none of us recognized the fact that a grand opera baritone and a top flight picture star was among us. Eddy himself didn't know it then. But if some of us had suspected it, we might have gathered souvenirs against the future.

For example: He drew a picture on copy paper one day, a pencil sketch of a girl gazing into a crystal, and handed it to a young woman reporter to put on the wall of an arty "studio" she had fixed up at home. Nelson never saw the studio, but he made the sketch as a humorous contribution to its *decor*. And did the woman reporter treasure it? No, she chucked it into a trunk and last spring it turned up atop the flood waters when a pipe burst in the cellar.

At that time, she remembers, Eddy sang in a Philadelphia church choir, without pay. Jeanette MacDonald sang in a Philadelphia church choir, too. There must be something about Philadelphia. Anyway, when Eddy later had a paid job in another choir he returned all the money at the end of the year; didn't like the notion of dealing with a church on a commercial basis.

Even after he left the paper and, as a singer, began to make real money, he didn't change; he remained considerate and democratic beneath what little was left of his New England shell, and would single out *Bulletin* reporters in his audiences and wave at them and get them to come back stage afterward. "A regular fellow," his former newspaper associates say of him; and his former city editor, recalling him as "bright, intelligent, and quick" adds likewise: "A nice fellow and popular with the boys. I've heard some of them say that Eddy was one of the most genial and really lovable people ever associated with this paper."

It was long before he left the *Bulletin*, however, that he took to a dance the girl reporter for whom he had drawn the sketch. He had to "cover" the dance as an assignment, and the girl says he was sounding off about having to write it up when one of the editors suggested that he ought to take a girl with him. So he asked her.

No reporter has money for a taxi unless it's put on an expense account (for some reason, this Annapolis dance didn't rate that), so the girl in a white organdy graduation dress (she had come not many months before from finishing school), and Nelson in correctly formal garb, for being a semi-professional singer, he was one of the few reporters who owned tails, met in the lobby of the hotel where the dance was held. Each got there by separate street car because there hadn't been time for Nelson to call at the girl's home.

EDDY danced well, but the girl reporter's gaze kept roving toward the boys in uniform. Perhaps spurred by her inattention, Eddy asked jokingly: "Do you think I'd be a good looking officer?" And he pretended to be terribly downcast when she replied flippantly: "We-ell, I think you'd be a good officer!"

It was a nice night, and by mutual consent they walked home. Reporters, they talked about newspaper work; and music.

It was at about this time that they sent Eddy to interview the late ex-President Taft. It was an assignment considerably above the average, and Eddy felt just a little nervous.

"Taft gave a talk before some organization," he explained, and these recollections of the flurry and sweat of the city room seemed strange, told in the calm of the pine-panelled M-G-M dressing room with the big embossed star on the outer door. "I didn't have to cover the talk, but I had to be sure to get an interview from him afterward. When the lecture ended, a long line of people wanted to speak to Taft and I was at the end of the line. At last my turn came.

"'I'm from a newspaper,' I said, 'I'd like to ask you some questions—' 'Certainly, my boy,' Taft replied cordially, 'what paper?' I told him. 'How long have you been with them?' I told him. 'How old are you?' I told him. 'How do you like your work? I told him. By and by he shook hands heartily, said he was glad to have met me, and sent me away walking on air. Not till I reached home did I realize that I had no interview! He'd done all the questioning!

"The lecture had been at night. I wouldn't report for work till next morning. So I thought out a plan.

"I got up at five A. M. and went to the hotel where Taft was staying, in order to catch him before he took the Washington train. The clerk wouldn't send my name up at that hour for fear of disturbing him; so I sat in the dining room, drinking coffee, on the theory that even an ex-President would have to eat breakfast sometime.

"I sat there till nearly nine o'clock before I discovered that Taft had breakfasted in his room and was back in Washington—"

The big fact, anyway, isn't that Eddy missed out on the Taft interview, but that he rose at 5 A. M., after a late night, to try to get it. Anyone who put that much energy into a job couldn't help carving for himself, eventually, a double handful of success.

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 13]

GEORGE MURPHY and the other actors who had to engage in a football tussle with Big Boy Williams, were taking a terrific beating from the Herculean actor. Then someone discovered that Big Boy is very ticklish and just can't take it. When they went into the scene again this time Big Boy was very glad *not* to play rough.

THE studio wasn't the only one to have trouble when it was decided to make *Sweethearts* in Technicolor. When the first day's rushes were run off, it was discovered that the titian locks of Jeanette MacDonald went a pretty black. Jeanette couldn't get away with a wig because there is a scene where she has to wash her own hair. So the only remaining thing to do, was for La MacDonald to dye for her art. This she did. Now her hair is a cross between pink and orange. But it will look beautiful when you and *you* see it on the screen.

ON JULY 4th, Jack Oakie's beloved ma celebrated her seventieth birthday. Jack gave her a party and invited all the mothers in Hollywood. When the cake came in, Jack, who had insisted that it carry all the seventy candles, cracked: "I hope the neighbors won't think it's a forest fire!" Speaking of Jack, he is getting quite a kick out of the excitement his new figure causes. Jack, who dropped over fifty pounds, looks like the old Oakie who arrived a bit bewildered and unknown in Hollywood. He's so well behaved these days that Hollywood hostesses have a difficult time to even get him to drink a coca-cola!

WHEN a stunning woman walked into Orry-Kelly's studio and asked if he could see her, a very busy Kelly told her abruptly that she would have to wait. The woman sat down quietly and proceeded to take in all the activity around her. Kelly dashed back and forth, lugging bolts of chiffon and dragging silver lamé. Each time he passed the woman, he eyed her suspiciously. Finally, he stopped. "You aren't by any chance, Beulah Bondi?" inquired Kelly, who had been awaiting the arrival of the famous actress. "Why yes, of course I am," answered the woman pleasantly. "Good grief," moaned Kelly. "Well, that's what you get for playing characters!"

WHEN David Niven refused to do a part, he was put on suspension. So he took a long European trip. He arrived back in Hollywood with exactly seven dollars to his name. Do you think he was dismayed? Not Niven the inimitable. He just called up Central Casting and asked them to give him a few days extra work until Sam Goldwyn found a starring role for him!

ONLY Bette Davis would give out this kind of copy. For the earthquake sequence in *The Sisters*, Bette had to emerge from all the chaos and speak in a tragic horrified voice. Now it just so happened that she had been home ill, suffering from laryngitis. She hadn't been able to work for days. But Bette suggested that she come to the studio and do the post-earthquake scenes. "My voice will sound harsh and strained," explained Bette. "It will just be my laryngitis but it will be right for the part. Then I can fool everyone and make them think I am giving a great characterization!" (Personal to Bette: Please promise to go on "fooling" us forever.)

MICKEY ROONEY may have a host of admirers, but he's no hero to the tenants of the apartment building where he lives. In the early morning when he leaves for work, Mickey stands out in front of the building while he waits for the garage man to bring his car around to the curb. To break the monotony of waiting and the peace and quiet of the new born day, Mickey reads his lines and acts out the scenes he will do before the camera. Oh yes, we mustn't forget to tell you about the new Rooney pipe he has adopted. He only removes it from his mouth when it's time for dinner!

WHEN Jimmy Cagney rented his Beverly Hills home, he figured he would live at the Beverly Hills Hotel until he had time to build on his new eleven-acre estate. But one week in the hotel convinced the dynamic Jimmy that he would never be able to stick it out. So he took matters into his

IN HOLLYWOOD FATIGUE IS TABOO!

BECAUSE ACTING CALLS FOR ENERGY!

Life is strenuous for movie stars. After hours "on the set", they must still be alert, energetic. That's why, of all people, they must eat foods which fight fatigue, foods which fortify them with energy. Baby Ruth Candy is a concentrated energy food. It is rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses for energy. To avoid fatigue, make Baby Ruth your candy. You will enjoy its energizing goodness.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
OTTO SCHNERING, President

own hand by moving into the tiny house destined to be the servants' quarters. There is just enough room for Jimmy and Mrs. Cagney, who is doing her own cooking and housekeeping and loving every moment of it.

DIRECTOR Michael Curtiz is just as exacting as he is humorous. When the *Dead End* boys weren't being as hard-boiled as the director wanted them to be, he stopped the scene and said. "Try it again once. And this time give it more ugly!"

EVER since Patric Knowles played with Errol Flynn in *Charge of the Light Brigade,* he has had a Flynn complex. When Errol bought an English car, Pat bought one. When Errol exchanged his for a station wagon, Pat did the same. Now Pat's friends are beginning to wonder and worry. What will Pat do when Errol suddenly decides to take off and help fight the next foreign revolution?

NEXT time you go to the vegetable market, insist on buying "Loy's Limes." Myrna is very proud of this product that bears her name. She raises them herself and has gone into the business with the intention of making a big thing of it.

BOB TAYLOR'S kittens are really the "cats." Nine of them were born out at Bob's ranch home. Up to date he has over two hundred requests from friends and admirers who want to own a Taylor puss cat!

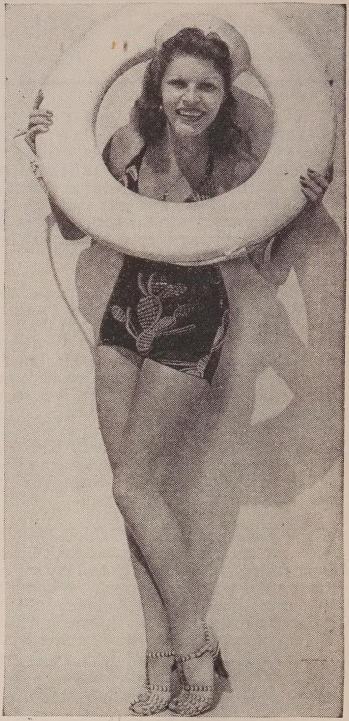
WHEN the Fred MacMurrays were married a year, Lily was sick in bed and couldn't celebrate the occasion. Recently came their second anniversary. This time Lily was all well and strong again. But Fred had to work. So Lily bundled herself into some heavy things and went out to the airport where Fred was shooting. At midnight he presented her with a platinum cigarette case and compact to match.

MARY LIVINGSTONE'S cigarette case is decorated with symbolic jeweled figures that are remindful of different occasions. One of the figures is a tiny box of Jello. It is set with diamonds and rubies, which is a pretty expensive dish for any housewife.

JUST one big happy family, the William Wellman company at Paramount! To rib Ray Milland, Wellman has a recording of one of Dorothy Lamour's songs she sang in Ray's ear for three weeks of production. So whenever Ray walks on the set, Wellman gives the signal, and out blasts Dorothy's voice crooning like mad. To show his appreciation, Ray planted a nice healthy stink bomb in Wellman's coat pocket. Boys *will* be boys!

FAY BAINTER'S new success in the movies isn't going to change her down-to-earth quality. In talking about her movie success, Fay said: "After playing for years to the cotton drawers audience, it took Hollywood to bring on the carriage trade." But don't get Fay wrong. She's only kidding about herself, as she has always been tops in her profession.

AND now it's Paula Stone who is supposed to have supplanted Priscilla Lane in Wayne Morris' affections. At least Paula is being seen out with Wayne. But Priscilla will still have him making love to her when they play opposite each other in *Brother Rat.*



Martha Raye reveals more reasons why she is the most popular star of all with the U. S. Navy. The gobs will get an eyeful when they see her in *Give Me a Sailor!*

From the serious expressions on their faces, you'd never guess that Virginia Bruce and Fredric March are in the midst of uproarious comedy scenes for the Hal Roach production, *There Goes My Heart.* That's a new co-starring combination, by the way

THE day that Jackie Coogan got back from his personal appearance tour, was the day Betty Grable had off from the *Campus Confessions* set. Betty was delighted until the studio insisted that she come in and pose for publicity pictures instead of spending her time with her husband. Betty put up a fuss but the studio won. Jackie spends all of his spare time on the set whenever Betty is working. Regardless of who is watching, the two youngsters carry on affectionately like two people very much in love—which they are.

THOSE working on the set with Bob Burns would be so happy with life if Bob would just *once* come on the set knowing his lines. Van Buren's pride and joy is wonderful at ad-libbing on the radio. But when it comes to memorizing words and throwing his fellow actors a cue, Bob makes them nervous as brides. It usually takes quite a few "takes" before Bob comes through with flying colors.

WONDER who Shirley Temple was imitating when they were getting ready to do a scene? Puckering her lips into a beautiful pout and tossing her head, Shirley exclaimed. "I run off the set. So many people talk to me at one time. I get mixed up. I run away from them!"

YOUNG Richard Clayton, who is rapidly climbing the cinema ladder of fame, thought he had his big chance in

Paramount's newest college picture. When it came time for his big scene, they decided to rewrite it. Dick was supposed to have had the seat of his pants torn away by a dog. So all his lines were spoken with his back toward the camera and everything *but* his face was photographed!

YOU too can win an Eleanor Powell gold medal! Every month the tap dancer presents five hundred of these medals to the various dancing schools she sponsors. Of course the medals are given as a reward to the moppet who has knocked himself out the most, trying to improve in his work.

Eleanor, by the way, recently took to her skates. She is now perfecting a tap routine on wheels that really should be a sensation. Now if Sonja Henie would just learn to ice skate on a tight rope, we could all go back to our home work.

YES, it's all too wonderful, the way they love you in Hollywood—*after* you're a success. When Hedy Lamarr first arrived on her home lot, everyone passed her by without a nod. Her own publicity department wasn't at all anxious to even have her meet the boys. When Walter Wanger offered to borrow Hedy for *Algiers,* he had her services almost before he had hung up the receiver. But this was all before the preview. Hedy got such rave notices and her beauty was so astounding, she attracted many new "friends" immediately. Now her studio is going to keep her right at home, and the word is out to give Hedy a star build-up.

BECAUSE she likes to be a regular fellow, Barbara Stanwyck doesn't make any fuss when publicity men occasionally pin phony stories to her name. However, when reports got out that Barbara was suffering from an old back injury, that she couldn't indulge in sports for a year, etc., the star had great cause for alarm. She was afraid her insurance company might take exception to the stories and consider her a bad risk. So Barbara had to put down her foot and insist that she be allowed to okay stories pertaining to things concerning her health and happiness.

WHEN it came option time John Beal was approached by the M-G-M executives. John's contract called for a big increase in salary. They wanted John to remain with them but they didn't feel they could afford to boost his pay. John, who has worked continuously and been in demand by other studios, felt he was deserving of the raise. A compromise couldn't be met, so John and M-G-M have come to a parting of the ways. It's all very friendly and now John intends dividing his time between Hollywood and New York.

THERE'S never a dull moment on the sets of Hollywood. When it was learned that Harry Cornblath, Fred Astaire's stand-in, was expecting an heir, the company decided to give *him* a baby shower. Big muscle-bound electricians, grinning prop jugglers and the rest of the earthy set gang, showed up with tiny little garments of baby pink and blue!

WHEN you see *Lord Jeff* you'll understand why it received such an ovation at Joan Crawford's house. No, we don't mean Mickey Rooney—and we don't mean Freddy Bartholomew. We mean little Terry Kilburne, who captivates every time he opens his mouth. After the picture had been run, Joan, Sally Blane, John Beal and the rest of the guests, all broke out in wild applause.

Incidentally, little Terry is a discovery of an actor named Charles Irwin. Not only did Irwin discover Terry, but he taught him the English accent that he uses in the picture. After the Hollywood preview, Mr. Mayer sent out orders to get special material for Terry. Then it was discovered that M-G-M, figuring the young player was just a flash in the pan, hadn't signed him. Of course when the big boss says the word, things happen. Luckily for someone, Terry was free of any contract obligations. Needless to say Metro now owns him body and soul!

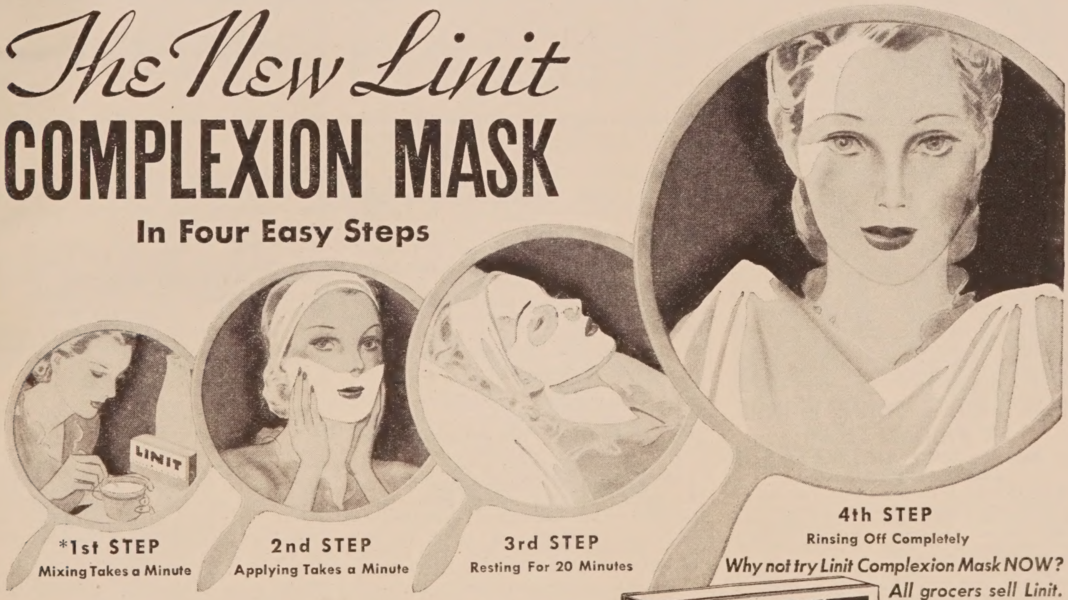
WE THOUGHT we had heard everything until we ran into Florence Rice, rushing down Wilshire Boulevard. When we asked where the fire was, Florence explained that she was on the way to the dog hospital to see her pet Sealyham. The pooch was suffering from a nervous breakdown!

THE new Nelson Eddy had to have his hair dyed a brownette shade. It was much against his will but they had to do it all for Technicolor. The old Nelson you all know and love will be back, as soon as *Sweethearts* is "in the can."

The New Linit

COMPLEXION MASK

In Four Easy Steps



Why not try Linit Complexion Mask NOW?
All grocers sell Linit.

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

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FOR THE BATH
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Do This If You're NERVOUS

Help Calm Jumpy Nerves Without Harmful Opiates

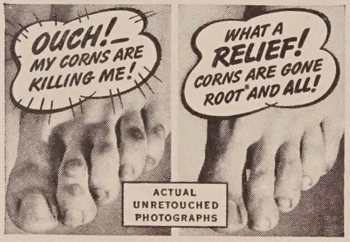
IF you fly off the handle at little things and at times feel so nervous, cross and jumpy you want to scream—if you have spells of "the blues" and restless nights—

Don't take chances on harmful opiates and products you know nothing about. Use common sense. Get more fresh air, more sleep and in case you need a good general system tonic take a TIME-PROVEN medicine like famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made *especially for women* from wholesome herbs and roots. Let it help Nature tone up your system—build more physical resistance and thus help calm jangly nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and make life worth living. Give it a chance to help YOU.

Tune in Voice of Experience Mutual Broadcasting System: Mon., Wed. and Fri. See your local newspaper for time. WLW Mondays through Friday.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is your summer tan still lingering? Are your locks ready for that fall permanent? **SCREEN BOOK** Magazine's Beauty Editor, Janet Lynn, will give you all the answers in the November issue of **SCREEN BOOK** Magazine.


OUCH!— MY CORNS ARE KILLING ME!
WHAT A RELIEF! CORNS ARE GONE ROOT* AND ALL!
ACTUAL UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPHS

DON'T MAKE CORNS WORSE BY PARING THEM!

Remove ROOT AND ALL with double-action Blue-Jay*

MILLIONS have found quick relief from painful corns with scientific Blue-Jay that relieves pain—removes corns root and all. They know that home paring only affects the surface of a corn—leaves the root to come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever.

Don't suffer needlessly. Get relief this safe, easy way. Blue-Jay relieves pain by removing pressure, then in a few days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is safe, easy to use. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Camera addicts among the recent Fawcett Hollywood Tourists had thrills galore when they visited Warren William's country estate. They photographed such famous ones as Wayne Morris, Penny Singleton, the host himself, Lillian Bond and Bob Allen with his pretty wife. This year's tours were voted the best ever!

JOAN BENNETT took a beating from the press when she went through all her harrowing experiences in *The Texans* and emerged as doll-like and fragile as a hot house flower. Joan knew in advance that she would be criticised and begged to be allowed to muss herself up. But her boss insisted that audiences like to look at *beautiful* women. So disregarding a little thing like a battle, Joan was forced to bead her eyelashes and tuck in every stray lock on her pretty head!

DOROTHY LAMOUR'S new hillside home (it looks right down into Ray Milland's tennis court) is quite different from the usual run of Hollywood abode. Dotty has gone in for the heavy carvings and furnishings of the Victorian period. The needle point dining room chair coverings, she made with her own busy little fingers. The hand carved mantel-piece that Dotty is so proud of, is a house present from Nelson Eddy.

BACK in the home town, (Toledo, Ohio), the good folk knew him as Lester Hope. He changed his name to Bob when he became successful.

LOTS of nice things happened to counteract her pain, while Judy Garland was in the hospital convalescing from her accident. A cable arrived from Marlene Dietrich and little Maria, offering all kinds of sympathy. Then so many flowers arrived that it gave Judy an idea that has since proved very profitable. One shop in particular sent so many and such beautiful flowers, Judy offered to buy in a large interest. This was accepted and now the Garland Flower Shop is being patronized by all Judy's friends and fans. Recently when Mickey Rooney took Judy to a premiere he called her and told her to pick out her own corsage. Smart girl, that Judy!

IN YEARS to come Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are going to be very grateful. Each has started an individual film library of all the dances they have done together. Each time they do a new number, they both order up an extra print from the studio laboratory and add it to their collection. What a thrill it's going to be for their grandchildren—if Television hasn't completely wiped out the movies by then.

LUISE, the Rainer, came flitting into the publicity department one day. She explained that she had received a notice from them telling her to look on a certain page of a certain magazine and read her latest interview. Luise had searched in vain and complained that she had been misinformed. The publicity department asked to see the notice that Luise had received. She produced it and it was pointed that the notice had been in her dressing room an entire year and was *just* twelve months old!

THE first day Ray Bolger worked under those gruelling technicolor lights, he lost five pounds. In the forthcoming *Wizard of Oz,* Ray plays the tin woodman. Adrian is very busy fashioning a heart for Ray, which will probably be made of ruby sequins. Adrian's costumes for the "Munchkins" will be the last word in imagination.

FOR once Hollywood gossips were right when they rumored a romance between Janet Gaynor and Adrian, M-G-M's fashion creator de luxe. Several years ago Janet came over to M-G-M to have Adrian design her clothes for *Daddy Long Legs.* Their friendship started then. Last year Adrian again did work for Janet when she came over to M-G-M to appear in *Small Town Girl,* opposite Robert Taylor. Recently she appeared once more on the M-G-M lot, this time in a picture with Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone. Gradually the two people concerned grew to know and care for each other. Their attraction for each other is very understandable. The little Gaynor is completely different in every way from the screen characters that have made her famous. Adrian has one of the finest creative minds in the industry. Hollywood is expecting this romance to really survive!

ALL Spain and most of South America are ma-ad for Ann Sheridan. She reminds them of Clara Bow, and they adored Clara. Whenever Ann receives those torrid mash notes from her Latin admirers, she gets so excited she goes right out and peels herself a tamale!

WHEN Fanny Brice bought her new home, she ran right out to shop for trees. (In Hollywood they don't wait for them to grow.) Fanny saw a gigantic oak and fell madly in love with it. When she asked the price, the man said, "Seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"Are you kiddin'?" Fanny asked skeptically. When the man assured her that a first class new sized oak cost that much, Fanny threw up her hands in dismay. "For that amount a tree should be Charlie McCarthy's father!" she cracked.

The Austrian prima donna, Miliza Korjus, soon became a great favorite with her fellow M-G-M workers during the filming of *The Great Waltz*. Maureen O'Sullivan, snapped here with the diva, was among the many that thrilled to the great Korjus voice

DEAR Marie Wilson! She got so excited the day of the *Boy Meets Girl* preview, she just went around in circles. All during the running of the picture, Marie sat there and squirmed. Somehow, even after the excitement was over, she still couldn't sit back and relax. That night after Hollywood had acclaimed her, a starry-eyed Marie went home and started to undress for bed. It was then she discovered that she

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Tell us how Kleenex serves your family and we'll send *you* a new purse-size Metal Case with Kleenex Lipstick Tissues inside (retail value $1.00). Mail your letter with name and address and the perforated strip from 1 box of Kleenex to KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

MOTHER SAYS:

"I WAS A BUSY BIB-WASHER
NOW I TUCK KLEENEX UNDER THE BABY'S CHIN AND SAVE WASHING!"
(*from a letter by* Mrs. E. J., California)

DAUGHTER SAYS:

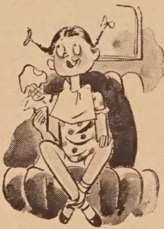
"NEXT TO THE BOSS
KLEENEX IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE OFFICE!"
(*from a letter by* C. O. P., Louisiana)

● During colds and hay fever, Kleenex soothes your nose, saves money, reduces handkerchief washing. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Adopt the habit of using Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box that ends waste and mess ... boxes of 200 sheets now 2 for 25c. It's the handy size for every room in your home, for your office and your car.

BABY SAYS:

YUM YUM!
"NOW MY LITTLE GIRL CAN EAT ICE CREAM CONES AND CHOCOLATE CANDY IN THE CAR—BECAUSE WITH KLEENEX HANDY, BOTH SHE AND THE CAR ARE KEPT CLEAN!"



(*from a letter by* Mrs. E. S., Wisconsin)

AUNTY SAYS:

GYPPED!.. AND WAS I MAD!

"I ASKED FOR KLEENEX—6 BOXES—BUT WHEN HOME FOUND IT WASN'T KLEENEX BUT ONE OF THOSE "OFF-BRANDS!" WAS I MAD—I TOOK IT BACK AND DID I GIVE THAT CLERK AN EARFUL!"
(*from a letter by* Mrs. B. F. D., Chicago)

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg U. S. Patent Office)

BEAUTY HINT
from
VIRGINIA
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*Recently voted America's most beautiful model.

"I notice the girls with lovely eyes are using WINX MASCARA!"

WINX is *different!* Its texture is so *fine* and it clings so closely that it looks more *natural.* Makes lashes seem *softer* and longer... gives your eyes exotic, alluring *beauty.* Try WINX *today!*

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Get WINX mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil... in the GREEN PACKAGES... at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Change to **WINX**
The Finer Quality
MASCARA

MY PLAN PAYS YOU EXTRA MONEY

"Old Reliable Kardman"

without investment or experience, paying you big money for showing my beautiful, alluring **$1 Box 21 Christmas Folders.** Not sold in stores. Different! Superior Features! Double Designs! Sells like magic. You make 50c a box. Many other Christmas, Everyday Card bargains—Gift Wrappings, Religious, Etchings, etc. Sure, quick, easy money for your spare time. Start at once. Write for **FREE Sample Offer.**

Chas. C. Schwer, Dept. J–10, Westfield, Mass

You Tyrone Power fans will be thrilled by the inside story of Tyrone's recent vacation—Tyrone's *Hidden Holiday!*

In the November Issue of
SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

HUSH
Tested and Approved
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Good Housekeeping Bureau
HUSH
HUSH
HUSH
HUSH CREAM-DEODORANT

wise girls don't risk body odors! after every bath

use Hush and be Sure

You're dainty and sweet as you step from your bath. *Stay that way* for Hours Longer with HUSH. There's a type for each need:

CREAM—Pure, soothing to skin, harmless to dress fabrics.

LIQUID—*Instant,* protects 24 hours. *Regular*, for 1 to 3 days.

POWDER—Ideal for Sanitary Napkins. Keeps feet and shoes fresh.

25c 50c—10c size at 10c counters

Keep Your Hair Up!

[*Continued from page* 48]

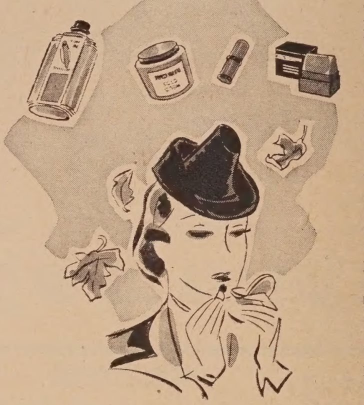
Your new fall permanent will last longer, look better, if you take loving care of it, do over your curls every two or three nights. Instead of moistening your hair with water (which just about ruins a permanent, as you probably discovered this summer) use a brand new curling lotion. The pale pink liquid dries rapidly, keeps the curls in shape, and gives your hair a burnished look. It's much thinner than wave set, and of course it can't leave any white flecks in your hair. Ten cents for a three ounce bottle, attractively labelled in pale blue. Interested?

ANNABELLA was lucky enough to be born blonde, and stay that way. A weekly hot oil shampoo, daily massage and much brushing are enough to keep her hair soft and glimmering. When she has plenty of time, she hand-dries her hair in the sun to give it an added zip. It takes more than that for some of us to stay blonde—so we resort to bleaching to keep the golden lights of childhood in our hair, or to give us a change from our naturally dusky tresses. All too late we learn that hair which has been bleached very long, or bleached by inexpert hands, tends to become coarse, brittle and lifeless. When wet, it gets spongy and is inclined to tangle. You can avoid that rubbery, straw look, the next time you shampoo your hair, if you use a special bleached hair shampoo. The one I'm thinking of right now is neither liquid nor cake—but a cross between the consistencies of whipped cream and cake batter. The cream, for such it is, is richly superfatted with milk solids, and contains certain oils that help to revitalize and soften badly bleached hair, give it a natural gloss, a new lease on life. Wet your hands, work up a lather with the cream shampoo, then apply the lather to your moistened hair. Massage well, then remove the lather with clear water. Rinse and rinse again, until your water is clean. Brush your hair dry if possible. A large and generous jar of the shampoo, in orchid and cream decor, costs $1. Do let me know if you'd like the name.

That midsummer day when I exchanged beauty secrets with Annabella in her suite I couldn't help remarking on her beautiful golden tan. She had just come back from location in the desert—but the desert sun and wind hadn't dried out her skin. She'd prevented that by repeated and thorough applications of an oily sun preparation, frequent rub-downs with a softening body lotion. The result was a luscious bisque skin that was soft and clear and glowing with health.

If you haven't been as careful as Annabella in acquiring your own tan, you may find yourself facing autumn winds with a dried out and leathery skin. It's up to you to start re-conditioning your skin now. Use plenty of soap and water and a complexion brush to scrub your skin thoroughly, two or three times each day, help to slough off the top layer of dead skin cells. And go in for creams in a big way, to replace the essential oils the sun has burnt out.

After a recent trip through several testing laboratories, I'm as firmly sold on vitamins in cosmetics as the manufacturers and scientists themselves. I wish you could have seen, as I did, the micro-photographs which show the way the external application of creams containing Vitamin A improved the dried-out, scaly skin of vitamin starved rodents. I wish you could have seen the hospital-like rooms where the experimental rodents live and sicken, and then grow strong again, in order that you and I may benefit. I wish you could have heard the enthusiastic comments of the hundreds of women who made practical tests, on their own skins, of these vitamin creams. I think you'd agree with me that they've got something there!



Be as doll-like as your new fall hat, with the aid of a pale pink curling lotion, vitamin cold cream, velvety red lipstick, and protective powder base

RIGHT now I'm thinking of two vitamin creams that should be your dish if you want to make your harsh, dry skin softer and more youthful. Use the cold cream to remove make-up and dirt during the day, leave a film of it on overnight to banish scaliness, prevent premature wrinkles. You'll like the way the Vitamin A in this bit of white fluff helps to maintain the normal health of the skin. If you prefer a quicker melting cream, then try the liquefying cream from the same manufacturer—it contains the same beneficial Vitamin A, will be just as kind to your epidermis. The dainty white jars, with their attractive blue-green tops, come in three sizes priced under a dollar, and there's a small size for ten cents in your nearest dime store. Do write me if you'd like the names of these miracle working preparations.

If you've come back from your vacation with blackheads and large pores marring the clearness of your skin, what you need is a deep, thorough and stimulating cleanser. All those words apply to some pale pink pebbly grains that you moisten in the palm of your hand, then work into the skin. Massage with your fingertips for several minutes, then rinse away with water. If your vacation indulgence in fats and pastries has given you a fresh batch of pimples these grains will help heal them. Be sure, in this case, to leave the light powder deposited by the grains on your skin overnight. The slight massage with the grains will help remove that upper layer of dried and dead skin cells which is standing between you and the true beauty of your skin. A dollar buys the generous blue and white can—be sure to write me for the name.

I HOPE you don't think that those tricky cleansing pads you've been using to keep your face fresh in the hot weather are good only in the summertime. Not so! You can get just as dirty-faced in the winter—especially if you're working in an overheated office, or shopping furiously for your fall wardrobe. But instead of using the astringent type that you've been using to keep your summer face cool and refreshed, you should experiment with the new pads from the same company. They're especially designed for skin that is dry and sensitive—as so many are, come winter. They'll do an efficient job of removing grime and make-up, with nary a bit of irritation. Both types of pads come in humidor jars (60 cents and $1) for your dressing table or desk drawer, and in small purse compact (25 cents) that goes shopping or travelling with you. The pads for dry skin come in a rose and green carton, those for oily skin (in case yours is with you always) in a yellow and green one. Be sure to write me for the name so you can keep your skin free from pore-clogging dust.

If your summer freckles haven't quite faded away, if your tan is blotchy and a lifeless color, you'll want to use the powder base I came across the other day. It comes in four attractive complexion shades—flesh, rachelle, brunette and suntan—and will do a slick job of evening up the most streaked of tans, toning down your unwanted freckles, as well as keeping your make-up in place through fair and foul weather. Touch the wedge-shaped stick to your nose, forehead, chin and cheeks. Then spread it evenly over your entire face—upward, outward motions of the fingers are best. If you have a few pesky blemishes, use a second coat of the creamy powder base to disguise them. With this non-greasy undercoat, your make-up will stay velvety smooth for hours. Best of all, the make-up base protects your tender skin from the harsh winds, the driving rains of autumn. A red and white package containing three months supply costs 50 cents, and there are trial sizes priced at 10 and 25 cents in the five and ten cent stores. I'll be glad to send you the name of this ultra slick powder base—for now is the time when all good girls come to the aid of their face powder with a good foundation!

When I was in Chicago recently I found the most luscious new shade of an old favorite lipstick. The shade is called Tulip Red, and it has all the richness of deep red velvet, with none of the blue undertones that have characterized some summer lipsticks. The lipstick itself is creamy enough to keep your lips soft all winter long, yet not so much so that it will smear or disappear the moment you sip your coffee. Symbolic of the kissability of the lips that wear this lipstick is the wedding ring circling the irridescent green case. Fifty-five cents buys it—want to know the name?

Do you want a new face under your fall hat? If so, write to Janet Lynn for the names of these products. Tell her about your special beauty problem too—no matter whether it's dry hair, a new hairstyle, or the correct shades of make-up for your coloring. Miss Lynn will be glad to help solve your difficulties if you'll enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write her in care of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York. U. S. postage, please.

Those rapidly-rising youngsters, Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene, continue to be spotted romantically at the night spots. Richard, incidentally, is playing his first starring role in 20th Century-Fox's big navy picture, *Wooden Anchors*, and Arleen is still rumored a likely candidate for that *Scarlett* role, now that Norma Shearer has turned it down

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Freshness is the secret of Charm...in a Movie Star or a Cigarette

Grace Bradley's charm of natural freshness is guarded by the sensible attention she gives to proper diet, exercise, and beauty care. (*She is currently featured in Republic's "Romance On The Run".*)

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Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM.*

FEAR that freshness may some day fade is a Hollywood headache to every star. For even the greatest talent loses much of its appeal when freshness "goes stale".

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For classic rounded lines, choose *"Inter-Lude"—bandeau style or with 2-, 4-, or 6-inch diaphragm band—$1.00 to $3.50. Send for *free* Style Booklet G: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, New York.

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MARY T. GOLDMAN
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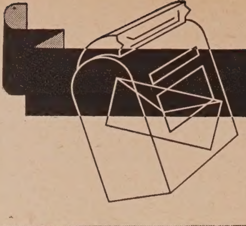
City........................ State.........
Color of your hair?.........................



THE POSTMAN RINGS

Those delectable Lane Sisters, Rosemary, Lola and Priscilla, continue their rise to stellar heights as co-stars of *Four Daughters* (formerly known as *Sister Act*). Next Priscilla plays opposite real-life boy friend, Wayne Morris, in *Brother Rat*

$15.00 Prize Letter

Freedom of the Press

DEAR EDITOR:

This still being a free country with that international rarity—freedom of the press—certain movie exhibitors could not very well be stopped from loosing their "box office poison." However, I give them credit; they led with their chins—they mentioned names.

But the millions of average American theatre patrons like myself who know most of those exhibitors as "the guys" who overload programs with cinematripe, feature Class Z stories on the same program with a real picture, foster Bank Nites and turn lobbies into cheap crockery emporiums in order to "build-up" attendance, have themselves and only themselves to blame for their box office drought.

For this is still America, and of Americans it still holds true that "you can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time but you (that means you, Mr. Movie Exhibitor!) can't fool all of the people all of the time."

Clean up your programs and we'll fill up your theatres, regardless of the stars.—*Jack Brennan, 350 Atlanta Avenue, Webster Groves, Mo.*

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

$10.00 Prize Letter

An American Menu, Please

DEAR EDITOR: I'm an American, I like ham and eggs for breakfast, think that Red, White and Blue, spangled with stars, is the first wonder of the world, and I suffer from no 'isms'—but I do think that the Hollywood "importation" problem needs overhauling.

Don't misunderstand, I think the English are swell people, and the French are tops (I married a Briton and am of French extraction) but I'm still all for the home grown products.

Herbert Marshall, I think is a fine actor, but what's he got that Gary Cooper can't top? And Danielle Darrieux—she's lovely—but our own Joan Crawford can still trump her ace!

Hollywood producers are the world's prize chefs. They claim if given some good ingredients they can make a super special prize dish. Then why not take the young American actresses—the Marjorie Weavers, the Rochelle Hudsons, and the Rosemary Lanes, and make stars out of them? It's cheaper and is in the cause of the Red, White and Blue!—*Mrs. E. Smith, 6306 Drexel Blvd., Chicago, Ill.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Receding Hairlines

DEAR GLAMOR BOYS: Tell me, has the price of toupees advanced so alarmingly that they are beyond your means? Or what? You usually wear the necessary head foliage on the screen, (furnished perhaps by the studios), but alas for glamour, in private life you think *nothing* of brazenly permitting yourselves to be candid camera-ed with heads almost as nude as dinosaur eggs! Maybe this denotes an admirable lack of vanity, but oh, what a beating it gives romance!

Comedians of the slapstick school, and elderly character actors with no pretentions to "getting the girl"—these can safely doff hats to reveal hairless pates, but you other screen males, think of your sensitive public—particularly the members of the so-called weaker sex!

A generously thatched headpiece may not signify acting ability, but it surely does do wonders toward preserving in us the proper seriousness for appreciating it!—*Lauretta Chapman, 621 South Hope St., Los Angeles, Calif.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

A Kay Francis Fan Comes to Bat

DEAR EDITOR: Recent talk of the box-office slump prompts me to ask: Have motion picture audiences lost all semblance of good taste in their choice of film entertainment? It is a debatable question, but I am forced to reply in the affirmative when I see moviegoers preferring chorines to the first-rate actresses, serials to serious drama, and horse operas to screen versions of the better stage plays.

For instance, I am told that some of Kay Francis' films have not been well received at the box-office. I wasn't aware of the situation, because it seems impossible to believe that people can afford to miss the exquisite beauty of Miss Francis' portrayals.

She represents all that is admirable in dignity, charm and reserve. One sees in her the true lady, regardless of the part she plays and in the eyes of those who admire her she occupies a pedestal high above the jumble of publicity seeking stars. She is the one real person Hollywood can boast about, but it looks as though she is retiring with close to a half million stored away. That would put the last laugh on the Francis side of the ledger, box-office or no box-office.—*Dorothy Holcombe, 4042 Richland Ct., Shorewood, Wis.*

Sir Reginald happily takes a bow with his charming mistress, Patricia Ellis, on the set of Hal Roach's *Block Heads*. Pat brought her new pet back with her from England

IT'S RAINING FLOWERS!
Jano Fabry

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A Campbell Is Coming!

[*Continued from page* 44]

dramatics and directing class plays at De-Paul University.

"All this time," she explains, "I had my eyes on Broadway. And when I had saved up $300 I took a train and experienced the great thrill of having my feet on the fabled street. What happened after that has happened to hundreds of other girls who came to the Big Town thinking they could crash Broadway the first day of their arrival. Perhaps I was luckier than most of them. Or more persistent. At any rate it took me only two months of 'making the rounds' until I got my first chance to blink into the glare of the footlights—but that two months embraces a period of time I'd like to forget. I wore out my shoes, wore out my nerves, and wore out the patience of the men who run the theatrical booking agencies. I also wore that harried, worried, hungry look that comes to girls who come to New York looking for work."

Two months of this "picking 'em up and laying 'em down"—and then her first job. Milton Stiefel, well-known stock company director and producer, gave her a try-out in the winter of 1934 at Cedarhurst, Long Island, and later brought her into his company where she remained for several months. In the summer of 1935, and still under Stiefel's direction, she went to Ivorytown, Conn., and worked in stock with such noted stage stars as Effie Shannon and Florence Reid. *Accent on Youth* and *Post Road* were among the productions in which Louise played.

"So far as I was concerned," says Louise, "my stock company training proved the Open Sesame to bigger and better things. During the winter season of 1935 I was assigned a role in *Julie The Great* and then, when *Three Men on a Horse* opened I obtained work in it as a sort of maid and understudy. Later I got my chance to play the lead in this play on Broadway and I stayed in the production thirty weeks. In October of 1936 the Samson Raphaelson play, *White Man,* opened and there was Louise, facing the footlights again, and in a role that made her very, very happy indeed. Unfortunately the play failed to intrigue its audiences as it should, and pretty soon I was rehearsing for *House in the Country.*"

THAT was when a Paramount talent scout, nosing around for new screen faces, figures, and voices, "discovered" Louise and insisted that she take a test.

"I wasn't completely sold on the idea," she confesses, "In the first place, I felt that I wasn't ready for the movies. And in the second place I liked Broadway too well. And in the third place I had this *House In The Country* that I didn't want to move out of. And the fourth place, after working hard all my life toward a career on the stage, I didn't feel like giving it up so quickly. I considered myself still a novice in the acting business with much to learn before I could breathe the same air that established actresses did. So—I took the test."

"Not knowing how Hollywood works its wonders to perform," Louise reveals, "I went on to Chicago to work in *Leaning On Letty,* and had no more than opened up my make-up kit when I received a wire from Paramount stating that I was wanted immediately at the studio to appear with Edward Everett Horton in *Wild Money.*

I Begged For His Love

DOES a woman have any right to a husband and child when she neglects them both, and is concerned only with her own selfish comfort? What if the child is desperately in need of care, and another woman is willing to give it? Suppose that woman, against her will, falls in love with the baby's father? These are the problems, Laura Steadman, the "other woman," faces in **I Begged For His Love.** Read the absorbing confession in the October ROMANTIC STORY.

Also in this issue:

WHY I DECEIVED HER

TOO MANY SWEETHEARTS

SHOULD I FORGIVE HIS PAST?

WE WERE TOO YOUNG TO KNOW

OUT OF MY CLASS

—and others

NOW ON SALE

10c

Romantic Story
SHOULD I FORGIVE HIS PAST?

Romantic Story

Two hours later I was up in the air and headed for the cameras. I don't know to this day who was selected to lean on Letty after I left the show."

Events happened with lightning speed when she stepped from the plane.

"I was met at the airport by Ed Churchill of the Paramount publicity department and whisked away by car to the railroad yards where I was boosted into an empty boxcar. Ed had a cameraman along and I was told to "'look at the birdie" while they got a couple of what they told me would be 'informal shots' of my arrival. Well, I've found out since that there's no explaining a publicity man. If Mr. Churchill wanted it to appear that I had arrived in Hollywood by bumming my way in an empty boxcar it was all right with me and I waved my arms and looked at the birdie as directed. After about a dozen of these informals Ed was satisfied with the result of his handiwork and we climbed into the car and drove to the studio where I was introduced all around and then, before I had time to even look at a sound stage, we hopped into another car and drove out to Arrowhead where *Wild Money* was on location. That picture was finished before I even found time to walk up and down Hollywood Boulevard."

After *Wild Money* came the three Bulldog Drummond pictures in which she starred with John Barrymore and John Howard. Next the leading feminine role in *Night Club Scandal, Scandal Street,* and recently a part in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Buccaneer.*

And topping all these roles comes her lead in Bill Wellman's *Men With Wings*, a picture that holds a big promise of boosting her right smack into the exclusive list of big-time stars.

Besides being engaged in pictures, Louise is engaged to Horace MacMahon, screen character actor.

Chicago's North Side is mighty proud despite the fact that they accused her of giving her home town the *"Windy City"* nickname.

For the life of us, we don't know why they should blame her. You can stand on any North Side street corner, whisper her name just once, and a dozen of her admirers will come a-running to put on a bigger "blow" about her than she ever did when she was singing and reciting and orating all over the place!

The delightful Penny Singleton went out of her way to be nice to the Fawcett Movieland Tourists, and maybe you think they didn't appreciate it! To a man they'll be watching for Penny and her role in RKO-Radio's *The Mad Miss Manton*

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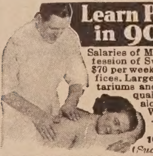

Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as $40 to $70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Write for Anatomy Charts, and booklet ---They're FREE.

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SHAKE WELL

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do. Grateful **users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by** many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores.**

Lake Laboratories, Box 6, Northwestern Station
Dept. F-35, Detroit, Mich.

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page 67*]

had been wearing the wrong shoe on the wrong foot all evening!

THEY had some fun when Ginger Rogers and Barbara Stanwyck celebrated their birthdays, which fall on the same day. In the middle of the afternoon a stale-looking mangy stuffed horse was undraped on Barbara's set. Tacked to its side was a card reading, "The Nut," which is the name of Barbara's famous mare. Astride the animal sat Henry Fonda all dressed up like a jockey. Later on, Barbara was called to the phone. It was Western Union, which has a new service of singing "Happy Birthday To You" over the wire. Then they announced that the greeting came as a courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland. Still later on in the day, Henry Fonda had two Western Union boys walk up to Barbara on the set, click their heels and sing, "For she's a jolly good fellow." Ginger came over to join in the fun and help Barbara cut her cake. The two girls exchanged presents and posed prettily for the camera boys.

LUCKY is the young lady who is the size, shape and type of Isa Miranda. When the young Italian actress was removed from *Zaza,* because she no spik En-gle-esh very good, Claudette Colbert stepped into the role. And of course Claudette being a big star, also stepped into a completely new and specially-designed wardrobe. Isa's clothes will be used on someone else of course, because they are far too expensive to be wasted.

GAIL PATRICK and Jean Edwards were good friends long before Gail fell in love with and married Bob (Brown Derby) Cobb. So Jean came to live with Gail when she did marry. In the daytime, Jean works as an assistant to a Paramount executive. At night she does Gail's secretarial work. It was only natural that Gail moved down to the hospital and stayed two nights with Jean when she had to undergo a serious operation. The crisis over, Gail moved home again.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

W	I	L	S	O	N		P	O	W	E	L	L
H	■	A	■	M	O	T	O	S	■	D	■	I
A	T	■	■	■	L	E	W	■	■	■	F	T
L	O	S	■	L	A	N	E	S	■	H	O	T
E	Y	E	S	■	N	O	R	■	G	I	R	L
N	■	C	A	L	■	R	■	A	R	C	■	E
	B	R	I	A	N	■	D	R	A	K	E	
S	■	E	N	D	■	B	■	T	I	M	■	L
M	A	T	T	■	B	O	B	■	N	A	N	A
I	T	S	■	M	E	Y	E	R	■	N	E	W
L	E	■	■	■	L	E	T	■	■	■	B	S
E	■	A	■	N	O	R	T	H	■	E	■	O
Y	E	L	L	O	W		E	V	E	L	Y	N

LIQUID "TUCH-UP" *Eliminates* GRAY HAIR *Instantly!*

Remain Young!

Use "TUCH-UP" at home to blend gray hair into your natural shade . . . or to color new hair growths between tints or dyes. Put it on easily and quickly with handy applicator. "TUCH-UP" is safe. It is not a permanent dye. It is a liquid coloring that leaves hair luxuriously soft, natural-looking, and washes off with a shampoo. Will not affect permanents, marcels or finger waves. Generous size only 60c at all beauty salons, drug and toilet counters—or send 25c with lock of hair to Dept. S-10 for Trial Size. Full money-back guarantee. Buy it today!

60c
COMPLETE
With Applicator
ALL SHADES

☐ Black
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Medium Brown
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FEEL LIKE SCREAMING?

At certain times of the month do jagged nerves leave you unstrung; do they make you feel like screaming? NEVLO gives quick relief, soothing and relaxing nerves until you feel normal again. There is no reason to suffer! Nervous conditions, sleeplessness, nervous headaches respond quickly to NEVLO. One extra strength or two regular strength cartons for $1.00. At good druggists or mail $1.00 today! Nerves are not imaginary.

The **NEVLO CO.** San Antonio, Texas

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The real thing for mounting Snapshots, Cards, Stamps, etc. No paste needed. Neat, easy to use for mounting prints tight or loose. Sold at photo supply and album counters or send 10¢ today for pkg. of 100 and free samples.

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Address Dept. **43K,** 4717 North Clark St.

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Newest Novelty. Season's fastest seller. Assortment of 21 Christmas Cards with sender's INITIAL in Metallic Gold and Silver Seals. Retails $1. Costs 50c. Extra Bonus. Also **name-imprinted** Greetings, **50 for $1.** Many other popular assortments. Big earnings full or spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for **Samples**

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WRITE FOR ***FREE TRIAL OFFER!***

If you suffer from Asthma Paroxysms, from coughs, gasping, wheezing—write quick for daring FREE TRIAL OFFER of real relief. Inquiries from so-called "hopeless" cases especially invited. Write **NACOR, 216-F State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.**

MYRNA LOY
RONALD COLMAN
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TYRONE POWER
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Plus many more in the October issue of MOTION PICTURE now on sale at your newsstand.

10 CENTS

Motion Picture

Warren Hull delighted the hordes of Fawcett Movieland Tourists when he acted as master of ceremonies at the star-studded party at the Biltmore Bowl. Marjorie Weaver (center) and Mrs. Hull were other prominent filmland guests in attendance

TODAY he is a man. Freddy Bartholomew is now driving his own car and is wearing his first all-white shark skin suit. What, no top hat?

THERE are denials and rumors on both sides. Those who don't know insist that the Gary Coopers and the Tony Martins (Alice Faye) are expecting a blessed event. Those who do know (meaning the parties concerned) say it t'aint so.

BEFORE they ever go to New York to do a play, Francis Lederer and Margo will do the complete three acts on the home recording machine Francis gave his wife for Christmas. Then they will play the records off for the various friends to get different reactions. These two charming people have turned down wonderful offers to make pictures and do plays in England. The salary offered them is just exactly five times the amount they received in Hollywood.

After the spectacular opening of *Marie Antoinette* (see pages 24-5) Louis B. Mayer gave a super-collosal party for Norma Shearer at the Trocadero. Present were Producer Joe Mankiewicz, the Viennese star Rose Stradner and Spencer Tracy with his charming wife

ELOQUENT EYES . . .

KURLASH makes eyes speak volumes . . . frames them in new, starry beauty! In 30 seconds, this wonderful implement gives you *naturally curly* lashes . . . longer, darker looking . . . expressing *your* personality. Try it — $1 at all leading stores.

Learn what shades of eye make-up are becoming to *you* — how to apply them! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. D-19; receive — *free* — a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up!

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.
Rochester, New York
Canada: Toronto, 3

Kurlash

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A clever beauty trick FOR YOU!

Haven't you often wished for some quick way to remove old make-up before applying fresh powder? Here's the answer! A clever little purse-size metal container of Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay with a push-up bottom! Use it just as you do your lipstick!

I offer you this clever little purse-size container for only a dime because I want you to see with your own eyes what my cream will do for *your* skin!

Cleans out dirt that causes blackheads — smooths away lines caused by dryness. Leaves skin soft, fresh, young! Purse-size at 10¢ counters or mail coupon. Large 60¢ size at all drug and department stores.

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay

Elizabeth Husted, Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Company
Dept. 4-F, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Please send me your clever purse-size container of Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay. Enclosed you will find ten cents to cover cost of handling.

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________

"NEW WINDOW SHADES!
DO YOU THINK I'M MADE OF MONEY?"

..and Then He Learned They Cost only 15c ea.

MILLIONS fast learning that expensive-looking CLOPAYS cost only 15c, including the exclusive Lintone texture that doesn't crack, curl or pinhole, hangs straight, rolls evenly, wears two years and more. Ready to attach to rollers, 15c (no tacks or tools needed). On rollers 25c. And, only 10c more buys the new CLOPAY WASHABLE Shade. Oil-paint finish both sides. Wash clean time and again, leaving no streaks or watermarks. Sold at 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. Want sample swatches? Send a 3c stamp to CLOPAY CORP., 1324 Exeter St., Cincinnati, O.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

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BECOME EXPERT ACCOUNTANTS!

Every day bookkeepers *just like you* are learning accountancy—stepping out of bookkeeping drudgery into executive accounting jobs at $2,000-$5,000 a year as Accountants, Auditors, Comptrollers, C. P. A.'s. LaSalle's home training in spare time *fits* you for such promotions—brings them *now* instead of years from now. Instruction to suit *individual* needs—from Elements of Accounting to C. P. A. Coaching. 30 years' success assures results. Thorough but inexpensive. Liberal terms, if you wish. Don't watch others get ahead. Go out and succeed *yourself!* Write for FREE book "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays." Address:

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Earn extra money daily showing lovely low-priced Christmas Cards. Get easy orders from friends, others. Complete line Box Assortments, low as 25c to you. Personal Christmas Cards, with name, at low prices. Amazing values. You make big profits, easy sales. No experience necessary. Spare or full time. Write for samples on Free Offer at once.

WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 178
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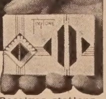
At Last! A WIRELESS TUBELESS BATTERYLESS Pocket Radio



WORLD'S SMALLEST REAL PERFORMING RADIO

Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Complete in one unit—weighs only 3 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. **NO CRYSTALS** to adjust—**NO UPKEEP**—only one moving part. Self contained "Speakophone" unit gives superior performance. IS NOT A TOY! **THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS**—Many report amazing reception and distance. Sent complete with instructions for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed, Autos, etc. **TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT.** Receives FREE operating power, by wireless, from radio stations.

SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage on arrival or send $2.99 (check, M.O., cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. GUARANTEED. A most unusual value. ORDER NOW!

TINYTONE RADIO CORP. Dept. F-10 KEARNEY, NEBR.

Halloween Hilarity!

[*Continued from page* 50]

corn, roast chestnuts, or in which to burn the witch's broom. Various games and guessing contests may be arranged in corners under sheet tents made to simulate those at village fairs. At the appointed time, one guest assumes the role of the auctioneer, getting as high a price as possible for each box or package of supper. This supper, a service for two, may be placed in neat cardboard boxes lined with black paper and covered with a front of orange cellophane. Black cats, witches, pumpkin faces etc. may decorate the paper plates, cups and other accessories. A frieze of special Halloween crepe paper is an easy way of giving a city room the needed spooky atmosphere.

THE menu for such a box supper is also inexpensive, and appeals especially to the business girl or others who have little time to devote to getting the party ready. Many of the items can be secured in cans or at the corner bakery, and none requires special skill. The chicken-vegetable salad may be home made or assembled from canned boned chicken and canned vegetables, with mayonnaise. The cookies and tarts may also be bought if there is not time to bake them, and while the delicious heavy moist black chocolate cake which is called "Devil's Delight" is best made at home, a substitute may be bought and perhaps given a thick home prepared orange frosting. Here is the menu, remembering that each item is packed "by two," since each box is auctioned to a man who shares it with the girl whose "number" is found in that particular box.

HARVEST BOX SUPPER AUCTION

Chicken Vegetable Salad Cup
Ham and Peanut Circles
Fruited Cream Cheese Squares
Stuffed Eggs Pickle-Onion Skewer
Soft Molasses Cookies or Pumpkin Tarts
Devil's Delight Cake, Orange Frosting
Cider Coffee

If children are to be the guests and little hosts on Halloween, then we must give them a scaled down version of the ghosts, witches, goblins and jack-o-lanterns so dear to childish imaginations—even when they shiver over them! Cauldrons may be copied in edible apples stuffed with a fruit salad mixture; spook pear salads are funny to look at but good to eat; pumpkin faces can be made in any kind of sandwich, while black cats may rage and bristle their edible whiskers from on top of every cookie! This is the menu especially prepared for a Children's Halloween Party:

BLACK MAGIC PARTY

Cauldron Apple Salad or Spook Pear Salad
Pumpkin Face Sandwiches
Black Cat Cookies
Ice Cream Jack Lanterns
Witch's Brew Taffy Apples

Now which party will you plan to give? In any case, you and your friends will wish to write in for the special free leaflet called "Halloween Hilarity."

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
c/o Screen Book Magazine
1501 Broadway
New York, N. Y.
Dear Mrs. Frederick:

Please send me the leaflet containing the recipes for Halloween Hilarity, including Gilcuddy Stew, Ham and Peanut Circles and Black Cat Cookies. I enclose herewith a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

(This offer expires October 31, 1938)

Name ....

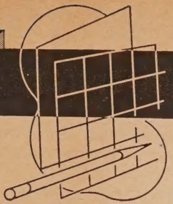
Address ....

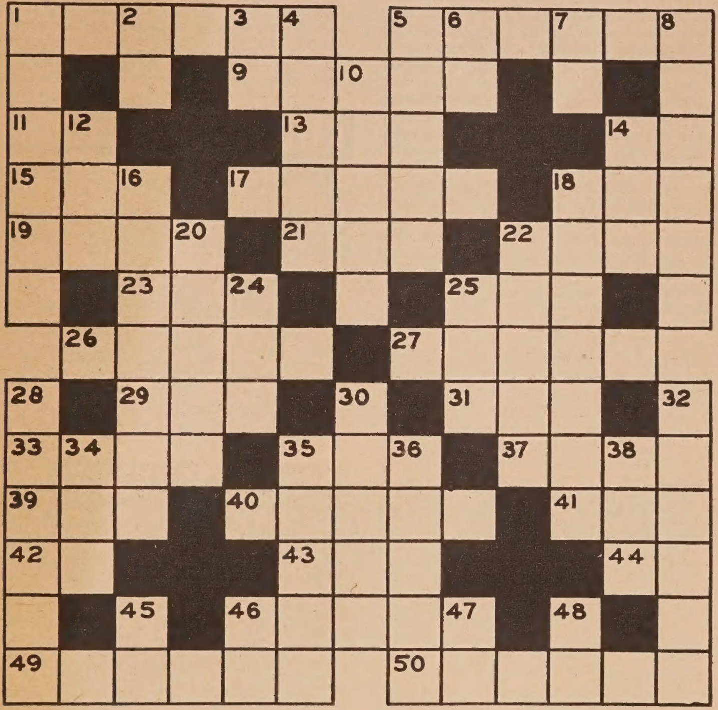
City .... State ....

SB-10

The lovely Pat Paterson, who doesn't seem very serious about her screen career now that she's Mrs. Charles Boyer, was at Louis B. Mayer's party for Norma Shearer, along with Basil Rathbone and her distinguished husband

CROSSWORD PUZZLE





ACROSS

1. The girl in *Boy Meets Girl.*
5. Joan Blondell's husband.
9. *Mr.* ——— *Gamble.*
11. *A Yank* ——— *Oxford.*
13. *Ned Seton* in *Holiday.*
14. Measure of film (abbr.).
15. Hollywood is a part of ——— Angeles.
17. She played opposite 5 Across in *The Cowboy from Brooklyn* (poss.).
18. You'll see Clark Gable in *Too* ——— *To Handle.*
19. Janet Gaynor has brown ones.
21. Sonja Henie's native land (abbr.).
22. *The* ——— *Was Young.*
23. Birthplace of 1 Across (abbr.).
25. Film players work under ——— lights.
26. First name of actor teamed with McLaglen in *Battle of Broadway.*
27. *Anne Calhoun* in *There's Always a Woman.*
29. *Three on a Week* ———.
31. Jack Holt's son.
33. One of Tom Moore's brothers.
35. Nickname of Robert Taylor.
37. *Mrs. Sydney* in *Sinners in Paradise.*
39. ——— *Love I'm After.*
40. *Professor Jacobsen* in *Romance in the Dark.*
41. *Gangs of* ——— *York.*
42. Article in French film titles.
43. John Howard and Nan Grey played opposite in ——— *Them Live.*
44. Initials of a star of *Always Goodbye.*
46. ——— *of the Rio Grande.*
49. ——— *Jack.*
50. First name of feminine lead in *My Old Kentucky Home.*

DOWN

1. He had lead in *Speed to Burn.*
2. Dorothy Lamour's native state (abbr.).
3. Initials of another of Tom Moore's brothers.
4. *Joe Albany* in *Hunted Men.*
5. A star of *Alexander's Ragtime Band.*
6. Initials of Onslow Stevens.
7. Short for one who had title role in *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse.*
8. ——— *Miss Thoroughbred.*
10. Phil Regan's singing voice.
12. Luise Rainer portrayed *The* ——— *Wife.*
14. *Fools* ——— *Scandal.*
16. ——— *of an Actress.*
18. Judge in *Rascals.*
20. *The* ——— *in New York.*
22. Food for the Pathe rooster.
24. Jackie Moran is one.
25. His last name is Mix.
28. Gene Autry's screen pal.
30. A star of *Algiers.*
32. Actress wed to Alan Curtis.
34. Dined at *Cocoanut Grove.*
35. *Fury* ———.
36. She had title role in *Jezebel.*
38. Robert Taylor was born here (abbr.).
45. Singer wed to Ruby Keeler.
46. ——— *Time to Marry.*
47. Miss Vinson's initials.
48. ——— Brendel.

(Solution on page 74)

EXCITING NEW WAY TO COLOR LIPS!

Gives them the thrilling enchantment of a South Sea Moon!

Here's the South Sea maiden's secret of irresistibly alluring lips. TATTOO! Luscious, transparent color instead of pasty lipstick. Apply TATTOO like ordinary lipstick . . . wait a moment or two, then pat it off, leaving your lips gorgeously tattooed with a stunning South Sea red. You'll thrill again when you *(or someone else)* discovers how smooth, how soft, how caressing TATTOO has made your lips! Don't wait. Make the most of every hour by TATTOOing your lips with one of the five captivating South Sea reds. But *be on your guard . . .* for your challenge to adventure may find more acceptance than you wish! The price, $1.00 . . . also a 55¢ size.

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Featherweight Model

NO MONEY DOWN—Sent on 10 days trial—Easy terms. Guaranteed latest models—up-to-date streamline features. Limited offer. Descriptive literature sent free. Act at once. FREE course in typing included. **Also standard, full-sized office models rebuilt and fully guaranteed at ⅓ saving.**

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 1018, Chicago

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Heavy date? Dress up with *MAUVE,* the new evening shade of MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP. Gives you that movie star glamour and subtle allure that inspires romance.

Under soft evening lights, this captivating new shade lends irresistible enchantment to your skin. Imparts velvety smoothness and radiant beauty that needs no retouching.

Regular users of MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP can't afford to be without this new boon to evening beauty! Try *MAUVE* tonight!

MINER'S *Liquid* MAKE-UP

50¢ at all drug and department stores. Trial size at 10¢ counters or mail coupon.

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MINER'S, 40 E. 20th St., **Dept. S10,** New York, N.Y.
Enclosed find 10¢ for trial bottle of Miner's Liquid Make-Up.
Name________________
Address________________
Check shade desired!

NEW UNDERARM PADS STOP PERSPIRATION

Prevent Wet Underarms and Odor

Now it's easy to make sure underarms are daintily dry and sweet. Simply whisk a 5 DAY pad over both underarms and you go to office, parties or anywhere on hottest days without offensive underarm perspiration odor, wet armpits, or stained dress sleeves. Often effective 5 days or more, depending upon the individual. Easy on clothes too. You see that for yourself . . . the saturated cloth pads are not harmed by the mild, gentle lotion. Large jar, 55c. Toilet goods counters or direct postpaid. Associated Distributors, Inc. 11 East Hubbard Street, Dept. F-2, Chicago, Illinois.

5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

Do This For BLACKHEADS

They Fall Right Out!

BLACKHEADS often persist because they are literally trapped in your skin! Locked there by a film of sluggish, surface skin! You can't wash them away! But you can release them! Golden Peacock Bleach Creme will lift away the film of coarsened surface skin—dissolving it in tiny invisible particles. Blackheads are released. They flake away, fall out! Surface pimples, too—and other blemishes in the surface skin! You discover your own finer skin—smoother, clearer, alluringly whiter! All in just 5 days! Discover new skin beauty with Golden Peacock Bleach Creme! At all toilet goods counters.

my FEET ITCHED so bad I could... SCREAM!
I got relief from
ATHLETE'S FOOT
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Greaseless, pure white antiseptic cream.
10¢ SIZE AT 10¢ STORES . . . FAMILY SIZE AT DRUG STORES

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Ginger Writes Her Mother!

[*Continued from page 27*]

remember you saying, "But dear, I don't think John is the right boy for you to go around with." You always let me find those things out for myself. I was always allowed to choose my own friends—those things are so important to a youngster. Sometimes my judgment was bad, yet when I found it out, you always acted as if you were as surprised as I was. I'm so grateful, because if I do come to the right conclusions now—I honestly believe that my earlier training is the reason.

Florence Lake was up the other evening, and we started reminiscing about the time I brought some people to the house to meet you, and after sitting and talking to you all evening, on their departure they said, "Your sister is a very charming girl—and the next time I come I hope your mother is at home so I can meet her, too." They expected, no doubt, to see some little lady in lavender and lace and were so surprised to learn that that chic young woman they'd had so much fun conversing and joking with all evening was the "parent." They feebly said the reason they didn't know you was because I called you "Leelee!"

Darling, I'm putting the shoe on the other foot and telling you that YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN. I just finished the latest revision you sent me on *Funny Man* and want you to know that I think it's wonderful. And really not just because you wrote it. I honestly believe that it will be a "hit." You can make it that—all you have to do is follow all the good advice you've been giving me for years, and your play can't fail. If you've forgotten it—which of course you haven't—just let me know because I am still remembering it and using it from day to day!

IT SEEMS a shame that as talented a person as you have put your work aside all these years to worry and struggle along with me. But now that you've decided to carve out a career for yourself, darling, despite the fact that you're in New York and I'm in Hollywood, I want you to know that I'm with you every step of the way. And someday when someone says "I want you to meet Ginger Rogers"—and adds—"you know she's Lela Rogers' daughter"—I won't be surprised. Nor do I feel that it will be far in the future that the world will discover that you are not just a mother who has cleverly managed her daughter's business affairs—but a writer of great note.

The clay model I started of you is sitting veiled here in the corner beside me. It has been sadly neglected because I haven't had you to sit and pose for me. Sometime, if I get any more lonesome for you, I'm going to call and use the excuse that I have to finish it and insist upon your coming back! After all—it was a little inconsiderate of you to leave while I was right in the middle of it. Seriously though, I've been working on it from some of the new pictures and it's really beginning to look like you a little—though I've had a pretty tough time with the nose. I'm sure no one could have as small a nose as you do!

So, just one last line to tell you that you are wonderful and that I love you and think you're the smartest gal alive—and hope you'll sandwich a moment to come home and see your daughter who realizes how busy you are but who misses you very much.

Love, again,

Ginger

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. ©1938, C.P. INC.

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Remove the hair permanently, privately, at home, following directions with ordinary care and skill. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Also used by professionals. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 56M, Providence, R. I.

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A Little From "Lots"

[*Continued from page* 39]

the first scene first; always plunge into the middle!)

Bette and Errol went into a clinch. It was 1:48 P. M. At five they were still going strong. Errol had a cold. He kept using camphor so Bette wouldn't catch it. But even camphor kisses seemed to work out okay. In between times, at the edge of the set, Litvak was interviewing five-year-old youngsters for a party sequence that takes place later on. Six times they broke up the scene before they were shooed off the stage. "Sure," grinned Errol, "I paid them a bonus!"

"A very pretty speech, Mr. Flynn," quipped Bette, "for a gentleman with a red nose!" That started it. They've kept up a rapid-fire heckling ever since that's become the talk of the lot.

At the moment they're dancing. And does Errol look tricky in that 1904 stand-me-up collar! Bette is all in bows and bustles. It's a ball at the Women's Club in Silver Bow, Montana, and giant posters proclaim Teddy Roosevelt for president.

Abruptly the music stops. There is a commotion on the sidelines. "Those extras—*they've got fingernail polish on,*" exclaims the Technical Adviser, horrified. "Women didn't wear it in 1904!"

But they *did* wear corsets—and how! Yesterday the prop crew found 24 of those Whalebone Terrors for wasp waists parked under chairs, on unused sets, even in the sound booth. The "atmosphere" had checked their corsets a. w. o. l. Today the director is taking no chances. He's appointed a Corset Inspector, Mary Dery, from Wardrobe, to see that the ladies stay in their stays.

All sorts of things happen to them—including the San Francisco earthquake (for which Warners are paying $200,000 so it *ought* to be good.) Then, of course, they paid Myron Brinig a good stiff price for film rights to his novel. Besides Bette, the "sisters" are Anita Louise and Jane Bryan. Jane, of course, is that delectable Davis protege and cute as cotton. That good-looking boy she's talking to is Phil Kellogg, film cutter on the lot. (Um-hmm, it's *lof.*) Week-ends they go rabbit hunting with Bette and hubby Ham Nelson.

Ah-hhh, a stowaway on the set. A half-pint blonde over there in the corner is holding hands with assistant director, Oren Haglund. As I live and chirrup, it's Priscilla Lane! Oren is the fair-haired lad who cut out Wayne Morris, you know, and they say Wayne is all ready for pistols at dawn. He'll meet his match in Oren. The lad has sold 12 originals for the screen, drives an $18,000 Dusenberg (my error; *Priscilla*

Not only does Deanna Durbin have a beau in her new Universal picture, *That Certain Age*, but she turns equestrienne for the first time in her meteoric screen career

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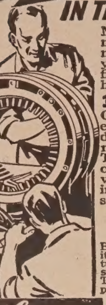

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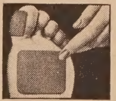

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drives it now!), and swings a mean right. Yes indeed, love marches on!

Ever seen Hollywood at work after dark? And I mean *work*, chilluns! At Paramount, Ronald Colman has an all-night shooting schedule on *If I Were King*. And why? Because if they shot this big outdoor battle scene in daytime they'd have to spread black tarpaulin as a ceiling over 100,000 square feet! It's the largest set Paramount has built this year—and they've built some whoppers. A whole section of 15th Century Paris; the Court of Miracles where the beggars gather; the great church of St. Benoist. And on beyond, the West Gate which the Burgundians will be storming in a little while against the King's forces. (Right now the "enemies" are chummily engaged pitching horseshoes!)

Ronny swings past—Francois Villon in person, out of rags and into the gray velvet uniform of the Grand Constable with long cape and hip boots of black and suede. What a man. "Hi," he shouts, "where's my 'Dead-End' gang?" A group of beggars, his "gang," swarm around him laughing. (Hm, didn't know Ronny *was* so clubby. He never uses his set dressing room or official chair; hates the "star routine.")

"And to think," murmurs a priest, standing beside us on a bridge overhanging the "Seine," "that I once advised Ronald Colman not to come to Hollywood!" It's the distinguished English actor, C. V. France, who knew Ronny in the old days. "I was afraid he wouldn't make good!"

IN THE shadow on the bridge is a young couple with their arms around each other. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee just never have learned how to act like settled down old married folk. Frances plays opposite Ronny but tonight she and Joel are mere spectators. "Most of my scenes are in the palace, drat it," she protests. "Have you seen the Throne Room?" We have. Back on Stage 10—190 feet of Gothic lace work, inlays and marble. (And to think that same stage was a river bottom for *The Texans* not long ago, where cattle pounded and a calf was born!) Seventy-five seamstresses worked for weeks on those court costumes—but to "age" the rags for the rabble they simply stuffed 'em in barrels along with sharp rocks and rolled them across the Wardrobe roof! Holes never look as real when made with scissors.

"Places everybody," zooms director Frank Lloyd's voice over the loud speaker. There's the clank of armor (all made in the studio foundry.) Hundreds of trained archers swing into action (with rubber-tipped arrows.) Odd, against all this panoply of old to see a very modern white ambulance on the sidelines—and a doctor—and two nurses standing by. Studio precaution.

A bell rings. The Battle is on. Tumultuous roar. Smoke. The Burgundians have brought up a battering ram. The gate is giving 'way. Oh, Lord, that man—*don't they see him?* He's stumbled over his cloak, fallen. The barricade crashes around him, horses sweep over it—

The director is going wild. "Bring up that ambulance. He's killed!" It's that ex-football player from Virginia.

There's a sudden hush. Men pull away the debris. From behind a cask a hand emerges. Then a helmet. The kid pushes up his vizor groggily. *"Who's got the ball?"* he demands.

It breaks up the crowd. You can hear that thousand-voiced laugh for miles.

A whistle blows—"Lunch!" It is the Guild rule that all actors shall be fed at midnight. Wonder if there's any rule about sending roving reporters to bed? This is Jerry Lane saying good-night to you.

After eighteen long months, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are together again. And in what a picture! You'll love it! "Carefree," it's called. In the October issue of MOVIE STORY Magazine, you will find the thrilling story version of "Carefree,"—generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the film itself. And there are twelve other grand stories and features for you to enjoy. MOVIE STORY is only ten cents! You'll certainly want to buy it this month.

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One-Man Women of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 35]

Suppose we visit the Jolsons. Here was a marriage practically foredoomed to failure. There were more differences between Al and Ruby Keeler than Al and Walter Winchell—if possible. There was age and religion and Ruby's professional career. Al wanted a wife and then tempted Fate by proposing to Ruby, a dancer. Just to make the plot more complicated, Ruby accepted.

BUT Fate overlooked the little fact that Ruby is a one-man woman—yep, she's one of the girls—and proved it to her own and her man's conclusive satisfaction.

It was when Ruby had signed for a Ziegfeld production and gone out-of-town with the company on the usual try-out before coming to Broadway. For several years since their marriage Ruby had practically retired from show business and was therefore free to be with Al whether he was in New York on the stage or in Hollywood doing a picture. This was their first real separation and it was a hardship for both of them.

In the middle of the engagement Ruby received a telegram from Al. It was short and very much to the point. He wanted Ruby to leave the show and meet him in New York.

Need I tell you Ruby did? One-man women don't two-time their happiness. Since then Al has proven his silent gratitude by fostering Ruby's career in pictures, serene in the knowledge that he is married to one of Hollywood's not too rare miracles!

There are others.

Irene Dunne, lovely star of *The Joy of Living*, is one of the marriedest persons in all the Sierra Nevadas, her husband the lucky Dr. Griffin. And then there is Frances Dee and Hollywood's man-most-about-town, Joel McCrea—that is until he saw Frances! Then he was most about Frances. And, I might add, has been ever since. Frances, who, in addition, has two lovely sons, finds being a one-man woman an entirely satisfactory arrangement.

Jeanette McDonald and Gene Raymond are still another. Jeanette's one-man-mindedness is legion, for the one-man woman knows exactly what she wants—and gets it! Perhaps it is genius, but it seems, at rock bottom, to be just plain common sense.

Of course, there are many one-man women among the non professional wives, but their matrimonial lives don't offer the problems that beset the actresses.

Pat O'Brien and his pretty wife, Eloise; Jimmy Cagney and his "Bill"; the Frank McHughs—there are any number of Hollywood women who are content to devote all their wifely energies to the men they love.

A Hollywood cocktail, one must confess, is a powerful potion. But if you take your marriage straight—there or elsewhere—you're bound to be spared a lot of headaches!

Read SCREEN BOOK Magazine if you want to be "up" on the bright new stars of the screen as well as established favorites! In this issue we introduce you to Louise Campbell and John Payne, both of whom are destined to go far.

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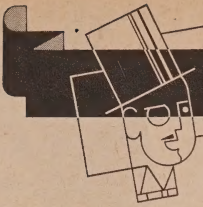

TOPPER'S FILM REVIEWS

MARIE ANTOINETTE

M-G-M

Heading the month's productions is the spectacular *Marie Antoinette,* which brings the radiant Norma Shearer back to a public that adores her as it does few stars. Her return to the screen is in the nature of a personal triumph for the actress; her portrayal of the hapless French queen is a laudable performance and one that should not be missed. And she's more beautiful than ever!

The picture itself is lavishly mounted and moves somewhat ponderously over a three hour stretch. History has been altered to allow Miss Shearer more dramatic sympathy, but no one will mind. *Count de Fersen* (Tyrone Power) played no such important role in *Marie's* actual life as he does in the picture. Power, of course, is handsome and skillful. The *Louis XVI* of Robert Morley is superb. Outstanding in the large supporting cast are John Barrymore, Gladys George, Henry Stephenson and Anita Louise.

BOY MEETS GIRL

Warner Bros.

Put *Boy Meets Girl* on your "must see" list, fans—for a lot of reasons. Not only is it one of the funniest and rowdiest farces to hit the screen in months, but it brings Jimmy Cagney back to the Warner fold after too long an absence, and it gives us a new star—Marie Wilson.

Bella and Samuel Spewack's satirical Hollywood comedy had Broadway in stitches for two seasons in its stage version, and the movie is even funnier. Cagney and his co-star Pat O'Brien are a couple of slaphappy screen writers who keep their studio in a constant uproar. Although the picture kids Hollywood and its foibles, it does so without malice.

Marie Wilson, as the studio waitress who is the hub of the plot, is perfect in her role. She proves herself a definite candidate for future stellar honors. And Ralph Bellamy gives one of his best performances as a harassed supervisor. Others (all grand) in the cast include Nick Foran, Frank McHugh, Bruce Lester, Penny Singleton and Ronald Reagan.

GIVE ME A SAILOR

Paramount

The rowdy Miss Martha Raye goes glamor girl on us with a vengeance in this giddy and eminently enjoyable screen musical. Miss Raye doesn't "mug" as much as usual, and is actually convincing in her romantic sequences. The film proves that Martha has a great deal more to offer than the slapstick antics that have made her a top box office figure.

The comedienne plays the ugly duckling sister of pretty Betty Grable. Both girls are in love with Jack Whiting, whose brother, Bob Hope, also has a yen for Betty (catch on?). So Martha and Bob put their heads together and try to break up the romance. Bet you'll never guess how it ends (shh—Martha and Bob finally discover each other!).

Miss Raye is stunningly gowned, and the whole cast, which also includes Clarence Kolb, J. C. Nugent and Nana Bryant, seems to be having a good time.

THE TEXANS

Paramount

Another of those spectacular outdoor thrillers that Paramount knows how to make so well. It will please all fans who love thrills and adventure, and prove disappointing to those who have grown to expect a convincing story along with their thrills.

Joan Bennett and her grandmother, May Robson, are Texans, and owners of vast tracts of land and thousands of head of cattle, all of which are to be seized by unscrupulous northern politicians that invaded the South following the Civil War. Randolph Scott, a No'thener, persuades the fair Joan to drive her cattle hundreds of miles to Kansas, where she can sell them and thus defeat the wily politicians. It is this epic trek over vast and dangerous territory that makes *The Texans* as impressive as it is.

The cast is uniformly good, with Miss Bennett undergoing the most tremendous hardships without mussing a lock of her curly head, or losing one single false eyelash. Robert Cummings, Raymond Hatton, Robert Barratt and Harvey Stephens are importantly cast.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS

RKO-Radio

Sentiment is ladeled out in sizeable portions in this adaptation of Kate Douglas Wiggins' tear-jerker of several decades back—but due to the better than average cast and skillful direction, its old-fashioned charm will have appeal to many audiences.

The admirable Fay Bainter, after her superb work in *White Banners,* further impresses with her artistry as the mother of a brood of youngsters, notably Anne Shirley and Ruby Keeler. Ralph Morgan is splendid as the father of the little group, and James Ellison is a splendid romantic lead.

It seems odd to see the cute-faced Ruby Keeler in a homespun sort of role, but she proves that she doesn't have to tap-dance in order to put over a performance. And feminine fans will gurgle with admiration over a curly-haired youngster named Donnie Dunagan, whom RKO-Radio is rumored to be grooming as a masculine Shirley Temple.

Another swell performer is Jackie Moran, fourth of the Carey brood.

***Hold that Co-Ed* will be 20th Century-Fox's contribution to the season flood of football pictures. George Murphy, Marjorie Weaver and John Barrymore head the cast**

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A good example of how advertising results in lower prices to the consumer is in the records of a camera company. Ten years ago a certain camera sold for $30. It was advertised extensively, sales increased and overhead costs were reduced because of the increased volume of business. Now, with larger production, the manufacturer is able to operate more economically, and to sell a better camera for only $15. The advertising cost amounts to 45 cents per camera. The saving to the customer on each machine is $14.55.

In a similar way, advertising has helped lower the price of goods you buy in every store, the very goods advertised in this magazine. Advertising, then, is a force working for you. Advertising is responsible for some of your wages, no matter what business you are in. Advertising makes it possible for you to buy cheaper, whether it is magazines or the advertised products.

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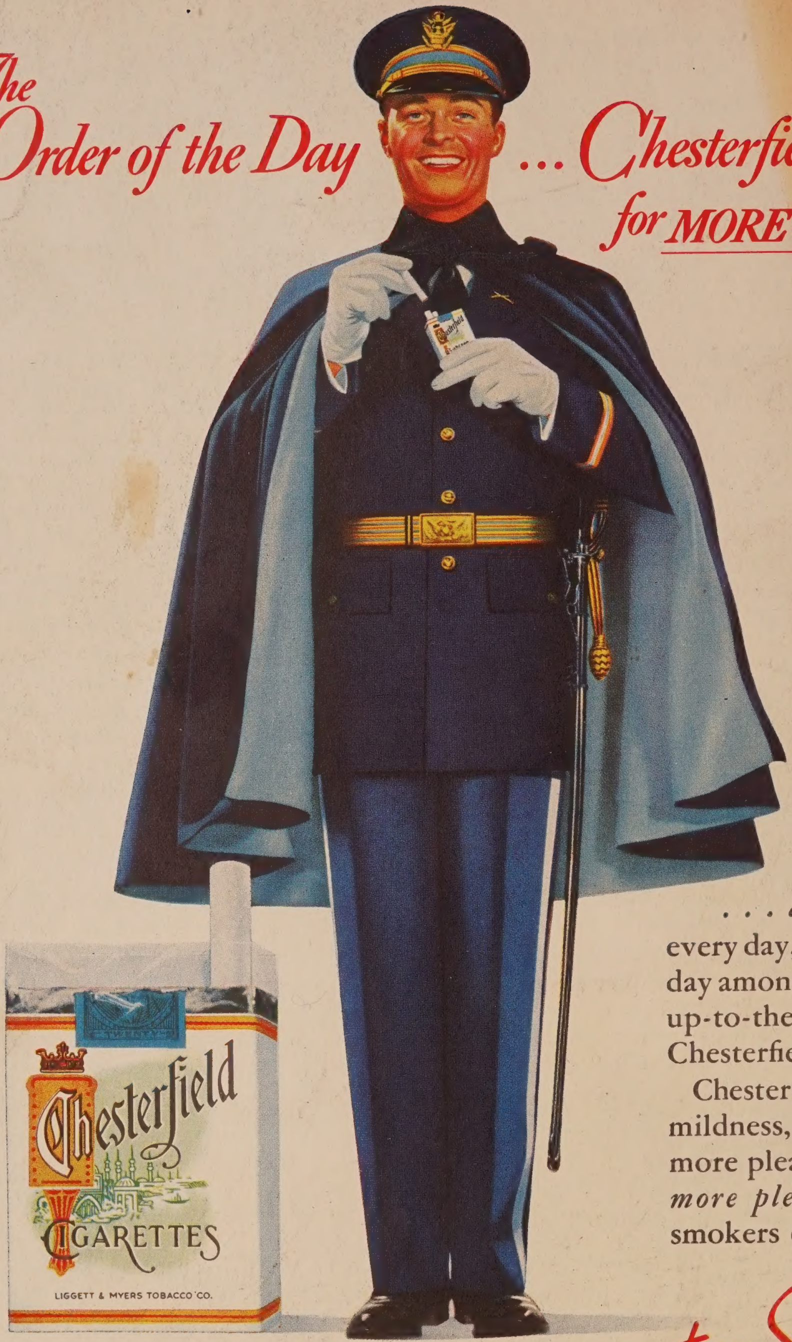
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TEN DONT'S FOR THE CAREER GIRL By BETTE DAVIS

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

SCREEN BOOK

10¢

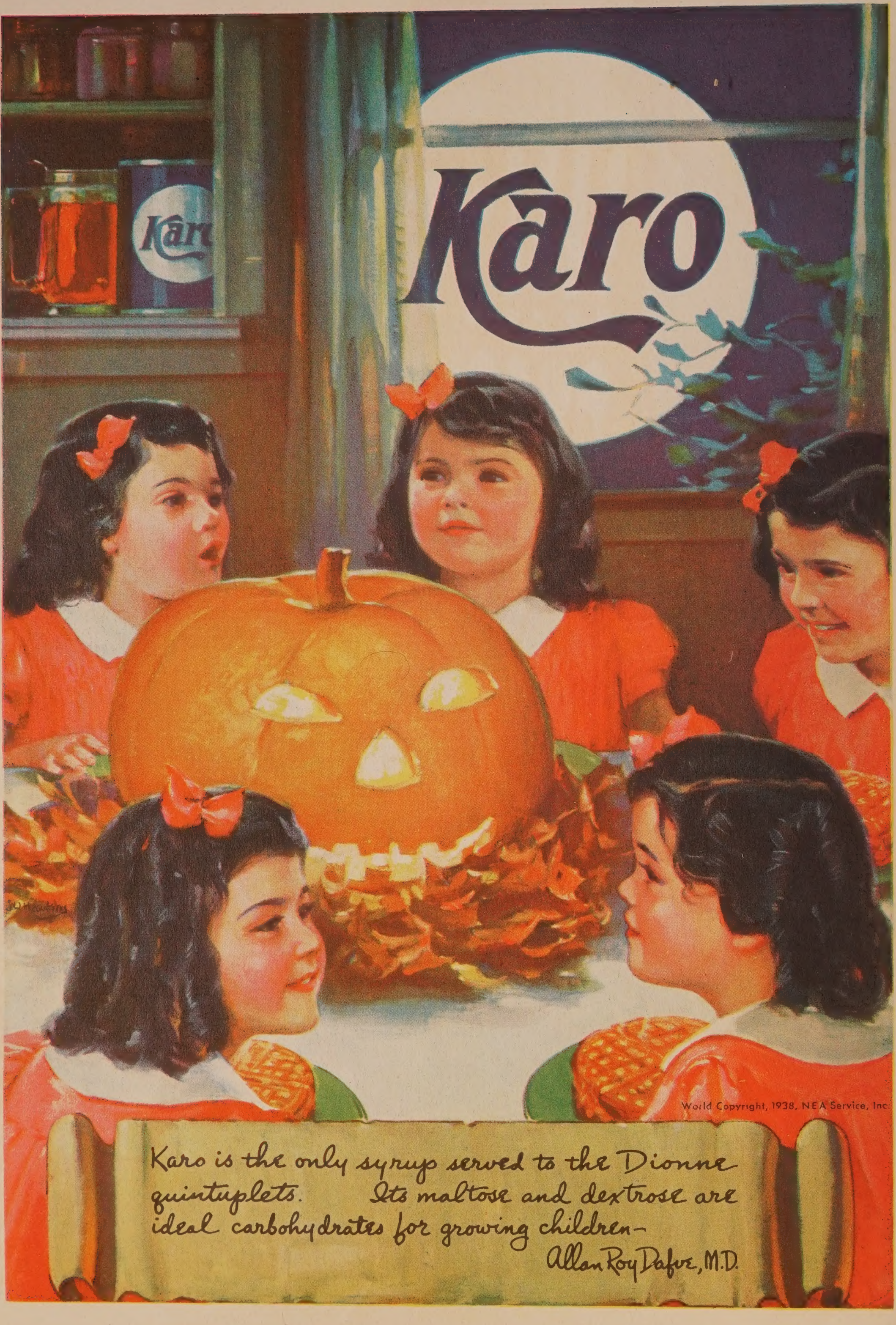
NOVEMBER

NSC

ELECTION BALL
Silver Bow
Women's
Club

BETTE DAVIS
in "The Sisters"

Scandal! DOES IT KILL STARS?



Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children—

Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.

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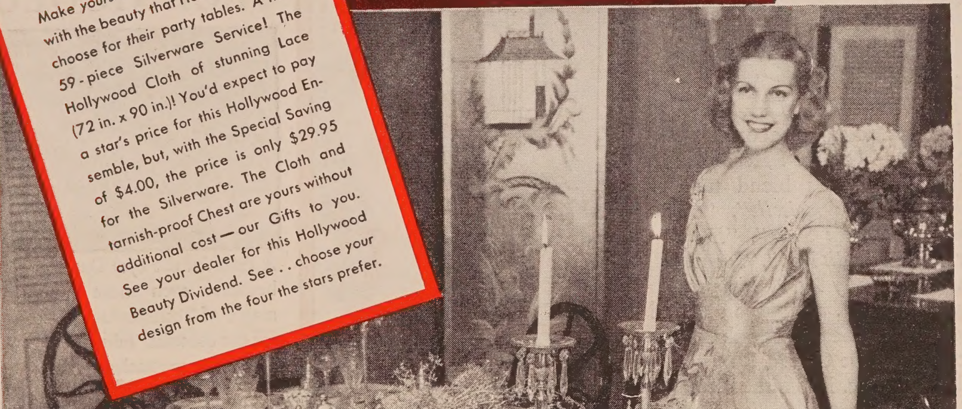
27.50

"MODERNIZE YOUR TABLE" *with the Hollywood Ensemble*

Make yours a "table of today" .... with the beauty that Hollywood Stars choose for their party tables. A new 59-piece Silverware Service! The Hollywood Cloth of stunning Lace (72 in. x 90 in.)! You'd expect to pay a star's price for this Hollywood Ensemble, but, with the Special Saving of $4.00, the price is only $29.95 for the Silverware. The Cloth and tarnish-proof Chest are yours without additional cost—our Gifts to you. See your dealer for this Hollywood Beauty Dividend. See .. choose your design from the four the stars prefer.



For her own table, ANITA LOUISE—now appearing in "IN EVERY WOMAN'S LIFE", a Warner Bros. Picture—has chosen this lovely silverware "Service of the Stars."

1881 Ⓡ ROGERS Ⓡ

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Again the LION ROARS

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SEASON'S GALA HIT!
EVERYBODY'S RAVING! EVERYBODY'S SINGING! EVERYBODY'S CHEERING!

Jeanette MacDONALD *Nelson* EDDY

in

SWEETHEARTS

MADEMOISELLE
PARADE
WOODEN SHOES
AS A PICTURE

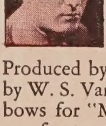
VICTOR HERBERT *Love-Songs!* Thrilling melodies by the composer of "Naughty Marietta"! Hear your singing sweethearts blend their voices in *"Mademoiselle"*, *"On Parade"*, *"Wooden Shoes"*, *"Every Lover Must Meet His Fate"*, *"Summer Serenade"*, *"Pretty As A Picture"*, *"Sweethearts"*. . . (Based on the operetta "Sweethearts". Book and Lyrics by Fred De Gresac, Harry B. Smith and Robt. B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert)

A CAST OF FUNSTERS!

From left to right—garrulous Herman Bing, hilarious Frank Morgan, nimble-footed Ray Bolger, and Mischa Auer, that straight-faced, merry man . . . plus lovely Florence Rice in the background for extra romance!

HEAVEN MADE THIS MATCH!

Their greatest musical romance! Thrilling as they were in "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", you've never seen (or heard) Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy so pulse-quickening! Their love story will wring your heart! Their love-songs will charm you as never before! They're breath-taking in technicolor.



BRAINS AT THE HELM!

Produced by Hunt Stromberg . . . Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. They're still taking bows for "Marie Antoinette"—and who can forget their "Naughty Marietta" and all their other great hits!

IT'S ENTIRELY IN BEAUTIFUL TECHNICOLOR!

A feast for the eye! Dazzling spectacle becomes even more superb by the magic of Technicolor! Wait until you see the colorful "tulip scene" and other eye-filling spectacles!

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with

FRANK MORGAN
RAY BOLGER
FLORENCE RICE
MISCHA AUER
HERMAN BING
Douglas McPhail • Betty Jaynes
Reginald Gardiner • Gene Lockhart

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II • *Produced by* HUNT STROMBERG • *Screen Play by* Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell

A
MOVIE QUIZ
$250,000.00
CONTEST
PICTURE

SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXI No. 4 NOVEMBER, 1938

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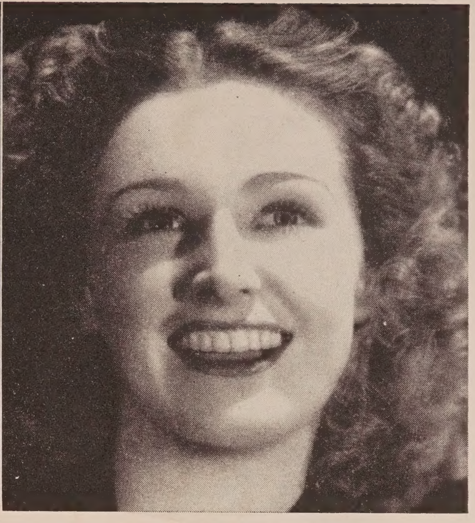

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CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer........Top Photo—Rosemary Lane

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DREAMERS WHO DARE TO MAKE THEIR

PAT (Fred MacMurray)

When the motor is making him deaf again . . . and the propeller is blowing the hair off his head . . . and he can smell the funny stink of burning castor oil . . . and see some blue mountains to climb over . . . then he's happy . . . happier even than when he's in Peggy's arms . . . but Pat's a flyin' fool, a lovable, heroic flyin' fool.

PEGGY (Louise Campbell)

She's been looking at the sky so long her eyes have stars in them... this girl who's had the luck, call it good, call it bad, to love a lad with flying blood in his veins and no use for the good earth at all except to leave it . . . and yet she wouldn't have him different, not with the love of it winging through her own heart.

SCOTTY (Ray Milland)

It's out of the dreams and the sweat and the heart-break of earnest, serious-minded men like Scotty that aviation was born, yes, and lives, and grows greater and greater, year by year, day by day, moment by moment . . . and what is Scotty's reward for all of this, not even the love of the girl whom he adores . . .

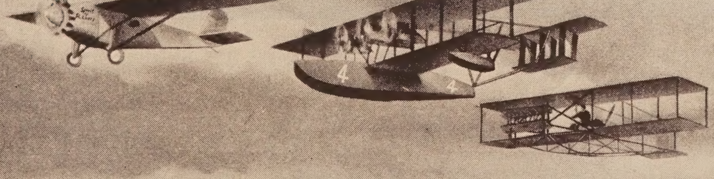
"MEN WITH WINGS"

PARAMOUNT'S ALL TECHNICOLOR CAVALCADE OF AVIATION

A MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURE

DREAMS COME TRUE . . .

FOR the first time on any screen and in the glorious, heart-throbbing power of Technicolor, Paramount tells the mighty story of America's favorite heroes, "Men With Wings." Before your eyes, in flaming sequence after flaming sequence, moves that thrilling cavalcade of courage, the march of American aviation, told in the living, human story of two boys and a girl whose romance is the romance of aviation itself, with all its heart-leaping excitement, its clutch of fear at the throat, its soul-rending disappointments, its hysterical, all-conquering triumphs.



with

FRED MacMURRAY · RAY MILLAND

Produced and Directed by
William A. Wellman
creator of "Wings"

LOUISE CAMPBELL

Screen Play by
Robert Carson

Andy Devine · Lynne Overman · Porter Hall · Walter Abel
Kitty Kelly · Virginia Weidler · Donald O'Connor

COMING SOON
THE YEAR'S GRANDEST
LOVE STORY . . .
"IF I WERE KING"

RONALD COLMAN
...as Francois Villon,
romantic poet-rogue,
in **FRANK LLOYD'S**
"IF I WERE KING."

FRANCES DEE . . .
as the lady fair,
whom Villon
loves.

ELLEN DREW . . .
as the tavern
girl who loves
Francois.

Ask—
YOUR THEATRE
WHEN THESE
PARAMOUNT
HITS PLAY...

FILMLAND WHISPERS

AT A Hollywood dinner party, no less an authority than Louis B. Mayer made the statement that Joan Crawford's *Bride Wore Red* and *Gorgeous Hussy* grossed more in dollars and cents than most of the Powell-Loy pictures, so popular with the critics. In spite of Joan being named poison at the box-office of a few independently-owned theatres, she is still one of the biggest money makers on the M-G-M lot. If she were not, M-G-M wouldn't have signed Joan to a straight five-year contract that nets the lady a cool million and a half at the duration of her term.

IN ALL probability the name and face of Bing Crosby will not be identified with talking pictures in the near future. Bing's new radio contract calls for 12 consecutive years of that exclusive Crosby service. Since he became interested in horses, Bing's sets have been the most popular in Hollywood. During the racing season Bing's schedule is so arranged that he quits every day at noon. This is a break for the cast and crew who automatically get in on the holiday. Between making money on the radio and spending it building race tracks, Bing has a well established future ahead of him.

THERE might be a few actors who agree with Porter Hall's young son. The lad heard his father say that he was going to work for Zanuck. Imagine Porter's amusement when he overheard the lad talking to some of his playmates. "My daddy's going to work for 'Penitentiary-Fox,'" lisped the boy.

TYRONE POWER swears it happened and who are we to doubt so charming a gentleman! He was being interviewed in his hotel while visiting New York and the weather was stifling. Finally Tyrone called down to the desk and asked them to send up two fans. A few minutes later there was a knock on the door. There stood two "fans," autograph books in hand. They got their autographs and went away leaving Tyrone hotter than ever. Incidentally, all the 450 natives of Noel, Missouri, will work in the location scenes of *Jesse James*. The studio doesn't have to pay them Screen Actor's Guild prices and will be getting the real thing in local atmosphere.

HOLLYWOOD will long remember Hope Hampton. When she made her movie at Universal, Hope really gave herself a wonderful time with her temperamental outbursts. Studio officials almost collapsed when she announced that she would only allow Polin water to touch her body in the rain sequences. This precious fluid sells at your corner drug store for 60 cents a quart.

With windows down and blinds drawn, the Whalen family demonstrate how well they can take punishment Michael (he calls it music) dishes out

When the action called for Hope to wash, she instructed the prop man to get her one particular kind of soap. The poor man returned to the set and all but collapsed. "That soap cost four dollars and fifty cents a bar," he gasped. "But of course," answered Hope without batting an eyelash. So the prop man had to retrace his steps and make his purchase.

WHAT price popularity might well be the title of this story. Dick Powell's father and mother finally had to give up their home and come to Hollywood. So great was the interest and curiosity of the public, the parents of Dick Powell never had a moment's peace. They are proud of their son's success but they just couldn't take the continuous onslaught of the fans. They are now living quietly at Redondo beach, close to old friends and just a few miles from the movie capital.

BILLY BAKEWELL is carrying a torch for Olivia de Havilland and it burns 24 hours a day. Billy has now arrived at the poem-writing stage, some of them more humorous than romantic. Billy's friends are so interested in the progress of his amour they are taking bets as to the outcome. As for Olivia, she has been sitting at home because she is taking medicine to help regain some of the weight she lost from overwork.

BETTE DAVIS' "Tailwaggers" party will long be remembered by party-loving Hollywood. The old Beverly Hills hotel ballroom was opened for the occasion. The place was originally constructed with poor ventilation, so Hollywood glamour girls began wilting on the vine early in the evening. Most of them wore their hair in the new up - swing fashion. Norma Shearer and Lili Damita were particularly smart looking. Lili wore a tailored dinner jacket of silver beads, with a long dull white crepe dress. It was severe and stunning. Norma, who arrived with Jimmy Stewart, looked beautiful with her heavy bangs and long page - boy bob. Smack-dab on the back of her head, Anita Louise wore a lace doily, centered with a gardenia that grew very tired before the evening was over.

FOR one scene in *Letter of Introduction,* Director John Stahl had 50 takes. The action called for Adolphe Menjou to open a door—without dialogue.

THE Ann Sothern fans are due for a great surprise when they see her opposite Joan Bennett and Frederic March in *Trade Winds.* Ann has remained off the screen purposely, hoping to give the public time to forget those Class B pictures she made. In the new Walter Wanger picture, a very slender Ann is called on to play high comedy scenes and

[*Continued on page* 10]

The Man Who Made The Picture

Talks to the people who are going to see it!

★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen "Four Daughters," one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you "Humoresque," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life"—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life's joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching "Four Daughters." Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I'm trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — "Robin Hood," "Pasteur," "Anthony Adverse," "The Life of Emile Zola." But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth's laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. "Four Daughters" is such a picture. Action, story, direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn —is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think "Four Daughters" would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it's the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

J L Warner

JACK L. WARNER, *Vice-President*
In Charge of Production,
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

WARNER BROS. Presents FANNIE HURST'S Great Story

"FOUR DAUGHTERS"

with

PRISCILLA LANE • ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE • GALE PAGE
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD
JEFFREY LYNN • DICK FORAN

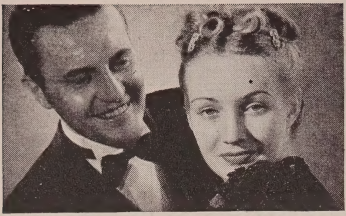
Famous on the New York stage—John Garfield now takes his place among Hollywood's chosen great.

Frank McHugh
Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ
From the Cosmopolitan Magazine Story

MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

May Robson
Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein
and Lenore Coffee
Music by Max Steiner • A First Nat'l Picture

A dashing new personality — Jeffrey Lynn brings the gay romantic glamour that wins all hearts.



ONE KISS ISN'T ENOUGH when lips are rosy, soft and tempting! Men love natural looking lips. But they hate the "painted" kind—glaring red and "hard as nails." Ask the man you love. See if he doesn't prefer *this* lipstick on you.

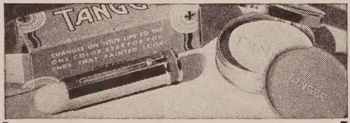
TANGEE—FOR TEMPTING LIPS... It's orange in the stick, but on your lips Tangee changes to the shade of blush-rose that best suits *you!* Blondes, brunettes and redheads... all use it perfectly. And its special cream base keeps lips soft, smooth.

HERE'S ROUGE TO MATCH!... Tangee Rouge, in Creme or Compact form, blends perfectly with your individual complexion—gives your cheeks lovely, *natural* color. It's one rouge that suits everyone—from blue-eyed blonde to deep brunette. *Try Tangee Rouge and Lipstick tonight!*

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*


TANGEE
CHANGES ON YOUR LIPS TO THE ONE COLOR BEST FOR YOU ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
TANGEE

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*____________________
(Please Print)

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________ F118

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 8]

wear an expensive wardrobe designed by Bernard Newman.

JACK OAKIE is really the miracle boy of Hollywood these days. Now weighing around 150 pounds, Jack is a model for perfect behavior. His contract is up at RKO and Jack is planning his first European trip before deciding which of the many offers he will accept. When Venita Varden left Jack, he remained on in the Neil Hamilton house, formerly rented by Garbo. Venita is planning an early return to the stage.

FRANCHOT TONE has set up bachelor quarters out on the Sunset strip. The apartment Franchot leased belongs to Mrs. Charles Butterworth, who is traveling in Europe. Franchot, by the way, has certainly been giving Hollywood press agents a wonderful time. Every day Franchot's name is rumored as being linked with this leading lady or that big star. Recently it was printed that Franchot was stepping out with a player named Ann Morris, now signed to M-G-M. Franchot had never even heard of her. In November Franchot goes to New York just long enough to do a play. Then he comes right back to being a free-lance player in Hollywood.

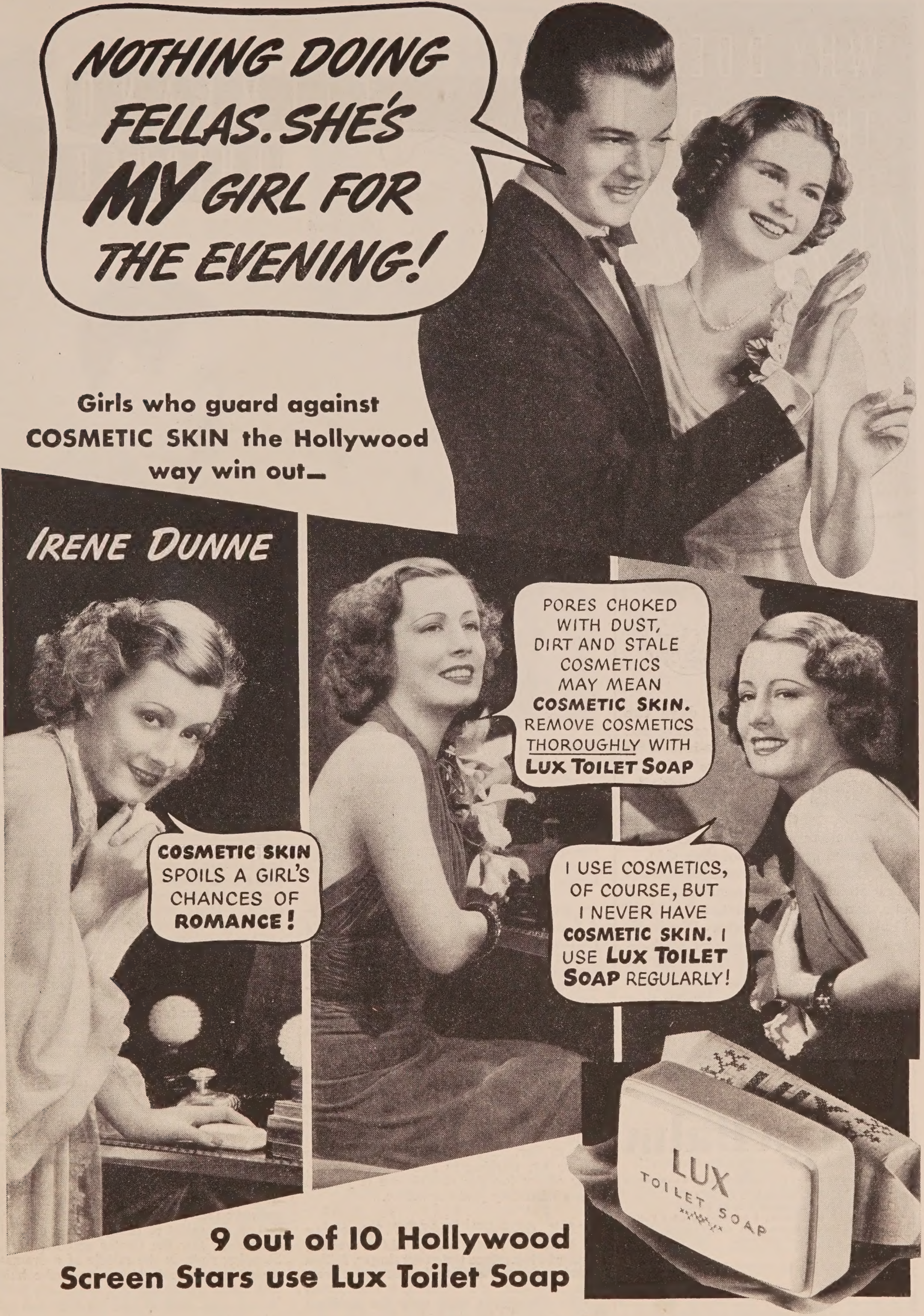
JOAN BENNETT, who isn't exactly the robust type, won the great enthusiasm of the *Texans'* troupe. Joan went through sand storms, stampedes and floods without a murmur. When she was cut by a saber during a battle scene and refused to hold up production, she got a great hand. At the end of the picture, Joan was presented with a bronze plaque. On it was lettered, "To The Champ, for being such a good sport."

SOMETIMES the best made plans of Hollywood producers are all in vain. When Gail Page clicked so beautifully with preview audiences in *Dr. Clitterhouse*, the various and sundry Warner Brothers decided right then and there that Gail would be a glamour girl. All of which meant that for the time being no publicity would be forthcoming on the fact that Gail has a five-year-old son. All went well until Gail arrived on the set one morning bringing her young son along for a visit. When she was told that her son was not to be seen or heard, Gail replied, "What shall I do with him. Give him back to the Indians?" Needless to say the boy remained with his mother where all could see and admire him. Gail's husband is William Tritschler, a radio writer.

MADGE EVANS will never forget her opening night in the summer stock production of *Stage Door.* It had been five years since she deserted the stage for pictures, so naturally Madge was a bit nervous about coming back. Just before the curtain went up, Madge peeked out to see who was in the house. There in the second row sat Helen Hayes. On the closing night, Madge

[*Continued on page* 12]

Leaping through the air with the greatest of ease Wayne Morris, Warner Brothers star appearing in *Valley of the Giants,* keeps in shape between pictures


NOTHING DOING FELLAS. SHE'S MY GIRL FOR THE EVENING!
IRENE DUNNE
COSMETIC SKIN SPOILS A GIRL'S CHANCES OF ROMANCE!
PORES CHOKED WITH DUST, DIRT AND STALE COSMETICS MAY MEAN COSMETIC SKIN. REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP
I USE COSMETICS, OF COURSE, BUT I NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN. I USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY!
LUX TOILET SOAP

Girls who guard against COSMETIC SKIN the Hollywood way win out—

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

WHY DOES THE BRIDE

Wear a Veil

?

• In olden days the bridal veil was supposed to protect the bride from the "evil eye" of some invisible "evil spirit."

Today, women know that they don't need protection from unseen "evil spirits"— but they *do* need protection for their skin.

Did you know that more women in America use Italian Balm, the famous Skin Softener, than any other preparation of its kind?

This famous skin protector — for warding off chapping, dryness, and work-or-weather skin coarseness — contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest-selling brands. Yet it costs far less than a small fraction of a cent to use liberally each day. It "goes so far." Test it on your skin. Try it *before* you buy—at Campana's expense. Use FREE coupon below.

Campana's

Italian Balm

"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

FREE

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
570 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

*Name*____________________

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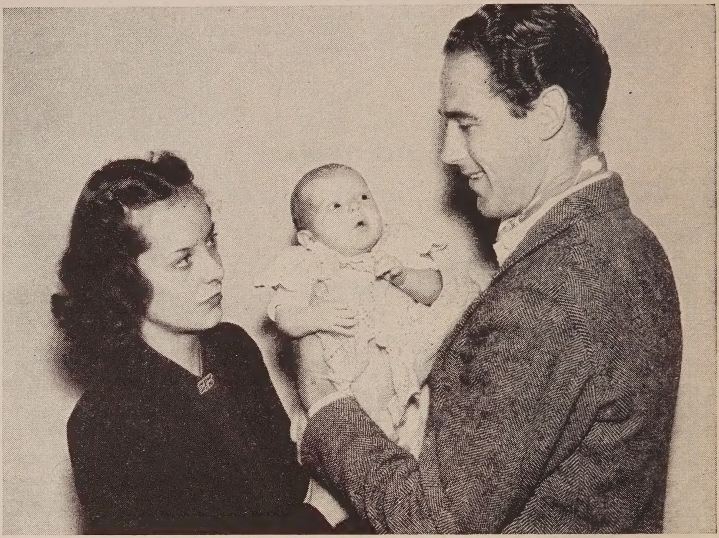
In Canada, Campana, Ltd., F 570 Caledonia Road, Toronto

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 10]



Patric Knowles, Warner Brothers player, and Mrs. Knowles admire their new arrival, Michael Patric. The proud father will be seen in Warner's *Four's A Crowd*, with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn and Rosalind Russell

played to Margaret Sullavan who created the original role. Last reports are that Madge is still trying to quiet her knocking knees.

DOROTHY LAMOUR may say it with a sarong in pictures. But she's particular about the clothes she wears. When the studio wants her to pose for fashions, Dotty has to okay all the clothes first before she gives her consent. Incidentally, her recent operation will in no way spoil her chances at wearing sarongs. A special kind of incision preserves the Lamour beauty.

WHEN M-G-M produced a picture called *This Side of Heaven*, Fay Bainter was in the cast that featured Lionel Barrymore. The studio didn't think that Fay had anything for the screen and no one bothered to re-sign her. Now Fay is back on the Metro lot, working in *The Shining Hour*. Her salary for this one picture is just 15 times what they paid her before.

***THE GREAT WALTZ* is costing M-G-M a pretty penny. After waiting a year to introduce the great singer, Miliza Korjus, the picture finally got under way. But now that it's finished, it's all going to be done over with only the original long shots to be used.**

POOR Eleanore Whitney is really paying for her sins—if she has any. Eleanore had her tonsils removed and everything was going beautifully. She returned home from the hospital feeling as fit as the proverbial fiddle. Three weeks later she began to suffer from hemorrhages. After an all night session the doctors and her family became so alarmed everyone began to despair. Eleanore pulled through. But she is still terribly weak from the loss of blood.

ONE reason for George Raft's walk-out on *St. Louis Blues*, is that it is supposed to be George's last picture for Paramount. For his swan song under that banner, George would like to have something worthy to leave behind him. He felt his role did not offer him the right opportunity. His layoff means that he must still put in the time, for it is added on to the time his contract is supposed to expire.

THEY were doing night scenes for *Angels With Dirty Faces* when Bill Robinson walked on the set. Jimmy Cagney, who was just in the midst of being mowed down by the police, saw the dancer and his guests. Stopping right in the middle of a dramatic scene, Jimmy rushed over to shake hands with Bill. After meeting the whole party, Jimmy went back to playing cops and robbers again.

CAROLE LOMBARD certainly does like the talkies. And incidentally Clark Gable, too! Every day for a week Carole was on the set with Clark. One day they were doing Clark's closeups and needed Leo Carillo to say his own off-stage lines. Leo had been dismissed for the day. Carole eagerly volunteered to stand in back of the camera and feed Clark. This she did. And Clark promised to get her a screen test.

DAVID WILLIAMS, who is Myrna Loy's brother, has launched out on the career of an interior decorator. Yes, his first job is for sister Myrna. He did over her dressing room in blond wood and shades of lime. And if that color scheme doesn't sound exactly like the cool, unruffled beauty of Myrna the Magnificent, then we don't know a beauty when we see one.

HOLLYWOOD prediction: that aviator-producer Howard Hughes will soon be seen out with Hedy Lamarr. That Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr will be the next torrid two-some at the box office. M-G-M are already trying to find the right story.

JOHN BEAL is mighty proud of his family. His wife, Helen Craig, returns to New York to work with the Mercury Theatre. His wife's brother, Robert Lewis Craig has just sold his first play, *The Red Bumble Bee.* It is being tried out in San Francisco, with Mary Astor and Leo Carrillo playing the leads. John, in the meantime, may do a Hollywood stage production of *Candida,* opposite Ann Harding.

MONA BARRIE awakened one bright morning, to find herself a mother. Of course Mona had no idea what to make of it because the father of her child—she had never met! All of which means that another Mona Barrie gave birth to a child and the press confused it with Hollywood's own Mona. Telegrams of congratulation, packages containing boots and bonnets began to arrive at Mona's Laurel Canyon home. But everything was topped when Mona's mother cabled from Australia and complained because no one had warned her that she was about to become a grandmother.

RAY MILLAND lost his valued servants recently—because they wanted to open a skating rink down on Central avenue, the colored section of Los Angeles. Came the night of the big premiere and Ray was invited to come down and bring a party of Hollywood stars. Ray was all for doing it and would have except that the studio sent him away on location.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW drives his own car now. At the "Tailwaggers" party, he drove up to the Beverly Hills Hotel with Aunt Cissie by his side. A few minutes later he was out on the dance floor, still with Aunt Cissie and doing the most dignified rumba the town has ever seen.

NICE gesture on the part of Spencer Tracy, when he went to Nebraska to make his *Boys' Town.* So touched was Spencer with the fine work of Father Flanagan, that the star is now giving a few boys their chance by paying their way through school.

MARTHA RAYE is a quaint soul. When she meets friends on her home lot or sees them at a night club, she greets

[*Continued on page* 14]

TOM IS TAKING ME OUT! SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!
I'M KEEN ABOUT TOM! THAT'S WHY I BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP THAT GUARDS MY DAINTINESS SO SURELY... KEEPS ME ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!
HERE'S HOW CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP WORKS—ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR. AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS... SURROUNDS YOU LIGHTLY WITH ITS FLOWER-LIKE FRAGRANCE!
HOURS LATER—STILL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
GOOD NIGHT, SWEET! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU ARE...THE SWEETEST GIRL I EVER KNEW!
THANK GOODNESS FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP! IT CERTAINLY IS THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
COLGATE
Cashmere Bouquet

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother . . . more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty*—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

FACTORY GUARANTEED

NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS PORTABLE

AS LITTLE AS 10¢ A DAY

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.
10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

AT LAST! The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper is available for as little as 10c a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable factory guaranteed. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment. Standard keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Variable line spacer and all the conveniences of the finest portable ever built. PLUS the NOISELESS feature. Act now while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for details.

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We send the Remington Noiseless Portable direct to you with 10 days' FREE trial. If you are not satisfied, send it back. WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page 13*]

them in inimitable Raye fashion. Instead of her usual, "Oh Boy," or "Yeah Mam," Martha now gives out with, "Hi ya, Joe, ya know, just got back from a vaudeville show."

WHEN Warner Brothers announced that Kay Francis would play a burlesque baby in her next picture, Kay received an amusing letter from a genuine strip-teaser. The girl wrote that she needed a vacation badly but no one could be found to replace her. If Kay wanted to get in a little local practice, the artist was willing to show her the ropes and allow Kay to fill in for a week's engagement!

NEIGHBORLY and considerate is Maureen O'Sullivan. The new Bolan Riding Academy recently premiered with lights, stars and hot dogs. It adjoins Maureen's Bel-Air estate. As a gesture to Bob Young and Allan Jones, the owners, Maureen has installed a water trough right where one of the trails hits the bottom of her estate. Speaking of Maureen and her new home, the mystery of the disappearing gold fish has been solved. Three times Maureen bought gold fish for three different pools. Each time they disappeared during the night. Maureen thought a stray cat might have found itself a good thing. Then she thought some kids might be playing tricks on her. Finally she hid in the bushes one night to watch. After a long wait up walked her own pet pup, "Roger," who proceeded to snap the fish up in his jaws with a master's skill.

BY THE time this is printed, William Powell will have been a patient once again in a Hollywood hospital. Friends and business associates are praying that this will be Bill's last operation for the stomach disorder that has given him so much trouble. While he has felt well enough to work on the radio, Bill has not recovered sufficiently to go before the camera.

JIMMY STEWART was really awed recently when he attended a Hollywood party. Someone introduced him to Richard Barthelmess and the two immediately struck up a friendship. Dick was a great favorite of Jimmy's long before he ever dreamed of being a movie favorite—and Norma Shearer's number one escort at Hollywood affairs.

WHEN Margaret Sullavan accepted the role in *Shining Hour* it was a great day for Joan Crawford. Ever since *Only Yesterday* Joan has been a great admirer of the Sullavan histrionics. Actually they met

His hand burned by the explosion of a news camera flash bulb, Archie Mayo, ace film director, is shown receiving first aid treatment. Andrea Leeds, whom he is directing in *Youth Takes A Fling*, a Universal production, is playing nurse

Anne Nagel and her stand-in are pictured in a scene from Monogram's, *Under the Big Top*

only once. A mutual friend arranged to bring Margaret to Joan's house for lunch. Joan set the time of day and eagerly looked forward to the occasion. One hour and a half late, Margaret arrived. Over her shoulder she carried the flat tire that had caused all the delay. The two girls had a good laugh over the Sullavan predicament. Margaret left for New York soon after that, so they never met again. Now Joan is looking forward to working with Margaret and getting to know her better.

UNA MERKEL is the latest to turn song writer. Una's initial effort is called "Jitter Bug will get you if you don't watch out." All Una has to do now is to find someone to write the music.

VIRGINIA BRUCE may be a glamour girl on the screen. But in private life she is just plain Mrs. Jack Ruben an efficient house-wife. When she built her new home on the Pacific Palisades recently, Virginia went to great lengths, reading all the latest catalogues, pamphlets and advertising circulars. One device she installed in the home is an electric ironing machine. Virginia figured the whole thing out and discovered she could cut her laundry bill in half after the first year of using the machine. Who said movie stars aren't practical?

GAIL PATRICK is another Hollywood beauty who uses her head. All Gail's spare pennies are being invested

[*Continued on page* 17]

"THERE'S ONE GIRL I'LL NEVER DANCE WITH AGAIN!"

But there's plenty of dates and partners for the girl who uses MUM

"NEVER again for me, Tom! Janet's a peach of a girl and a swell dancer, but some things get a man down. Too bad somebody doesn't tip her off. Other girls know how to avoid underarm odor."

Other girls! Janet thinks about them, too. Wonders why other girls have partners dance after dance—why men so often dance with her just *once.* But no *man*—or girl—likes to come straight out and say, "*Janet, you need Mum.*"

It's so easy to offend—and never know it! That's why nowadays, no wise girl trusts a bath alone to keep her fresh all evening long. Baths remove *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come.* Mum is the quick, pleasant, unfailing way to safeguard your charm for men!

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm, under that—in 30 seconds you're *done!*

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin. Mum is harmless to fabrics—convenient to use *after* you're dressed!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Remember, men avoid girls who offend! Get Mum at your druggist's today—be sure *you're* always sweet!

AFTER-BATH FRESHNESS SOON FADES WITHOUT MUM

I USED TO THINK A BATH WAS ENOUGH. GLAD I LEARNED ABOUT MUM!
TO HERSELF: I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A WHIRL! I'VE DANCED ALL EVENING BUT MUM STILL KEEPS ME SWEET!
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins — *Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's safe, sure. Use Mum this way.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Say it with a Clear Skin

NO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within*.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improve digestion . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The larger size represents a price saving. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © The S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones

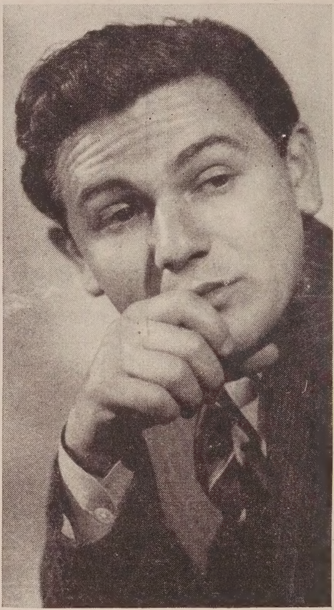
BETWEEN US FANS

ONCE in a great while a movie newcomer flashes comet-like toward stardom. Such a person is John Garfield, Warner Brothers' latest contribution to the pleasure of the movie public. Watch this young man closely. If Hollywood treats him properly his success should be sensational.

John Garfield crashed upon my consciousness when I first saw him in *Four Daughters*. I went to the picture twice and came away each time marveling at the artistry he brought to his role.

Certain reservations are necessary, however, when one predicts success for a new screen personality. Hollywood can do strange things to its most promising material. If John Garfield attains the position he deserves in the movie world, it will be only by avoiding numberless pitfalls.

He can fail by the simple circumstances of making too many pictures. He can play the same type too many times. He can be given parts which demand only a small portion of his great ability. He can suffer from poor direction and weak stories. Unfavorable publicity, studio politics, all these factors can make the difference between failure and success.



John Garfield recently soared toward stardom in Warner Brothers' *Four Daughters*. His next picture will be *Blackwell's Island*

Despite all these obstacles, I feel certain that John Garfield will move steadily into a leading position. You and I can do much to help him. The weight of our opinion is tremendous. By our demands, we can offer him the opportunity he deserves.

I'm thoroughly convinced that your interest in Garfield is as great as mine. For that reason, I'm planning to bring you a biographical sketch of this young star in the December issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine.

* * *

BACK in September Carole Lombard said she was glad to turn 85 per cent of her income over to the tax collector. Miss Lombard earned about $465,000 last year. When she had paid her expenses and taxes, she claimed she had about $20,000 left for herself.

Following this statement, up popped a government tax official who announced gently that Miss Lombard was either unusually generous or there was some mistake in her calculations. "Must have been a good deal more than that left over," he suggested.

I admire Miss Lombard greatly and I'm willing to grant her a little inaccuracy in her mathematics. She's a great actress and an extremely clever woman. Not so long ago she demonstrated her ability as press agent for Selznick International by running the publicity department for a week. If Miss Lombard's recent statement was released for publicity purposes, I'm more than delighted to close both eyes and say, "Well done, Carole." Regardless of the publicity value, regardless of the error—if there is an error — the statement is a worthy one.

I'd rather see Carole Lombard receive favorable publicity for saying she's glad to pay her taxes than read the flood of Hollywood divorce stories and scandals in the daily papers.

* * *

RECENTLY a contributor told us that he possessed some unusual information concerning Tyrone Power. Little has been said about what the star of *Suez* does when he goes on vacation. Our contributor has secured an exclusive story on Tyrone's holiday adventures.

Even more remarkable are the pictures which will illustrate this article. Many of them were taken by the star himself during his vacation.

SCREEN BOOK Magazine will bring you this outstanding story in an early issue, under the title, *Tyrone Power's Hidden Holiday*. It's a real scoop!

* * *

AND by the way, don't miss *I Knew Them When* in this issue. The author, Whitney Williams is one of our finest correspondents. You have seen dozens of his articles in SCREEN BOOK Magazine. We feel that *I Knew Them When* is one of his best. See you next month.

THE EDITOR

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 15]

in a tourist auto camp. If her plans go through, Gail will scatter these camps across the country. She plans decorating them in Hollywood fashion, white walls and gay chintz furnishings. Radios will be installed in each cottage. A special contraption fixes each radio so it will not play unless a nickel is dropped in a slot. This keeps it tuned for one hour. The nickels will go to Gail's pet charity.

HELEN HAYES' former leading man, Vincent Price, is at last launched on his Hollywood career. Vincent, who is under contract to Universal, was actually given five different starting dates by his studio. It being his first picture, Vincent was naturally a bit nervous at the prospect. Each time he'd work himself up to facing the ordeal, only to be told that the date had been postponed again. Finally, when the picture actually did start, Vincent thought it was another case of "wolf-wolf." He arrived on the set, calm as the proverbial cucumber.

ADRIAN is having the time of his life out at M-G-M, designing clothes for the midgets who will play the "Munchkins" in *Wizard of Oz.* Interesting that Adrian who does all the clothes for Garbo, Crawford and Shearer should get such a kick out of dressing the midgets. Incidentally, these miniature performers do not like to be called midgets. They refer to themselves as "Little People." Those of normal height and size they call "Big People." When the picture gets under way, the studio commissary will have special tables and chairs where the "Little People" can dine in comfort.

AS A special feature on cook's night out in Hollywood, the Cafe La Maze features "Myris" the mind reader. Guests are invited to write a question on a piece of paper without signing their full name. The answers are read aloud. In answer to one question that was marked J. C., Myris advised that person not to have negative thoughts, to have positive thoughts at all times. On their way out, Cesar Romero turned to Joan Crawford (the J. C. on the note) and said, "For a girl with negative thoughts, you've done all right."

THE Charles Boyers' house-warming at their new Beverly Lane Crest home went off in great style. About 50 of Hollywood's famous assembled to celebrate the gala occasion. A six piece orchestra played dance music in the patio. A new version of the Big Apple was introduced and the glamour girls went to town with a vengeance. Joan Crawford danced until she dropped her star sapphires. Hedy Lamarr forgot that she was the current studio rave and trucked on down, along with Ronald Colman, David Nivens, Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert.

BOB BURNS has a new story about a nut in an insane asylum. According to Bob, the balmy one walked up and down the corridor, nude but for a derby hat. His keeper pleaded with him for being so indecently exposed. "No one ever comes here," explained the goon. "Then why are you wearing that derby hat," said the keeper. "Because—they might," was the nutty reply.

[*Continued on page* 55]

She succeeded in Business

...but Failed as a Wife!

Pretty smart . . . But she didn't know how important "Lysol" is in Feminine Hygiene

SHE thought it was jealousy of her success in business that had made her husband more and more indifferent. She didn't realize that she herself had been at fault . . . in a matter of feminine hygiene. "Lysol" would have helped save the happiness of her marriage.

If you are in doubt regarding a wholesome method of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses, used in many hospitals and clinics.

Some of the more important reasons why "Lysol" is especially valuable in feminine hygiene are—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

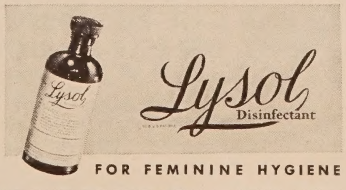
2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy..."Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.



FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

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Dept. 11-S.B., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet, "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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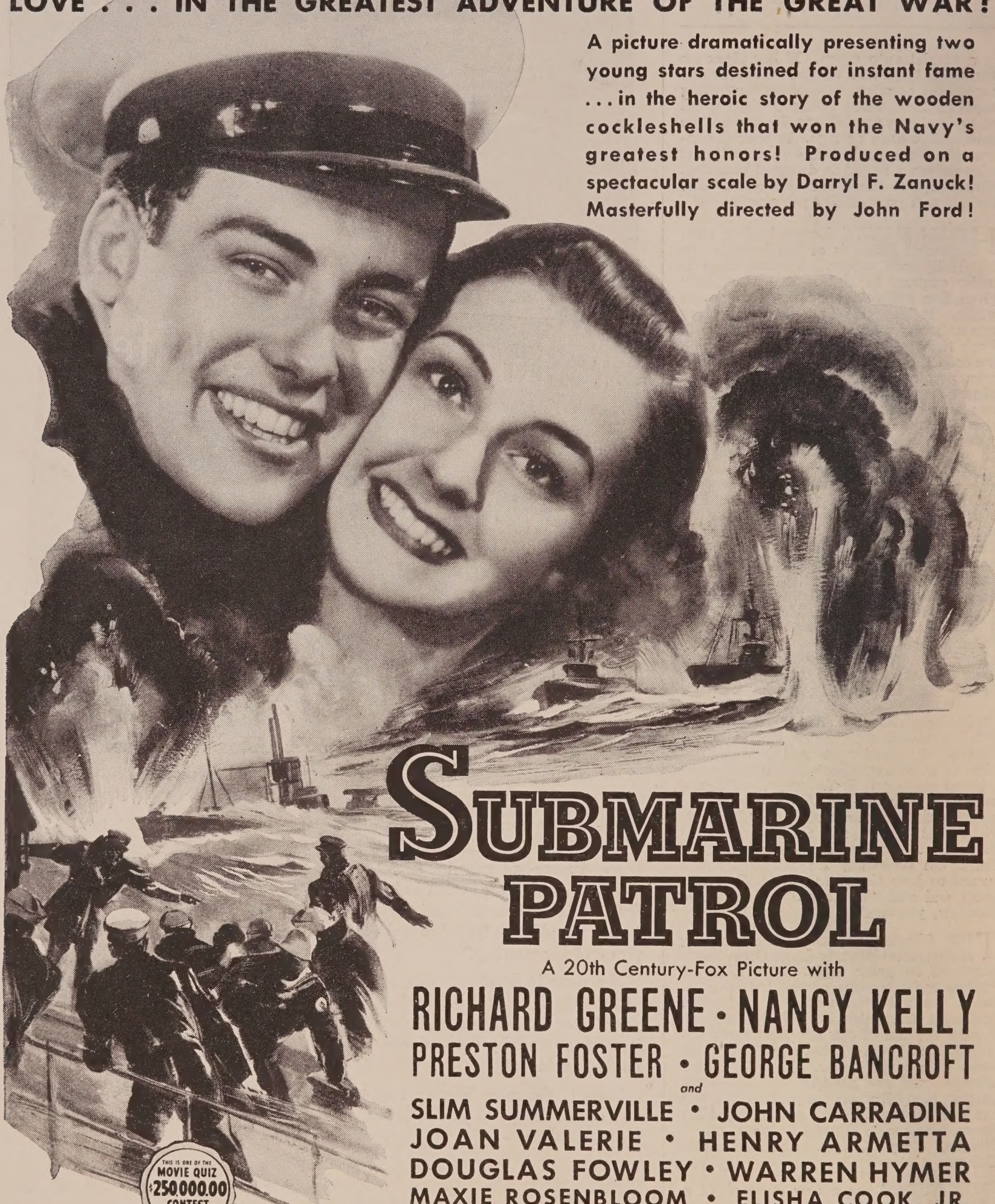
City ______________ *State* ______________

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Youth... **EAGER, VITAL... OFFERS ITS LIFE... GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT LOVE . . . IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!**

A picture dramatically presenting two young stars destined for instant fame ... in the heroic story of the wooden cockleshells that won the Navy's greatest honors! Produced on a spectacular scale by Darryl F. Zanuck! Masterfully directed by John Ford!



THIS IS ONE OF THE MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

SUBMARINE PATROL

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY

PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT

and

SLIM SUMMERVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.
J. FARRELL MacDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Lovely Virginia Bruce appears to be in a pensive mood, but it's only a temporary condition created for her new role in "There Goes My Heart"

VIRGINIA BRUCE

10 DON'TS FOR THE CAREER GIRL

1. MONEY—HOW MUCH WILL HOLLYWOOD DEMAND?
2. HOW IMPORTANT IS YOUR APPEARANCE?
3. SHOULD YOU USE YOUR WOMANLY WILES?
4. WILL WILD ESCAPADES BRING YOU A CAREER?
5. HOW SOON CAN YOUR WISHES COME TRUE?
6. SHOULD ALL ADVICE BE VIEWED SERIOUSLY?
7. CAN YOU STAND HARD WORK?
8. HOW MUCH GRIT DOES HOLLYWOOD REQUIRE?
9. CAN YOU CRITICIZE YOUR FAULTS HONESTLY?
10. HOW MUCH SHOULD YOU LEARN?

Lovely Bette Davis has found success by living up to her own career rules. She is shown above as she appears in Warner Brothers' new picture, *The Sisters*

By SONIA LEE

"THERE is," says Bette Davis, "no cut and dried formula for success!

"If there were, Hollywood wouldn't be Heartbreak Town!

"Hundreds of girls each year would not be going home in defeat to face helplessly the triumphant and cruel I-told-you-sos of their families and friends.

"At their best, rules for success are only part-time crutches to suppport faltering feet, faltering hopes, faltering wills.

"To be a career girl, there must be something within yourself, inevitable and urgent, which inescapably determines your success or the measure of your failure."

We sat in Bette's portable dressing-room and discussed the things a woman must not be, must not do, must not feel, in her climb to success.

"Naturally, when I think of a career," Bette said, "I think of it in terms of Hollywood. Yet, by and large, the same rules apply to any profession, to any business, to any occupation which is open to women."

Out of her own long apprenticeship to Fame, Bette Davis has evolved 10 don'ts for the career girl, which may serve not only as a guide, but also as a cushion against the hard knocks inevitable in the search for position and recognition.

"DON'T," she says, "expect to hit overnight. Don't even dream that suddenly you'll be established and famous without lifting one little finger. It takes work and lots of it to get places. A Douglas Corrigan flies the Atlantic and his name is known overnight. But back of his achievement there are years of study, of concentration, of learning to do his job superlatively well.

"A career is achieved only in terms of work. Many girls come to Hollywood and concentrate on social contacts, believing that to be the road to a career on the screen. I would say emphatically to the newcomer, 'Don't waste your money on elaborate clothes or expensive entertainment—or your time on being seen everywhere.'

"A sound career implies certain qualities within yourself—a certain sturdiness of character which will eventually bring results. A career based on anything else but intrinsic worth is always in a precarious state and easily falls apart. Those who have lasted on the screen, who have been stars for years, are invariably the women who have attained success primarily by their own efforts. They've fought and struggled and proved their worth. Earn your success and it will be yours for keeps.

"DON'T neglect your appearance. Make the most of what you have. If you don't know how to do it, go to someone who will bring out your best points of face and figure.

"Beauty isn't necessary for success even in Hollywood. But you must be smart, attractive, well-groomed. It will give you a sense of confidence when meeting people. You'll be poised, because you won't need to be concerned with the outward impression you make. You'll know that as far as your appearance goes, you are putting your best foot forward.

"I delayed my career at least two years by not being smartly turned out from top to toe on my arrival in Hollywood. My make-up was wrong, my hair was wrong, my clothes were wrong. I could have saved myself a lot of heartaches if I had gone to someone in New York who could have prepared me for Hollywood's critical eye.

"In making the most of yourself visually, strive for individuality. Don't let anyone make you into a copy of some screen star. Imitators are a drug on the market in Hollywood. Producers pay tribute only to individuality, variety, novelty. So be yourself!

Don't, whatever you do, come to Hollywood unless you are financially entrenched for at least a year. The landlady's demanding knock may dull your sense of hearing by the time opportunity rings the bell. Women have single-track minds. When the multiple problems of food to eat, and clothes to wear and a place to sleep are daily nagging worries, a woman can't possibly have enough physical or mental energy left over for career trail-breaking.

"Nothing dissipates a woman's confidence in herself and in her future so quickly as money troubles.

"I VENTURE to say that dozens of girls who have come to Hollywood missed their chance because they could give too few months to waiting. Nothing comes quickly. Nothing comes easily. It is a foolish and needless gamble with your destiny to expect miracles to happen overnight. And so I say, don't come to Hollywood unless your bank book indicates you can wait at least a year for casting directors to give you that nod of recognition.

"DON'T expect your exploits or your escapades to bring you fame or secure a career for you. Today's headlines are tomorrow's forgotten words. The public will read with relish choice morsels about any human being. We are naturally curious. We like to enter into the intimate life of others. But publicity has never yet spelled permanent fame for any girl. You may be a nine-day's wonder, a circus sideshow for a week or so, but you won't gain the respect, the wholesome regard every woman must have to achieve a solid success.

"DON'T come to Hollywood seeking a career unless you are as physically fit as an athlete. Unless you can absorb shockingly punishing, endless hours of work, don't come here."

Bette herself, in the hour I watched her work, demonstrated the importance of this [*Continued on page* 54]

Bette Davis, pictured here with Errol Flynn in a scene from *The Sisters*, is her own best critic. She believes in being truthful to herself

DOES SCANDAL

By JOEL COLLYER

BLACK headlines, the short, ugly abbreviations of journalistic jargon—"tryst"—"love child"—the smear technique of cast-off partners and faithless friends—these are the tests that try stars' souls and judge the strength of their moral fibre.

Drifting forever in the backwaters, put through the merciless maelstrom and cast up battered and besmirched are dozens of discarded idols who couldn't stand the gaff.

A star is fair game for the sensation-seeking newspapers. If his diet, literary taste and favorite flower are matters of importance, how much more provocative

Wagging tongues found much to say about Sigrid Gurie, "foreign" star in *The Adventures of Marco Polo* and *Algiers*. She is shown above, completely the person her publicity agents described. But at top left she is pictured discussing the divorce suit which brought about a startling denouement

Lovely Mary Astor, right, weathered a violent tilt with the gossip mongers and came out with flying colors

KILL STARS?

is a lurid lawsuit bristling with the trite but compelling verbiage of Passion, Love and Sin, as over-simplified by the gentlemen of the press. Only a thoroughbred can come through the ordeal of clinical examination under the X-ray of that pitiless prosecutor, public opinion.

Even more shattering is a stray beam of illumination that reveals a Hollywood Olympian as a ludicrous stuffed shirt, impostor, or creature of a press agent's dream.

The lovely features of Sigrid Gurie have lately provided an excellent target for the hurlers of low-comedy mud pies. As is her privilege, the statuesque Norwegian elected to take herself seriously upon her elevation to eminence by royal decree of Sam Goldwyn, before she had done anything to earn such an exalted niche in the film firmament.

With customary éclat, Mr. Goldwyn labeled his untried discovery as a member of theatrical royalty, leading lady of the Royal Norwegian Theatre where he had personally discovered her. Furthermore, she was an intimate of the great creative geniuses of the Old World, Budapest, Brussels and Berlin. She was a blue-stocking belle whose brain was as aristocratic as her lineage and her deathless artistry.

The whole American continent got a hearty chuckle when Goldwyn's gorgeous import, the exotic Gurie, was denuded of her tinsel and trappings and revealed as a rather unhappy Hollywood housewife and a native, not of the faraway fjords of Norway but of the vast, limitless steppes of Brooklyn. The occasion for the disclosure was that good old standard Hollywood springboard into the headlines, divorce suit on grounds of cruelty.

Sigrid, four years a resident of California, broke down and admitted that she had become the bride, on October 4, 1935, at the village of Cucamonga in San Bernardino County, of Thomas W. Stewart, a San Francisco business man. The course of their true love, she alleged, was roughened, from time to time, by Tommy's predilection for throwing left hooks.

The national response to these twin revelations was typically American and typically generous.

The movie fan, and for that matter the whole U. S. populace, loves Brooklyn, particularly if Brooklyn be the butt of a joke. Brooklyn baseball teams, Brooklyn humor, the quaint Brooklyn dialect all are peculiarly cherished. And to discover that in addition to being a human being with an adventure-packed private life, Sigrid was also a home-bred Brooklynite—that, to film fandom, was like discovering a long-lost cousin.

With the explosion of the "imported from Scandinavia" myth, the Goldwyn starlet also permitted herself to be bombed out of her pose of continental languor that typed her dangerously close to the hordes of other transatlantic glamor girls.

Her second picture, *Algiers*, presents her in a warm, humanized characterization far removed from the slow-motion tableaux devised for her American debut. Theatre-goers now have a handy condensed description for her—"that Norwegian from Brooklyn"—whereas before her trial-by-the tabloid she was just one in the succession of old-country exotics.

Gurie has been over two tough hurdles of stardom—leading roles from a standing start and the rough-and-tumble trial-by-ordeal of slapstick newspaper justice. And she came through with flying colors, but bearing a wound stripe.

Pert and pouting Simone Simon underwent a stiffer variation of the same ruthless drubbing. Starting out with a more solid collection of tangible assets than Sigrid, Simon had a short but dazzling record in the French films to back her bid for Hollywood stardom. Furthermore she was authentically French, from Paris, not Weehawken, and had the tempestuous temperament, the inextinguishable ardor and the trilling "r's" to prove it.

HER producers, knowing a good bet when they saw one, shot the works on publicity and exploitation. Almost overnight the mademoiselle with the double-barreled name was a national institution as well-known as the V-8. Simone was a glutten for work and fun, a changeable, explosive bundle of energy and contradictions, fickle, frivolous, unpredictable and as shrewd as a huckster about the next step in her well-charted rise to a permanent home on the top shelf of the Hollywood Hall of Fame.

In her brief but momentous initial invasion of America, Simone was photographed with no fewer than 104 different escorts. Her rumored romances were subject to daily change, like the weather report. But this sort of flibberty-gibberty exuberance was in character. After all, the little lady was French. What could you expect? With a whole generation of personable men to choose from, why should she hoard her personality?

Inevitably Simone was catapulted into the news columns as distinct from the movie pages of the avid American press. Sandra Martin, her trusted secretary, a young lady whose history is shrouded in mystery, was charged by the star with misappropriation, larceny and forgery.

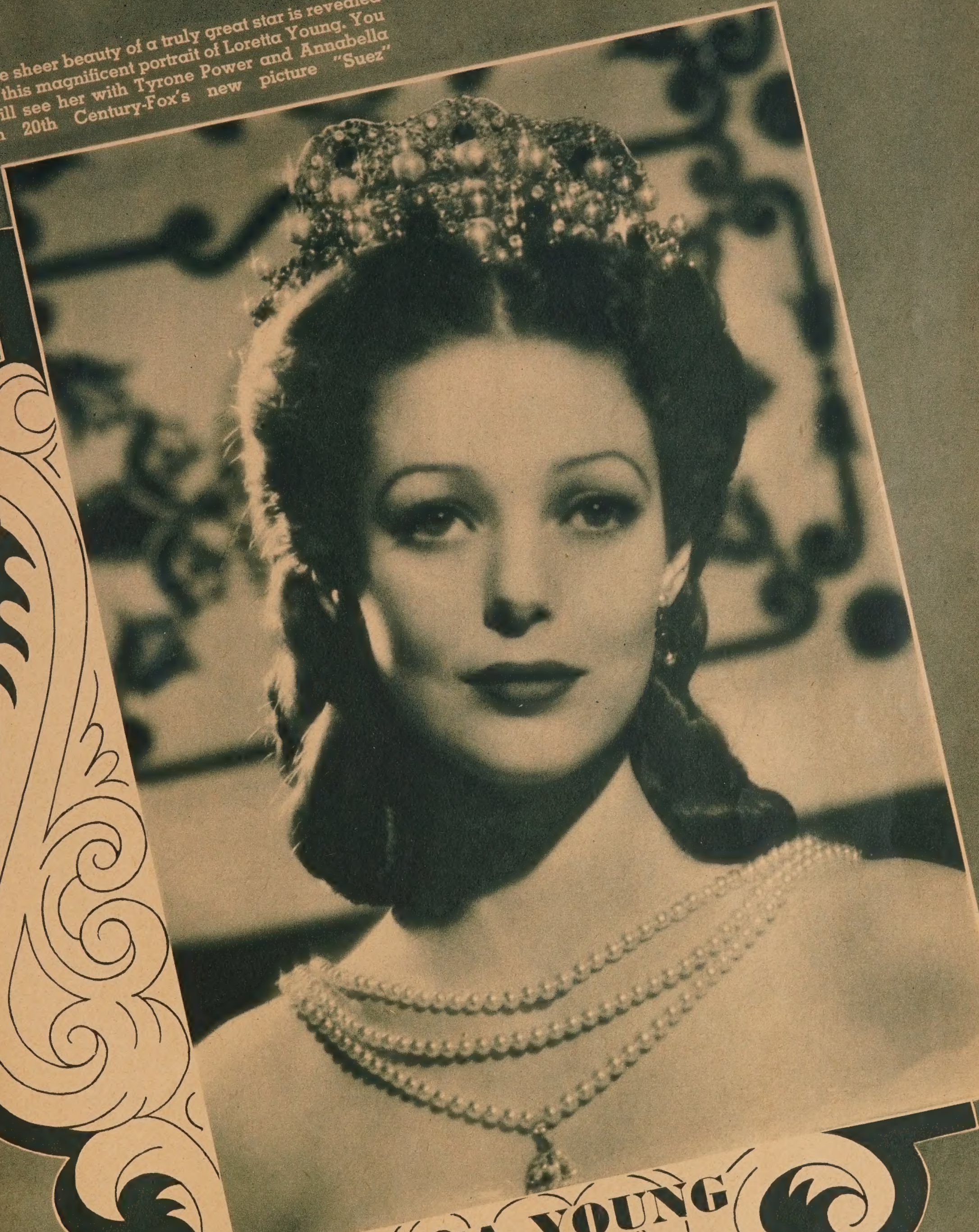
[*Continued on page* 58]

Back to France went Simone Simon after disclosures which brought her face to face with the power of adverse publicity. Golden keys and secretarial troubles proved her nemesis

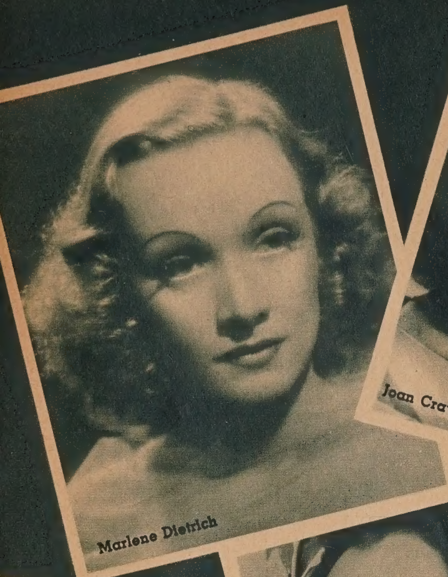
"Holiday" was a triumph for handsome Cary Grant, but his own summer holiday in Hawaii supplied the golden tan necessary for his newest role in RKO Radio's "Gunga Din"

CARY GRANT

The sheer beauty of a truly great star is revealed in this magnificent portrait of Loretta Young. You will see her with Tyrone Power and Annabella in 20th Century-Fox's new picture "Suez"



LORETTA YOUNG


Marlene Dietrich

Joan Crawford

I KNEW THEM WHEN . . .

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

THE tall, singularly unprepossessing girl at the next table had been sitting all evening with scarcely a word to anyone.

True, she had answered questions put to her, briefly and with a gutteral accent, but that was all. The rest of the time she stared into space, not even so much as glancing at the brilliant fashion parade that continually streamed past her chair. Once, she danced around the floor.

The eyes of a girl at my table chanced upon her. "Who," she inquired, more for the sake of conversation, I think, than out of curiosity, "is that woman?" Then before I could reply she said abruptly, "Why, her dress is soiled—it's filthy— and there on the shoulder it's positively moth-eaten!"

"That's Greta Garbo," I explained. "She's a Swedish actress Metro brought over. Maybe you saw her in *The Torrent* or *The Temptress*.

"She'd better go back home, if that's the best she can do in the way of appearance," my companion stated firmly.

That was my first real impression of Greta. I had glimpsed her in passing on the set but this was my initial opportunity to study her. The occasion was one of the colorful old Sixty Club dances—forerunner of the present famous Mayfair Club. Greta had arrived with Jack Gilbert.

Greta, however, wasn't the exotic, alluring Garbo of later years. She was clothed in none of that glamour which touched ensuing film characterizations. To look at her—which, indeed, few did, for she registered negatively—you never would have suspected she would emerge shortly into one of the most celebrated actresses of all time.

And instead of being dressed in the latest fashion—as were all the other stars—in a creation calculated to catch the jealous eye of every woman in the great room, Greta had gone to the studio wardrobe department and borrowed one of the stock evening gowns! Every person present from the studio recognized the garment as one which had been worn in countless pictures by dozens of extra girls!

I sometimes find myself living in the past.

I remember that moment of Garbo's initial public appearance as though it were only yesterday. Sometimes the most trifling incidents recall themselves to memory. In my mind's eye I can see Greta as she dined that evening, least interesting of all the actresses there, and barely replying or responding to Gilbert's conversation. Apart from that one dance, she steadfastly refused to set foot on the floor. Probably a star has never appeared at festive function so oddly clad. And it is quite likely that no star has behaved so oddly, talked so little and made so awkward an appearance at a public function.

Janet Gaynor

Greta Garbo

Bing Crosby

Warner Baxter

Gary Cooper

Today—success and a world of dreams-come-true for the famous headline stars portrayed at left. Their 1938 photographs suggest poise and self-confidence. But compare these pictures with those of the same stars on the opposite page . . .

Joan Crawford

Marlene Dietrich

Skeletons rattle in every star's closet when Hollywood remembers yesterday.

Janet Gaynor entered my ken on a forlorn day when my newspaper office assigned me to cover the vaudeville bill on the local Pantages stage.

As I slouched down in my box-seat, bored to distraction, a vision—a titian vision—as lovely as a cool summer's breeze, suddenly commanded my attention. She wore the costume of a slave girl, tattered red and yellow, and trudged behind a husky satin-shirted tenor who hauled her at the end of a thick rope back and forth across the stage and annoyed the cash-customers with his shouted song.

Only the name of this act was billed on the program—but everyone was watching the little girl. No one reckoned then that a future sweetheart of all the world stood before them—and I doubt if anybody who recollects the act even knows now that this girl was Janet Gaynor.

Later I introduced Janet to Herbert Moulton, a rising young journalist on the paper with me, and they fell deeply in love. Janet liked the atmosphere of the great metropolitan daily. Almost every evening, upon dropping by, I would find her perched on my desk, looking over the hundreds of motion picture stars' photographs that were stacked there, while she waited for her gallant newspaperman.

OFTEN she would gaze wistfully at some particularly romantic pose, and ask me, "Do you suppose I'll ever have my picture taken like that?" Following the termination of the Pantages engagement, she tried her luck in the studios, and worked desperately to earn herself a screen career.

Do you remember Rex, billed as *The King of Wild Horses*? Hal Roach, the comedy producer, owned him, and made several pictures with the animal. They were some of the few non-comedy films the producer turned out.

Fay Wray, just then starting her career, and I came unpleasantly near death watching Rex one day. The experience was a dangerously-trying one but it was more. It gave me a clear and hitherto-unsuspected insight into Fay's character.

We had gone out to the Roach ranch to see the horse. Rex possessed the reputation of a killer. He had attacked and killed three men in Colorado, before capture and transportation to the film capital. We naturally were a bit wary when we stepped into the paddock with the horse, even though the trainer assured us that no danger existed.

As we stood some distance away, the horse suddenly turned his head in our direction. Then, with evil gleaming in his eyes, he started at a gallop toward us. There was no time [*Continued on page* 56]

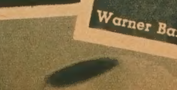
Janet Gaynor

Greta Garbo

Bing Crosby

Warner Baxter

Gary Cooper



Yesterday—Dreams of a glorious career for stars who later found success. But when these pictures were taken, they revealed little of the glamour for which these film leaders are noted today.

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

By SUSAN CAMPBELL

THE handsome young man was crazy. Everyone in the crowd was sure of it. Who but a lunatic would stop on the busiest corner of Sunset boulevard to talk to a telephone pole?

Before his strange attack he had been strolling along with the gravity befitting a man in the uniform of a United States aviator. But when he spied the telephone pole he stopped abruptly and addressed it.

He said that he wished it a good day and that he was delighted to see it. He bowed politely. With an air of complete seriousness he made as if to shake hands. Then he blew out his breath in tremendous gusts, heedless of the convulsed crowd which was gathering rapidly.

"Crazy!" someone chuckled, but in the young aviator's behavior there was more than a hint of skillful acting. At last he said goodby to the pole and turned to join me.

"There!" Charles Farrell exclaimed. "That's what I mean."

He had been showing me how he played the hat trick on the Italian Ambassador to Germany while he was in Berlin. Charlie, as you know, has returned to Hollywood after a long absence from the American screen and a notable success on the British. At present he is an army flier for Columbia in *Wings of Doom.*

"You see, it had been a rather dull afternoon in Berlin," Farrell continued as we sauntered back toward the studio. "There were diplomats and royalty all sitting around drinking tea, so just to liven things up I asked if anyone knew this silly trick. No one did. I surreptitiously borrowed a mirror, put it in another room and summoned the first victim. The whole idea is that you get the victim to puff at your hat and the more he puffs, the more the hat rises from your head. Like some other things, it's all done with mirrors.

"Each victim, after learning the trick, takes a chair and waits to see the others victimized. I had a roomful of the initiated around me, joyfully razzing all comers, when the Ambassador insisted on taking his turn. He laughed harder than the rest put together and his eyes fairly sparkled as he waited for the next victim to appear.

"His wife said it was the first time the Ambassador had laughed out loud in six weeks."

FARRELL'S lips broke into the famous smile, the friendly grin of a man who laughs easily. During the recent past, incidentally, that smile has been put on celluloid not only in England but in Australia where he made a number of pictures. Returning from Europe, he found himself in demand by Hollywood producers. The new Columbia picture is the third since his homecoming.

During our conversation about his European experience one of Farrell's interesting theories bobbed up. It explains in part both his departure from America and his recent return.

"Every so often," he told me, "I like to get away by myself and do what I please."

He believes that this holds true of almost every man including, with some reservations, nearly every husband. Solo vacations help even the happiest of marriages so why not admit it honestly. In Farrell's own case the theory [*Continued on page 62*]

Traveler Charles Farrell, left, finds the road home as fair as the road out. He is shown below with lovely Jacqueline Wells in Columbia's *Wings of Doom*

SHE MINDS HER OWN BUSINESS

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

Pluck and self-management carried Janet Gaynor over the rough spots in her career

Janet Gaynor's story sense has rarely failed her. She is shown above, and at lower left with Robert Montgomery in scenes from M-G-M's *Three Loves Has Nancy*. Left, a wardrobe girl adjusts her bathing cap for a scene in Selznick International's *The Young in Heart*

OF THE "lucky thirteen" stars who have risen from the extra-ranks to hold their stardom for ten years, Janet Gaynor is the only one who has done it alone. She has had no business manager, no agent and few advisors. She has done it largely through her own judgment, with the help of her will and the strength of a mere hundred pounds.

Not so long ago on the first day's shooting of *Three Loves Has Nancy,* Bob Montgomery looked down from his six feet one at the infant-sized Janet and said quite bluntly, "Janet, have you gone crazy?"

"Why?" The frank smile turned up toward him. "You mean about this picture?"

"Yes. You had story approval, didn't you? What's the matter? Didn't you read the script? I don't see how it can possibly click."

"Do you feel that way about it?" Bob wasn't the only one, for every one on the set was skeptical. But Janet wasn't shaken in the least. "Surely, I read it! I liked it! I hope I'm not wrong."

"Well, we'll soon know," Bob said. "About two months from now, I mean."

What Janet didn't tell him was that in reading the script her story-sense told her that it was sure to be a hit. At the Selznick-International Studios where she is under contract she had just finished making *The Young in Heart,* an entirely different type of role for her—the role of a gold digger. When she arrived home one evening, there was the *Three Loves Has Nancy* script from Metro, awaiting her decision.

Janet has been faced with many important quick decisions in her life. For years now she has been one of the few stars privileged to okay all of her stories. Janet reads them, perhaps discusses them with her mother and quickly decides on an answer. Her answer on *Three Loves Has Nancy* put her to work on a Metro set. Much to everyone's amazement the picture, shown at a sneak preview two months later, was discovered to be one of those surprise successes. Janet, not at all smug or cocky about the proof of her story-judgment, was just as thrilled as the rest of them.

Because Janet is so tiny, so feminine and so extremely simple, it is always a bit of a surprise to find out what a forceful, business-like young lady she is.

[*Continued on page 72*]

A LITTLE

Mischa Auer and Ann Miller entertain Director Capra and large cast of Columbia's *You Can't Take It With You*

Jeanette and Nelson appear for the first time together in modern dress in the screen adaptation of Victor Herbert's operetta, *Sweethearts*

By JERRY LANE

GIT along, little doggie, git along. . . .

Sit tight, folks. If this jitterbuggy ever throws a spark-plug we'll be left high and dry. No mistake! We have desert to the right of us, desert to the left of us, mountains in front of us. What a spot to pick for the location of *Gunga Din!* Two hundred and twenty miles from Hollywood and not an ice cream bar in sight. (Sure, they're calling 'em that now and all the soda-jerkers are bartenders!)

Kipling's India was never like this. Or was it? That little molehill you see up there is Mt. Whitney, tallest peak in the United States. And, pardner, take another swig o' water and look quick. Is that a mirage? That big army camp set down on the sand over there? As I live and bray, it's the tent city RKO built to house the entire company. Five hundred strong—Hindus, Sepoys, snappy English soldiers. Something tells me this is going to be fun. Let's go!

"Wa-taire, mem-sahib?" A wizened little water-carrier wearing a turban and a wide smile approaches. It's *Gunga Din* himself! I mean, Sam Jaffee. And is Sam getting a break! In all this heat he doesn't have to put on any clothes. The makeup man simply sprays brown paint on him in the morning and he's dressed for the day.

"You are now standing," announces Sam in the stentorian tones of a guide, "in 'Sunset Strip.' Step this way and I'll show you 'Hollywood Boulevard.'"

"Hollywood Boulevard" turns out to be a row of tents which are striped instead of dun color like their neighbors. It's "star" row. We hear a weird noise emanating from one, a noise slightly like the moaning of a coyote under a prairie moon. "That," says Sam with a shake of the head, "is Grant's Tomb."

Inside, stretched out on a comfortable wicker lounge, a dark young man is making movements with a mouth organ. His two companions seem only faintly interested. One of them is excavating sand from his shoes, the other is snoring gently.

"Meet the Three Comrades," says Sam. "The Terrible Trio of the Queen's Own Lancers."

They snap to attention and you realize that Cary Grant, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen are hiding under all that sunburn. Cary tries a drum roll on his harmonica but it doesn't work out very well. "We buried that thing once," explains Doug sadly. "Only he found it again in the punch bowl."

"Sure," grins Cary, "that's what gives it that liquid tone!"

Only the camp luncheon bugle saves him. There's a stampede towards the great mess hall on "Gower street." We pass the shower buildings and the hospital where they have two doctors and men nurses. No women allowed in this

FROM "LOTS"-

Eden! Standing in front of the general store, named appropriately enough, *Gungad Inn,* is a long line of men waiting for their mail. Generals are talking chummily to "natives" and hitching cigarettes from Thugs whom they'll be shooting in another hour or so.

The recipe for keeping 600 men happy for two months is plenty of fried chicken, hot biscuits, roast beef done to a turn and apple pie. How Cary goes for that pie, his favorite dessert!

"This army life is getting me down," he complains. "I've only been able to eat three pieces this noon!"

ALL the men are on a prescribed diet because of the heat. The snow on the mountains above them doesn't cool the desert. No iced drinks are permitted and twice a day they take salt capsules to build up resistance against a 115-degree temperature. But nobody seems to mind.

There goes that bugle again and we're off to the set. Two miles down a twisting gully they've built *Bohara,* a Hindu village complete even to the crooked cobblestone streets and latticework on the houses. It was placed far from camp so the camera can pick it up from all angles without including Tent City.

"Places!" yells director George Stevens, prancing around on horseback—the only way he can cover the territory.

Guns start popping in every direction. The Thugs (pronounced *Tugs* and considered the most savage cult in all India) seem annoyed with our sergeants three. They're coming at 'em from every corner. Wild looking devils. The boys take to the roofs. Doug's rifle is shot out of his hand. Vic lunges forward and pops a pair of natives off the parapet (don't worry: they're $20-a-day stunt men and can take it!) The smoke of battle rises thick and fast. Corpses strew the road. Then a whistle blows.

Vic wipes the grime from his face and grins down at us. The "corpses" sit up and demand coca colas from the commissary boy! Nice work if you can get it.

And turning, we see her. She's the grand little blonde who's been sitting calmly on the sidelines watching the shooting. When she blows a kiss to Cary the lad nearly falls off the roof in excitement. "You made it, honey, hurrah!" he cries.

"Did you think I wouldn't?" shouts Phyllis Brooks. She has come 220 miles into the desert to spend her birthday with him. That, my little ones, is love.

Gunga Din sits beside us, placid in the sun. "Don't think this is just another the-lancers-die-at-dawn epic," [*Continued on page* 69]

Dancing while cameras turn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Fontaine are filmed in a scene from RKO's *Gunga Din*

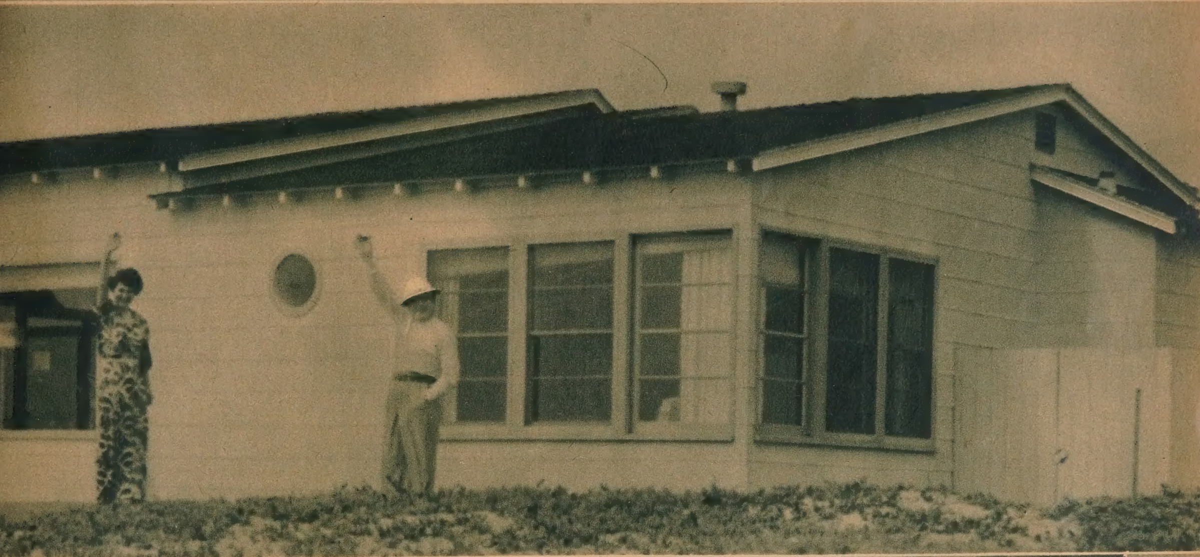
Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper in a scene from the Samuel Goldwyn production, *The Lady and the Cowboy*

Co-starred in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Sweethearts,* the fine voices of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy will enthrall screen audiences once again

PAT O'BRIEN'S COTTAGE

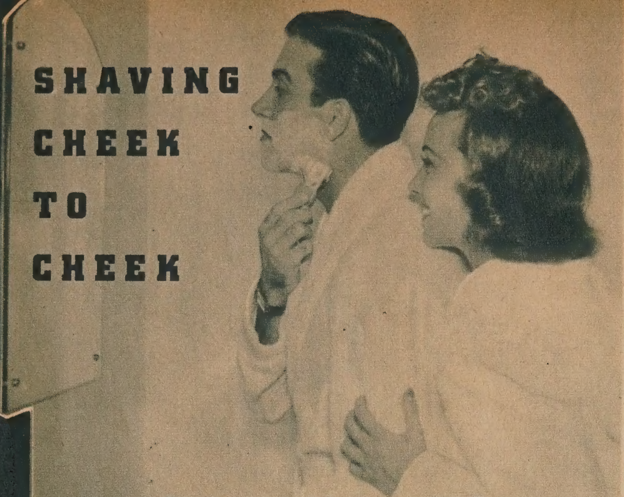
BY THE SEA

S.S. O'BRIEN
S.S. O'BRIEN

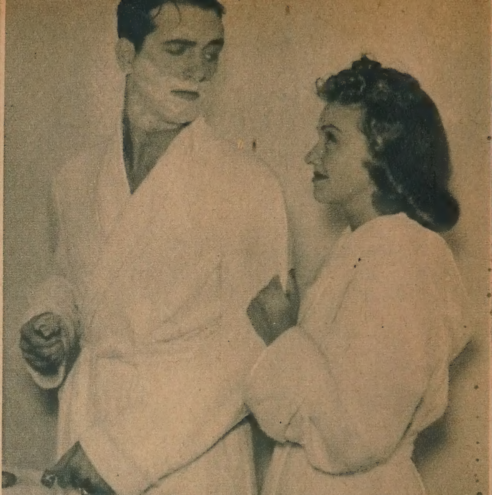


What better than a beach house where his wife and kiddies could enjoy the cool sea breezes? reasoned Pat O'Brien. And being an impulsive Irishman, he built the new home quicker than you can say Del Mar (where it's located, near the new race tracks). These exclusive SCREEN BOOK Magazine photographs, by Elmer Fryer, show (opposite page) Pat and his cunning young daughter, Mavourneen; (above, and reading clockwise around the page) the rough plank exterior of the house, which blends into the ocean scenery; the informal living room, with its cool linoleum floors; Pat at one of the wide windows which reveals the sea as an ever-changing mural; the cozy bar with space-saving bunks in the rear, for those unexpected last-minute guests; Pat and his pretty wife in a lovely corner of their sleeping quarters; the O'Briens displaying the guest room with its typical porthole. At top right corner, a glimpse of Mavourneen in her own bedroom. "Angels With Dirty Faces" is Pat's new Warner Bros. film. (Next month we will take you into the magnificent home of another motion picture star. These visits are exclusive to SCREEN BOOK readers.)

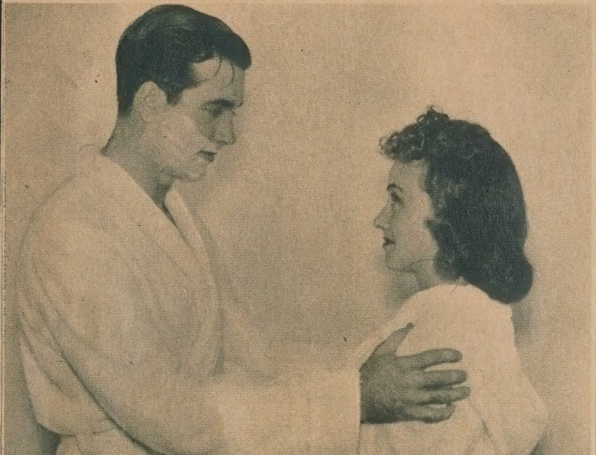
SHAVING CHEEK TO CHEEK



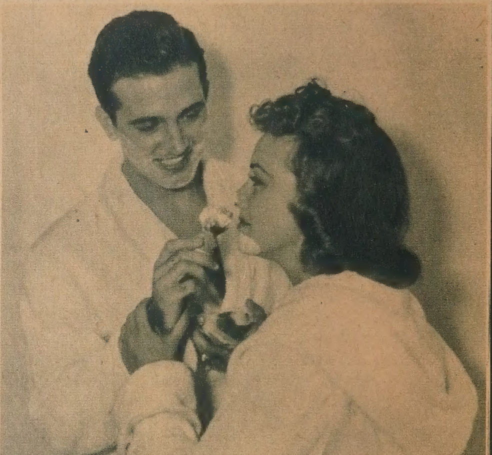
1. How to shave on a honeymoon. John Payne lathers up while Margaret Lindsay watches raptly



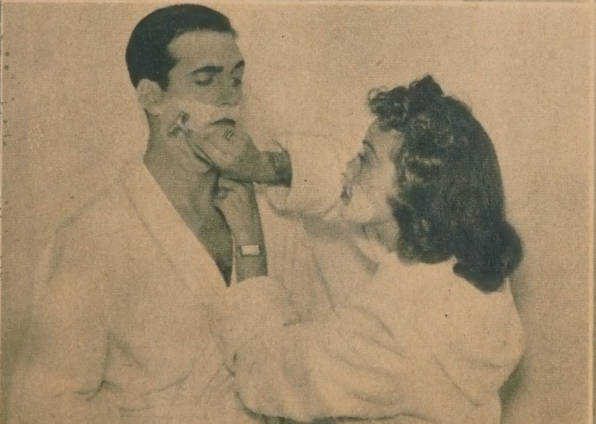
2. "Now, darling, just run along." (They're honeymooners in Warner's "Garden of the Moon")



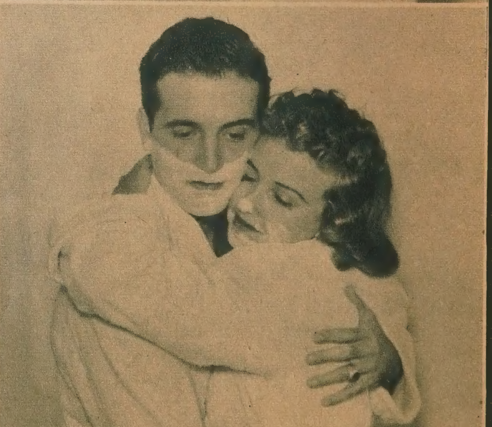
3. "Well, don't pout. I didn't mean to growl at you. Honest, I didn't"



4. "Here, you try some. Maybe a little on the end of your nose. Taste good?"



5. "Hey, that's no way to do it! You're going to cut me. You're going to . . . ouch!"



6. "No, it doesn't hurt . . . much. I forgive. You can shave me every morning if you want to"

MAKE WAY FOR THE IRISH!

"Just relax and be patient" was Spencer Tracy's advice to newcomer Dennis O'Keefe—and it proved correct. Dennis is now on top of the world!

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER certainly had a wild Irishman on its hands the day the big bosses called in tall, blond, good-looking Dennis Flanagan and told him they were going to change his name.

In no time at all the temperature of the front office went up 50 degrees. The cooling system went out of kilter and a couple of the bosses went through the door like a bat out of—well, they were in such a hurry to see a policeman about a man that they forgot their hats!

Dennis looked around for a handful of Irish confetti, but, finding none, took off his coat as the preliminary move toward starting a nice, old-fashioned Donnybrook. "It didn't make sense," he says, "and I told them so. I'd been around the studio for more than a year, doing a little of this and a little of that, with nothing more to my credit than a 'bit' part in *Saratoga*, and now, all of a sudden, they wanted to change my name.

" 'Flanagan', I told them, 'is an honest Irish name and good enough for me and that being the case I'll keep it!' They said it was too long for marquee purposes and while I pricked up my ears at that I didn't take it very seriously. I'd been around M-G-M long enough to know that the studio wasn't in the habit of placing bit players' names on marquees. They went on, 'We've decided to shorten Flanagan to something like, well, like O'Keefe, which is a good, honest Irish name. So, from now on you're Dennis O'Keefe and we hope you like it.'

"Well, that's the way the argument ended, a sort of Mexican stand-off, me being tagged with a new name—but an Irish one—which helped a little in taking the red out my neck. When all is said and done maybe it's turned out for the best!"

Frankly, we're inclined to think that it has. Not only that, but we are of the opinion that Dennis O'Keefe thinks so, too, because not long after the front-office battle, the loser woke up one bright, sunshiny California morning to discover that he had been catapulted into one of the most important roles of the year in *Bad Man From Brimstone*.

Which isn't the whole story by any means. [*Continued on page 76*]

By
FREDERICK McFEE

FUGITIVE FROM HORSE OPERA

"WHAT would you give for a chance to hold Loretta Young in your arms while you danced around on a sound stage?"

This was the question we asked dozens of actors in Hollywood before starting this story about James Ellison. And everyone of them said, in effect:

"Boy, sound stage or not, I'd sell the old homestead, pawn the family jewels and if that wasn't enough I'd go out some dark night and gladly commit a nice bit of mayhem for less than half the chance."

And no doubt they would. So would we.

But not James Ellison, the soft-spoken, good-looking young man who has been credited in little more than a year with outstanding hit performances in such notable pictures as *The Plainsman, Vivacious Lady* and *Mother Carey's Chickens.*

What makes his "I-don't-want-to-dance-with-Loretta" complex all the more incredible is the fact that James is a Loretta Young fan of the first order and an ardent champion of everything she does or says. He's been that way ever since she appeared in *Play Girl,* the picture that marked the beginning—and almost the end—of his screen career.

"When I graduated from Polytechnic high school in Los Angeles," he says, "I started pounding the pavements in search of a job. But it seemed that the more I pounded the less chances I found for employment. Finally I decided to bury my pride and go out to Warner Studios and get a little advice from my brother, Howard, who was in the scenario department. Along with the advice I hoped to wrangle myself a job. I'm happy to say that I got both—a job in the cutting room that kept me in hamburgers and coffee, and advice that eventually led me into pictures.

"There were four fields in the movie business that offered the biggest rewards, Howard told me. Directing, producing, writing, and acting. I should aim at one of them. In time, he thought, I might be able to pull the trigger and knock down something worth while. So far as I could make out, one field was just as good as another. But for some obscure reason which I can't explain now, I chose acting—although I had never read a line of dialogue nor made a gesture that had to do with that field.

"Well, time marched on and me with it. One day I was called upon to make a test, which was thrilling all by itself. But it was nothing compared to the dizzy spells I experienced when I learned that I was to have a role in *Play Girl,* starring Loretta Young. The picture went into production and I went into a nervous breakdown, but apparently I was getting by as well as most novices.

"Then came the fatal day when I was to dance with Loretta—not only to dance but to [*Continued on page* 59]

Crazy over horses is James Ellison, but not crazy enough to pass up a role in RKO-Radio's *Mother Carey's Chickens*

FROM WESTERN THRILLERS TO DRAWING ROOM DRAMAS HAS BEEN JIMMY ELLISON'S HIGHWAY TO FAME

By E. J. SMITHSON

TAILWAGGERS' PARTY

Hollywood's Tailwaggers are an association of dog lovers. Norma Shearer is shown with Pat Di Cicco at the Tailwaggers' Party

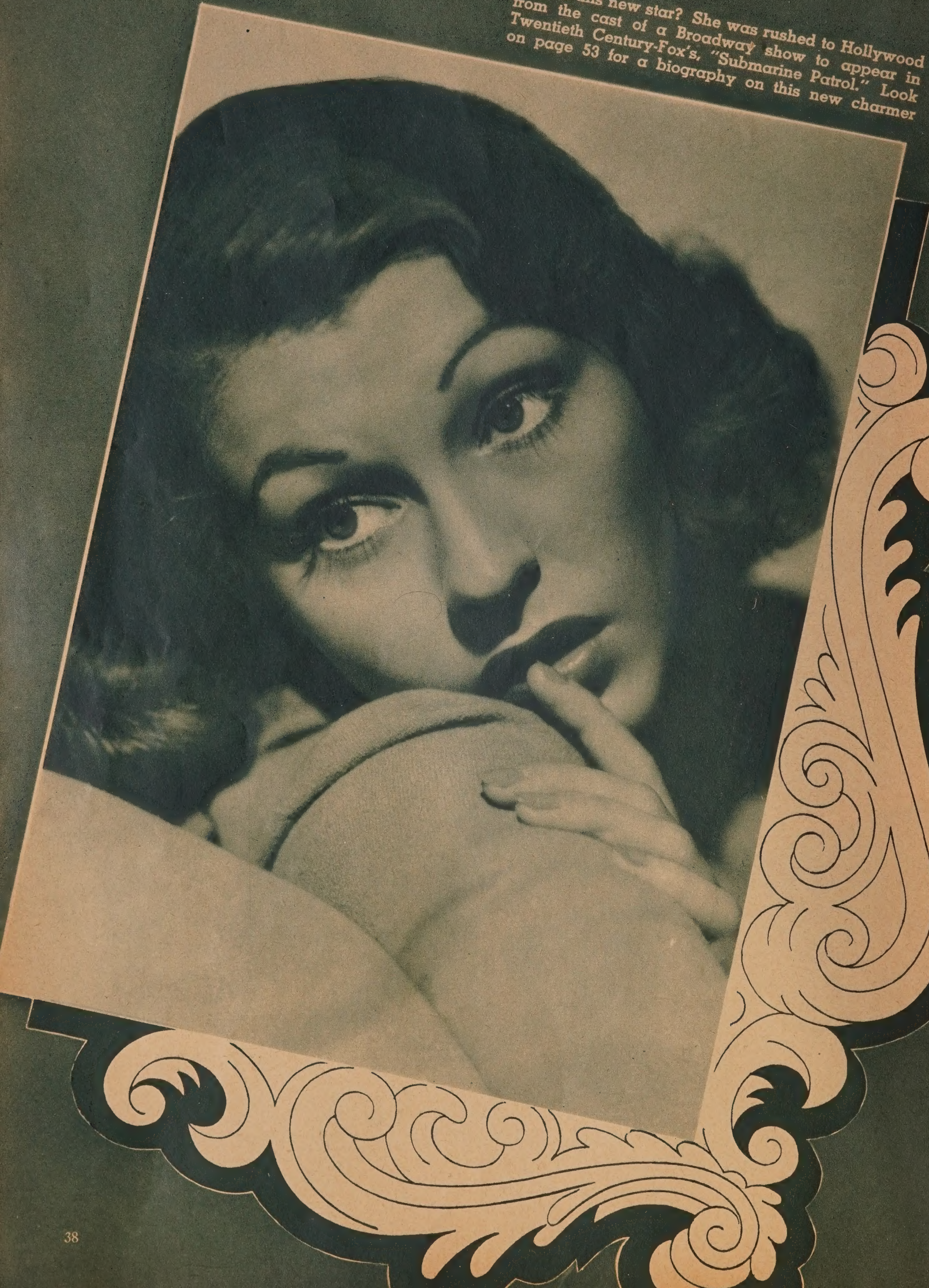
Looks like a bit of truckin' but it's really Musical Chairs. Marjorie Weaver finds a seat and smiles at a less fortunate player

Edgar Bergen pins a corsage on Shirley Ross while Mischa Auer registers fury

Acting as president, Bette presents a prize to Mrs. Wally Ford. It's dog food and Constance Collyer is telling the folks about it

Hostess Bette Davis greets Howard Hughes. Party was held at the Beverly Hills Hotel

Who is this new star? She was rushed to Hollywood from the cast of a Broadway show to appear in Twentieth Century-Fox's, "Submarine Patrol." Look on page 53 for a biography on this new charmer



CAMERA BITES MICKEY!

Loading a camera is a cinch. Just hold it firmly in the left hand, the film in the right.

Now some concentration. Which side of this thing goes up? Must be this one . . .

Gr-r-r-r! A little trouble here. Something slipped. Never mind, we'll fix it.

Hey! Now it's worse. Who made this thing anyway? Like to meet him in an alley.

So this is what happens when a guy tries to be friendly to one of these things!

What to do? Should have let the studio cameraman do this. Wish I'd never started.

This'll fix the gosh-blame thing! Never owned a camera. Never wanted to . . .

Angel Face

By JANET LYNN

Profit by these beauty tips given by lovely Vera Zorina.

ZORINA had neither the pallor nor the wings of an angel the day I lunched with her at that famous restaurant off Broadway. The heroine of the song and the musical comedy, *I Married an Angel,* looked like any other healthy, active girl. Her skin was fresh and tan and healthy looking. Her blonde hair flowed loosely in soft waves. She wore an attractive printed dirndl and low-heeled open sandals. Her pale nail polish was the only off-stage concession she made to the angelic part she plays on-stage. "It would never do for an angel to float down from heaven waving crimson nails!" she said.

It's difficult for anyone in the public eye to lead a private life. Vera Zorina is no exception—our chat was continuously interrupted by autograph hunters—but she doesn't let that keep her from being herself, a very natural and genuine sort of person. She loves to swim and lie in the sun afterwards. She tans easily and finds a golden beige becoming. The theater director raised a fuss about that until Vera showed him how easy it was to regain that angelic translucence and pallor of skin with the aid of a powder lotion all over her arms, shoulders, legs.

Zorina's face is as interesting as it is beautiful, and she makes it even more so by the judicious use of make-up. Rouge placed high on her cheeks accent those fine high cheek bones. Her lipstick is carried over the natural edges of her upper lip to make it appear fuller, more generous, and to hide the unfashionable cupid bow that is hers by birth. Her brows are plucked on the underside to make her eyes look larger, elongated slightly to give more width to her already wide forehead. The dancing star whom you saw in *The Goldwyn Follies,* and of whom you'll be seeing and hearing more, was wearing black mascara when I lunched with her, but on-stage, she brings out the blue of her eyes with blue mascara, a violet eye shadow.

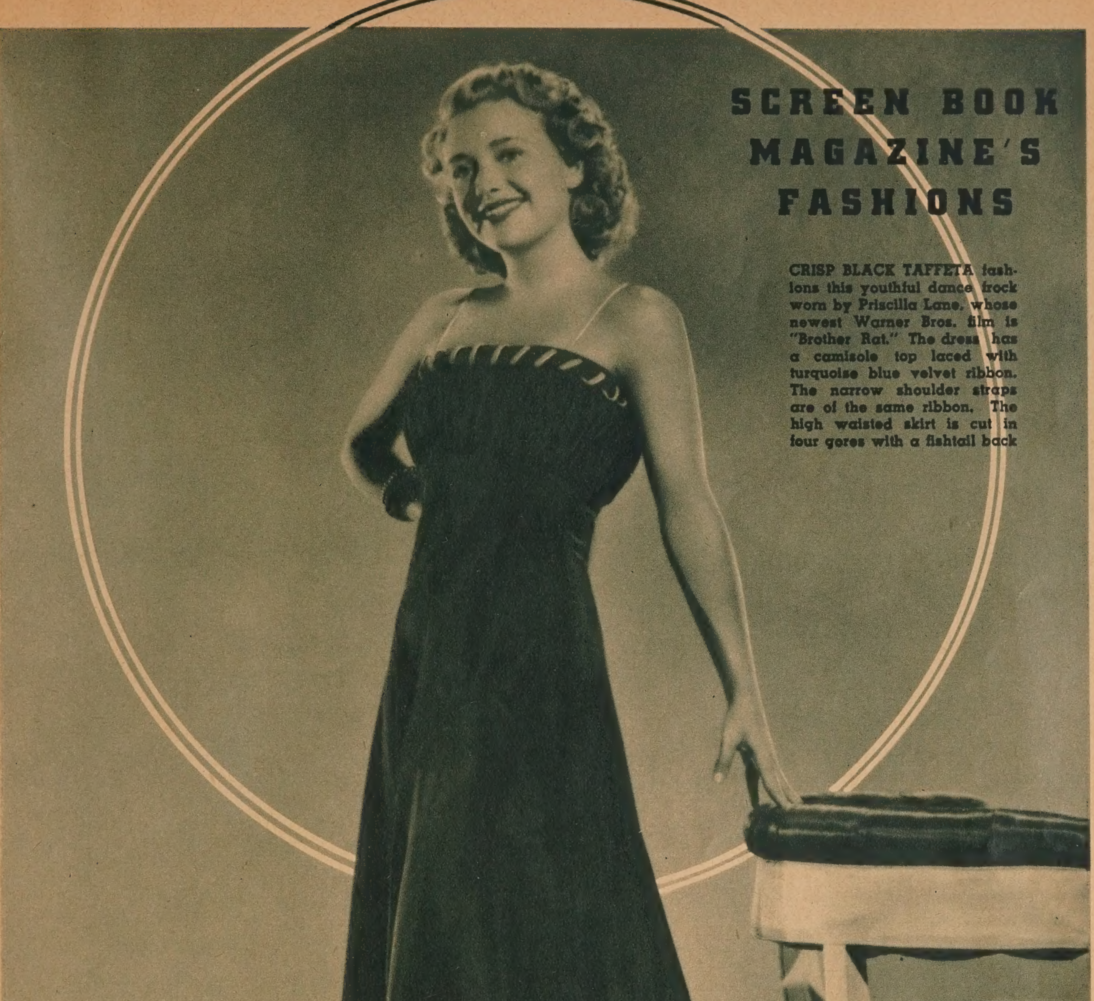
Zorina thinks that the best foundation for beauty is a clean and healthy skin. Plenty of soap and warm water, a refreshing skin tonic or tingling astringent and light creams find their place in her beauty routine. The results are obvious.

So many of you have been writing me about your skins lately that I've decided it's high time to wade right in and tackle your greatest problem—blackheads. As most of you know, blackheads are usually the result of improper cleansing. Sebum, or oily secretions of the sebaceous glands, collects and dries in the pores. There it attracts dirt and other waste products—and lo! a black-

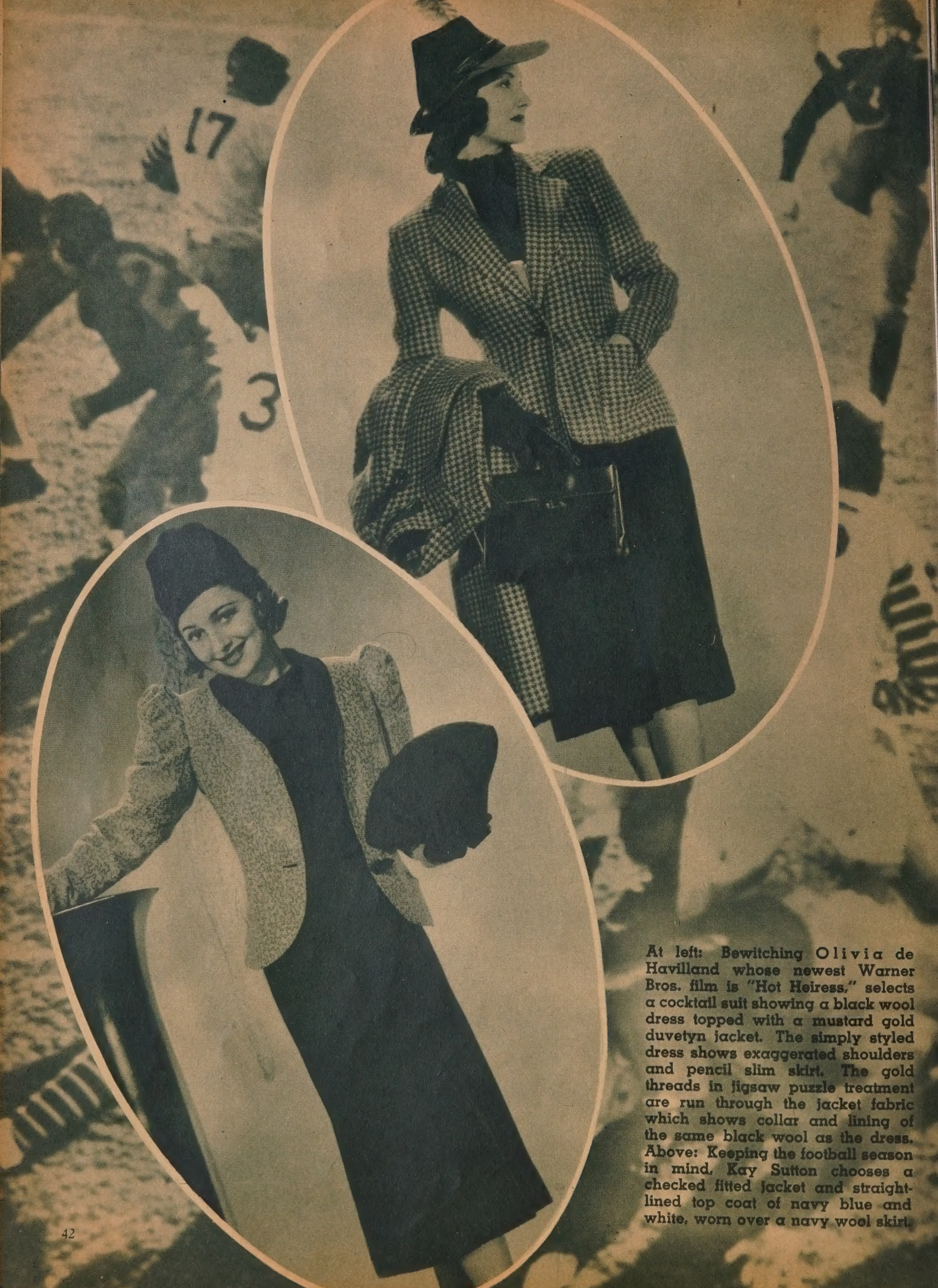
[*Continued on page* 61]

Do you want help in making your face interesting *and* beautiful? Then send your picture to Janet Lynn today. She will be glad to suggest a hair-do for you—or to help you with your other beauty problems. Just send a stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage) self-addressed envelope with your letter to Janet Lynn c/o SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

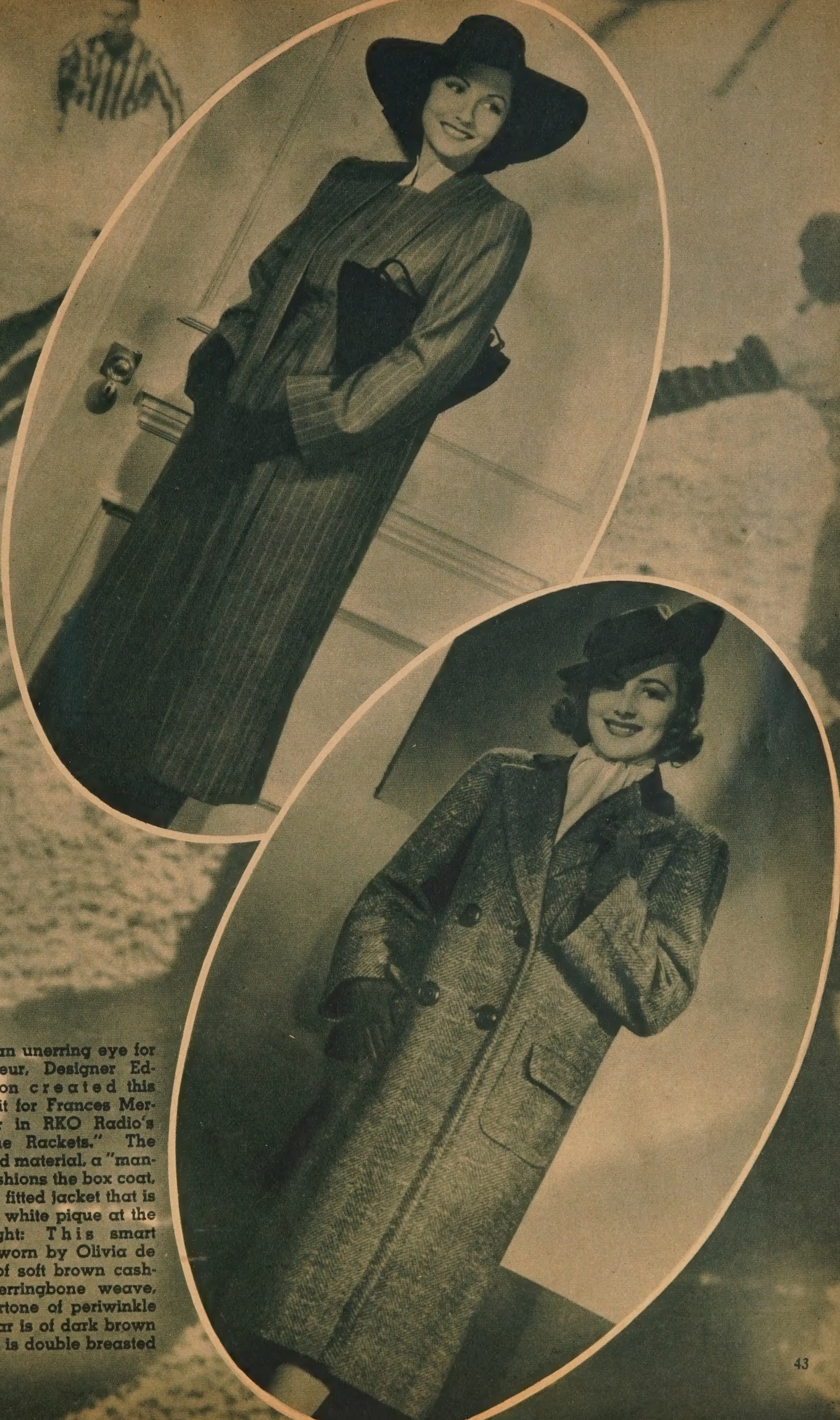
SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE'S FASHIONS



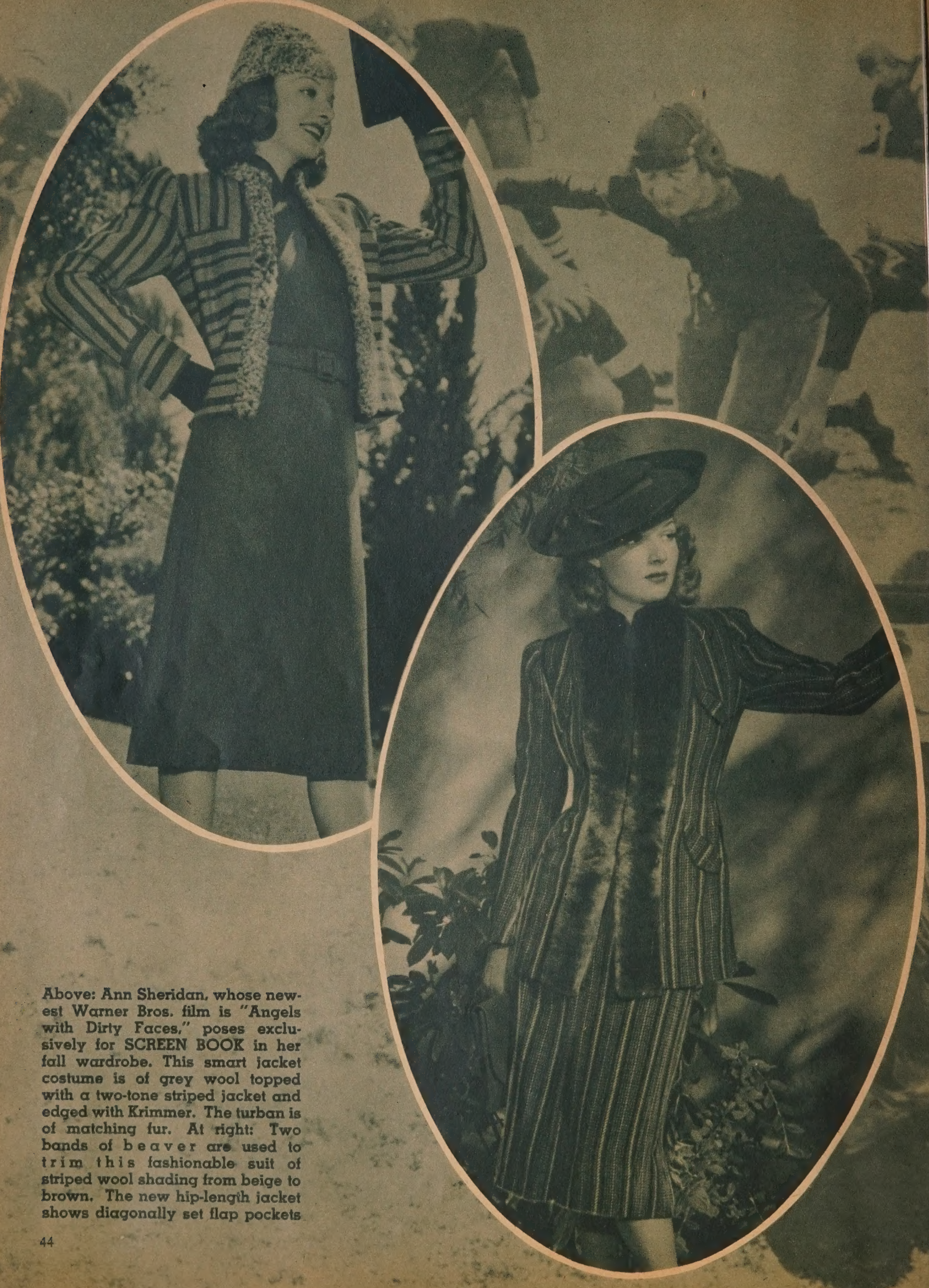
CRISP BLACK TAFFETA fashions this youthful dance frock worn by Priscilla Lane, whose newest Warner Bros. film is "Brother Rat." The dress has a camisole top laced with turquoise blue velvet ribbon. The narrow shoulder straps are of the same ribbon. The high waisted skirt is cut in four gores with a fishtail back



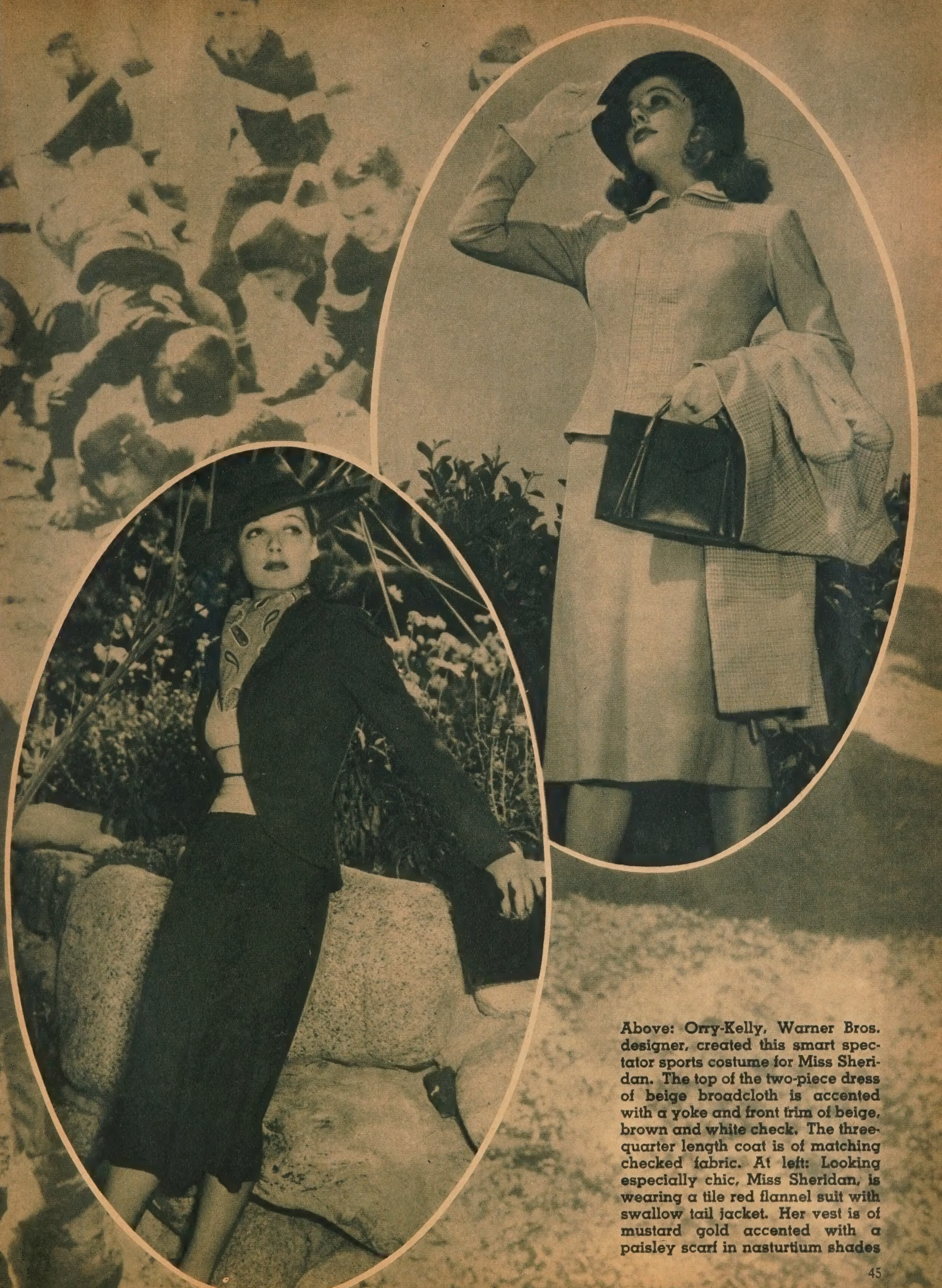
At left: Bewitching Olivia de Havilland whose newest Warner Bros. film is "Hot Heiress," selects a cocktail suit showing a black wool dress topped with a mustard gold duvetyn jacket. The simply styled dress shows exaggerated shoulders and pencil slim skirt. The gold threads in jigsaw puzzle treatment are run through the jacket fabric which shows collar and lining of the same black wool as the dress. Above: Keeping the football season in mind, Kay Sutton chooses a checked fitted jacket and straight-lined top coat of navy blue and white, worn over a navy wool skirt.



Above: With an unerring eye for milady's tailleur, Designer Edward Stevenson created this three-piece suit for Frances Mercer to wear in RKO Radio's "Smashing the Rackets." The grey pin-striped material, a "mannish wool," fashions the box coat, skirt and short fitted jacket that is accented with white pique at the neck. **At right:** This smart tailored coat worn by Olivia de Havilland is of soft brown cashmere in a herringbone weave, with an undertone of periwinkle blue. The collar is of dark brown velveteen and is double breasted



Above: Ann Sheridan, whose newest Warner Bros. film is "Angels with Dirty Faces," poses exclusively for SCREEN BOOK in her fall wardrobe. This smart jacket costume is of grey wool topped with a two-tone striped jacket and edged with Krimmer. The turban is of matching fur. At right: Two bands of beaver are used to trim this fashionable suit of striped wool shading from beige to brown. The new hip-length jacket shows diagonally set flap pockets



Above: Orry-Kelly, Warner Bros. designer, created this smart spectator sports costume for Miss Sheridan. The top of the two-piece dress of beige broadcloth is accented with a yoke and front trim of beige, brown and white check. The three-quarter length coat is of matching checked fabric. At left: Looking especially chic, Miss Sheridan, is wearing a tile red flannel suit with swallow tail jacket. Her vest is of mustard gold accented with a paisley scarf in nasturtium shades

EASIER HOLIDAY HOUSECLEANING!

Pretty Rochelle Hudson receives a demonstration on how to eliminate drudgery from daily housecleaning

By

MRS. C. FREDERICK

THERE'S nothing like a "whole houseful of company" home for the holidays for gay parties and merriment, but alas for the cleaning up after the guests have departed!

Indeed it may be this dread of a lot of extra cleaning around the house which puts a shade of hesitancy into the hostess' invitations urging friends to join in a Thanksgiving or Christmas celebration, or which may even hold her back from urging her husband to invite his gang in for a card party, or prevent her from getting up a jolly buffet supper. There's the smoking and ashes, the crumbs on the floor, the mussed pillows and general disorder. And don't mention Christmas with its gift wrappings and ribbon, its falling tree "prickles," its broken nuts and stray raisins squashed down between the chair cushions!

But there's positively no need for a hostess to hesitate with generous holiday hospitality, if she is equipped with efficient cleaning aids. Indeed all winter long, that season of muddy boots and smoky flues, when the outdoors sooty pall invisibly creeps onto curtains and books, is the best time at which to shop for a good vacuum cleaner. Jobs like washing and ironing may be compressed into one day a week, but cleaning is the one *daily* housework *chore*!

Today's cleaning is only making ready for tomorrow's dirt!

Put a free "day" into "HOLIDAY" by buying a quality cleaner, right now at the beginning of the heaviest dirt season of all the year. A high grade dependable vacuum cleaner is a basic cleansing tool, and is a long-time investment.

What types of cleaners are there, and how should each be selected?

TWO MAIN TYPES OF CLEANERS

The two main types of cleaners are:

(1) *The Straight Air or Suction Type.*

(2) *The Motor-driven Brush or "Agitator" Type.*

As the dealer will quickly demonstrate to you, the straight air type cleaner depends for its cleansing power upon the suction created by the air moving through its nozzle. This type is especially adapted to cleaning an apartment, or a small informal house where the floor coverings are lighter in weight, or where there are no children and consequent heavy tracking to bring in grime, dirt, mud, etc.

THE motor-driven or "agitator" depends for its cleaning ability *both* upon suction, and upon a motor-driven "brush" which revolves; or upon an "agitator" which provides a beating action during its operation. Both the driven brush and the agitator are contained or housed in the floor nozzle. This type of cleaner is, naturally, more powerful for all needs, and is particularly desirable where the coverings are heavier, where there are pets who shed "hair" and where children add to the heavy trackage into the house of all kinds of grime, grit, etc.

WILL A VACUUM HARM MY FINE RUGS?

On the contrary, rugs and all floor coverings

[*Continued on page 79*]

Men Fall HARD and FAST for Her...

–she keeps skin thrilling

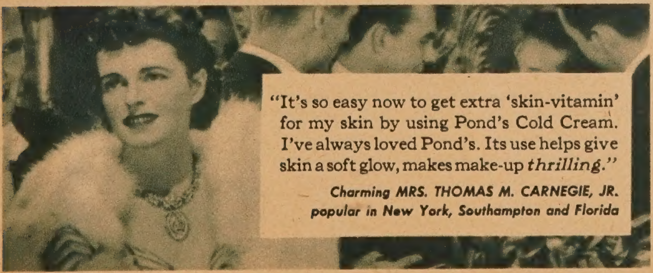
*Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into your skin — Get Wise to TODAY'S EXTRA BEAUTY CARE**

Every Girl Strives to Keep skin soft—thrilling. Today's smart women give their skin extra beauty care. They cream in extra "skin-vitamin"—with Pond's Cold Cream. (*above*) **Miss Camilla Morgan,** active member of the younger set, snapped at Newark Airport.

Glamorous Whitney Bourne, Society Beauty who has chosen the movies for her career, snapped with friends at Hollywood's Brown Derby . . . "I believe in Pond's extra 'skin-vitamin' beauty care," she says. "I use Pond's every day."

All Normal Skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." Without this vitamin, skin becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to the skin, it becomes smooth and healthy again.

- In hospitals, doctors found this vitamin, applied to wounds and burns, healed skin quicker.
- Use Pond's as always, night and morning and before make-up. If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an extra supply against possible future need. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



"It's so easy now to get extra 'skin-vitamin' for my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream. I've always loved Pond's. Its use helps give skin a soft glow, makes make-up *thrilling.*"

Charming MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR. popular in New York, Southampton and Florida

AMAZING POND'S OFFER

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder . . . BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream.

FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY — GET YOUR PACKAGE TODAY!

AMAZING
POND'S OFFER
BOTH
POND'S
FACE POWDER
POND'S
COLD CREAM FOR Cleansing

---

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

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INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS

HELP!

Will the various fan clubs please send me their names and addresses for my files?

To settle a very persistent argument, will you please let me know whether Edna May Oliver was among the supporting cast members of *Little Women.* —Janet G.

Edna May Oliver portrayed the part of Aunt March in this picture.

What is the name of Dick Powell's new baby? Does Rex Stuart work for either Columbia or Paramount studios?—Peggy.

The new baby's name is Ellen. Rex Stuart does not work for either of these studios.

Please tell me the name of the actress who played the part of Jackie Cooper's mother in *White Banners.*—V. K.

The lady's name is Fay Bainter.

Where can I get a picture of Ethelreda Leopold?—D. B.

Warner Brothers, Burbank, California, is her studio address.

May I have a brief biography of Tyrone Power? What is his next picture? Who will be his leading lady? When is SCREEN BOOK going to publish a story on him?—Ruby O.

Tyrone was born on May 5, 1913, in Cincinnati, Ohio. He is six feet tall and weighs 155 pounds. He has dark brown eyes, brown hair, an infectious smile and a dynamic yet boyish personality. His next picture will be *Suez* with Loretta Young and Annabella. Following that he will portray the role of that daring bandit Jesse James in the Western epic of the same name. His leading lady in this one will be newcomer Nancy Kelly. SCREEN BOOK is happy to inform you that an exclusive and delightful story on Tyrone will be published in the December issue—so watch out for it!

Please settle an argument as to what year the picture *Over The Hill* was first produced. Mary Carr played the part of the mother. Who else was in the cast? —Helen M. P.

This picture was first released August 14, 1921. The rest of the cast included: William Welch as Dad; Noel Tearle as Isaac; John Walker as John; Wallace Ray as Charles; Phyllis Diller as Rebecca; Lovella Carr as Susan and Vivienne Osborn as Isabelle Strong.

'Man-of-the-month' honors go to Jeffrey Lynn this month. His fine performance in *Four Daughters* rated him the lead role in Warner Brothers, *The Great Lie*

When will Nelson Eddy's new picture *Sweethearts* be released? Does he employ a male or female secretary? What picture is he next scheduled for? Won't you please print a picture of Nelson with your column some time?—John B.

Sweethearts will be released in New York the latter part of October. He presently employs a male amanuensis. His studio informs me that his next picture has not been scheduled. In the very near future, I will gladly publish a picture of Nelson.

Who plays opposite Sonja Henie in *Alice In Wonderland*? When will *My Lucky Star* be released?—E. G. V.

Alice In Wonderland is a sequence from the picture *My Lucky Star* in which Sonja Henie duplicates the skating scene she performed for the New York audiences at Madison Square Garden on her recent personal appearance tour. The picture will have been released by the time we go to press.

Who played the male lead in *New Faces of 1937* opposite Harriet Hillard? Where can I get a picture of Shirley Temple and what is her next picture?—J. B.

Joe Penner was Harriet's leading man in that picture. Shirley's studio address is: Twentieth Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, Calif. Her next is *Just Around The Corner* with Charlie Farrell.

Please tell me the name of the girl who played Dick Powell's sweetheart in *The Cowboy From Brooklyn.* Where may I obtain her picture?—N. E. C.

Priscilla Lane is the name of the little charmer and her studio address is: Warner Bros., Burbank, Calif.

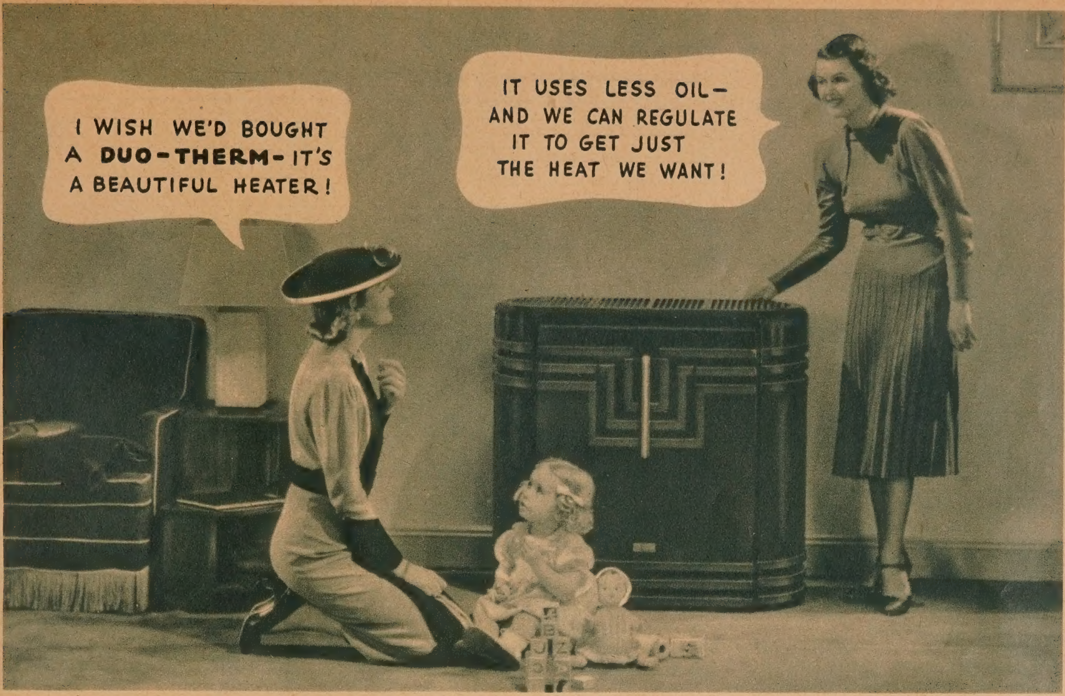
May we have a brief biography of the "Dead End" kids? Will the gang be broken up? Will the setting of their future pictures be in the slums or reformatories?—The Dead End Fan Club.

Sorry, but I cannot comply with your request for biographies on all the *Dead End* kids at this time. However, combining your request with hundreds of others concerning a biography of young Billy Halop, here goes.

Billy is the son of a well-to-do Long Island attorney. He is a big, dark-haired boy with a case on Judy Garland and an ambition to be a director. He started his acting career at the age of

[*Continued on page* 80]

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK Magazine will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.


I WISH WE'D BOUGHT A **DUO-THERM**- IT'S A BEAUTIFUL HEATER!
IT USES LESS OIL— AND WE CAN REGULATE IT TO GET JUST THE HEAT WE WANT!

ENJOY THE GREATER COMFORT THIS NEW TYPE HEATER GIVES YOU!

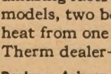
NO NEED to put up with heat you can't regulate this winter! And when you burn cheap fuel oil in the new Duo-Therm heater, you needn't fuss with ashes, soot or dirt!

An utterly new type of heater! The new Duo-Therm "Imperial"* is lower—keeps heat down where you need it—keeps floors warmer. Heats every room in the house more evenly, more uniformly than a heater ever could before!

Brilliant new beauty! The lower, more modern and compact design makes the new "Imperial" the handsomest heater ever created—and one that's easily installed in any fireplace! The rounded corners and glossy new Golden Fleck enamel are easy to polish and keep clean!

Heat that's always "just right"! When it's bitter cold, turn the dial of your Duo-Therm and get plenty of moist, healthful heat! But on mild days, you can turn it down to a "candle flame"—get just enough heat to take the chill off!

More heat per gallon! Duo-Therm's patented Dual Chamber burner gives you more heat per gallon. Always burns cleanly, silently, from pilot light to full flame. It saves oil! And Duo-Therm's Co-ordinated Controls insure correct draft settings and perfect combustion!



Less chimney waste! Duo-Therm's "Floating Flame" doesn't rush up the chimney! It "floats" against the sides of the heater. Like Duo-Therm's special "Waste-Stopper," it forces more heat out into the room—saves you oil.

Safe! Listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Mail the coupon now! Get all the amazing facts about this new heater! Nine models, two beautiful finishes, designed to heat from one to six rooms. See your Duo-Therm dealer—or write us.

Dealers: Ask us about the Duo-Therm franchise!

*Pat. applied for

Easy payments—ask your dealer!

DUO-THERM

FUEL OIL CIRCULATING HEATERS

The heater with the famous Dual Chamber burner

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION
Dept. SB-811, Motor Wheel Corp., Lansing, Michigan

Please send me information on the Duo-Therm Circulating Heaters.

*Name*__________

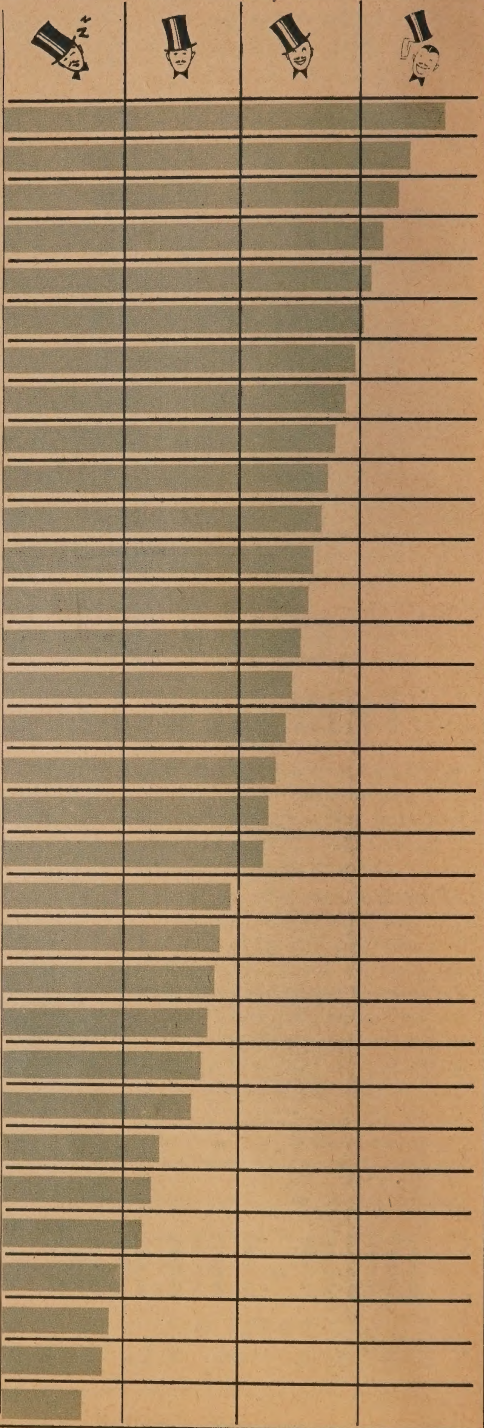
*Address*__________

*City*_____ *County*_____ *State*_____

I would also like to know about:
☐ Duo-Therm Oil-burning Ranges ☐ Water Heaters
☐ Furnaces ☐ Trailer Heaters ☐ Radiant Heaters

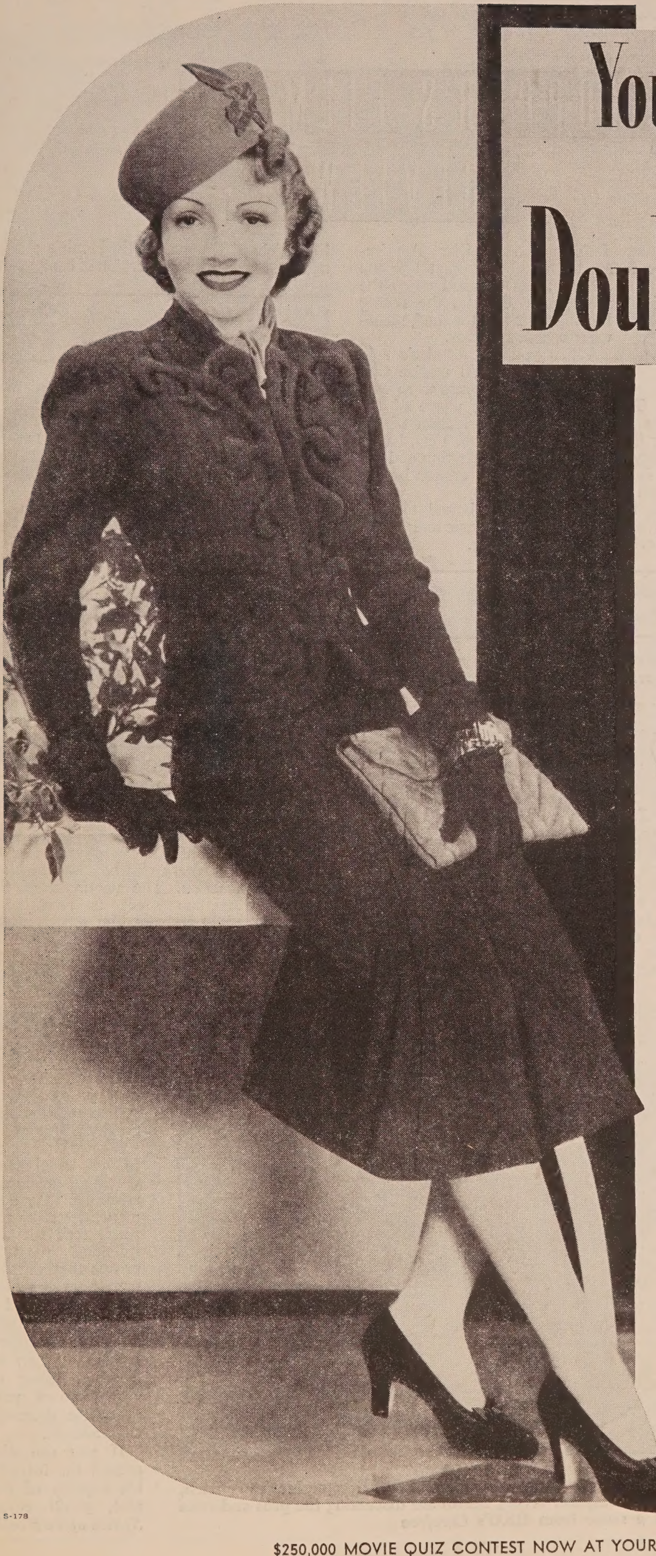
THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)

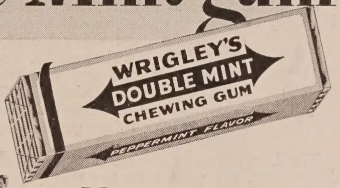


Picture Title	Who's In It
MARIE ANTOINETTE	Shearer-Morley-Power
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND	Power-Faye-Ameche
CAREFREE	Ginger Rogers-Astaire
FOUR DAUGHTERS	Garfield-Lane Sisters
BOY MEETS GIRL	O'Brien-Cagney-Wilson
LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY	Mickey Rooney-J. Garland
SPAWN OF THE NORTH	George Raft-D. Lamour
LETTER OF INTRODUCTION	A. Menjou-Andrea Leeds
FOUR'S A CROWD	E. Flynn-DeHavilland
MY LUCKY STAR	Sonja Henie-R. Greene
GIVE ME A SAILOR	Martha Raye-Bob Hope
THAT CERTAIN AGE	Deanna Durbin-M. Douglas
GARDEN OF THE MOON	O'Brien-Payne-M. Lindsay
ALGIERS	Chas. Boyer-Hedy Lamarr
RICH MAN, POOR GIRL	Robert Young-R. Hussey
AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE	E. Robinson-C. Trevor
HAVING WONDERFUL TIME	Rogers-Fairbanks, Jr.
MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS	Bainter-Ellison-Shirley
I AM THE LAW	E. Robinson-Wendy Barrie
LITTLE TOUGH GUY	Dead End Kids'-Wilcox
LITTLE MISS BROADWAY	Shirley Temple-Murphy
THE TOY WIFE	Rainer-Douglas-Young
WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN	Virginia Bruce-H. Marshall
SHOPWORN ANGEL	Jas. Stewart-M. Sullavan
AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL	Lucille Ball-Jack Oakie
GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST	Jean Parker-Eric Linden
HOLD THAT CO-ED	Marj. Weaver-G. Murphy
THE TEXANS	J. Bennett-R. Scott
ARMY GIRL	Preston Foster-M. Evans
A DESPERATE ADVENTURE	Ramon Novarro-M. Marsh
PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE	The Mauch Twins
PRISON BREAK	G. Farrell-B. McLane

(See Topper's Film Reviews on page 52)



You ..made doubly lovely by healthful, delicious Double Mint gum



MASCULINE HEARTS skip a beat when a lovely woman flashes an enchanting smile. And, refreshing Double Mint gum does wonders for your smile. Enjoy this popular, double-lasting, delicious tasting gum. This ***DAILY*** chewing helps beautify by waking up sleepy face muscles, stimulating beneficial circulation in your gums and brightening your teeth nature's way. So you have double loveliness, admired by everyone.

Since smart clothes as well as an attractive face mean charm, Double Mint gum had Hollywood's fashion-creator ***TRAVIS BANTON*** design this very flattering, slim hipped looking Suit Dress for you, which Hollywood's beautiful star ***CLAUDETTE COLBERT*** models, *left*. You can make this becoming dress for yourself by purchasing ***SIMPLICITY*** Pattern 2902.

All women want to dress smartly and know this helps set off loveliness of face. Millions agree refreshing, delicious Double Mint gum helps add extra charm to your smile, making your face doubly lovely. Try it. Begin to enjoy Double Mint gum today.

Healthful, delicious
***DOUBLE MINT GUM* is satisfying.**
It aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves,
helps give you a pleasant breath.
Sold everywhere. Buy some today.

S-178

TOPPER'S FILM REVIEWS

FOUR DAUGHTERS

Warner Brothers

Bright dialogue and a simple, heart-warming story combine to make *Four Daughters* one of the most enjoyable pictures of the last six months. The treatment is deft and the firm hand of Director Michael Curtiz prevents most of the sentimental excesses which damage so many family pictures.

The Lemp girls of Fannie Hurst's novel, *Sister Act,* are played by the three Lane sisters, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola, with Gail Page taking the part of the fourth sister. Around this family, their musical father, Claude Rains, and their aunt, May Robson, is woven a light, homey story which mingles tears with laughter in almost ideal proportions.

Jeffrey Lynn deserves full credit for his performance as a young composer who falls in love with one of the girls, but it is to John Garfield that the greatest praise must be given. Garfield, a newcomer to the screen, almost steals the picture by his skillful interpretation of a disillusioned musician.

Only the conclusion of the picture exceeds the bounds of good dramatic taste. With a "we didn't mean to make you cry" gesture, the authors have tacked on a humorous ending where none is needed.

But you'll be willing to forgive this small flaw. The charm of *Four Daughters* is enough to send you away from the theatre with a feeling of full enjoyment.

CAREFREE

RKO-Radio

It was for *Carefree* that Fred Astaire put in 500 hours of dancing time. Working with him throughout this period was Ginger Rogers whose teamwork does much to make *Carefree* one of the most delightful pictures ever turned out by this popular pair.

The pace is terrific, the situations completely dizzy. Fred Astaire is a psychiatrist who tries to analyze Ginger Rogers. He attempts to find out why she doesn't want to marry Ralph Bellamy. The result is the one you guessed—Astaire falls in love with Ginger.

To some extent the story follows the familiar Astaire-Rogers formula. But if you don't like the formula, you can still enjoy the remarkable dancing, the Irving Berlin music and the mad, somewhat raucous humor.

When you see Astaire's solo golf number, you'll realize that the 500 practice hours were well spent. The most astounding phase of the Astaire technique is the perfection of his timing in numbers of this kind. Feet, hands and body function in perfect rhythm and the effect is one which no other dancer has so far been able to duplicate.

This is a picture you're bound to like. Plenty of laughs, plenty of music and plenty of superlatively good dancing.

MY LUCKY STAR

20th Century-Fox

At some future time Hollywood may offer the movie public a college film within the bounds of reality. All of us look forward to that day with a good deal of hope. But until it happens we can be satisfied to some extent with pictures like *My Lucky Star.*

Despite the thin story, *My Lucky Star* provides a reasonable amount of entertainment. Sonja Henie's skating is truly magnificent and her unaffected acting succeeds in compensating for most of the groundless situations. Richard Greene is effective as the other half of the love plot, while Joan Davis and Buddy Ebsen carry off the comedy in capable fashion. Louise Hovick, Cesar Romero and George Barbier merit attention for their supporting efforts.

This picture is recommended for those who like Richard Greene, Sonja Henie's skating and the familiar movie version of campus life.

I AM THE LAW

Columbia

It was inevitable that a series of pictures should stem from the activities of New York's racket-busting district attorney, Thomas E. Dewey. One of the best is Columbia's *I Am the Law,* starring Edward G. Robinson.

After one has become adjusted to seeing the star of *The Last Gangster* and *Little Caesar* transformed into an exponent of law and order, this film grows increasingly interesting. Robinson plays the part of a professor who fights the menace racket.

One is inclined to wonder how District Attorney Dewey would react to this film. Such conjectures, however, need not disturb your enjoyment of the picture. For those who find interest in the battle between law and crime, this picture is recommended.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH

Paramount

For those who like their melodrama supported by excellent photography, *Spawn of the North* will be a welcome attraction. The portrayal of the Alaskan scene is remarkably vivid and the film merits attention if only for that reason.

Although the background is unusual and the Alaskan fishing industry a field hitherto untapped, little enough can be said for the story. The people of Barrett Willoughby's novel move melodramatically through a screen plot which creaks with age.

George Raft turns in his usual convincing performance. Dorothy Lamour, deserting the south seas for the icebound north, proves that she can handle a role which does not demand a sarong and a beatific smile. And Henry Fonda manages to bring a flavor of reality to a part otherwise dramatically anemic.

If you can disregard the incredible aspects of the plot, you'll enjoy *Spawn of the North.*

The celebrated foursome responsible for outstanding filmusicals, Director Mark Sandrich, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Composer Irving Berlin are discussing the pros and cons of a scene from RKO's *Carefree*

Ellen Drew, newest Paramount find, is gaily on her way to a tennis match. *Please Note*: She IS carrying a racket

NANCY KELLY is the star pictured on page 38. She was rushed to Hollywood from the cast of *Susan and God*, screen tested and contracted by Darryl F. Zanuck. She has the lead role opposite another Twentieth Century-Fox recent discovery, Richard Greene, in *Submarine Patrol*.

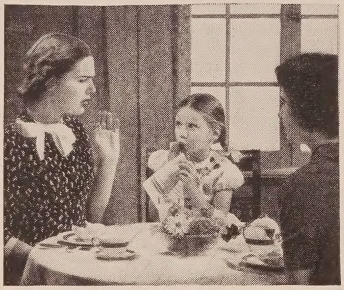
Nancy, as a child star, has appeared opposite such renowned players as Warner Baxter, Jean Hersholt, Gloria Swanson and others. It was inevitable that Nancy, coming from a long line of theatrical people, should follow in their footsteps. Her mother was Nan Walsh of stage fame.

This seventeen-year-old slip of a girl was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on the twenty-fifth day of March. Five feet, five inches tall, she weighs 113 pounds, has brown eyes and lovely brown tresses. Extremely fond of sports, slim and graceful Nancy has her eye on a few of those shiny medals which are to be had in and around Hollywood for aquatic skill. She is also an expert equestrienne and plays a good game of golf.

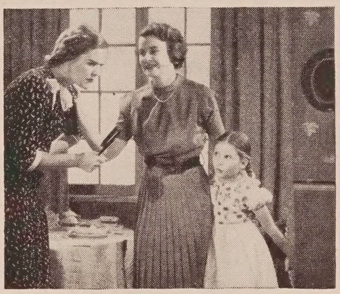
Just to prove how good this young lady is, her studio has assigned her the lead role in their forthcoming daring and dramatic epic, *Jesse James*, opposite handsome and versatile Tyrone Power.

MOM WAS SO MAD, SHE JUST FLEW FOR THE HAIRBRUSH

1. I said somethin' a couple of weeks ago that made Mom so hopping mad, I almost caught a licking.



2. We were at Aunt Lola's and I piped up: "Gee, Mom, look at how white this napkin is! *Our* things must have tattle-tale gray or somethin' 'cause they never shine like *this*." . . . Zowie! Mom flew for the hairbrush.



3. But lucky for me, Aunt Lola stopped her. "It's the truth, so why get angry?" she told Mom. "Your lazy soap leaves dirt behind. If you'd switch to Fels-Naptha Soap as I did, your clothes *wouldn't* have tattle-tale gray."

4. So Mom forgot to spank me and went to the grocer's for some Fels-Naptha. This morning, she was raving about how its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* wash clothes so white and nice. And, golly, if she didn't give me a quarter for a pony ride!

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! WONDER FLAKES! TRY FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS, TOO!

Ten Don'ts For The Career Girl

[*Continued from page* 21]

don't. On the studio streets the thermometer was flirting with the hundred mark. On the balcony, slung low beneath the sound-stage roof, where Bette and Errol Flynn were doing a scene for *The Sisters,* the heat was punishingly increased by the battery of lights.

For four hours Bette had been working in that torturing heat. She was wearing a whale-bone corset to give her the fashionable form of the early 1900's, and a dress of brocade, pounds heavy.

Between takes there were ice packs and smelling salts. But with the cameras turning, her vigorous, vibrant playing of the scene denied that her endurance was being unbearably taxed. This ability to whip an exhausted body and screaming nerves into line is imperative to the career woman.

"No weakling has even a whisper of a chance in Hollywood," Bette adds.

"A vital DON'T for the career-bent newcomer in Hollywood is—DON'T listen to indiscriminate advice.

"The unseasoned career girl is deluged with advice on what to do, what to say, what to wear, where to go and a multitude of other rules for behavior. You will be advised to change not only your face and your figure but your soul and your mind. Consider advice. Weigh it, sift it, appraise it, but use your own head.

"Be what you are, in personality and in temperament. The camera is the biggest snooper in the world. It will show you up if what you pretend to be doesn't accord with what you really are inside.

"No matter how you begin, what mannerisms you have assumed as the result of advice, you will have to end up as yourself if you want a career which will stand the test of time. So listen to advice—but don't swallow it whole.

"DON'T trade on your sex. Talent has no sex. Think with a man's mind but feel with a woman's heart. Don't demand consideration, privileges, opportunities or tolerance because you happen to be a woman. Ask for even chances and fight for them if necessary but don't expect unearned breaks.

"MEASURE yourself and your talents objectively, evaluate on the basis of intrinsic merit. If you can do that, then you have the stuff of which success is made. Otherwise, you had better be satisfied with being a sheltered woman.

"Adopt a man's code of fairness, integrity, sincerity and honesty. DON'T stoop to feminine subterfuge.

"DON'T be sensitive. If appreciation, if praise, is the breath of life to you, then forget your ambitions. In some future Utopia talent may be wrapped in cotton-wool. Today it must be thick-skinned and self-sufficient.

"When you come to Hollywood, you will not be in the midst of a *great art.* You will be in the midst of a *great business.* And business has no time for coddling. You stand on your own feet, you do your job and thank your lucky stars if anyone ever takes time out to tell you that a bit of work you've done was good.

"Laurel wreaths are for the dead and not for the living. So if your feelings are easily hurt, if you are on an emotional diet of pap and compliment, stay away from a career.

"DON'T stop learning your business. The distance from the inside to the outside is not very great. I know of no better way to defeat yourself and your ambitions than to decide that there is nothing more you can learn.

"No business, no art, is static. The mortality rate in Hollywood is great because so many who have tasted success get punch-drunk and check their intelligence.

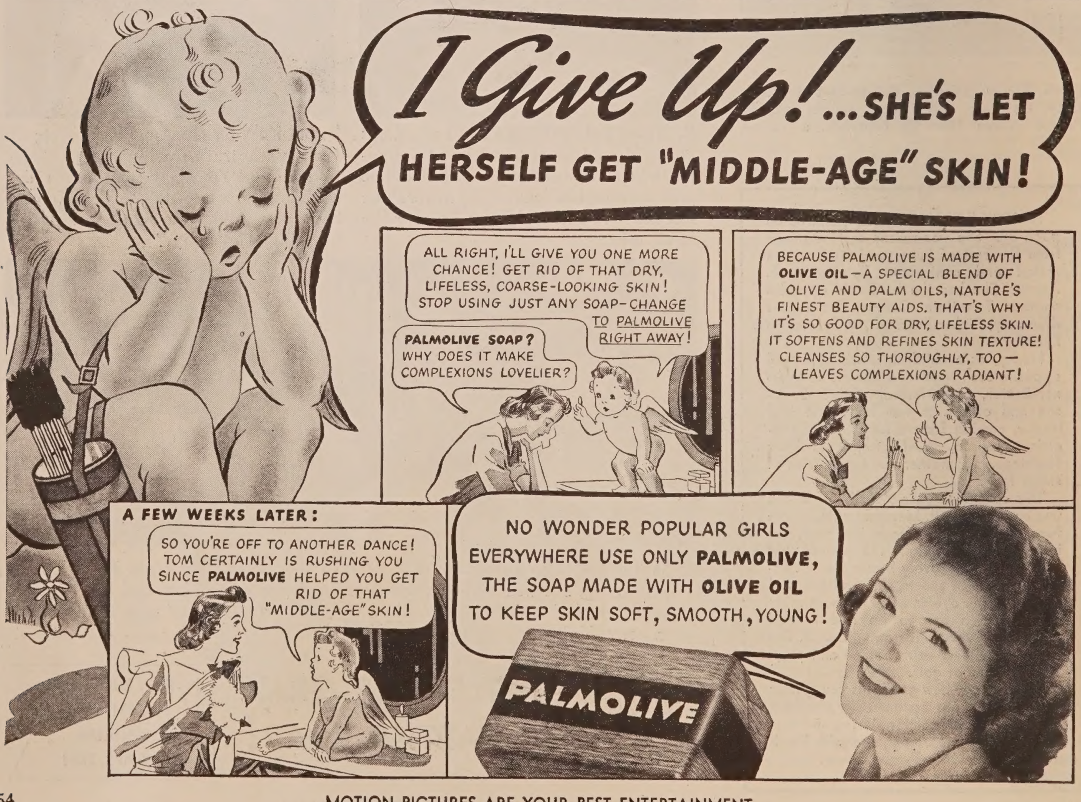
"The great actresses in Hollywood, those who have remained at the top for years, are the ones who are never satisfied with themselves or with their work. They keep their minds agile, their hearts plastic and their spirits humble.

"So don't get so pleased with your first success that you make yourself unfit for further and greater success.

"DON'T fail to get a perspective on yourself in relation to the job you're doing. If you have failed, don't let that failure break your spirit. In motion pictures, of course, there are dozens of factors which may contribute to failure. The same holds true for success.

"So be objective. Be as unemotional about yourself and your career as possible."

TEN DON'TS—Bette Davis' decalogue for the career girl and a test for any girl!


I Give Up! ...SHE'S LET HERSELF GET "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE! GET RID OF THAT DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING SKIN! STOP USING JUST ANY SOAP–CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!
PALMOLIVE SOAP? WHY DOES IT MAKE COMPLEXIONS LOVELIER?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL—A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO—LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
A FEW WEEKS LATER:
SO YOU'RE OFF TO ANOTHER DANCE! TOM CERTAINLY IS RUSHING YOU SINCE PALMOLIVE HELPED YOU GET RID OF THAT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
NO WONDER POPULAR GIRLS EVERYWHERE USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 17]

NOT one single Hollywood correspondent remembered the Scott Colton, under contract to Columbia, who recently married a commercial artist. When Marion Davies made a picture called *Marianne*, an actor named Scott Kolk was introduced as the newest protege. His career didn't thrive, so he eventually left Hollywood. Once again he is back, this time as Scott Colton.

IN THE very midst of the July heat, Barbara Stanwyck had to work on a hot set in heavy furs. She almost lost her sanity, but her sense of humor never failed her. "I suppose when I go over to work for Zanuck in December, I'll play a bathing girl," cracked Barbara.

JOAN BENNETT has severed her relationship with Walter Wanger. But in a business way only. Joan is still wearing that bracelet that is engraved "Return to Walter Wanger."

THERE'S more than one way for a glamour girl to get away from it all. Ginger Rogers solved the problem when she announced in all the trade papers that she was motoring down to Mexico. Then she asked a few close friends to say they had received postal cards from her. In the meantime Ginger remained right at home on top of her hill and proceeded to relax in the sun.

FRED ASTAIRE is seriously thinking of buying a farm in Virginia. For years now Fred has nursed a secret ambition. When he retires from the screen Fred, who has always loved horses, wants to own a breeding farm. Unless he signs that new

[*Continued on page* 60]

Tiny five-year-old Janet Chapman, Warner Brothers' child star, eats a piece of her "three-candle-cake" representing the number of pictures she's made to date

"If we were
Rolling
in wealth
we'd still travel
GREYHOUND!"
GREYHOUND LINES

(even if it is the most economical way)

"We're not swathed in mink or cluttered with diamonds—but if we were, we'd still do our traveling by Super-Coach. Greyhound gives us so many advantages we simply can't find elsewhere. The widest choice of routes, for instance—plus complete riding comfort—and the feeling that we're seeing the country intimately for the first time! Of course the fares are low—three miles of travel at the price of one by car. If a rich uncle left us a million, it might mean *more* trips for us—but they'd *all* be by Greyhound."

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PHILADELPHIA, PA. . Broad St. Station
NEW YORK CITY . 245 West 50th Street
CHICAGO, ILL. . . . . . 12th & Wabash
WASHINGTON, D. C. . . . . 1403 New York Avenue, N. W.
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DETROIT, MICHIGAN . . . . Washington Boulevard at Grand River
BOSTON, MASS. . . . . 60 Park Square
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI . . . . Broadway & Delmar Boulevard
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3 **Safe**—*Utterly harmless to delicate tissues. No danger of overdose or underdose. Soothing.*

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TEETH *hard* TO BRYTEN?

You need Iodent No. 2 toothpaste or powder, the *only* dentifrice specially made by a Dentist and guaranteed to clean your teeth sparkling bright or money back. Special SAFE ingredients remove most stubborn stains—even tobacco stains. Do as millions do—use Iodent today!

IODENT
No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
TOOTH PASTE *Also* POWDER
No. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

I Knew Them When . . .

[*Continued from page 27*]

to run, no place to seek safety. The door was far distant. Death stared us in the face.

Fay didn't scream or faint. She didn't move. I heard a faint gasp but no more. Fortunately, the trainer was able to divert the animal's attention before he reached us and we suffered nothing more than a bad scare. I have never forgotten Fay's courage, though, and that day was all of 12 or 13 years ago. She presented a brave little figure in her white linen riding habit, waiting there for what probably meant death; at least, great bodily injury. Fay was only a young girl then, with long brown curls hanging down her back. But she had what it takes, as witness her later ascent to screen stardom.

GARY COOPER may be "The Great Silent One" now, but you should have known him when he was new to Hollywood. I interviewed him following his brief but effective role in *Wings,* and I doubt if he said a dozen words.

I had occasion to share Gary's tent on location with the *Beau Sabreur* company later on. While we already had become fast friends, he still spoke very seldom. In the mess tent, sitting with William Powell—who, by the way, played a heavy in that picture—and Evelyn Brent and Noah Beery, he proved no more communicative.

The location was near Guadalupe, Calif., in the midst of the sand dunes. I remember that Gary, whenever he wasn't required for a scene, would borrow a horse and ride off by himself, returning only when he heard a shot fired in signal.

Gary nearly abandoned the screen and Hollywood shortly afterwards. He simply didn't believe he was the type for motion pictures. He disappeared for a few days without the studio or his friends knowing his whereabouts. He returned to the studio with evident reluctance and not until months later could he be convinced he had a future in the cinema.

When Joan Crawford—Lucille Le Sueur in those days—arrived in the film colony fresh from the *Scandals,* she presented no such glamorous appearance as is hers today. She weighed 20 or 25 pounds more than she does at present. Every indication of her later sveltness was lacking.

Joan, though, had a smile worth a million dollars—hasn't it worked out that way, come to think of it?—and liked nothing better than to wisecrack. Some of her puns were truly awful, but her good nature was so contagious that everybody tried to reply in kind. For a time around the Metro lot there was a wisecracking contest whenever she appeared on the scene.

While Joan loved to "kid" with everybody she met, Lupe Velez, during her intro-

Ann Miller teaches tricks to her two cocker spaniels, Macbeth and Lady Pamela. She will be seen shortly in RKO Radio's *Room Service,* the Marx Brothers' starring picture ductory days in Hollywood, concentrated upon attempts to embarrass those who dropped by *The Gaucho* set. Previously, Lupe had been in several Hal Roach comedies, but *The Gaucho* marked her first important screen role. This will be recalled as one of Douglas Fairbanks' films. Lupe was his leading lady.

Whenever she spotted a newcomer on the set, Lupe immediately rushed up to that luckless one and demanded, in shrill tones the entire company could hear, "Kees me!" If that individual didn't immediately take Lupe into his arms and implant a resounding smack full upon her fiery lips, the little Mexican would throw her arms around his neck and kiss him repeatedly, much to the delight of everybody present. Then, she'd jump a step away and cry, "*There*—beeg boy." It became a game. I've seen seasoned veterans blush to their boots after Lupe finished with them. I'm telling you, the gal's half-panther—or somethin'.

I visited Lupe in her home, shortly after her marriage to Johnny Weissmuller. As a matter of fact, I had driven her home from the studio—this Lupe, with an Indian girl's make-up (she had been making screen tests for an Indian role) and a 20 carat diamond solitaire on her finger. A bodyguard followed us the entire distance from the studio.

When we entered the house—it's barred and regularly barricaded, by the way—Lupe ordered her butler to bring us Scotch and soda. He replied something in Spanish and my hostess shouted, "Well, break eet down, then."

The key to the bar, it seemed, was lost and could not be found. All the servants had spent the day in its search without success. Lupe wanted a drink for her guest—her guest must be served, he wanted a drink! And her guest *was* served. Yes, the door was broken down.

Marlene Dietrich resembled a plump peasant girl, many pounds overweight, with absolutely no knowledge of dress, when she made her initial press appearance. Paramount threw a luncheon for her at the Ambassador and every scribe in town attended to see for himself the new much-heralded Josef von Sternberg discovery.

The actress wore a large-figured organdie dress and floppy picture hat that scarcely presaged her present reputation as one of the screen's best-dressed women. She smiled graciously as various writers were presented to her, and her eagerness to please and be charming were all too evident. As one reporter expressed it, "Say, she'll never get anywhere—she's too nice!"

WHEN the luncheon ended, the press, to a man, decided that Marlene was scarcely destined for screen greatness. Character parts, mebbe—

Nor would anybody have predicted great things for Bing Crosby on that night he and the other two Rhythm Boys entertained at Los Angeles' Loew's State Theatre. I was sitting in the front row and even now I remember the treatment accorded him.

Bing, in those days, had exceedingly light blond hair. He and Harry Barris walked out on the stage pushing Harry's small piano. Even before Bing started to sing someone in the balcony cat-called. Thereafter, during their act, there were similar reverberations. I've never felt so sorry for anyone in my life. Bing carried on valiantly but it was noticeable that shortly afterward he changed the color of his hair.

Would you believe that so glamorous a creature as Dolores Del Rio could ever be colorless? Yet that term is descriptive of her when Hollywood knew her first. She looked immature and while lovely and endowed with a certain sparkle she possessed none of the attributes now so apparent.

Shortly after she arrived in Hollywood to play a small role in an Edwin Carewe production—Carewe had discovered her in Mexico and brought her back to the film capital—she danced at the Masonic Temple before a representative gathering of picture people. Billed as a dancer from Mexico, she wore a brilliant Spanish shawl and bright slippers and performed a graceful number with consummate ease. The spectators, however, were only passingly interested. Slight applause greeted the completion of her dance.

"I do not think they liked me," she reflected somewhat sadly as we left the hall together. "Mr. Carewe says I have a future here in Hollywood—but I wonder. I am afraid!"

Warner Baxter always has been a person of surprises, but I was scarcely prepared for what happened after dining at his home one evening quite some years ago. Warner, I discovered, the dignified man-about-town, was particularly proficient on—the fish-horn!

With a *savoir faire* becoming only Stokowsky, he performed at length. Then, to further prove his versatility, he brought out every manner of wind instrument—and played each with all the ease of a master.

You didn't know he was a musician? You should hear him man the drums—

3 P.M. ... Her Petal Smooth Skin THROWS HIM FOR A LOSS!
9 P.M. . . LURES THE STAG LINE
COLD WEATHER DOESN'T HURT MY SKIN. I ALWAYS USE POND'S VANISHING CREAM TO HELP SMOOTH AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES WITH ONE APPLICATION
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Does Scandal Kill Stars?

[*Continued from page 23*]

Sandra's rebuttal was swift, furious and newsworthy. She had stolen nothing, she vociferated, and had merely acted as agent for her employer. Then she went on to detail some of the titillating transactions in which she had acted as paymaster for La Petite Simone.

There was the matter of the purchase of a dressing gown and pajamas for a gentleman. And—the perfect tabloid touch—the Affair of the Two Gold Keys, keys to mademoiselle's apartment, ordered by mademoiselle at great expense and delivered to Monsieur X, whose identity was the subject of a national guessing game for 21 days. During this whole time it commanded headlines blacker than European crises, Asiatic war and the output of U. S. Steel. For the first week it was fun to follow the trail of the golden keys—the Open Sesame to Simone's private world.

After a while the whole issue began to pall. From being a matter of the gravest national concern, the identity of Simone's light-of-love became a matter of profound indifference. By the time the case was concluded, everybody had forgotten who was being prosecuted for what. The only thing that stood out in the national memory was a cascade of inconclusive speculation about a pair of gold keys, a matter which the public came to regard with as little interest as the name and specifications of Tommy Manville's newest secretary.

All this was strictly divorced from Simone's studio career, but repercussions of it were heard in exhibitors' reports. The sheen of newness and piquancy was worn off her name. Her advisers had permitted her name to be associated with a front-page farce that ran too long and didn't pack sufficient wallop.

Short of being spicy, L'Affairs Simone Simon bordered on the dull. When the fledgling starlet returned to France on vacation, her pout had degenerated into a scowl. At the pier she was guilty of an indiscreet farewell speech in the presence of ship news reporters.

"I am going home," she declared in her delicious Gallic brogue, "I am going to Paris where they understand me and appreciate me. I may not come back. I think I am all done in Hollywood—through."

HOLLYWOOD discounted this outburst as an emotional by-product of the pangs of parting, but Simone's agent, Denis Batcheff, announced from Paris on her arrival there that the little lady, after serious deliberation, had decided to renounce her American career. Currently she is cast in a French film drama entitled *The Human Beast*, which might well serve as her characterization of the American press that gave her such a merciless pummeling.

As stage careers go, Simone is still an infant. When the memory of the golden key episode has vanished, as it will when the next fable of filmland fatuity is projected in the courtroom, Simone will be back, her scars healed, to take her chances again with the Hollywood fates and the less predictable mutations of public opinion.

Child-custody litigation has blown the lid off three seemingly well-regulated Hollywood homes, those of Mary Astor, Barbara Stanwyck and Ann Harding.

Miss Astor was already hardened to the buffets of adverse publicity when her withering ordeal-by-headlines came. With a plaintive appeal to the law, her father, Otto Langhanke, painted her as an unappreciative daughter when he brought suit for non-support. Sob stories about the destitute old man flooded the nation's press. Like a lady, Miss Astor held her reply in abeyance until the suit came to trial, when she demonstrated that she was supporting her father on a lavish scale, maintaining him in a house that more closely resembled a regal palace than a hovel.

In 1935 a real storm broke about Mary's lovely head. Her husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, sued for divorce, alleging incompatibility, and asking part-time custody of the couple's three-year-old daughter Mary. The divorce was granted. Then, in 1936, Dr. Thorpe demanded nine-months' annual custody of the child. The screen star refused and the battle was on, the doctor alleging his ex-wife was disqualified from sharing the company of her child.

The hearings threatened to be a real crucifixion for Mary, but she chose to contest the action rather than sacrifice custody of little Mary.

THE taking of testimony piled sensation on sensation, Miss Astor's letters and diary proving to be packed with more sensational literary material than any scenario ever devised to exploit her talent on the screen. The names of the famous strode across the court record, George S. Kaufman, top-notch playwright, vying with John Barrymore for the daily headlines.

Long after the furore subsided film fans prided themselves on their ability to quote, word-for-word, long self-revealing passages from Mary's well-pawed record of her holiday moods. How did Mary fare with her public? To be sure, she did not come through the ordeal unscathed. But she caused millions of screen fans to redefine their personal impressions of Mary Astor. The actress they had regarded as somewhat cool and withdrawn became re-created in their subconscious minds as an extremely feminine and avid spirit, devastatingly witty and, in a crisis, "every inch a gentleman."

Mary Astor is entitled to her campaign badges for coolness under fire when the dynamite-laden diary was in evidence. Ageless, assured, she goes on to fresh triumphs, a thoroughbred who can "take it" when the need arises and continue her career without wincing or regret.

The Stanwyck custody case had not the implacable mother-love element of the Thorpe-Astor embroilment. Barbara's baby, Dion, was a son she adopted jointly with her husband, Frank Fay. When the parting of the ways came Fay exhausted the ingenuity of his legal advisers in contriving means to attempt to recapture the child. Both Fay and Barbara have regiments of loyal friends in Hollywood and New York. Despite their separation, many of their well-wishers are equally devoted to the estranged husband and wife.

Fay, one time screen star whose efforts are now confined to night-club engagements, is celebrated in the theatrical world as a whole-hearted, impulsive fellow, generous but obstinate. When he attempted to wrest Dion from Barbara he made some statements their mutual friends regarded as ill-advised. Fay became more intemperate still.

Harassed by Frank's tireless efforts, Barbara threatened to force him to undergo psychiatric examination, citing numerous occasions on which he acted in allegedly irrational manner. The Fay efforts halted, but not until Frank's vehement judgments concerning Barbara's unfitness to care for Dion had been circulated throughout the world.

Barbara has proved in dozens of knock-down-drag out fights, legal, professional and fistic, that she is not the one to run away from contention. Robert Taylor, invariably her escort, endorses her conduct in the Fay controversy, an important bulwark for her cause, since the public appearances of Bob and Barbara are on a level of decorum that would be above the criticism of the busybodies in a small-time sewing circle.

The child-custody suit brought by Actor-Director-Producer Harry Bannister against his ex-wife, Ann Harding, had little to do with her voluntary departure from the screen. Bannister, an aviator in his spare time, captured the headlines for a time with spectacular charges of unfitness against the placid platinum beauty, but after a long and bitterly-fought campaign he accepted the adverse verdict of the courts. Once he dashed to Canada by air to intercept Ann, en route to an English engagement, but the dominion courts rebuffed him.

Miss Harding has gone into retirement as the wife of Werner Janssen, brilliant young composer and conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra.

Clark Gable, a man who can take care of himself in a courtroom, a conversation or in defense of his career, emerged with dignity from an *opera bouffe* legal scuffle instigated by Mrs. Violet Wells Norton, an Englishwoman who professed to recognize in Clark the daddy of her daughter Gwendoline, the fruit of what she described as a fleeting informal union with the Number One he-man star in England yahs and yahs ago.

In settlement of her claim, the Los Angeles Federal Court awarded Mrs. Norton five years in prison to think over the seriousness of violating the postal laws by using the mails to extort money. Gable besought milder treatment of his 47-year-old accuser, and returned to the extra-curricular task that has engaged his spare time for many months, the solution of who is going to pay the taxes on the $300,000 settlement he is prepared to award his wife, Rhea Lucas Gable, as a concomitant of their divorce.

To win the top in filmdom it appears necessary to be able to withstand the drumfire of hostile publicity and capricious court attacks. The strong in heart come through unharmed. The weak sisters retreat or surrender. Who's next?

Johnny "Scat" Davis takes a quick route from dressing room to make-up room at Warner's. He'll be seen in *Brother Rat*

Fugitive From Horse Opera

[*Continued from page* 36]

make love to her and to propose marriage as well.

"Yeah, I know what you're thinking. That should have been the best part of the picture—but I haven't told you anything yet. Instead of dancing here, there, and elsewhere as you do on the ordinary ballroom floor I was told that I had to dance in a straight line and while doing that, make love and propose marriage to Loretta! After I had danced along the straight line, which had been chalked on the sound stage floor, I was to turn a corner at the proper moment and dance out of camera range.

"WELL, I'd dance with Loretta along the chalk mark and try to make my face register the proper emotions, but I never could hit the corner at the right time. After a score of 'takes' I could see that the director was none too pleased about the whole thing.

"Neither was Loretta, for that matter, although she was too good a sport to complain. In all probability I'd be there yet but for a bright-thinking property boy who scooted out into a nearby property room and came back with a long bamboo fishing pole. Cutting the rod, he took one-half of it and, stationing himself near the fatal corner, whacked me on the ankle as a signal it was time to turn.

"Since the camera was taking 'medium' shots, the blows couldn't be seen, and after a dozen more 'takes' I managed to hook my dialogue to my action well enough to win a 'print up!' order from the director.

"Did you ever try to dance with a girl—a girl as beautiful as Loretta Young—while some guy was whacking away at your ankles? Did you every try to dance along a straight line with a girl in your arms, make love to her, propose marriage and then have a provoked director break it up time after time because you happened to take a step in the wrong direction? No? Well, that's why I don't care to dance with Loretta again!"

Despite his vehemence, we still think he's wrong. We'd dance with Loretta Young—if we got the chance—and ten property boys could bang us on the ankles with a baseball club for all we'd care!

Young Mr. Ellison was so discouraged about his work in *Play Girl* that he up and quit his screen career then and there, which was probably a smart thing to do. Warner Brothers was pretty discouraged, too! No doubt they would have been gunning for him after receiving reports that theatre audiences were practically unanimous in turning thumbs down on the picture.

He was smart in quitting the movies, but he was smarter still, in view of what's happened to him during the past two years, in his stubborn determination to become an actor.

"After that one amateur performance of mine on the screen," he says, "I decided that before I made another attempt, I'd learn something about the art of acting. So, for the next three years, I studied at the Pasadena Community Playhouse and eventually appeared in such plays as *June Moon* and *Saturday's Children.*

"Wayne Morris, by the way, was at the Playhouse while I was there. He kept himself busy painting scenery, juggling props and rolling the curtain up and down. He graduated into acting later and as you know has developed since into one of Hollywood's bright stars."

James is one guy in Hollywood who doesn't believe much in the "breaks" that come along. But he admits he got one the day Billie Burke selected him as a member of the cast of *The Vinegar Tree* for a six months tour on the road.

"I learned more about acting during that trip than ever before or since," he says and the praise he heaps upon Miss Burke should keep that lovely lady's ears burning day and night.

LATER he joined an *As Husbands Go* road company headed by Laura Hope Crews and added immeasurably to his stock of theatrical knowledge. When this tour was over he signed with Pauline Frederick, who staked the same play in San Francisco.

It was while appearing with Frances Starr in *What Every Woman Knows* that he came under the observant eyes of movie talent scouts, one of whom signed him to a six-months contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Into the studio's stock company he went along with another newcomer, Robert Taylor—and right here is where we dis-

[*Continued on page* 75]

This thrilling coiffure was photographed after a shampoo with Special Drene for Dry Hair. The hair is soft and manageable, its natural brilliance revealed.

How Dull, Dry-Looking Hair Reveals Glamorous, Natural Beauty

Millions Thrilled by Beauty Miracle of Special Drene for Dry Hair

WOMEN with dull, dry-looking, unruly hair need no longer despair. Here is an amazingly easy way to reveal all the glamorous natural beauty that is hidden away in your hair. A way that leaves your hair without a trace of ugly film to cloud its charm and beauty—leaves it radiating with its full natural sparkle and gleam—brilliant beyond your fondest dreams.

Special Drene Shampoo for Dry Hair leaves unruly hair thrillingly soft and manageable, so that it sets beautifully after washing. A single sudsing and thorough rinsing in plain water leaves hair gleaming and glistening in all its radiant natural brilliance and lustre.

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So—for thrilling, natural beauty of dull, unruly, dry-looking hair, ask for Special Drene for Dry Hair at drug, department or 10c stores. Or—at your beauty shop. Whether you shampoo your hair at home or have it done by a professional beautician, you'll be amazed and delighted to see your hair manageable and sparkling. How glorious a Drene shampoo really is!

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
There is a Dr. Scholl Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for Every Foot Trouble

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 55]

contract with Goldwyn or Selznick, it looks like Fred will be ready to carry out his wish in a few short years.

LUISE RAINER has a new friend who came into her life quite unannounced. He is a strange mongrel pup and Luise has taken a great fancy to him. Luise has named him "Tramp."

SINCE Bob Tayor spends so much of his time on his ranch he's developed a new walk. Bob wears those high heeled cowboy boots most of the time. When he gets all dressed up in his Tux and saunters into Hollywood parties, Bob swings along like a true gentleman from the great open spaces.

INTIMATES will tell you that Gary Cooper wishes he could forget all about *Cowboy and the Lady*. It is even reported that Gary offered to return all the salary he has been paid if Sam Goldwyn would call it a day. In the meantime, Merle Oberon who plays opposite Gary, seems very pleased with everything and everyone. And we do mean George Brent.

HOLLYWOOD street scene: Robert Montgomery, who has developed a friendship with Franchot Tone, standing in front of the Vendome Cafe, waiting to keep a date with Franchot. Fan walks up to Montgomery. Fan has autograph book in hand. "Pardon me, Mr. Montgomery," says Fan. Mr. Montgomery looks pleased. "Can you tell me if Mr. Tone will be with you today?" Mr. Montgomery gives his head a quick shake in the affirmative. Fan dashes back to tell the good news to waiting crowd.

WHEN Don Ameche returned to Hollywood he found a genuine welcome awaiting him. Don's dressing room was all done up like a hospital—just to make him feel at home. A sign on the door read, "Patient Acting—Do Not Disturb."

IDA LUPINO has been a very sick girl. For almost a year she has been unable to appear before the camera. Getting up too soon after an emergency appendicitis operation is the cause of it all. While she is feeling much better, her condition won't be helped by Louis Hayward leaving Hollywood. The sensitive-faced young Englishman has two films to do in Europe, before he returns to Hollywood to start his free-lance career.

[*Continued on page* 65]

Roland Young, Paulette Goddard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with three prize English bulldogs, used in Selznick International's *The Young In Heart*. Janet Gaynor has the lead role opposite Fairbanks

Angel Face

[*Continued from page* 40]

head. These pests are more apt to appear in parts of the skin where the oil is most abundant, or in over-oily skins, but they may occur in normal or dry, sensitive skins as well.

If you have blackheads, don't try to remove them forcibly with your fingertips. Instead, wash your face two or three times a day with soap and warm water, using a complexion brush to scrub the skin vigorously. Rinse first with warm water, then with cool, and pat dry. It's a good idea to leave a thin film of the soap on to dry, after first washing away the dirt. This has a slight astringent, or tightening effect on the skin. If you prefer, you may use a skin tonic or astringent to stimulate the skin after patting it dry. And be sure to give your pores time to contract to their normal size after each washing, before you apply your make-up. Ten minutes should be enough—otherwise you'll just pat your foundation cream, powder and rouge into the relaxed pores, clog them still more.

When blackheads do not react to this treatment, wash your face and hands with soap and water. Then steam your face until the pores are completely relaxed. Bathe the skin surrounding the blackheads with alcohol, and then, with tissue covered fingers, or a sterilized comedo extractor, gently press out the plug. Touch the spot with alcohol again—and leave it alone!

Prevent the reappearance of blackheads by keeping your general health good, your circulation active, and your skin thoroughly clean and well stimulated. Always use a coarse washcloth or complexion brush to scrub your face, pat on the astringent with clean cotton, and give your face a toning once or twice a week with a facial mask.

I've just discovered the grandest new mask! It can be relied on to freshen the skin after a long hard day, tighten and refine the pores and stimulate the circulation. If left on long enough, it even has a tendency to smooth away wrinkles temporarily. Best of all, the mask can be made right in your own kitchen, at a cost of about two cents per mask! Here's the recipe for the magic "brew:" All you need is one envelope of a certain pure, unflavored gelatine, baking soda, the white of an egg, witch hazel and water. If you'll write me I'll tell you *just how much of each*. Soak the gelatine in cold water to soften, then set over hot water and stir until it is completely dissolved. Mix the white of egg and soda, and add to the liquified gelatine, then stir in the witch hazel. Use a bit of cotton, or a soft brush, to apply the still warm mixture all over your clean neck and face, and lie down for 5 to 8 minutes while it dries.

Leave the mask on at least 20 minutes for a thorough facial treatment, or better still, a half hour. That's no hardship, with this particular mask, because it dries into a thin, cellophane-like film which is practically invisible. That's a real selling point if your doorbell is like mine—always ringing at the wrong moment! If you're going to leave the mask on a long time, you can apply rouge and lipstick over it, and go about your housework. Your face will feel slightly stiff—as it should if the mask is to do it's job—but you won't look grotesque!

After the mask has had a chance to tighten and stimulate your skin, remove it with warm water, and soap if you wish. The gal whose skin is inclined to be dry and sensitive might apply a bit of cream or emollient lotion afterward.

Don't think that you'll have to repeat the "brewing" process every time you want to give your skin a toning. The "recipe" makes enough for about eight masks. Just pour the remainder into a jar, cover up tight, and set in the ice box till the next time. *Then* you can just soften it over a pan of warm water. Do be sure to write me for the name of the 'specially fine gelatine' which will do such wonders in keeping your skin clear—and for the complete directions.

To pat on your mask—or your skin tonic, I recommend some sanitary cotton squares. The ones I'm thinking of have been recently redesigned so that the pesky little blue papers which formerly separated the squares could be eliminated. The cotton is now crossed with light parallel lines of compression or gridding. These lock the surface fibers of the cotton so that they can't fuzz off, and give the cotton itself more body. The squares are easy to handle, efficient, too. A window package of about 50 costs 10 cents.

Whether your skin is oily or dry, frequent cleansings with a good mild soap

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IT'S HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE CANDY
5¢

The Man Who Came Back

[*Continued from page* 28]

has proved its worth. He and Virginia Valli have applied it successfully since their marriage a few years ago.

Charlie has always been a restless individual. As a youngster in Onset, Mass., he hated routine and was known occasionally to skip school and treat himself to a lone meander along Cape Cod in search of clams. These he would cook on the beach, laboriously collecting driftwood and wet seaweed, and steaming the shellfish over hot stones. If some of the other fellows turned up, okay; if not, he would eat in lone contentment.

HE LIKED his studies, but sometimes he would go hiking alone for several days, much to the distress of his father who owned three local movie theatres, and the bewilderment of his playmates who couldn't understand why Farrell, who liked friends, should sometimes want to leave them.

Perhaps Farrell inherited the restlessness from his New England pioneer ancestors. They left Old England to establish New England and when New England began to grow a little old they shoved on westward. Perhaps from them he received the yen for far places.

"Things will be sliding along fine," he admitted, "when all of a sudden I have to move along. No special reason, just been too long in one spot. Want something different. Want to meet new people and see new territory. There's no sense in it but there it is. And suddenly, after traveling for a while, I want to come back again.

"I guess lots of men are like that. Lots of husbands. Wives prefer to stay home and husbands prefer to have their wives stay put. But the husbands want to see what's on the other side of the next hill."

I asked him why it shouldn't cut both ways. With a votes-for-women inflection in my voice, I asked: How about a wife dashing off for a vacation every so often, to vary the marital monotony?

"No!" rejoined Farrell in a surprisingly old-fashioned tone. "I don't think it's a good idea for a wife. In most instances, I believe she prefers to stay home."

And how does Mrs. Farrell truly react to this philosophy, even while, unruffled, she agrees to its application? Does she mind?

Again the smile, bearing a hint of seriousness this time. "If she does, she doesn't say so," Farrell replied, and it sounded like quite a high tribute. "She may not think it's ideal, but at any rate she doesn't protest. She's a good sport about it."

In one way she ought not to protest, because each time Charlie decides to go on a trek he comes back with more money. This may be an inherited Yankee trait, too.

He went down to Palm Springs for a brief trip and the Racquet Club was a result. When the solitary mood wore off and he wanted a game of tennis with Ralph Bellamy, the two couldn't find an available court. The courts were filled at their own hotel and when they sneaked over fences to pounce upon other hotel courts the attendants

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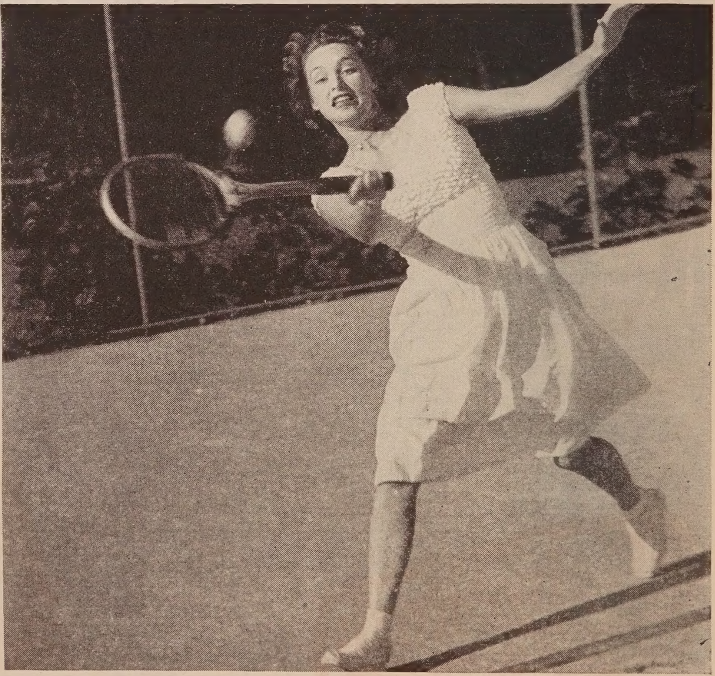

Rosemary Lane's favorite outdoor sport being tennis we're not surprised to get this good action shot of her returning a fast ball to her partner, Jeffrey Lynn, while vacationing

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Try Phelactine Depilatory

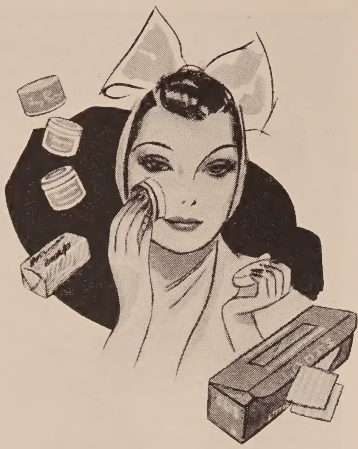
For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.
Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

Angel Face

[*Continued from page* 61]

should be part of your beauty routine. Write me for the name of a grand new deluxe soap that comes in two fragrances, either pine or a delicate flower bouquet. The easy-to-handle cakes are huge, built for frequent use in the bath and on your face. I liked the penetrating lather the soap makes even in cool water, the way it whisks away all dirt as if by magic. Three cakes cost a dollar, and you may buy them singly if you wish.

If your skin is dry, you'll want to use a tissue or cold cream after washing it, to soothe any irritation. For the dry skin with blackheads, use a cold cream only during the day, never overnight. Leave it on for an hour to lubricate the skin, banish scaliness. If your skin is clear, though dry, an overnight cream will be helpful. If you don't like to go to bed with a greasy face, try this: After washing your face, and before popping into your tub, massage your tissue or cold cream into the skin, let it soak in while you bathe. The heat of your bath will help the lubricating oils of the cream melt faster, penetrate further and quicker than they would at normal body temperature.



Aids to beauty: A superfine powder used by a beloved star, applied over a face cleansed and softened by two of her creams, a pure and fragrant soap, and grid compressed cotton squares

To keep your dry skin soft and lovely, I can recommend two outstanding new creams made by a world-famous Hollywood actress whose beauty has delighted us all for many years. She has always used these creams and just recently decided to put them on the market under her own name. The first is a cleansing cream, pale pink in color, and as fluffy and light as a dream. Use it, if your skin is oily, to remove your make-up, and follow with your soap and water scrub. If your skin is dry and sensitive, this cream will soothe it after washing. If you use only one cream, this will serve all purposes, because it will help keep the skin soft, lubricated, and clear. For very dry skins, there's a tissue cream that is rich and light, penetrating and relaxing. Try applying this, as the screen star herself does, while the skin is still wet from bathing. "Iron" it in by dipping your fingers in warm water while massaging the cream into the skin. There's a delightfully smooth powder from the same line to give your face a finished appearance. It's super-fine textured, and comes in six smart shades. You'll easily find the one that matches your skin. It's a good idea, the actress believes, to choose the one that harmonizes with the lightest tint in your skin. Each item costs about 60 cents, and is exquisitely packaged in wedgewood blue and white. Wouldn't you like to know more?

Heard about the new black lipstick? Yes, I said black, but don't think that means you're going to be bizarre looking just for fashion's sake. Though the lipstick is black in the case, it changes color on your lips until it is a warm, glowing red, just right for you. You can obtain a light shade if you'll moisten your lips thoroughly before applying the lipstick, a medium shade if you moisten them slightly, and the darkest shade by applying the lipstick on dry lips. The lipstick I'm thinking of is indelible, permanent, water-proof and nondrying—quite a lot for your quarter.

If you'd like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article write to me *before November 15th.* I'll be glad to tell you all about them. My address is Janet Lynn, c/o SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage) envelope with your letter.

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YOU can't blame a Hollywood star for worrying about going stale. For all the talent in the world won't hold a star's popularity . . . once the appealing charm of *freshness* fades.

That's true, too, of a cigarette. Many a talented cigarette, that leaves the factory fresh, is a stale "has-been" by the time it reaches the smoker.

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But WHY is WINX MASCARA better? . . .

WINX is so fine in texture—it gives lashes NATURAL beauty!

WINX clings so closely—it looks more *natural.* Adds a longer, *silky* appearance to lashes . . . accents your eyes with alluring, star-like *loveliness.* Try WINX *today!*

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OUCH—

CORNS come back Bigger, Uglier—unless removed Root* and All

• A corn goes deep. When you cut or pare it at home the root remains imbedded in the toe. Soon the corn comes back bigger, uglier—more painful—than ever.

That's why millions of people are using the new Blue-Jay double-action method. Pain relieved by removing the pressure. Then the entire corn lifts out Root and All.

Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today. 25¢ for a package of 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Making his first appearance on the screen in Universal's *Letter of Introduction,* Mortimer is the newest addition to Bergen and McCarthy fold. Better look to your laurels, Charlie

The Man Who Came Back

[*Continued from page 62*]

chased them off. So they bought a chunk of desert, founded a tennis club of their own and never had time to play because they were kept busy managing the courts for their customers. The Racquet Club is one of the biggest moneymakers in the desert resort, with a current membership fee of $3,000.

When the mood to see more of the world caught Farrell again he signed for a picture in England. It was to take four or five months. He stayed two years for a handful of pictures, hurrying back to Palm Springs on a six weeks' visit when increased business and new arrangements at the Racquet Club demanded his presence.

IT WAS during this stay in Europe that he often saw ex-King Edward, then Prince of Wales. The group invariably included two or three attractive American women, and particularly one chic brunette—nobody knew at that time who she was—who turned out to be a Mrs. Wally Simpson. He also met Prince Frederick, son of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany; the same Prince Frederick who unostentatiously left London when his name cropped up among the recent court hearings of "Babs" Hutton and her husband, Count Reventlow.

The Hohenzollerns' greatest desire is not to be noticed. Charlie Farrell pointed this out with the authenticity of one very much in the know.

And why not? Farrell not only met Prince Frederick, but he also became acquainted with Frederick's father. The way of it was dramatic. Charlie had a close friend in Berlin, an attache of the Spanish Embassy. The young man invited Farrell to play golf at a swank club which could be reached by a private toll road that avoided miles of traffic.

As they raced over this private road, a car drew alongside, a good enough car but not new. The man at the wheel flung up an arm in the Nazi salute and the young attache returned the gesture.

"That's the former Crown Prince," he observed. Times have changed since 1914-18.

At the club a few minutes later, Farrell met the ex-Crown Prince. Frederick-Wilhelm's hair is white now and he seems a rather sad, elderly person who enjoys talking about America.

"It was my impression that he would be glad to live in California," Farrell remarked. "He said, 'You like to live in California? Tell me about it.' We talked polo, too."

Farrell, as his fellow players know, is an expert polo player. He substituted a short while ago for his friend, Director Frank Borzage, without bothering to change into polo clothes, and ruined his new gray flannel suit in the process.

Still speaking of the ex-Crown Prince, "It was a bit pathetic in a way," Farrell mused, "when he said, 'I used to play polo, too. I also used to own polo ponies but I couldn't afford them now.' I remembered how his face lighted, though, when I said of his son, the Prince Frederick I met in London: 'He is the handsomest man I ever saw.' The Crown Prince was greatly pleased."

Farrell added thoughtfully that from this trip to Europe he himself had gained a certain maturity. "They say travel does that to you, and travel in Europe these days surely ought to teach anyone plenty!"

His trip had moments of startled enlightenment. He recalled how another friend in the Spanish Embassy had been visited on routine passport business one day by three men who were not aware of his identity.

"But he was aware of theirs," said Farrell,

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Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 60]

THE passing of Warner Oland leaves a great void in Hollywood hearts. What a long ways Warner's career took him! Originally he spoke the first words on a talking screen, as the Rabbi in Al Jolson's first picture.

YOU'D be surprised to know who the real heart interest is of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. This charming young actor has been seen around Hollywood in the exclusive company of his cousin, Letita Fairbanks. But there is a very beautiful young out-of-town divorcee who recently came into Doug's life. He won't give her name and he has never been seen publicly with her. He just met her recently and she has three months to wait before her divorce becomes final.

FRANCIS LEDERER is the owner of a delicious sense of humor. When his little woman opened at the Pilgrimage Play Theatre in Max Reinhardt's production of *Faust*, Francis sent Margo this telegram. "I hope you go to 'the devil' and give a great performance."

WHEN Charles Farrell made plans for his screen return in the Shirley Temple picture, the studio asked to see the clothes he was going to wear. Charlie very proudly showed them the imported English wardrobe he brought back from London. The powers that be didn't like the choice. They wanted something smarter and more expensive looking. They finally suggested that Charlie go to see *Little Miss Broadway* and look at George Murphy's wardrobe. That's the way they wanted Charlie to look. Instead of going to see the picture, Charlie called up George. He asked him where he bought his clothes. And George named a popular tailoring house on Hollywood boulevard that makes suits for $40 apiece.

EVER since a Hollywood columnist came out with the announcement that Florence Rice was formerly married to Stanley Smith, it has caused no end of complications for both these players. As a mere slip of a girl, Florence was married to Sidney Smith, a wealthy socialite. Stanley Smith has never been married. Right now he is back in Hollywood resuming a brilliant career. Florence is in Hollywood too, so maybe these two should meet and talk things over.

STRANGE indeed are the ways of Hollywood glamour girls. When Marlene Dietrich decided to take singing lessons, she went to Nina Koshetz, who is one of the finest coaches in this country. Every day Dietrich drove up in her conspicuous imported car. Other pupils of Nina Koshetz saw her come and go. There was nothing secret in the Dietrich lessons, nor did she ask to have them kept a secret. It wasn't long before one line to the effect that Dietrich was learning to sing, reached the local papers. Nina Koshetz didn't give it out and had no idea who did. Yet, Marlene sent a gift and her regrets. All lessons were cancelled and Nina Koshetz was unfairly accused of trying to get publicity.

WHEN the summer season opens in Catalina, Roger Pryor and his band will be on hand to take over the beautiful Casino dancing pavillion. Ann Sothern is seriously thinking of appearing each week-end with the band and singing a few numbers. Catalina is only a short distance from Hollywood and this wouldn't interfere with Ann's picture work. Dorothy Lamour, appearing twice a week with hubby Herbie Kay's band at the Cocoanut Grove, has helped business no end.

THOSE on the inside will tell you that his studio has been no end annoyed at Nelson Eddy. It seems the singer takes his own publicity so seriously he insists on writing the superlative "blurbs" that advertise his coming pictures. And speaking of Eddy, he can do no wrong with his fans. Critics will tell you that any adverse criticism of the Eddy talents automatically draws an avalanche of protest from all over the country. (Will probably get a lot of indignant letters for printing this item!—Editor.)

JEANETTE MACDONALD and Gene Raymond, on a no-destination motor trip, happened to pick up a Hollywood paper in Arizona. In a daily column Jeanette read that she would never be teamed with Nelson Eddy again, but the

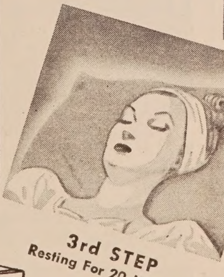
[*Continued on page* 78]

4 QUICK STEPS
WITH THE NEW LINIT
Complexion Mask

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

*1st STEP
Mixing Takes a Minute

2nd STEP
Applying Takes a Minute



3rd STEP
Resting For 20 Minutes

4th STEP
Rinsing Off Completely

Linit
THE MODERN ALL PURPOSE
POWDER
FOR THE SKIN

IT'S NEW!
LINIT ALL-PURPOSE POWDER
for every member of the family. Delightfully different. TRY IT TO-DAY!

LINIT
LINIT FOR THE BATH
MASK for the FACE
BATH for the BODY

Why not try Linit Complexion Mask NOW?
All grocers sell Linit

FACIAL FROM YOUR PURSE WITHOUT CREAM!

Improved Cleansing Pads Won't Dry the Skin.. Actually Soothe and Soften!

QUICKIES
CLEANSING PADS

Escape at last from "AFTERNOON FACE"

Late afternoon...away from home...make-up stale... date with HIM for dinner...mirror says: "Complete new make-up needed." No cream with you...no time for a regular facial...but, thanks to the QUICKIES in your purse, HE sees you at your best!

QUICKIES are downy-soft circles of special cloth that come to you all ready saturated with a marvelous cleansing and freshening lotion! One QUICKIES instantly wipes away powder and rouge ...cleanses your skin *without drying it*... freshens your skin...smooths it and gives a base *that powder will really stick to.* Carry QUICKIES...for a quick facial any time, anywhere! So economical too! ... 100 QUICKIES in a boudoir jar and 15 in the purse vanity 55c... everywhere.

QUICKIES

Anti-Drying CLEANSING PADS

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. **10-D Frontier Bldg.**
462 Niagara St. **Buffalo, N. Y.**

JEWELED WRIST WATCH FREE OF ANY EXTRA CHARGE. SMART! TINY! RICH!

Simulated diamonds set in Lifetime Sterling (U.S.Govt. Standard) Rich 1/30, 14k Gold.

1939 Queen Quality Watch. Dial Small as a Dime. Jeweled. Accuracy Guarantee enclosed.

WATCH is yours FREE of any extra charge with every ring ordered during **SALE** and paid for promptly on our easy two monthly $2 payment plan (total only $4). Remember, the cost of the watch is included in the price of the ring ...**YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA for the Watch!** Wear 10 days ON APPROVAL! **Send NO Money with order! We trust you.** Mail **coupon** now. We pay postage. Your package comes at once by ***return mail.***

SEND NO MONEY

●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO., Dept T-3911, Newton, Mass.
Rush offer. ☐ Ladies' Model ☐ Men's Model
NAME____________________________
ADDRESS__________________________

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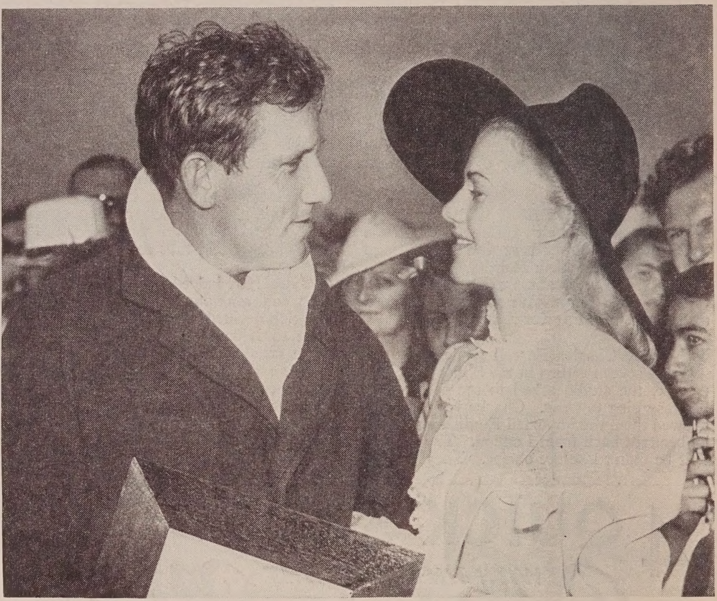
THE POSTMAN RINGS



Ginger Rogers beams proudly on Spencer Tracy after presenting him with trophy at completion of the charity polo matches. Ginger sponsored the Red team, which was victorious by a score of 10 to 8 over the Green team sponsored by Joan Bennett

$15.00 Prize Letter

Attention, Producers!

DEAR EDITOR:
After the hundreds of reels devoted to dramas of divorce, cafe society and the Park Avenue set, the American family has returned to Class "A" pictures. Not since the tragic death of Will Rogers have the plain people had a fighting chance until the first of the Hardy family series was filmed.

These stories are so normal that they delight the right-minded movie goer, thoroughly sick of glittering nonsense. Mother is not demanding Romance; Father does not seek to renew his youth with an attractive ingenue. The children are an important part of the scene, not unnecessary additions thrust away in snobbish boarding schools. The home scene is not saccharine; the children's obviously great love for their parents is balanced by their natural brother and sister wrangling.

Let's have many more Hardy family films. Let's watch Andy and his sister grow up and their mother and father grow old, like the family across the street.—*Nell Joan Ranson, 2339 Quenby Road, Houston, Texas.*

Would you like to see the picture of your favorite male star on the cover of SCREEN BOOK? The editors will welcome your opinion on the suggestion in the following letter.

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!!

$10.00 Prize Letter

Forgotten Men?

DEAR EDITOR: Hooray for the men! They are actually rating.

What must our famous actors possess to rate their photos on the covers of movie magazines? It must be something which very few possess for it is a rare occasion when a male does grace the cover of a fan magazine. *It was indeed a surprise to see Richard Greene's photo on the cover of the August issue of SCREEN BOOK.*

It seems that most movie magazines give only the female sex credit for possessing beauty, charm and popularity while our actors receive no credit for their handsomeness.

I'm sure other fans will join with me in saying: *More power to the men and may we see more of them on the covers of movie magazines.—M. Faye Brown, Battle Creek, Iowa.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Combined Talents

DEAR EDITOR: Now and then new personalities flash on the screen. Sometimes we accept them because some producer insists on keeping a newcomer in the limelight. However, most of the time we make our own decisions, and as a result, we have two of the finest artists on the screen today. They are Nelson Eddy and Deanna Durbin. These two have proved again and again, that all praise and success they have gained, is richly deserved.

Each new picture finds us applauding their fine work, and their glorious voices ring in our ears long after we have left the theatre. I respect and admire the co-stars of Deanna and Nelson, but I can't help thinking what a rare treat it would be to see them together in a picture.*—Julie Chadzar, 726 Casgrain Ave., Detroit, Mich.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Boosting Alan Curtis

DEAR EDITOR: I have a criticism to make. Maybe I don't know anything about the intricate machinery of Hollywood, but when a good actor like Alan Curtis, who has a lot of personality and box office appeal, is relegated to insignificant roles, something's wrong somewhere.

Curtis scored a magnificent hit in *Mannequin* as Joan Crawford's handsome, shiftless first husband, and I expected to see a follow-up of even greater importance. Instead he appeared briefly and unimportantly in *Yellow Jack* and *Shopworn Angel.*

Here's hoping M-G-M does something to remedy this.*—Dan Hayden, 2603 Third Ave., Seattle, Wash.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

A Moot Question

DEAR EDITOR: Recently, I drove two hundred miles to see Helen Hayes in *Victoria Regina.* Her inimitable interpretation of Queen Victoria was worth every inch of the long ride. And thereby hangs my question:

Why don't producers serve more Broadway and less Hollywood on our cinema menus? These stage artists bring more than good looks and perfect diction to their roles. Their flawless technique and sureness of touch (paging Miss Hayes' Victorian chuckle) live on in the hearts of their audience long after their lines are forgotten.

We mountain folk appreciate the best in drama, music, art and literature, but we're too far from Broadway to see the latest hits or attend grand opera. Consider Katharine Cornell in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* George Arliss in *The Merchant of Venice,* George M. Cohan in *I'd Rather Be Right.* Masterpieces—all of them! Why does Hollywood deny us these masterpieces?—*Frank F. Rowe, 1038½ Murdock Ave., Parkersburg, West Va.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Critic vs. Critic

DEAR EDITOR: Whenever a newspaper or magazine writer has occasion to refer to Robert Taylor, he invariably rings in the phrase "pretty boy." Now, who in Tophet gave birth to that odious expression? I know that Bob resents it—any red-blooded man would. I've had the pleasure of seeing Robert Taylor in practically every one of his pictures. For the life of me I can't understand how anyone in his right mind can say that Bob is anything but a manly, handsome American youth with a physique that bears testimony to his ability to blacken the eyes of those petty critics who sneer at him. I suggest that these latter gentlemen read Aesop's fable of the fox and the grapes.

Long live Robert Taylor! And down with his detractors!*—Mrs. Mary McCullough, 418 Undercliff Ave., Edgewater, N. J.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Better Westerns

DEAR EDITOR: It has always been a mystery to me why some of the better class movie houses don't show a good Western picture occasionally. It is seldom that a good picture of this type is made and when there is one it is usually booked in some cheap theatre that the majority of fans don't care to attend.

I long for the day when someone will "discover" another Fred Thompson, Tom Mix or William S. Hart.*—Hollis E. Smith, Hotel Roanoke, Roanoke, Va.*

In the roles of society girl and newspaperman, Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda, become romantically involved in RKO Radio's newest *The Mad Miss Manton*

new! daring! exciting! glamorous!

"BLACK" Lip Stick

By VARADY

Gives Your Lips That Alluring, Tantalizing Appeal For New Moments of Romance

Amazing "Black" Lipstick Changes Instantly, When Applied, to Glamorous, Blood-Warmth Shade of Radiant Red! . . . Most Amazing, One *Lipstick Gives* Any *Shade Desired!*

GIVE YOUR LIPS the clinging witchery of midnight romance . . . the look that attracts and enchants men! *All you do is use the amazing new "black" lipstick creation that has aided thousands of women* to acquire new allure, new mystery, new glamor!

The name of this sensational lipstick marvel is Varady's Midnite Rose Shade. *Never before has there been anything like it in America.* It is black with the deep rapture of whispering shadows. Yet *it changes instantly when you apply it* to the ravishing color of blood-warmth; makes lips appear moist and dewy with the yearnings of youth; gives them a vivid look of promise that holds men spellbound!

Created by Varady, *renowned beauty authority*, and creator of world-famous beauty aids. Ask for Varady's Midnite Rose Shade now, at any cosmetic counter, and see your lips with new and intriguing loveliness.

"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

"On Parisian boulevards, everyone is raving about this seductive new black color in lipsticks!

"As the creator of Varady's face powder and rouge, Oil of Youth, face cream and other well known beauty aids, I am glad to offer you the original American-made 'black' lipstick.

In the interests of your own charm, I urge you to try it."

Varady

Permanent! Indelible! Waterproof! Midnite Rose will give your lips any shade desired!

If your cosmetic counter cannot supply you with Varady's "black" lipstick, send coin or stamps to Varady, 427 W. Randolph St., Chicago. Please specify whether you wish the 25c or 55c size.

'NOW FEEL MY SKIN!'
'SMOOTH AS SATIN! . . . MUST BE THE DAIRY MILK OILS IN YOUR NEW BEAUTY CREME.'

★ Genuine milk-oils . . . resembling natural human skin oils . . . bring amazingly quick results. Get this all-purpose creme at department, drug, & 10¢ stores and beauty shops.

DUART CREME OF MILK creme

DUART

CREME OF MILK CREME

CONTAINS MILK-OILS BLENDED WITH OTHER OILS

AMAZING NEW UNDERARM PADS

STOP PERSPIRATION

Unbelievable effectiveness, safety, convenience. Simply wipe BOTH underarms with one pad, and throw away!

Now it's easy to make sure underarms are daintily dry and sweet. Use one 5 DAY pad and go to office, parties or anywhere without offensive underarm perspiration odor, wet armpits or stained sleeves. Often effective 5 days or more, depending upon the individual. Easy on clothes too. You see that for yourself—the saturated cloth pads are not harmed by the mild, gentle lotion. Large jar 55c at all toilet goods counters.

MEN! Not a cream. Won't mat underarm hair. Quick, easy to use.

5 DAY

UNDERARM PADS

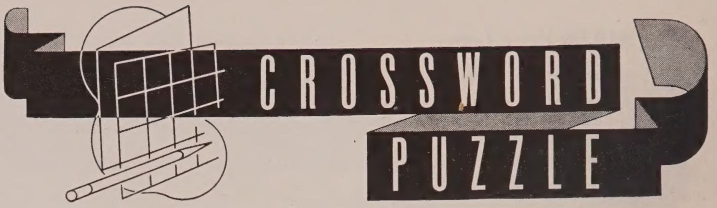
NO FRIENDS SINCE PIMPLES CAME?

Get this help in guarding against skin-blotching intestinal poisons

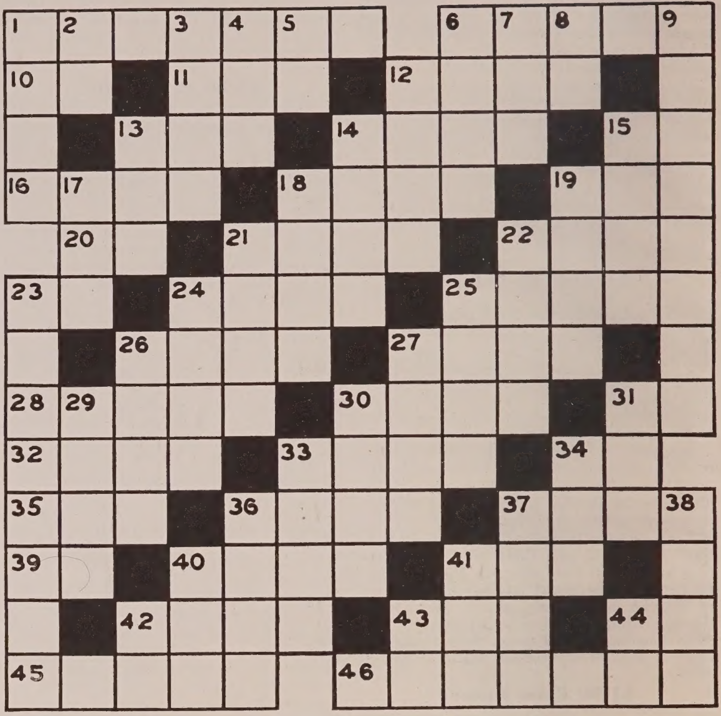
Are ugly skin eruptions spoiling your good times . . . making others shun you? Find out what the trouble may be—and take steps to help it.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, or even longer, important gland changes often upset the system. The skin often becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons from the intestinal tract may get into the blood stream . . . and be carried to the skin to cause disfiguring pimples.

Many have been helped by the regular use of Fleischmann's Yeast. Millions of tiny, *live* plants in each cake of this fresh food act to help keep intestinal waste poisons from the blood . . . and so help your broken-out skin. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—one cake ½ hour before meals. Buy some today!



CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. First name of feminine lead in *Tropic Holiday.*
6. Gracie Allen's husband.
10. Initials of one who had title role in *Adventures of Robin Hood.*
11. ——— *Killed Gail Preston?*
12. Part of a movie camera.
13. *Buzzy* in *Having Wonderful Time.*
14. First name of one who portrayed *Mrs. Harlow* in *Hawaii Calls.*
15. *We're Going To* ——— *Rich.*
16. His last name is Ames.
18. ——— *Company.*
19. *Held* ——— *Ransom.*
20. Anita Louise was born here (abbr.).
21. A particular character in a screenplay.
22. *Cecelia* in *I'll Give a Million.*
23. Miss Dodd's initials.
24. Popular Disney character.
25. Richard Dix was starred in ——— *Alibi.*
26. Petite Mexican actress.
27. ——— *Men and a Prayer.*
28. Whose role was that of *Mrs. Boylan* in *Little Tough Guy?*
30. *Nita Kenton* in *When Were You Born?*
31. *Romance* ——— *the Run.*
32. First name of Miss Logan, Scotch lassie.
33. *Jackson* in *He Loved an Actress.*
34. Initials of director wed to Miriam Hopkins.
35. Jack Luden and Eleanor Stewart had leads in *Stagecoach* ——— (sing.).
36. Motion picture.
37. *Love Finds* ——— *Hardy.*
39. *Storm* ——— *a Teacup.*
40. Her last name is Andre.
41. What stars bask in at Palm Springs.
42. ——— *Jeff.*
43. ——— *Are Such Fools.*
44. Claire ——— Brey.
45. Louis Hayward had title role in *The* ——— *in New York.*
46. Mrs. Ralph Forbes.

DOWN

1. *Bugs* in *Crime School.*
2. *The Rage* ——— *Paris.*
3. *Captain Hoseason* in *Kidnapped.*
4. Word used in most film titles.
5. Henry Otho's initials.
6. Robert Woolsey's co-star.
7. *Bess* in *Adventures of Robin Hood.*
8. Initials of one who plays opposite Joan Bennett in *The Texans.*
9. *Madge Perry* in *Little Miss Thoroughbred.*
12. ——— *Horizon.*
13. The girl in *Too Hot To Handle.*
14. *Romance in the* ———.
15. ——— *To the West.*
17. *Three on a Week* ———.
18. Joe E. Brown starred in *Wide Open* ——— (sing.).
19. John Arledge and Mary Lou Lender played opposite in *County* ———.
21. What Tuffy and Skippy once were
22. Color of Una Merkel's eyes.
23. Laurel and Hardy screenplays.
24. *Stella* in *Rascals.*
25. *Tommy Devlin* in *City Streets.*
26. Recent bride of Andre Kostelanetz.
27. Lloyd Nolan and Shirley Ross played opposite in *Prison* ———.
29. First name of one who portrayed *Dapper* in *Gangs of New York.*
30. First name of 30 Across.
31. William Boyd has lead in *In* ——— *Mexico.*
33. *Gold Is Where You* ——— *It.*
34. First name of 9 Down.
36. Carole Lombard was born in ——— Wayne, Indiana.
37. May Robson played this relative in *Adventures of Tom Sawyer.*
38. *Swing* ——— *Lady.*
40. *Bull* in *Passport Husband.*
41. *Souls At* ———.
42. Lloyd Ingraham's initials.
43. *Give* ——— *a Sailor.*
44. Olivia ——— Havilland.

(Solution on page 71)

A Little from "Lots"

[*Continued from page* 31]

he admonished. "Not with Charlie MacArthur and Ben Hecht on the script! It's a comedy riot with action. Cary and Victor are trying to get Doug to re-enlist so he won't go off and marry Joan Fontaine and raise little tea planters. They put elephant medicine in the punch to help things along. And then Cary gets the brilliant idea of making them a fortune by stealing the gold leaf off the Thug's temple. That's why the boys are in a bit of a jam this afternoon."

This gives us an idea. Let's wander over to that temple.

Wander is right. For five miles we gallop along a cow-path and into a canyon of jagged rocks. Two guards stop us. What is this? "Your passes are okay but we gotta be careful," they explain. Beyond is an odd, queerly beautiful little temple that looks as if it had stood there a thousand years instead of three days. And the dome, believe it or not, is of gold leaf! The only thing that photographs like gold leaf is the real stuff. No wonder the guards are careful!

THERE'S another set a mile and a half beyond. (Nancy, don't lose that spark plug now!) We pass the place where Bill Boyd shoots most of his western operas, pass the big inland lake where a lot of your kitchen borax comes from and discover a regular British parade ground and cantonment. But why are men oiling that sand? Oh, it seems the soil of India is black and this is greyish so they oil it.

Night over Tent City. A desert night. All the company have brought chairs from their tents and are sitting quietly watching "Marie Antoinette" run off on an improvised screen. Having made a movie all day, they see one at night. Gosh, what this ozone does to us. The queen goes to the guillotine—and we go to bed.

Midnight. We hit the tent ceiling. What is that, Gabriel's horn blowing? Nope, it's the camp siren. *Bohara is burning!* Nobody knows how it caught fire but already two buildings are down. Dim figures fly past us with buckets. Cary Grant has emerged in bright yellow pajamas and, still half asleep, is carrying a one-pint fire extinguisher! The whole company is pouring down that strip of road. It's almost a half hour before the fire brigade comes puffing up from the nearest village of Lone Pine. Bohara is ablaze against the backdrop of the mountains.

"How long before you can re-build it?" Director Stevens asks the studio engineer.

"Three days," is the laconic reply.

"Good. We'll change the shooting schedule and work at the parade grounds tomorrow." Just that. No fuss, no delay. In the midst of the excitement we stumble over the water-carrier, fast asleep! He woke up, did his bit and dropped peacefully off again. You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

From sirens to songs, back in Hollywood again, all safe and sunburned, and out to M-G-M to see what those *Sweethearts* are doing.

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are having a Thin Man marriage in song to the tune of a $25,000-a-day overhead. That's because it's being done in Technicolor. Black-and-white would have cost a mere $20,000 a day.

Down we go to stages 5 and 6 where M-G-M has its permanent theatre set. Eleanor Powell did all her tripping the light fantastic there. Now Jeanette's doing comedy dance in wooden shoes with Ray Bolger. And she looks like something you want in your Christmas stocking in that Dutch girl outfit. Ray swings off into an intricate solo number. "Hey, stop!" bellows the sound man. Ray is breathing so hard he's spoiling the sound of his taps!

Director Woody Van Dyke makes a clucking noise under his tongue. "You're a fine dancer! You don't see Nelson Eddy puffing like that after he sings."

"No. But he doesn't do taps with his tonsils!" Ray shoots back.

The set is jammed with comedians. Beside Ray we spy Mischa Auer, Herman Bing—and there's Frank Morgan. (He's the producer of the Sweethearts show in which Nelson and Jeanette are married co-stars *a la* Lunt-Fontanne.) A thousand "dress" extras are sitting in the audience intent on the revolving stage. First, it's the tulip garden scene with a tremendous windmill and the Albertina Rasch ballet providing the power.

Jeanette says, "I love—*oh, what is that line!*" Van Dyke, (who also directed *Marie Antoinette*) shakes his head and rolls his eyes. "That Shearer, oh, that Shearer. What an actress, what talent!" Jeanette makes a moue at him. "Can't a girl blow up in her lines once in a while?"

For answer he steps out on the stage with an extra girl. "Now," says Woody, "I'll show you how the waltz she is done." And they do it. Not bad at all, even if Woody does swing it a little. The extras seated below start throwing pennies! Van Dyke takes a bow and the show goes on.

Nelson stops whittling balsa wood (his pet trick between scenes) and buttons up his white-and-gold prince's costume. As Jeanette enters the forest, with the chapel bells ringing, he comes down the castle steps to meet her. They end up in a duet, "Every Lover Must Meet His Fate," that brings even the electricians from behind their lamps to listen.

A little man near us is standing entranced. At the finish he turns to us. "Gott, how wonderful!" says Jose Iturbi. Coming from him, that's praise.

"SHIFT the arcs for the close-ups," orders Van Dyke. And the company settles back for a half-hour wait. Frank Morgan, as usual, is asleep in the back row of the theatre. He's the sleepingest man alive. Van Dyke nods silently in the direction of Harry, the prop man. Harry climbs a ladder above Morgan carrying two buckets of assorted "prop" knives, light globes, empty bottles and what-have-you. At a signal from the director, some three hundred extras yell "Look out!" and Harry dumps the lot. They land all around Frank. Mr. Morgan lands near the roof. In a single gesture he kicks over the seat in front of him and starts running. "E-earth-quake! Everybody out!" Then he sees the look on Van Dyke's face and Harry's and grins sheepishly. Two minutes later he's sound asleep again.

Back into the jaloppy and off to Columbia's ranch in San Fernando Valley. It's the last day of shooting *You Can't Take It With You* and we can't miss that!

It's the little Broadway opus, you remember, that Harry Cohn bought because Frank Capra stayed awake all one night reading it.

[*Continued on page* 71]

IT'S RAINING FLOWERS!
CHERAMY

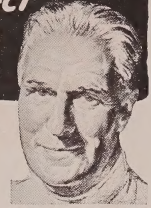
April Showers

Eau de Cologne

HERE are vitalizing drops to refresh body and soul . . . to scent you enchantingly with *"April Showers,"* Cheramy's famous *"Perfume of Youth."*

April Showers Eau de Cologne is a luxurious necessity . . . a necessary luxury . . . at an economical price. *It is Exquisite, but not Expensive.*

April Showers Eau de Cologne, 50¢, 90¢ and $1.50
April Showers Perfume (purse size), 28¢, 50¢ and $1.
April Showers Talc, 28¢ and 55¢



IF YOU SAW WHAT I SEE EVERY DAY YOU'D NEVER NEGLECT SOFT, TENDER GUMS!

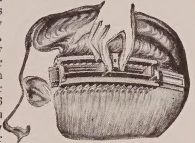
CONSULT your dentist at once if your gums are soft, tender or bleed easily. And *don't fail* to cooperate with him at home.

Forhan's Does Both Jobs

CLEANS TEETH • AIDS GUMS

To help your dentist keep your gums firm and healthy—your teeth bright and shining—massage gums twice every day with Forhan's Toothpaste. Forhan's is *different*. It contains a *special ingredient for your gums*.

WAVE Your HAIR AT HOME with "JACKEY" Wave Setter



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231 W. Monroe St., Dept. 1118, Chicago, Ill.

The Man Who Came Back

[*Continued from page* 64]

"and before they left he told them that if any harm came to his mother, still in Spain, he would hunt down all three and kill them.

"It takes a tragic sidelight of that sort to make an American appreciate what's going on in Europe now. To make him appreciate America."

Farrell leased a flat in the Mayfair district of London before he sailed for home. Tommy Farr, the English fighter, is occupying it now, but Charlie has a London place whenever he wants to return.

He is sure he will return. He can't be tied down to one environment. He's been home now for quite a while and he's beginning to think of a trip to Alaska.

Once again he stands a chance of returning with more money than he set out with. Oil wells, this time.

"The wildest of wildcats," he confessed with a chuckle. "Those of us who went into it realized that we might lose every penny. Oil has never been discovered in paying quantities in Alaska. We know they've found traces but this might mean only that there used to be oil in Alaska ten million years ago. If we find it, we can sell across the Straits to the Orient. . . ."

THE business man was struggling with the actor again. Possibly this is what makes Farrell so restless. He insists upon being artistic and practical at once.

When he first came to the coast as business manager for a comedian who had played a vaudeville skit in the movie theatres of Farrell, Sr., Charlie chucked the job to seek another as extra in a movie mob scene. He thought perhaps there might be more money and more satisfaction for him in acting than in any of the things for which his Boston University training had fitted him. Again he guessed right.

He had $18 to back up his yen for an appearance in a movie mob scene, but he was down to one dollar when Director King Vidor gave him a chance as an extra. Later they let him carry Mary Pickford out of a scene in *Rosita*, and shortly after that he was "discovered" and given the leading male role in the Fox film, *Wings of Youth*.

From then on it was slow progress until luck again took a hand and brought him in a rush to stardom. Only Farrell doesn't believe in luck when you pin him down. "I'm not superstitious," he says, "except in denying all omens. If a black cat crosses my path I say, 'H'm. Good luck!' because everybody else says it isn't."

Just the same, luck or its equivalent sent him to see Frank Borzage. Farrell intended to recommend one of his friends for the role of *Chico* in *Seventh Heaven* with Janet Gaynor. Borzage gave Farrell the part instead.

Charlie has always kept a boat at San Pedro for solo fishing trips. Today he has the boat, three homes (Toluca Lake, Beverly Hills and Palm Springs) and the flat in Mayfair. His wanderlust is as urgent as before and unpredictable even to himself.

For one thing, he argues, a man who gets around has a lot of interesting new experiences. Once Charlie Farrell loaned Elliott Roosevelt a pair of pants! It was when he met the President's son at a rodeo in which Farrell participated. They were cowboy pants.

"I consider that," said Charlie, "one of the most unusual highlights of my career."

Perhaps Elliott Roosevelt does, too.

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A Little from "Lots"

[*Continued from page* 69]

"A play that can do that *has* to be good!" said Mr. Cohn.

By using a bit of movie magic—and $100,000—they've transported a whole section of New York, including a couple of elevated railroads, to the ranch. It's the "Vanderhof Neighborhood" so watch out, folks. You can't tell what that mad, merry family is going to do next. No, sir. Grandpa Vanderhof (Lionel Barrymore) throws darts and they have a lab where they experiment with fireworks. That's what we have come out to watch. The explosion. . . When Capra directs sizzling skyrockets in a picture, brother, I want to be there!

So, apparently, does the Los Angeles fire department. They have two engines standing by as a precaution. While they're waiting for a new setup, a couple of the firemen are "darting" with Grandpa Barrymore and Big Banker Edward Arnold for a penny a throw.

The banker's son seems to be wrapped around a drawing board at the moment, directly under one of the "Els." Chap by the name of James Stewart. He glances up. "Hey look! These are the plans for our new house. I'm workin' on 'em between scenes. Only chance I've ever had to use that architect's diploma I got from Princeton once."

Jimmy didn't get that diploma for nothing. The house is going to be a honey. L-shaped so it can be built around the three sycamores on the lot. He and John Swope are putting up $5,000 a piece for the whole thing and they'll probably have one of the loveliest places in Coldwater Canyon.

THE banker's son's sweetheart is taking a xylophone lesson. It's Jean Arthur's first picture in a year and she looks as if it were fun. Not a sign of temperament. But then, there never is on a Capra production. They say he directs with his eyebrows. You never hear him. He slides under the camera around nine in the morning and slides out again about five. But before every big scene he holds a cast conference and asks for suggestions. Asks if the actors have any kick about their lines. The methods of the great are always simple and effective!

"Did you see my cabbage?" Capra wants to know. "Here." He winds up the "cabbage" and a rabbit pops out of the top—to music! Really an old French music box he picked up in Paris. He liked it so much he had to have it in the picture, so he created the part of the inventor (Donald Meek) to invent it!

That's the kind of Capra "craziness" that has filled Columbia's coffers.

The xylophonist is swinging it and even the firemen have trouble holding their feet. He's a southern boy—and Hollywood's newest success story. Dub Taylor grinned his way into the casting office two months ago. His ex-vaudeville pals had said, "Sure. Capra's starting a new production. Needs a xylophonist." They meant it as a joke. But nothing's a joke when you're broke and the baby needs not only shoes but milk. Dub grinned his way right into Capra's office. Forty minutes later his name was on the dotted line and he telephoned his wife he was bringing steak home for dinner. But he thought it was a "bit" part. Wonder if they had champagne when he learned it was one of the biggest parts in the picture.

"Places!" Police are about to raid the Vanderhof home as the fireworks pop. It's a swell explosion. No retakes. No wonder actors love Capra!

Have you ever met *The Lady and the Cowboy*? It seems the lady, Merle Oberon, has a wealthy papa but she pretends to rodeo cowboy, Gary Cooper, that she's one of the maids—all at Sam Goldwyn's expense. Over at Stage 4 on the United Artists' lot, where a little *Hurricane* took place a few months back, a cattle boat is rocking gently on its way to New Orleans. The rodeo crowd (all Gary's real life buddies like John Judd who knew him years ago and Steve Clemente, the knife thrower) are aboard. But this is a private scene between the Lady and her bull-throwing Man. She doesn't like the fragrance of the cows. He doesn't like the lie he has just found out about. They fight. . . .

"Kid" Cooper leads with a right palm. "Battling" Oberon lets him have it on the shin. It's the first time Gary has ever hit a lady in his entire career. He's blushing like a Pacific sunset. When it's all over he says in a still, small voice, "Gosh, Merle, did I hurt you?"

"Hurt me?" she laughs. "Every other inch is black and blue!" But it's the truth. Merle retires with a bottle of arnica to her dressing room which is just about overflowing with George Brent's red roses. (D'you suppose it's serious?)

COOPER goes off murmuring deprecations on scenarists who write in sock-the-lady scenes. We follow. He heads straight for the "prop" shop. With great care he takes off a canvas cover and picks up a knife. He's building a boat! A four-and-a-half-foot model open-cockpit power boat equipped with a steam engine (Cooper design) that's fitted with coils heated by a blow-torch!

"Made one before," Cooper admits. "Tried it in the pool. It sank. . . ."

Cooper, the unpredictable. He's a cowhand who models ships. He's less interested in clothes than any man in Hollywood yet he was recently named one of the ten best-dressed in the world. (He turns a bright brick color when you mention that one and looks to see if any of his pals heard.)

They're calling him back to the set. He goes off reluctantly. Got to lick a lady.

"Don't worry. She's padded now!" says the assistant director and Cooper heaves a sigh of relief.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

D	O	R	O	T	H	Y		B	U	R	N	S
E	F	■	W	H	O	■	L	E	N	S	■	H
L	■	L	E	E	■	D	O	R	A	■	B	E
L	E	O	N	■	F	A	S	T	■	F	O	R
	N	Y	■	P	A	R	T	■	B	A	R	I
C	D	■	D	U	C	K	■	B	L	I	N	D
O	■	L	U	P	E	■	F	O	U	R	■	A
M	A	I	N	S	■	L	A	N	E	■	O	N
E	L	L	A	■	F	O	R	D	■	A	L	
D	A	Y	■	F	I	L	M	■	A	N	D	Y
I	N	■	L	O	N	A	■	S	U	N	■	O
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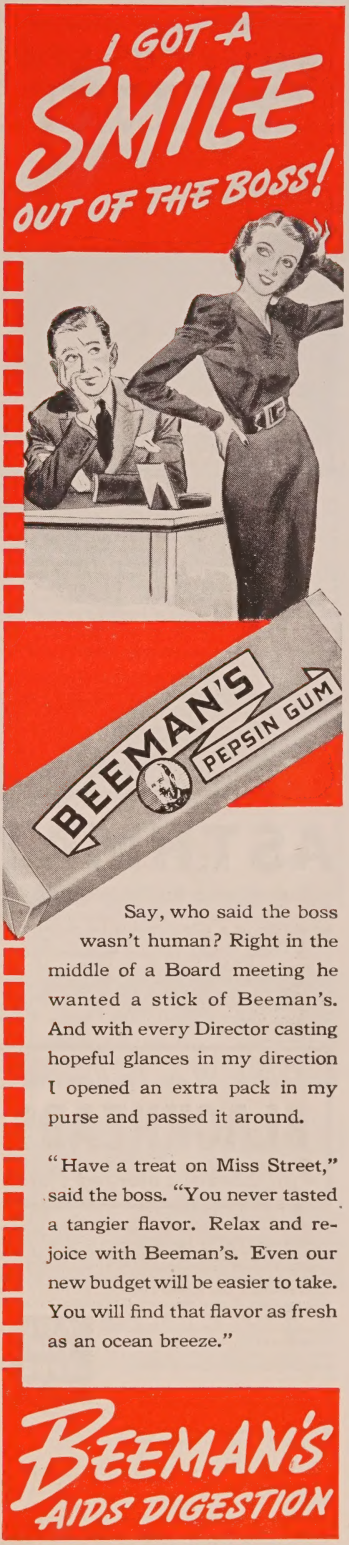

Say, who said the boss wasn't human? Right in the middle of a Board meeting he wanted a stick of Beeman's. And with every Director casting hopeful glances in my direction I opened an extra pack in my purse and passed it around.

"Have a treat on Miss Street," said the boss. "You never tasted a tangier flavor. Relax and rejoice with Beeman's. Even our new budget will be easier to take. You will find that flavor as fresh as an ocean breeze."

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SCREEN BOOK 11-38

She Minds Her Own Business

[*Continued from page 29*]

During that mad week on the Selznick lot when Carole Lombard was working as a press agent there, a strange parallel between the two girls was brought to light.

Janet's dressing room bungalow and the publicity department are next door to each other. Interviewers and columnists coming in the Selznick gate would invariably mistake Janet's bungalow for the one where Lombard was working, and not a few of them burst in on her. Did they find Janet attired in a silken hostess gown, holding court, as so many stars do in their private dressing rooms? They did not.

There at a desk they saw a tiny figure dressed in faded blue slacks and a blue sweater, wearing the most battered pair of years-old brown oxfords they had ever seen. Janet was industriously making out checks, checking over bills, settling accounts, answering letters.

Nor could she be disturbed. Janet collects all her own money, keeps her own books and arranges her own contracts. This, of course, takes numerous days out of every month. She would greet the intruders politely and point to where the publicity department really was.

After several days of interruptions, a large painted sign appeared over the entrance to the Gaynor bungalow. "This is not the Publicity Department." And over the publicity department entrance a second sign made its appearance: "DANGER, LOMBARD AT WORK."

IT'S true the two girls were both working hard. Lombard, gay, vivacious and hilarious—Gaynor, quiet, studious, bookkeeperish. Lombard at work in the smartest sport frock, Gaynor at work in four-year-old slacks and a sweater. Yet, in spite of the contrast in appearance, in spite of the contrasting "attack" which they use, both of them were motivated by the same interest. Both preferred the week of extra-curriculum work to a week of roistering and general time-wasting.

One day Carole, still acting as studio press agent, called Janet in for an interview. Soon the two girls were talking about the old days, the lean days when they were both beginning.

"Say, Janet, remember when you were making *The Johnstown Flood* at Fox?"

"Of course I do. That was the picture in which I got my first break. But how do you happen to remember it?"

"It was my break, too," Carole laughed. "I was one of your bridesmaids in that picture. Naturally you wouldn't remember me because I was wearing a black wig. It was one of the first pictures in which I didn't wear a bathing suit!"

"Oh, I remember you as a bathing beauty all right because I used to be one too. Not because I was a beauty," smiled Janet, "but because I had a bathing suit. It was about the only thing I had which was presentable. I just didn't have any other clothes. The Hal Roach studio knew it too and I guess the casting director felt sorry for me. Once or twice a month he always gave me a bathing call. If it hadn't been for that, I wouldn't be here now." And for an hour or two the two girls discussed the beginnings of their careers.

In this respect Janet is unlike many another star. Most of them want to forget

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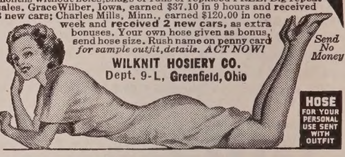

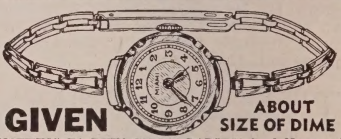

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their lowly extra days. But Janet has a wall-motto which she moves from one dressing room to another. It says simply, "Nothing doing today." That's the phrase she heard repeatedly in casting offices during her first years in Hollywood. It reminds her to be constantly grateful for the success she now enjoys. She is always delighted to talk about her early struggles, and likes to discuss her experiences as a movie theatre usher with Tyrone Power.

Tyrone used to be an usher too, and when these two go to a movie together, as they do occasionally, they invariably start laughing at their own past experiences. Janet and Tyrone, today, are probably the easiest customers in the world for an usher to seat. If there are three empty seats on the aisle, which an usher is saving for a threesome, most couples will insist on sitting there anyway. Not Tyrone and Janet. They remember how mad they used to get in the same situation.

NATURALLY all Hollywood was agog over this particular twosome when they first started going out, wondering if Janet and Tyrone were in love. But if you could see them together you would know that where there are so many laughs there is no place for serious romanticism. As a matter of fact, it's doubtful that Janet will ever be deeply in love again. Her unhappy marriage to Lydel Peck a number of years ago, ending in divorce, closed her mind and heart on that score. Also, Janet is so independent that her existence is quite complete as it is.

She has numerous friends, and her mother whom she adores. She's not the kind of woman who demands and craves flattering male attention wherever she goes. Her friends, incidentally, with the exception of Tyrone and a few others, are mostly outside the motion picture business. They're not even the top-flight people in other types of business either, the so-called kings and queens of commerce and banking. In Honolulu, for example, where she has a home, her constant companions are a bank clerk, an advertising man and a manager of a dairy farm. In Hollywood her friends are the type who don't own Tuxedos. This is not an exaggeration. On the night of the formal preview of *A Star Is Born,* those same friends couldn't attend for just that reason. They foregathered in her home to see Janet off and later to listen to the opening over the radio.

Janet herself was attired in evening clothes for the first time in many months. She wore a simple black dress with a white pique jacket. The entire outfit could have been bought anywhere for less than $40.

Janet, eager and excited as a child, came running down the stairs to "show off." For the first time in her life, in public, she was wearing false eyelashes. She fluttered them around, blinked them under everyone's nose and said, "See, I'm supposed to be a big star tonight, but nobody'll believe I am unless I wear these lashes. Pray for me, everybody, so they won't fall off!"

After the preview there was a party at the Trocadero to which she was invited, but between the preview and the party she insisted on stopping at her house for a minute, to see the friends who had listened.

"Well, kids, what did you think of it?"

In connection with *A Star Is Born,* there is an interesting story attesting her great courage and popularity. For years Janet had held the Number One position at Fox. But came a change in the studio regime and a certain story was suggested for a Gaynor picture which Janet didn't think was right for her. She balked and for the first time in her career the studio loaned her to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where she made *Small Town Girl.* Before the release of that picture it was rumored around that Janet Gaynor was through, that she was no longer starring material but should be used as a featured player. At that time her contract expired. She was through, in the sense that until *Small Town Girl,* her pictures for a period had not been good. But she was not through from the standpoint of having her salary lowered or receiving less studio interest. On the day when she left Fox she had bids from every other studio in town offering her top star money—$150,000 per picture.

She considered all offers, read numerous scripts, then on her own judgement selected David O. Selznick's proposition to go into the Technicolor *A Star Is Born.* It was a wise move. The picture was voted by 7,300 motion picture exhibitors throughout the country as the top money-making picture of 1937.

Upon their arrival in Omaha, Nebraska, original setting for their new picture, *Boys' Town,* Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney receive royal welcome by Mayor Dan Walker (left) and Father Flanagan

CHILDREN CONSTIPATED?

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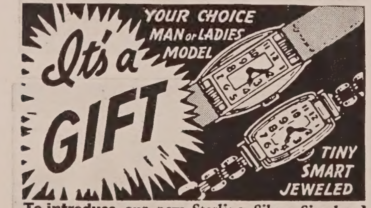

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Movie audiences may not have been aware of the significance of a line of dialogue in that picture, uttered by Adolphe Menjou who had the role of a movie producer. Menjou at the moment of signing Janet to a contract, in the picture, said to her, "Of course a lot of people are going to think I'm crazy to sign you to a starring contract. I believe they are wrong. I still believe that there are a lot of people who want to see decency on the screen and therefore I believe you will be a great motion picture star."

Undoubtedly Menjou was speaking the words of David O. Selznick who had signed Janet in real life. It was a defiant answer to those who had hinted that she was "through."

It is interesting to note that *Seventh Heaven,* the picture which carried Janet to fame in 1927, was remade in 1937 and released simultaneously with the release of *A Star Is Born.* Critics and fans alike, sympathetic to Simone Simon in the remake, nevertheless could not resist the temptation of comparing her performance to that of Janet Gaynor. Ironically enough, the *Seventh Heaven* reviews really served as an extra campaign for Janet who at that moment was a star being reborn on the screens throughout the world.

JANET has faced, alone and bravely, quite a few crises in her personal life. She lost her own father as a young girl, learned to love a step-father, then lost him shortly after her first jump to fame. Her adored mother has been seriously ill many times and Janet herself suffered a severe accident several years ago while making *Way Down East* with Henry Fonda. A fall, resulting in concussion of the brain, put her on the sick list for three months. But these serious personal problems seldom reach the public because Janet tries to keep her life well out of the press. She succeeds, too, by keeping her life so simple that there is little to write about.

Janet is seldom seen in the night spots or in any of the so-called "better places" where most stars go. She lives with her mother apart from Hollywood in a rented West Hollywood house—certainly not the best part of town. She has lived there for nine years. She also owns two homes, but one of these is among the dilapidated oil wells of Venice, Calif., and the other is a simple beach house in Honolulu. Both houses are small and inexpensive. Each has only two bedrooms, one for her mother and one for herself.

The walls are covered by watercolors, done by Janet. This particular talent has never been publicized because her art interest is merely a hobby. She took it up one year in Honolulu. Several of her watercolors were once entered under another name in a Los Angeles exhibit, and Janet won second prize. She was insanely happy.

Some time ago a magazine representative came to the coast seeking photographs of stars wearing their own beautiful jewelry. He wanted to publish a double-page spread of their hands, and wanted to include Janet Gaynor's among them. Janet said she would be glad to pose a hand photograph wearing all her jewelry.

When the photograph finally came to the editor's desk there was a picture of the Gaynor hands bearing only a tiny, gold signet ring. Other stars had crashed through with diamonds, sapphires and ruby bracelets.

The editor was so amused and delighted that he centered the photograph in the midst of all that million dollar display. The signet ring had been given to Janet by her mother on the day of her graduation from high school.

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Fugitive From Horse Opera

[*Continued from page* 59]

agreed with Ellison about the "breaks" in Hollywood.

Both boys were given tests about the same time, each winning the approval of the front office. A short time later Ellison was given a part in *The Winning Ticket* and Taylor in *Society Doctor.* The roles reversed, for both actors were looked upon as equal in ability, looks and so on. As bad luck would have it, *The Winning Ticket* proved to be what is known as a "turkey." But *Society Doctor* turned out to be the springboard from which Taylor jumped kersplash into fame.

"After I found out that *The Winning Ticket* was a loser I forgot about pictures again. This time for good, I promised myself. And just to be sure I'd keep my promise I obtained my release from my contract and took a boat to Honolulu where I hoped to get a job. I hoped for six months and then hopped another boat back to Los Angeles, and landed with $15 in my pocket. That was enough to buy me a ticket to Sequoia National Park, where I hoped to get a publicity job at one of the big hotels. I hoped my best for two months without taking a bit of flatness out of my pocketbook and then I returned to Hollywood as unmovie minded as ever. If it hadn't been for my agent, whom I had practically forgotten, I'd still be out of the movies!"

Not more than a day after he returned from the park, this agent called him up and said that he had been chosen to co-star with Bill Boyd in a series of *Hopalong Cassidy* horse operas. He played "cowboys and Indians" with Bill, doing mighty well for himself until a few months ago.

"I'm sort of sorry, now," he says, "that I jumped out of my saddle for another try at straight drama and comedy roles. Those westerns were great, not that I'm so crazy about straddling a horse and bouncing all day long in a saddle, but because I like the men and women who make up the casts of these thrillers.

"You're outdoors all day long—the same people play the same roles, picture after picture, and you get to know them as you would your own family. Besides the pay is good, and when all is said and done, I believe you last much longer as an actor. Say, I'll bet 99 Hollywood actors out of a 100 would swap places with Bill Boyd at the drop of a hat! There's a man who's really living on top of the world. And take a look at Gene Autry, Roy Roberts, Tom Mix and the rest of them."

Ellison's great success in these outdoor dramas resulted in his being engaged by Cecil DeMille for the role of the youthful *Buffalo Bill* in *The Plainsman.* Then came *Vivacious Lady* at RKO, which promoted his movie stock some hundred degrees higher than it had been. Most recently his current film, *Mother Carey's Chickens,* offers him another part that has plenty of meat in it.

He may want to straddle a horse again, but it will probably be a long time before he does. But being a cagey young man who knows what he wants when he wants it—and somehow manages to get it—you may see him in one of these super-colossal horse operas before very long.

In the meantime, just keep your movie eyes on this six-foot, soft-voiced, good-looking James Ellison, who is fast becoming one of the most popular actors on the screen.

He's the guy who says he doesn't like to dance with Loretta Young. Remember?

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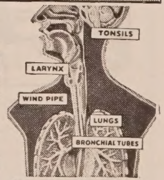

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Make Way for the Irish!

[*Continued from page* 35]

The young Irishman woke up on another bright and sunshiny California morning the day after the picture had been previewed to find himself hailed as Hollywood's newest discovery in romantic leading men!

What's in a name? Well, you'd better let Dennis O'Keefe answer that one, which he does by still affirming modestly: "Well, maybe it's all for the best."

His name can be found, now, outlined in blazing lights on many a theatre marquee, and he's the big object of the studio publicity department's attention these days. He's finding himself being tested for this and that important role—but he's still Dennis Flanagan at heart—the smiling, genial, overly-modest Irishman who says little, thinks a lot, and who still remembers the lean days when he was trying to convince the front office gang that he could act.

"If it hadn't been for the kindly advice of Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Director Jack Conway, Bob Taylor and many other motion picture people who like to lend a helping hand to newcomers, I would have packed up my duds and hit the Trail of the Lonesome Actor back to Broadway. I had played a bit part in *Saratoga,* but small as it was Gable, who had the male lead, and Jack Conway, who directed it, thought enough of my performance to put in a plug for me to the studio executives.

"FINALLY I was placed in stock. Everybody seemed to have forgotten that I had appeared on the legitimate stage in *Once In a Lifetime, The Broken Wing, The Family Upstairs,* and *Bad Girl,* and that back of this stage experience were years of vaudeville. It's fortunate for me that they did, because I discovered that the work in studio stock was invaluable. In the meantime, Clark would tell me 'to hang on,' Spencer Tracy would encourage me by saying that 'all I had to do was to relax and be patient,' and Bob Taylor would take me aside to urge me to stick around because 'something would open up to give me my break.' Grand guys, those boys!

"Things went on like this for quite a while with me hanging on, relaxing, and waiting as per advice—and then came the break. I was asked to make a test for a small bit in *Rosalie.* After it was completed I went back for more practice in relaxing, waiting, and hanging on and if I do say it myself, I was getting to be an expert at it. Then Harry Rapf came along. Harry was looking for a leading man to play with Wallace Beery and Virginia Bruce in *Bad Man From Brimstone* and he was growing a lot of extra gray hairs trying to find the man he wanted. One day he went with Pete Smith to view one of the latter's shorts in a studio projection room and as luck would have it, my *Rosalie* test happened to be running. Rapf, after the run was over, uttered those three little words so dear to the heart of every actor in Hollywood. 'That's my man!' he said—and sure enough, I was!"

Bad Man From Brimstone led immediately to a swell part in *Hold That Kiss,* which in turn led to *The Chaser,* with Mr. Dennis O'Keefe cutting himself larger and larger slices of the cake of movie fame and fortune. As this is being written, M-G-M producers and directors are scrapping among themselves, doing a bit of high-class conniving here and there in order to avail themselves and their pictures of the talents of

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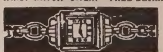

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this smiling young Irishman. All of which makes it mighty nice for Dennis as well as for the motion picture fans, who look around as fervently and earnestly for new screen faces and personalities as do the front-office big-wigs themselves.

Dennis hasn't much advice to give to others who are trying to break in, but in view of what's happened to him he'd like to pass on the gems of counsel that Clark, Spencer, and Bob gave to him—"Stick around and be patient."

"It's very easy to take," he says, "and it certainly assayed 100 per cent. It worked for me and will work just as well for others!"

When it comes to offering advice to girls who are casting ambitious eyes toward the top of the movie ladder, he's a bit more vehement.

"There isn't much that I can say or do to help them," he says. "Just the minute they graduate out of the extra ranks into bit parts and from bits into something a little more pretentious, most of them go high-hat on themselves and their careers and become very, very conscious of their art. Some of them take on an English accent—at least that's what they call it, but you can't prove it by me—and unless they're verbally and physically spanked back into their original naturalness they find themselves on the outside looking in. I'm no authority, but it seems to me they'd get along faster and farther if they'd skip thinking about their careers and concentrate on learning about acting."

Hollywood's latest discovery in leading men was born at Fort Madison, Iowa, while his parents, Edward and Charlotte Flanagan, were on a vaudeville tour. His father teamed with Neely Edwards in the famous *Off and On* act. Dennis was reared in vaudeville theatres where his parents played, and attended schools all over the country until Flanagan and Edwards were signed to come to Hollywood to create the Hall Room Boys comedians. Then he went to the Hollywood schools.

"My father died while I was attending high school," Dennis says, "and when I graduated I went into vaudeville and carried on with one of father's old acts, *A Lesson in Golf*. Most likely I would still be doing it—save for an occasional try at the legitimate stage—if mother had not insisted that I give motion pictures a try. I'm thankful, now, that I was smart enough to take her advice."

Dennis is probably one of the most widely traveled actors in Hollywood. There's scarcely a city in the country that he hasn't visited many times over, first as a youngster with his parents and later alone when he was billed on the same circuits played by Flanagan Senior and his partner, Neely Edwards.

"NEELY is now in pictures," Dennis smiles, "and we're very close friends. Quite often we old vaudevillians—and that includes Guy Kibbee, Sophie Tucker, John T. Murray, Vivian Oakland, Claude Gillingwater, Harry Sharrock and other who have made names for themselves on the screen—get together for a good chinning bee and vaudeville show. Let me tell you that those old acts are better now than they were years ago. No wonder the movies have finally awakened to the advantage of such talent. It's about time! The two-a-day may be over, but not the careers of those who used to knock 'em dead behind vaudeville footlights. No, siree!"

Dennis has the lean, hungry look of an athlete—which he is. He's an expert hunter and fisherman and good enough golf player to knock the little white pill into cup under 85. Under the name of Jonathan Ricks he has written—and sold—*Don't Pull Your Punches,* a prize fight story that Warner Brothers grabbed. When he can find time he's going to write more—with sales practically assured according to the fast-talking agency men who keep their eyes open for good originals.

Which all goes to show you what an ambitious young Irishman can do if he sets his mind to it!

Kay Winters, newest Warner Brothers starlet, is caught sunning herself at California's famous and exclusive Malibu Beach. She is currently appearing in the Technicolor Short, *Campus Cinderella*

FROM ME TO-YOU

Here's a tip... There's an Important Ingredient in Chamberlain's not generally found in other lotions, that goes to work immediately to keep skin soft, smooth and young. It soothes as it smooths away roughness and redness... and there's never a trace of stickiness

Chamberlain's is more economical, too... that's why so many prefer it

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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY Good only in U.S.A.

MOTHER OF THREE EARNS $32-$35 A WEEK

● "THANKS to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, I have been able to support my three children and keep my home together," writes Mrs. A. E., Waterbury, Conn. And Mrs. E. is only one of thousands of men and women who have found that C.S.N. training opens the way to a well-paid dignified profession!

C.S.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as $25 to $35 a week in private practice, in hospitals and sanitariums. Others, like Miss C. H., own nursing-homes. This easy-to-understand course, successful for 39 years and endorsed by physicians—enables men and women 18 to 60 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time, for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. F. McE. took her first case before completing the 7th lesson and earned $400 in three months!

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Dept. 811, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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Then take advantage of this special "get acquainted" offer

If the toilet soap you are now using seems to irritate your skin, it may be because your skin is allergic to the fats and greases used in ordinary soaps. Laco Castile is radically different from ordinary soaps, because it's made with 100% pure olive oil; no other oils, fats or greases of any kind are used. Laco is so gentle and delicate that it's recommended for babies and also for grown-ups who have delicate, sensitive skins. To get you to try Laco Castile, we make this unusual "get acquainted" offer. At a *special* rate of only 6c (in coins or stamps) we'll mail you a full-sized cake of Laco Castile. The mildness and thoroughness of its fine-bubble lather, the real economy of the longer-lasting cake will make you a Laco user for life! No matter what soaps you've been using, take advantage of this special offer. Fill in coupon below.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

LACO PRODUCTS, INC.
Baltimore, Md.
Enclosed is 6c for a full-sized cake of LACO Castile Soap. FWG-11

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Just Out QUILT Album OF 1939

Where Shall We Mail Your Copy?

NEW Mountain Mist Album shows 50 quilt designs, many in full color. Tells about designs, decoration value, quilting methods, "how to make" ideas. Learn about new-type filling—**Mountain Mist** filling — quilts quicker and easier. Makes quilt look puffier after washing. Get Mountain Mist Quilt Cotton at dry goods and dept. stores. Send 10c (coin preferred) for Quilt Album.

Stearns & Foster, Dept. R-13
Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio

MOUNTAIN MIST *Quilt Cotton*

Quickly Tint GRAY HAIR *and Look 10 Years Younger*

• At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

NURSING MOTHERS

Consult your doctor regularly. Ask about Hygeia Nipples and Bottles. Nipple, breast-shaped, easily inverted and thoroughly cleaned. Patented tab keeps nipple germ-free. New inside valve prevents collapse.

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

SAFEST *because easiest to clean*

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 65]

reason why was not given. The front office immediately got a call from Jeanette, who wanted to know what it was all about. When she was assured that the story was untrue and everything was as it had formerly been, Jeanette, who is very fond of Nelson Eddy, was quite relieved.

WHEN Franchot Tone dropped by the Brown Derby one night for a nightcap, he was approached by an eager-eyed young man. Almost tearfully the young man explained that he had been bragging to a new girl friend that he knew all the stars intimately. But the only name that impressed the G. F. was that of Franchot Tone, who happened to be her favorite. The young man assured her that he and Franchot were just like that. And then the star walked in. Franchot proved himself a good sport. He walked over to the booth arm in arm with the young man and met the lady. They chatted gaily for a few moments and then Franchot said good night to the most grateful person he ever hopes to meet.

WELL, we thought we had heard everything, but publicity pen pushers of Hollywood have forced this on us for this month. Peter Lorre spends all his spare time watching brain operations. Warren William sleeps on paper sheets because they are softer, cooler and we suppose good for jotting down memos in the middle of the night. And Loretta Young says she'd just like to give up being an actress and have babies and babies.

WHEN Fred MacMurray appeared on a radio program, Mrs. MacMurray promised to remain at home and make a recording of Fred's song, so he could listen to the playback. But just as Mrs. MacMurray had

[*Continued on page* 80]

Deanna Durbin and Jackie Cooper pose before taking off on a bicycle "built-for-two." They appear together in Universal's, *That Certain Age*, in which Deanna is starred opposite Melvyn Douglas

Easier Holiday Housecleaning

[Continued from page 46]

"wear" because they are walked on. The "wear," moreover, is greater if the walking is done on dirty rugs, and those which are full of embedded grit which naturally helps "cut" the fibrěs as they are packed and pressed on by the weight of the body and feet. All rugs will keep clean and be preserved years longer, if they are thoroughly and carefully vacuumed every day or at frequent regular intervals.

WHAT SHALL I LOOK FOR IN SELECTING A VACUUM CLEANER?

It's a good plan to first "shop around" in various stores, and have different salesmen give you their talks about their special models. In this way you are enabled to gain a comparison and check one line of cleaners with another. The salesman's talk will "put you wise" to the chief selling points. After you have taken time for such a comparison of values, be sure of the following points:

(1) Buy only that cleaner which carries a label which bears the manufacturer's guarantee as to its motor reliability and its cleaning operation.
(2) Buy only from a local dealer who has a reputation to maintain, and who will stand back of his promises about the cleaner, and who is able to give prompt and reasonable service.
(3) Be sure that the connection cord is completely covered with a heavy rubber coating, for safety, which should be indicated by a tag from the National Board of Underwriters. Cord should be at least 20 feet long for easy work, and should have a circular reel on the handle so it can be reeled up neatly and conveniently when not in use.
(4) See that the nozzle is adjustable to rugs of any thickness and weave. The cleaner with what is called a "positive nozzle adjustment" makes automatic and easy a change from one height of pile carpet to another—say from a heavy Oriental or chenille rug to a rag carpet. Unless the nozzle is adjustable, the manipulation will be annoying to the worker.
(5) Dustbag should be of ample size, and have a wide mouth for ease in emptying, while its material should be heavy and dustproof in order to keep dust in, and not let out to be ventilated back into the room.
(6) Cleaner handle should be smooth and fit easily into the hand with a firm "pistol grip" which will make guiding the cleaner easier.
(7) Handle should be adjustable to different levels of work, upright, on the angle, and low for getting "down-under" as well as skillfully steering between furniture legs, etc., without grazing and scratching them.
(8) Switch in handle should be of the trigger-switch type, right at the finger tips, for rapidity in manipulation.
(9) Headlight, which throws a strong beam of light forward on surface to be cleaned, is another excellent feature, especially for work under dark foggy winter conditions.
(10) Consider exterior and smartness of stream-lined design making for light weight, and pride in use. Colored bag and chrome fittings make for pleasure in working with goodlooking tool.

AND WHAT ABOUT THE ATTACHMENTS—SHALL I BUY THEM?

EACH and every "attachment" will make housecleaning easier. But before buying decide whether conditions which seem to demand them would justify their additional cost. If you have many bookcases, a piano, heavy drapes, then the attachment tools would be helpful. If the furnishings are simple, the use of the special cleaning tools may not be required. Those most common are:

Flexible 8-foot hose with connector to attach hose to cleaner, for work at greater distances or heights, as walls, light fixtures, etc.

Straight and curved extension tubes for similar distance and wall work, windows, drapes, moldings, pictures, etc.

Radiator tools for blowing dust from radiators, books, etc.

THE CASE FOR THE HAND CLEANER

The chief advantages of the small hand vacuum is its light weight, and portability. Pick it up and carry it anywhere, and work anywhere, as on the stairs or their rails, on mattresses, on the overstuffed chairs, for picking up left-over ashes, etc. The portable cleaner is tops for the daily morning pick-up, whisking dust from the lamp shade, plumping up the pillows of the divan, and sucking up small paper bits always to be found in every living room. It goes without saying that it is indispensible in keeping the auto upholstery clean, especially if the family dog goes riding frequently!

Taken together, the standard floor cleaner and the portable hand cleaner constitute a complete home cleaner service. And the hostess who can open her cleaning closet door and find such servants cheerfully waiting to serve her, need have no tremors about a "whole houseful" of guests with whom to make holiday merriment.

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
c/o SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Frederick:

· Please send me your special leaflet, *Easier Holiday Housecleaning*, including tips on Quick Ways to Clean Silver, Windows Washed by Magic, and Sparkling Glass and Table Setting. *I enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.*

(This offer expires December 15, 1938)

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Address ....

City .... State................................

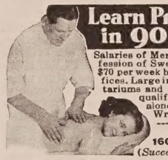
SB-11

For the Price of a Pack of Cigarettes

Buy a Lovely NEW 15c CLOPAY LINTONE WINDOW SHADE!

15c is BIG MONEY—when you use it to buy a CLOPAY Window Shade! Made of remarkable fibre material that hangs straight, rolls evenly, doesn't crack or pinhole. Yet only 15c, ready to attach to rollers (no tacks or tools needed). On rollers 25c. Only 10c more buys CLOPAYS in the new WASHABLE oil-paint finish. 100% Washable without streaks or watermarks. See both styles at 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. Want sample swatches? Send 3c stamp to CLOPAY CORP., 1328 Exeter St., Cincinnati, O.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES



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FOLLOW NOTED DOCTOR'S ADVICE. FEEL "TIP-TOP" IN MORNING!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—headaches, constipation and that "half-alive" feeling often result.

So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel. Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients troubled with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Made from *purely vegetable* ingredients—Olive Tablets are harmless, non-habit-forming. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods, but also help to keep you regular. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

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RICH
WATCH FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE
SEND NO MONEY

FREE of extra charge! **Your** choice of Man's or Lady's Wrist Watch **FREE** of extra charge with every Ring ordered during this **SALE** and paid for promptly on our easy two monthly $2 payment plan (total only $4). Lady's or Man's Ring with simulated diamonds set in Sterling Silver and 1/30, 14k Gold. Remember . . . the cost of the Watch is included in the price of the ring . . . **YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA for the Watch!** Ladies' **JEWELED** 1939 dainty model. Men's "Shockproof" military wrist watch—gold plate front—with all the color and charm of natural yellow gold; **Guarantee by $1,000,000 FACTORY enclosed.** Send NO money with order! **WE TRUST YOU**—your package comes postage prepaid by Return Mail. Mail postcard **now.**

GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO., Dept. U-3911, Newton, Mass.

Information Pleas

[*Continued from page* 48]

four. His part in the stage version of *Dead End* was the direct result of his fine movie career. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and his birthday anniversary is February 11. The studio hasn't any plans for breaking up this fine gang. The setting for their next picture, *Angels With Dirty Faces,* is the slums of N. Y. Won't you please send me the address of your club?—J. V.

What is the month, date and year of Humphrey Bogart's birth?—Edna E. C.

He was born on Christmas Day in the year of 1900.

Please give me the home address of Sonja Henie and Richard Greene.—Anne D.

I'm sorry, Anne, but I am not permitted to divulge this information. However, their studio address is: Twentieth Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, Calif.

What is Ray Milland's next picture and who will be his leading lady?—Patricia P.

Ray's next is Paramount's air epic, *Men With Wings.* His leading lady is Louise Campbell.

I would like to know if Claude Rains played the part of the old trader in the picture *Trader Horn.*—Paul G.

It was Harry Carey and not Claude Rains.

Please tell me the name of the Russian song Claudette Colbert sang in *Tovarich.* Did she really sing it?—Irene P.

I'll spell it for you, Irene, but you'll have to pronounce it. It's *Ghto Mme Gorre,* and Claudette really did sing it.

A GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT

FOREST FIRE RADIO LAMP

Forest fire in full colors seems to really burn. Smoke and flames rise through the trees—reflect on the lake. This striking effect is created by an automatic revolving cylinder inside. Amazes and delights everyone. A novel and beautiful lamp. Picture is a handsome reproduction of oil painting on parchment. Artistic metal top and base. Full size. Complete, ready to plug in.

Now Only $1.00 In Canada, $1.50 Duty and Postage Paid

Send $1.00 bill or money order for prompt shipment, postage paid. PRINT your name and address plainly. No lamps shipped C. O. D. or on approval.

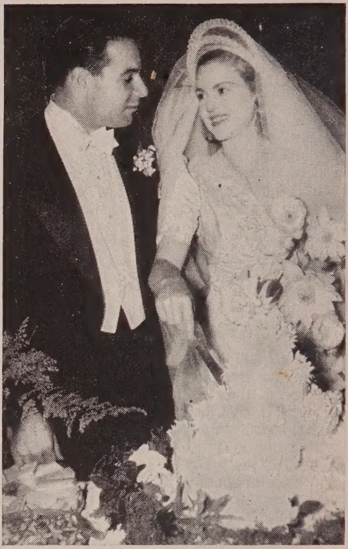
GIFT SPECIAL

Special discount to those who order several. Dozen lots, $10. Six, $5.50. Shipped postpaid to you or to separate addresses.

NIAGARA FALLS LAMP

Beautiful new picture Falls really seems to flow. Price same as above.

IGNITION COMPANY
60 Tompsett Block Omaha, Nebr.



Claire Trevor, the happy bride, cuts the cake, while her proud groom, Clarke Andrews, looks on

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 78]

their recording machine all set up in front of the radio, the electricity went off in Brentwood Heights. Being a quick thinker Mrs. MacMurray called up Mrs. Ray Milland and asked her to tune in on the broadcast and move the radio over near the phone. This was done and in this manner a record of Fred's singing was made. But in the meantime Ray Milland, at the studio, was trying to get his wife to ask her to come and pick him up. After getting the busy signal for thirty minutes, Ray, in a rage, hopped in a cab and went flying home. He expected to find his wife talking over a bridge hand with "one of the girls." When he saw what was taking place, the humor of the situation got him, and he roared.

ERROL FLYNN is no sissy when it comes to fishing. A mere line with hook and bait causes Errol to turn up his fine nose. Instead, he uses special steel headed spears for deep sea fishing. And he fires away at the fish with the use of a bow. A nautical "Robin Hood" is our Errol.

IF ELEANOR POWELL'S sense of humor continues to be as good as her tap dancing, she has nothing to worry about. When she started rehearsals on her next picture one day, Eleanor happened to be glancing through a movie magazine. Spread across two pages was a layout of Ann Miller in dance poses. The accompanying caption warned Eleanor that she had better look to her laurels. Tearing out the pictures of Ann, Miss Powell took them and tacked them up on the wall of the rehearsal stage. Every time she started to complain of being tired or someone stopped to talk to her, Eleanor took one good look at Ann's pictures and went tearing back to dancing again!

DESERTED!

The poignant confession of a woman consumed by her fierce love for her baby. She asked only for a little happiness for her nameless, deserted child. Who can fail to sympathize and understand?

A CONFESSION
YOU CANNOT
AFFORD TO MISS!

Also:

NAZI BRUTE
DANGEROUS INNOCENCE
BITTER FRUITS OF SIN
I TRIED TO BE HIS IDEAL
WHAT PRICE RINGLESS LOVE?
I WAS THE OTHER WOMAN

And many other confessions, articles, and features. PLUS,

TOO YOUNG FOR MARRIAGE!

Compelling NOVEL-LENGTH true story complete in the November Issue.

Order your copy now!

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True Confessions

True Confessions

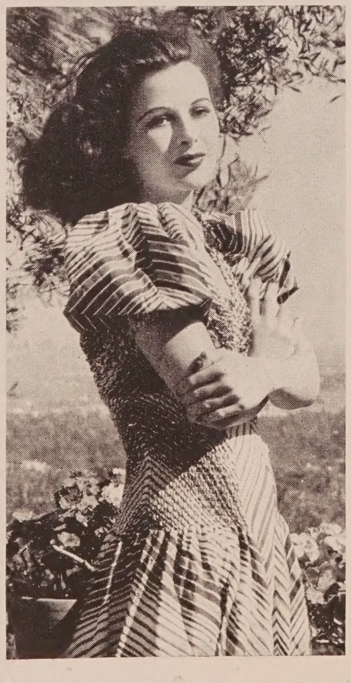
KAY FRANCIS says we can quote her as saying that she wouldn't sign another studio contract for a million dollars. This puts an end to the rumor that Kay is going to reconsider and sign with Warners again. But Kay *didn't* say that she wouldn't do a single picture now and then, if a good part came along.

ONLY in Hollywood could this happen. It was the first day on a picture. The set was at M-G-M. A woman playing a maid opened the door for Virginia Bruce, who played the new lady of the house. The maid was Claire McDowell, who played John Gilbert's mother in *The Big Parade*. Virginia, who had never seen *The Big Parade*, did not know that the woman with her was once the "mother" of her late husband!

THAT heartless wench, Oliva de Havilland, is at it again. Two men are bidding for the fair attention of the dark-eyed beauty and blood will probably be spilled at her beautiful feet. Charles Winninger and Donald Crisp (both old enough to be Olivia's dad) are carrying on the good natured feud, each swearing to win Livvy away from the other. When she went to San Diego on location recently, Olivia cleverly suggested that Crisp bring Winninger on his boat to visit her.

WHEN Fred Astaire dined at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby one night, a beautiful smartly-dressed young woman came up and introduced herself as Mrs. Jack Conway (wife of the director). Mrs. Conway explained that her two little boys were sitting

[*Continued on page* 82]



The song, *You Go To My Head*, was undoubtedly inspired by the stunning Hedy Lamarr, for that's exactly what she's done

SO YOU CAN SEE WITH YOUR OWN EYES THE BEAUTY OF

Danish Princess

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HOLMES & EDWARDS
INLAID DESIGN

Go *today*, to your dealer for the special introductory offer . . . a jelly server in this new North Countries' design. It's good for everything from cucumbers to canapes.

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Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and 2 FLAME-GLO Rouge Compacts; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing costs. (15c in Canada).

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10c, 20c and 25c
AT LEADING
5 & 10¢ STORES

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 81]

in the back and refused to go home unless they met Fred Astaire. She hated to bother him but what could a poor mother do on cook's night out? Fred begged to meet the little men. But when they were brought over, they just stood and stared and stared. Finally, when their mother threatened to take them home if they didn't speak their piece, they followed her as meekly as two little lambs. Fred, who has a son and a step-son of his own, was all in sympathy.

WITH the Jack Dunn tragedy fresh in their minds, Clark Gable and Bob Taylor were quite upset when Clark got a face infection. The two big outdoor men were roping calves, when the rope slipped through Clark's hands and burned them. Without thinking he rubbed his face and the infection set in. Production on his picture was stopped and no one rested until expert medical attention cured Clark for good.

JACK BENNY and Mary Livingston think that baby Joan should have a brother. So they're going shopping and hope to adopt some lucky little boy and give him a wonderful home. George Burns and Gracie Allen are also in the market for a boy too. Who wouldn't like to have the lovable Gracie for a mama?

UNA MERKEL says there is no rest for the wicked. Of all people, she is the last one who ever thought she would end up doing a hula dance. But she has to for her new role in the Eleanor Powell picture. "What is it that Gilda Grey has—that makes me self-conscious?" Una asks.

WATCH out for the lovely face of Whitney Bourne. She is wearing a long Joan of Arc Bob that is good enough for any camera at any time—and you'll see it in *The Mad Miss Manton.*

MICHAEL BROOKE, who is also the Earl of Warwick, carries a tooth pick when he goes to Hollywood dinner parties. All we can say is, if it's good enough for the Earl, it's good enough for us!

JOE PENNER, who is one of the really genuine souls in Hollywood, never forgets his poor days. Two truck loads of orphans were sent away to the mountains on a two week vacation, Joe footing all the bills of course. The little comedian does things like this every month, but it is only on rare occasions that the news leaks out.

CHARLIE McCARTHY and Andrea Leeds were having a heart-to-heart talk one day on the set. "I wish I could talk to Mr. Goldwyn," said Charlie. "I want to complain about Bergen. He keeps going up in *my* lines!"

VINCENT PRICE sneaked into Hollywood, took a test for the role of Deanna Durbin's father, and then quietly sneaked out again. Helen Hayes' former leading man is being sought by every producer. He wants a Hollywood career, but like so many stage players, is terrified of making his first picture. The test he made was excellent, but Vincent proved much too young and handsome to look like a man who no longer was interested in romance. His recent marriage to the lovely Edith Barrett, who accompanied him to Hollywood, is definite proof of that!

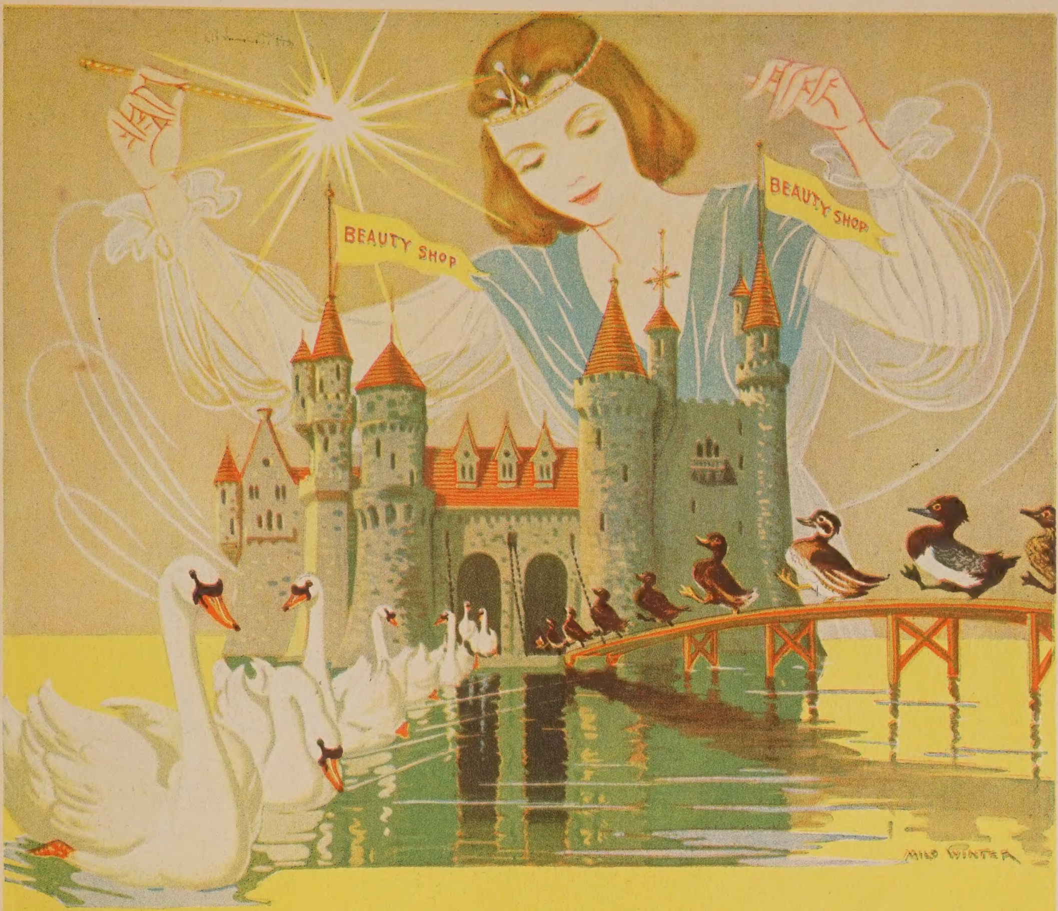
NOW that little Ellen Powell is safely in this world, Mama Joan and Papa Dick have gone on their favorite diet. Both parents have to watch their weight, so it makes it easy on the cook. Little Ellen weighed over eight pounds when she came into existence, but so far she isn't counting her calories.

IN M-G-M'S *Too Hot to Handle* Myrna Loy and Clark Gable set some sort of new double "on-the-set" record for Hollywood's stars to shoot at. For one day's shooting, they spent more than 16 hours before the camera! Day began at 8 a. m., arrival at studio. An hour's make-up and costume. Shooting began at 9. Lunch, 12 to 1. Dinner at 6. Then at 7, Clark and Myrna were back on an outdoor set on the M-G-M back lot for night shots. A half hour out at midnight for hot coffee and sandwiches—and then more shooting until 3 a. m! Soft life these stars lead, eh?

TOUGHEST job Merle Oberon ever faced came the other day during shooting of Sam Goldwyn's *The Lady and the Cowboy.* It was too much of a job, too; she flopped miserably! The stumbling block was to get Merle, British as a ha'penny, to say the utterly American line: "You're an ornery critter." Merle tried and tried but the best she could ever achieve with her English accent was something like "you're an honorary crittah!" So finally, they gave it up; killed the line out of the script.

SEASICKNESS stopped shooting at Hal Roach's when Virginia Bruce, doing a scene in a 25-foot tank in a rowboat, with Fredric March, suffered such an attack of *mal de mer* that she had to go home for the day!

Robert Young and Allan Jones, M-G-M stars, are partners in the new *Bolan* Riding Academy. They are seen enjoying a ride through the hills of Bel Air at the completion of a hard day's work



Every Day Is Miracle Day

ONCE UPON A TIME there were ugly ducklings . . . . .

And once upon a time it was a wonderfully kind fairy godmother, waving her magic wand, who bestowed the rich gift of beauty on fortunate girl babies.

And at that time there were lots of ugly ducklings because only lucky little princesses had such lavish fairy godmothers. All the others were left out in the bitter cold of ugliness or just plain-Janeliness.

The fairy godmother still exists, but she's changed her instruments of witchery. And because she's changed, there are no more ugly ducklings. The fairy godmother's garb is now streamlined, her generosity far flung. She is, if you please, the modern beauty shop, dispensing the rich gift of beauty to princess and poor alike.

The standards of beauty are higher in America than anywhere else in the world. Income level doesn't matter. A woman's natural heritage of beauty—or the lack of it—doesn't matter. Beauty is every American woman's for the asking, thanks to the beauty shop, the twentieth century fairy godmother!

The deft hand of the well trained beauty operator waves as a magic wand over the plainest of plain Janes, the ugliest of ugly ducklings, erasing mediocrity, replacing it with individualized beauty. No woman in the world has such weapons against lack of good looks as the typical beauty shop offers the American woman.

That benevolent fairy godmother, the beauty shop, indulges in no ring-rubbing or crystal gazing today. She practices her wondrous art with scientific knowledge, a fine skill and superlative mechanical equipment. She has potions that give the sheen of starlight to the hair and myriad other preparations that in themselves are pleasant sorcery captured in jars and bottles.

Beauty problems? There are none any more. That fairy godmother knows all the answers. New found glamor is the reward of the ugly duckling who would be a swan, the middling-fair who would be a beauty and the beauty who would be glorified, if she but join the great American trek to the beauty shop. Every day is miracle day in the modern beauty shop.

Offered by Drene Shampoo in recognition of the magic services of the beauty shops of America

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

A "First-Row Seat"
AT 3,000 AUCTIONS
● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
Otis Rucker—independent auctioneer
has smoked Luckies for 21 years
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE
Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company

OTIS RUCKER, Independent Expert Since 1909, says:
"I Smoke Luckies Because They Buy the Finest Tobacco"

"I've been an auctioneer and warehouseman ever since 1909," says this typical expert. "I started smoking Luckies in 1917. The finest tobacco sold at auction goes into them. Most of my friends in the business smoke Luckies, too."

Sworn records show, in fact, that among *independent* buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen, Luckies have *twice* as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Yes, Luckies give you the finest tobacco. And they are *kind* to your throat, too! Their exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh irritants found in *all* tobacco. So Luckies are a light smoke—easy on your throat. Try Luckies for a week, and see.

Sworn Records Show That— WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

STANWYCK SPEAKS HER MIND ON TAYLOR

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

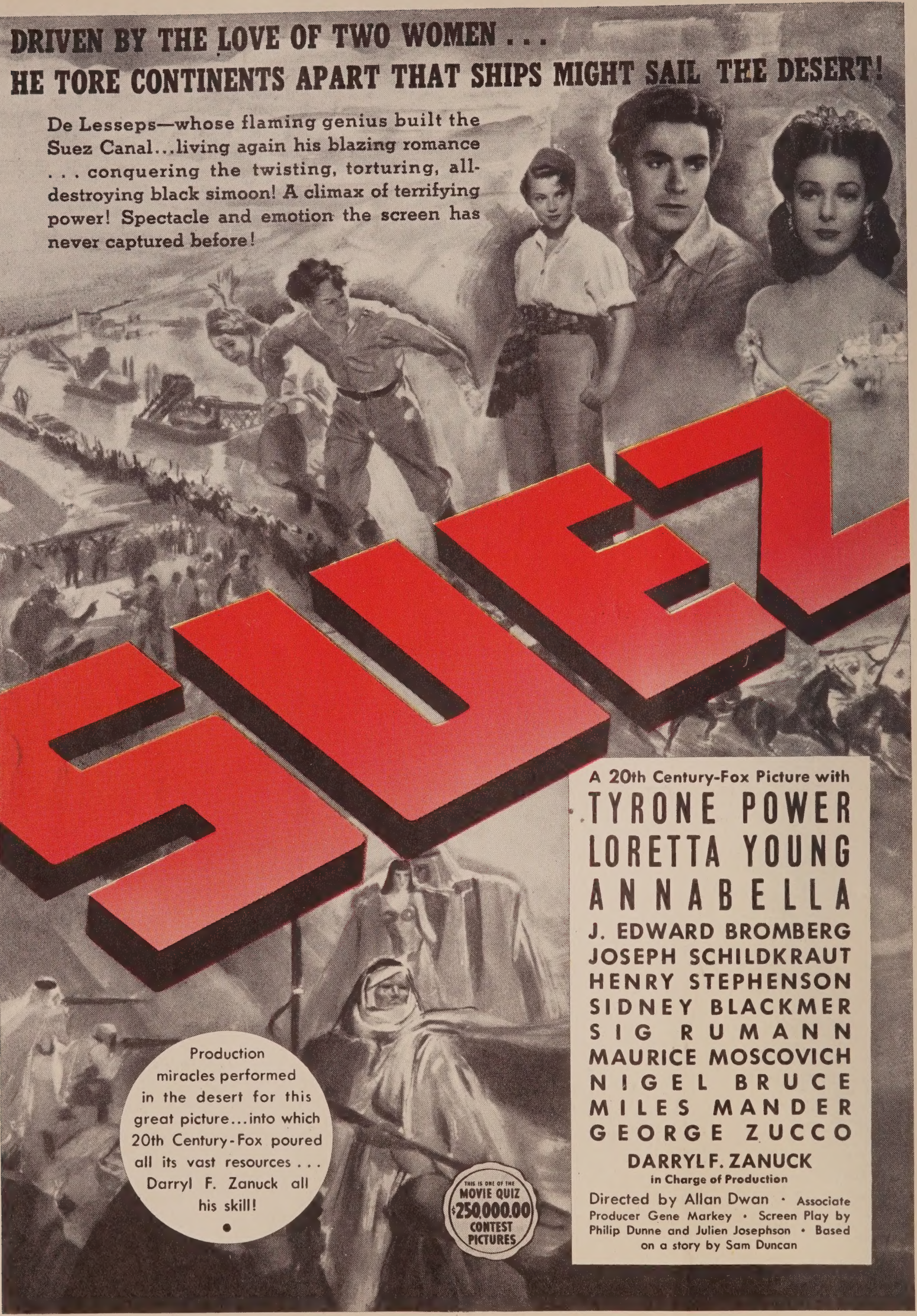
DECEMBER

SCREEN BOOK
10¢

RONALD COLMAN and FRANCES DEE in "IF I WERE KING"

DRIVEN BY THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN . . .
HE TORE CONTINENTS APART THAT SHIPS MIGHT SAIL THE DESERT!

De Lesseps—whose flaming genius built the Suez Canal...living again his blazing romance . . . conquering the twisting, torturing, all-destroying black simoon! A climax of terrifying power! Spectacle and emotion the screen has never captured before!



A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TYRONE POWER
LORETTA YOUNG
ANNABELLA
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
HENRY STEPHENSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
SIG RUMANN
MAURICE MOSCOVICH
NIGEL BRUCE
MILES MANDER
GEORGE ZUCCO

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production

Directed by Allan Dwan · Associate Producer Gene Markey · Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson · Based on a story by Sam Duncan

Production miracles performed in the desert for this great picture...into which 20th Century-Fox poured all its vast resources . . . Darryl F. Zanuck all his skill!

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

Poor lonely Sue! Life's no fun at all for a girl without telephone calls or dates. (*But what man wants to play Romeo to dull teeth and dingy gums, a drab, lack-lustre smile?*)

There's hope for Sue. Her small sister could teach her the importance of gum massage to a winning smile. (*Little Ann learned in school that gums as well as teeth need special care.*)

Life's a lot of fun when a girl has a lovely, appealing smile! How popular Sue could be if she would start with Ipana today. (*For Ipana Tooth Paste with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling.*)

Lovely Smiles win Romance—

Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!

How swiftly masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish — don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums, deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the commonsense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO
NEW YORK
AS USED ALWAYS REPLAC
Change to
Ipana
and Massage

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXI No. 5 DECEMBER, 1938

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CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer..........Top Photo by Schafer: Jean Arthur

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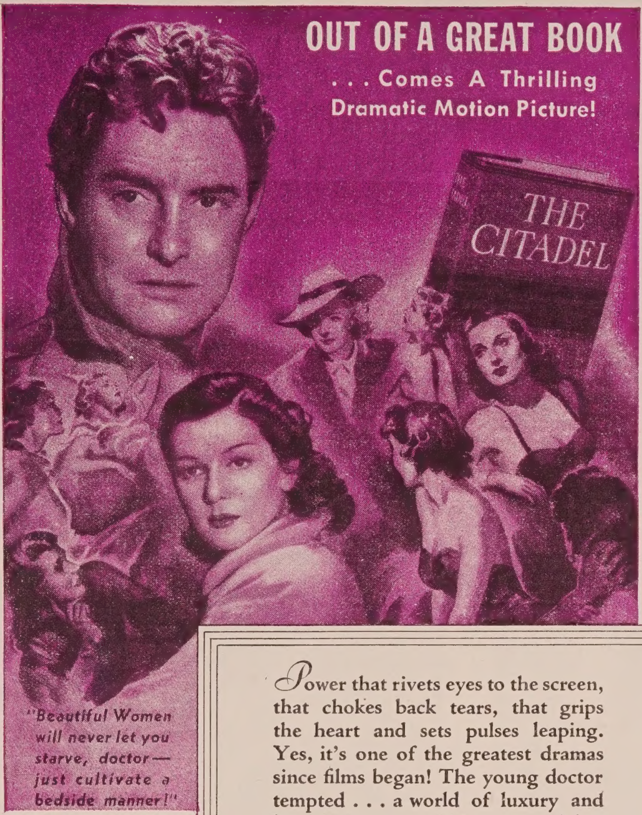

OUT OF A GREAT BOOK
. . . Comes A Thrilling Dramatic Motion Picture!
THE CITADEL
"Beautiful Women will never let you starve, doctor— just cultivate a bedside manner!"

*P*ower that rivets eyes to the screen, that chokes back tears, that grips the heart and sets pulses leaping. Yes, it's one of the greatest dramas since films began! The young doctor tempted . . . a world of luxury and beautiful women within easy reach but the cry of humanity calling him back to the citadel of his youthful ideals.

ROBERT DONAT
Rosalind RUSSELL
IN

THE CITADEL

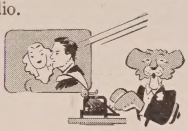
A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION
Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin
with **RALPH RICHARDSON**
REX HARRISON · EMLYN WILLIAMS
Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple, Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill. Additional dialogue by Emlyn Williams.
Produced by Victor Saville
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The LION'S ROAR

With everybody writing a column, I don't see why I should not take a crack at it myself.

★ ★ ★

My idea is to tell you about some of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and personalities. And folks, I've got the inside dope on everything that goes on in the world's greatest studio.



The late Will Rogers said all he knew was "what he read in the papers." All I know is what I see on the screen (and what my spies at the studio report to me).

★ ★ ★

You've read all about "The Citadel" in our advertisement on the left. It's made of the sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer, is "Sweethearts", which, with appropriate fanfare, brings us once again that thrush-throated pair, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

★ ★ ★

"Sweethearts" is their first *modern* musical. Modern as the dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the "glad girl") and Alan Campbell.

Hunt Stromberg, who produced "Naughty Marietta", "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", and Director W. S. Van Dyke II, are the sweethearts who give us "Sweethearts"—and it's all in beautiful Technicolor.

★ ★ ★

And if you want to hear more about pictures, write for my little book, "The Screen Forecast," M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. It's free!

SCREEN FORECAST

Just call me *Leo*

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT!

FILMLAND WHISPERS

LEO GORCEY, one of the *Dead End* kids, is going to be married. He already has the ring and has shown it to everyone on the Warner lot first. "I believe in long engagements," says Leo. "We're going to wait a month!"

★ ★ ★

WHILE studio officials are searching desperately for a successor to Warner Oland, letters pour in begging them not to give us a new "Charlie Chan." Such is Hollywood fame—that comes too late.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the reasons why the Lombard-Gable romance has endured, is Carole's complete understanding of Clark's problems. When Clark is working, Carole insists that dates be called off if Clark is tired. If they are having dinner alone, Carole also insists that Clark wear comfortable old clothes and omit his necktie. Thus, plans made ahead of time never become a burden. The romance continues to thrive because there's a very wise head on those pretty Lombard shoulders.

Having recovered from her recent illness, Norma Shearer once more became *Marie Antoinette* on a recent broadcast. Bob Young, the master of ceremonies, and Miss Shearer are shown during rehearsal

★ ★ ★

THE name of Marie Blake may not mean anything to you fans, but it does to Jeanette MacDonald. Marie is Jeanette's sister. M-G-M has signed her and has already started her off in a series of short subjects. Unlike Jeanette (whom Gene Raymond calls Mrs. McRaymond) Marie Blake will specialize in the more earthy type of role. She's especially good in hard-boiled parts and will play one in *Dramatic School.*

★ ★ ★

IT'S too early to tell yet whether it is a romance between Joan Crawford and Cesar Romero. Joan, Cesar and Franchot have been friends for years. Cesar was always present at their Saturday night parties. But since the separation Cesar spends a lot of time on Joan's set and often calls for her to drive her home. When the circus was in town, Cesar got a good taste of unexpected "fatherhood." Joan decided to take her niece Joan Crawford Le Seuer, to see the elephants. Cesar was invited to go along. The crowds mobbed big Joan and that left little Joan on Cesar's hands. By the time they had fed the monkeys, stuffed themselves with cracker-jack and autographed their way out of the sideshow, Cesar all but collapsed. The two Joans had a swell time!

★ ★ ★

THAT New York lawyer has been taking up a lot of Loretta Young's time. And Loretta thinks enough of him to urge him not to take his contemplated trip to Honolulu. Hollywood is watching Loretta's studio situation with great interest. According to the reports, Loretta is supposed to be asking for complete okay on story, cast and director if she is to sign a new contract with "20th." This, plus a very neat salary, of course. Another rumor has it that Loretta's agent, who is forming his own producing unit, wants Loretta to join up with him and share in the profits. There are those who think Loretta will be making a great mistake if she severs connections with the company that treated her so well.

★ ★ ★

BY THE time you read this, the Quinns may have twins. Doctors told Katherine DeMille and Anthony Quinn that they may expect two little strangers instead of one. An ex-ray could be taken but Katherine and Tony are the type who like surprises.

★ ★ ★

DOROTHY LAMOUR is having her troubles these days. In spite of the fact that hubby Herby Kay asked Randy Scott to watch out for "Dotty" while Herby was away leading his band, the gossips insist that Randy is the head man in Lamour's life. Then just to make everything pleasant, Dorothy looked out of the window of her new Benedict Canyon home and saw a mountain lion calmly walking through her back yard. And recently Dorothy was awakened at the crack of dawn by the continuous ringing of chapel bells. She has one of those new doorbells that give out with chimes in three different tones. Something had gone wrong with the connection and the whole valley was echoing with the sound.

★ ★ ★

MARGARET SULLAVAN is the marvel of the age. While most stars arrive at the studio around 7:30 in the morning, "Maggie" comes dashing in at 8:45. She refuses to sit under a hair drier and slaps on a bit of makeup that sometimes misses portions of her face. She arrives on the set, at the last second,

[*Continued on page* 8]

These are the

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"

JAMES CAGNEY

as Rocky . . . "Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I'm going to take what I can get —until they get me!

PAT O'BRIEN

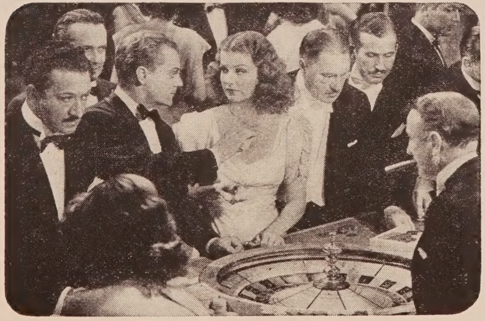
as Father Connolly . . . "Rocky and I were kids together. I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"

THE 'DEAD END' KIDS

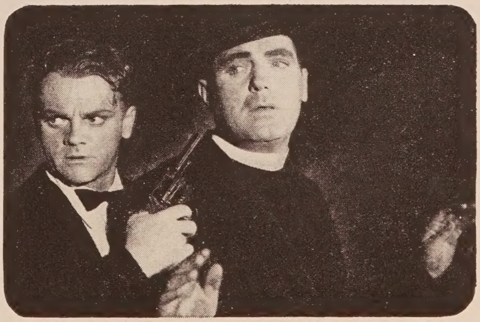
as Themselves . . . Headed for crime—their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!

HUMPHREY BOGART

as Rocky's Mouthpiece . . . "Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"



ANN SHERIDAN *as Laury* . . . "I'm Rocky's girl —so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"



Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!

with GEORGE BANCROFT
Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff · From
A First National Picture

Directed by Michael Curtiz
a Story by Rowland Brown · Music by Max Steiner
Presented by WARNER BROS.

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 6]

having no idea what scene they are going to do. Sometimes the day goes by and she doesn't look in a mirror once. But the minute that camera starts turning, la Sullavan gets in there and gives a whale of a performance.

★ ★ ★

MARY CARLISLE will be four shades to the dark side when you see her next on the screen. After being a "champagne" blonde for several years, studio officials have now decided that Mary looks too "Cottony."

★ ★ ★

THOSE Sunday night parties at the Westside Tennis Club are more fun than a circus. The various groups made up from the movie stars memberships all congregate and put on the most wonderful impromptu entertainment. At the last party George Murphy taught everyone the "Lambeth Walk." Then everyone went to town—that is—everyone but Producer-Aviator Howard Hughes. He danced all evening long on a "dime." His partner was the pretty Joyce Matthews.

★ ★ ★

CONTRARY to radio reports, Elizabeth Patterson is well and walking again. She was sent to the hospital with a broken knee cap when enthusiastic fans pushed her down the stairs at a preview.

★ ★ ★

THERE may be rumors that Alice Faye and Tony Martin are breaking up, but they didn't prevent Tony from cutting short his band tour and rushing home to be with Alice on their first wedding anniversary. To commemorate the occasion Tony presented Alice with a gold sports bracelet, set with rubies. Alice had a nice new home for him all settled, with a special decorating job in Tony's den.

★ ★ ★

THE only way Deanna Durbin could get a much-needed rest was to have her phone taken out. For two weeks she stayed right at home and even her own studio couldn't reach her. The minute the phone was put back, it started to ring. According to last reports, it hasn't stopped ringing yet.

★ ★ ★

IF YOU could stand by the automobile gate of the Warners studios some early morn, you'd be quite amused. When the stars check through to start the day's work, Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and Kay Francis all arrive in station wagons. Close behind them comes Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, who isn't allowing the greasepaint to get dry behind his cauliflower ears. Maxie arrives in a big shiny Packard car. He sits back and relaxes while his chauffeur drives.

★ ★ ★

BOB YOUNG was forgiven when he arrived late on the set. Just as Bob was driving through the studio gate, word came in that his wife and baby were in an automobile accident. Bob broke all records getting back home. He discovered a bad cut on his little girl's face, but fortunately no scar will be left. Mrs. Young, who is an enterprising soul, handled her end of the situation beautifully. Aside from being shaken up, she escaped with a nasty cut running zig-zag on her head. So she went down and had a hat designed to fit over the bandage. With her hat on and a smile on her face, Mrs. Young looks as charming as ever.

The young lady with the perfect figure is none other than Mrs. Jackie Coogan, otherwise known as Betty Grable, Paramount's blonde starlet

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD is still a bit goggle-eyed at the party thrown by Darryl Zanuck out at his San Fernando valley place. The home isn't built yet, so Zanuck had the party in his stables. Believe it or not, the place where the horses live is much nicer than most of the homes owned by the stars. Singing piccaninnies from the South, and Eastern steaks for barbecuing were flown in for the occasion. All the guests wore overalls and ranch togs. Perhaps the most amazed (and maybe a bit amused) guest of all was young John Garfield. It was his first Hollywood party and he got quite a kick out of seeing Robert Taylor and Charles Boyer. It would be interesting to know what thoughts went on in the mind of Garfield, who has fought his way up from the toughest and poorest section of New York City.

★ ★ ★

DON'T let them kid you about that romance between Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles. Even if press agents did say that Charlie met Mary at the train and gifted her with roses. The two are good friends. But they're also making a picture together. Charlie has been married for more than 20 years. His wife lives on Long Island and there is no thought of divorce.

★ ★ ★

NOW that he has been cast to play the role of "Dagwood" in the *Blondie* series, Arthur Lake has to get a hair cut. That's one little duty that Arthur detests. So he just lets it grow and grow until he's forced into action. When he was told the news of getting the part, Arthur cracked, "Well, I guess I might as well start getting estimates on a haircut."

★ ★ ★

CARY GRANT is eating his dinner off the mantel piece these days. And all on account of having to ride an elephant in scenes for *Gunga Din*. Cary says that an elephant has rhythm. And like an elephant, Cary never forgets—those blisters he got while the elephant was swinging it!

★ ★ ★

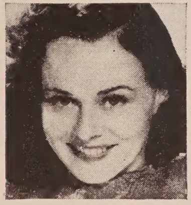
NOW that the Ray Millands have their new Briarcrest home up for sale, Hollywood will probably insist that there is a separation in the offing. Like so many movie folk, the Millands want to live more

[*Continued on page* 10]

7 GREAT PERSONALITIES

JANET GAYNOR
"A Star Is Born"

DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR.
"Rupert of Hentzau"



PAULETTE
GODDARD
In her talking debut

ROLAND YOUNG
First picture since "Topper"

BILLIE BURKE
"Mrs. Topper"

Selznick International

presents

JANET
GAYNOR

DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS JR.

PAULETTE
GODDARD

in

THE YOUNG IN HEART

with
ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson *Directed by Richard Wallace*
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK.. *Released thru United Artists*

RICHARD CARLSON
New Screen Personality

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MINNIE DUPREE
In her first screen performance

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by I. A. R. Wylie

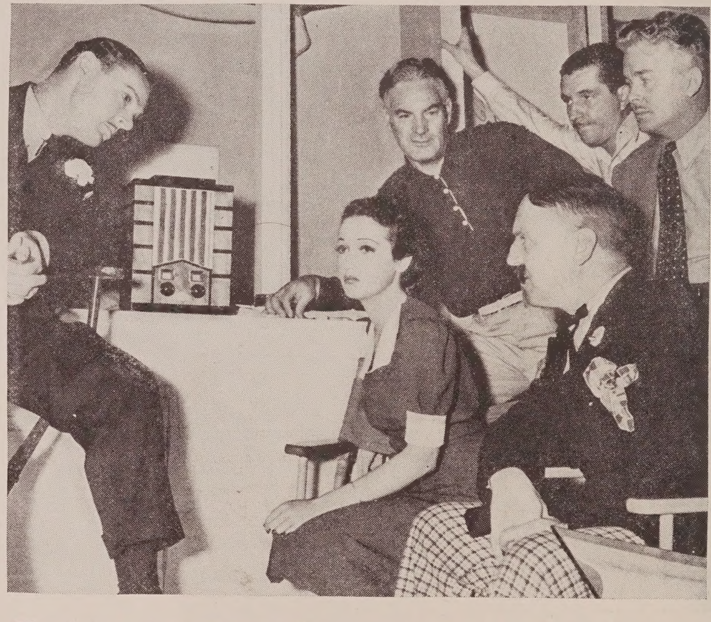
FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 8]

informally. They have their eye on some valley property and hope to build an authentic English farm house. But as far as there being anything wrong in the household, Ray's constant gifts of furs, jewels and rare perfumes disprove this possibility.

★ ★ ★

ALL Hollywood turned out for the preview of *Boys Town*. Mickey Rooney went over big. But there was one person in the audience who screeched, whistled and applauded every time Mickey came on the screen. He was young Jackie Cooper, who showed what a nice boy he is when he genuinely thrilled over his rival's success.



When Hitler made his sensational radio speech of September 12, the studio workers of Paramount's "St. Louis Blues" gathered to listen. Back row, left to right, are Carl Harbaugh, Jack Casey, Carl Colman and Earl Hyman. Seated, Dorothy Lamour and William Frawley

★ ★ ★

SO MANY baby showers were being given for Mrs. George Murphy, her famous husband began to pout. But good-friend-of-the-family Cesar Romero came to his rescue. Cesar gave a shower for George. All the boys were instructed to bring something appropriate for an expectant father. Yes, they had a *very* good time. And *some* very good laughs too!

★ ★ ★

DEAR Muzzie May Robson received so many flowers when she broke her arm, she just didn't have the heart to keep them all. So every day Muzzie would send her chauffeur down to the Children's Hospital with the back seat loaded down with posies. Up to the last count, the beloved actress had received more than 5,000 telegrams from friends and fans all over the world. Having played in every town in the United States for more than 50 years, Muzzie May has more friends than any other actress.

★ ★ ★

LOUISE HOVICK, or "Gypsy Rose Lee" to the boys back home, is a good housewife. When she ordered cornbeef and cabbage at the "House of Murphy," Louise asked if she could take home what she couldn't eat. And Louise was seen in the Gotham Delicatessen one night doing her own shopping. Believe it or not—Louise was buying balony.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD designers sometimes knock themselves out a bit, trying to create an unusual effect. But Orry Kelly tops them all for this month's little number. For Olivia de Havilland, Orry has designed a dress that has snakeskin lapels. It's pretty too and "Livvy" isn't a bit superstitious about wearing it. Wonder if anyone has ever thought of snakeskin shorts for bathing cuties. Or silver fox slacks for Dietrich!

★ ★ ★

PREDICTION note: Keep watching for young Richard Denning. You'll see him soon in *Campus Confessions* and quite often after that. Richard is a young man who has been in stock. He is tall, blonde and handsome in a Brian Aherne sort of way. He's the only natural blonde male on the screen, but the studio bosses have instructed him to darken his hair! They say that as long as he's the only blonde it makes him look too different. Since when is individuality a drug on the market?

★ ★ ★

JOHN PAYNE and Anne Shirley just celebrated their first anniversary and they looked as if they were getting ready for a honeymoon. John gave his lovely wife a platinum cigarette case with her monogram in diamond bagettes. Anne gave John a complete set of pigskin luggage and all the folders she could gather up from the travel bureaus. These two have had many offers to co-star in Europe. Anne would like to take the trip over and see what it's all about. She is far too ambitious to allow her career to slip away.

★ ★ ★

DID you know the studios receive great protests from fans when hunting stories are printed about famous stars? A story came out recently that Don Ameche had gone deer hunting with his family doctor. The thousands of Ameche admirers were shocked to think that their idol would slay a beautiful animal. It so happens that Don didn't go. An enterprising press agent thought up the gag and Don was the victim. Once when Jane Withers' father announced that he was going deer hunting, Jane carried on so much, her father promised to give up the sport forever. Jane owns two fawns "Dot" and "Dash." She loves them dearly and couldn't bear to think of any of their relations meeting an untimely death.

★ ★ ★

MARGO the magnificent is a proud young lady these days. Her performance as Marguerite in Max Reinhart's production of *Faust*, is causing a great deal of attention. No less an authority than Ernst Lubitsch predicts that

Margo will be one of our greatest actresses of all times. Years ago when she danced at the Cocoanut Grove, Margo used to notice a quiet mannered white-haired man watching her work. She later learned that this man was the director, Clarence Brown. To this day Margo and Brown have never met. Yet he has given out predictions and statements that Margo's star will climb high in the heavens of fame.

* * *

BOY, page Mr. Ripley. Mrs. Joe Weisbecker refuses to come to the Paramount studio and have lunch with her famous daughter, Louise Campbell. Mrs. Weisbecker's reasons? She's afraid they might try to take her picture and she doesn't want to bask in the glory of Louise's career. All other Hollywood movie-mamas—please note.

* * *

TYRONE POWER just couldn't stand to be away from his music any longer. So his mother had to make arrangements with his studio to have his Kapehart Victrola and all his records shipped on to Pineville, Mo. Incidentally, this *Jesse James* location has caused a great deal of discontent among the players. The weather was unbearably hot. The food bad. The living conditions worse. And to top everything, the local folk came from miles and miles and literally took over the place. Randy Scott was in bed one night when they burst into his room demanding autographs. And Jane Darwell was sitting in her tub when she suffered a similar experience. Never in the history of movie locations has there been quite such an experience. Hollywood looked pretty wonderful when they returned.

* * *

THE studio may try awfully hard to make Hedy Lamarr into another Garbo, but she still will fall short of the original. Coming out of the Trocadero with her favorite boy friend, Reginald Gardner, Hedy was spotted by the fans. Not only did she eagerly autograph their books, she even went up to them before they had half a chance to ask her. Good girl, sez we. Smart girl, too!

* * *

THOSE band-leading husbands may be awfully nice, but they aren't very dependable. It so happens that Roger Pryor, husband of Ann Sothern and Herb Kay, husband of Dorothy Lamour, arrived in Hollywood at the same time. Each was to spend two weeks' time with his wife. Ann, who hadn't worked in several months was busy on *Trade Winds*. Dotty was testing every day, so Herby got up at 6 a. m. to drive her to the studio. But three days after the band leaders were home, both were called out on the road again. Ann and Dotty were pretty upset to say the least.

* * *

RATHER amusing what happened to Penny Singleton, when she won the coveted role of *Blondie*. While everyone was rejoicing and congratulating Penny, things were happening at home. Penny's doctor-husband, who is very much in love with her, just couldn't bear the thought of his wife becoming a blonde. He liked her the way she is and that's the way he wanted her to remain. Art finally won out over mere man. Penny promised to go right back to her brunette self, the minute the picture was finished.

* * *

WHEN the Fred MacMurrays started out on a vacation, they made up their minds that Fred MacMurray the movie star was going to be left behind. So they wore old clothes and slept in auto camps. Up to the time they arrived in Nevada they were having a wonderful time. They registered at a small hotel, went up to their rooms to wash and then came down to dinner. The management of the hotel refused them admittance to the dining room because they weren't dressed for dinner. Fred explained who he was and why he hadn't brought dress clothes along. The manager wasn't a bit impressed. Fred still couldn't sit down and that was that. So Fred and his Lily packed up again and went out seeking another auto camp.

* * *

SALLY BLANE and Norman Foster have given Sally's young sister, Georgianna, a coupe for her 15th birthday. But before presenting their gift, Sally and "Norm" took the car down and had it geared not to exceed 25 miles an hour. And Georgianna has promised that she will not try to drive it after dark.

Late fall never disturbs Hollywood stars. Olivia de Havilland glances at the cameraman before going for a dip in the balmy California waters

* * *

SPEAKING of Jane Withers reminds us of a typical Withers story. In her latest picture, Jane acts with five tiny Mexican lads. One little black-eyed fellow named Fernando Alvarado appealed to Jane. She went flying to her mother and told her she had found a perfect "little brother." It took some time for Mrs. Withers to explain just *why* she couldn't adopt the boy.

* * *

DURING his recent convalescence, William Powell was only allowed to see three people. Those admitted to his hospital room were his mother, Myrna Loy and Mrs. Bello, mother of Jean Harlow.

* * *

GAIL PATRICK moved into Carole Lombard's old dressing room. The studio redecorated it for Gail and to celebrate Gail held open house. All the boys on the set were told that they could always drop by for a Coca Cola or a glass of beer. Gail is popular on the lot and everyone knows her invitation is on the level. When everything was well under way at the open house party, Gail went to a drawer in search of a pencil. A strange looking object greeted Gail's eyes and she couldn't quite decide what it was. Later on she learned. Ronald Colman had occupied the room since Carole had vacated it and before Gail had moved in. The object in the drawer was a part of Ronnie's movie anatomy. It was sort of a padded harness for his shoulders, to give the costumes he wears in *If I Were King*, a bit more umph!

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD'S new print dress is really the last word in originality. It is a white crepe with red squares all over it. In the center of each square is a print of the stars names, hands and feet as they appear in the forecourt of the Chinese Theater on Hollywood Boulevard. It just so happens that whenever Joan sits down—she sits on Wally Beery. That is—she sits on a copy of his Chinese Theater trade mark.

* * *

FREDRIC MARCH is the ideal tenant in the opinion of one Hollywood landlord. When Freddie took a six months' lease on a Beverly Hills home, he did it under the condition that he could build his own tennis court. Naturally he couldn't pull the court up when his lease expired. So now the owner gets about $50 a month additional rent since Fred moved out and left the added attraction behind.

* * *

ALL Hollywood is talking of the wonders of John Garfield. His appearance in *Four Daughters* has caused such a fever wave of interest, the studio can't line up stories fast enough. John is still new in Hollywood and good for a rib or two. While

[*Continued on page* 13]

WHY WAS CLEOPATRA Never Kissed?

➔ Authorities apparently agree that kissing, on the lips, as a sign of affection, did not begin until after Cleopatra's time. She died in 30 B.C. and the custom seems to have been established well after her day.

Cleopatra had one other misfortune, too. She used skin lotions, but did *not* have the famous Skin Softener — Italian Balm. Her lotions were mixed, undoubtedly, with "a little of this and too much of that" — but today, no guesswork is permitted in making Italian Balm for milady's skin.

Here is a *scientifically* made skin-softening beauty aid that will help to keep your skin smoother and softer — fresher-feeling, more kissable and thrilling to the touch.

In Italian Balm you get not only a skin protection against chapping and skin dryness. You get also the costliest ingredients used in any of the largest selling lotions — yet the cost to use Italian Balm is negligible because it is rich, full-bodied and concentrated; not thin or watery. Try it FREE. Send coupon below.

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Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

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BETWEEN US FANS

"DON'T come to Hollywood," Bette Davis told you in the November issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, unless you are financially entrenched for at least a year."

Perhaps that's discouraging advice for the thousands of young men and women who see the fulfillment of their dreams in a screen career. But here are some figures illustrating the importance of Bette's suggestion. They are taken from the 1937 records of the Central Casting Corporation.

Average days worked per individual per year—18.4.

Average daily wage—$10.03.

Average annual earnings per individual —$187.00.

Big money for extras in Hollywood? In 1937, 15,936 individuals were used. Of this number, only seven earned more than $3,000, 14,091 earned less than $500.

Better not go west, young man or young woman, unless you have a private income or can live on less than $500 a year.

* * *

SEVERAL days ago I received a letter from a fan who lives near Pineville, Mo. That's where *Jesse James* is being filmed.

The writer expressed her disillusionment and distress at being refused an autograph. "I succeeded in getting past the guard and into the midst of the moving picture paraphernalia," she wrote, "but I had picked the wrong time! It seems the cameras had started to grind just a few feet ahead and I was immediately shushed on all sides."

Several moments later, the fan asked Tyrone Power for his autograph. When the star turned her down, she went away feeling that a great injustice had been done.

I have complete sympathy with autograph seekers but in this case the fan failed to consider several important facts. The making of motion pictures is not a game, delightful though it may seem to the outsider. It's a business in which a few moments of working time may cost the producer a thousand dollars. Tyrone Power knew that the presence of this fan on the set might be quite costly.

Furthermore, Tyrone was either working or observing the work of his fellow actors. Anyone, interrupted at his work, has a right to protest against interruption.

I happen to know that Tyrone is pleasant to most autograph seekers. But, like every star, he expects the request for his signature to be governed by common sense.

* * *

POLISH up your skates, readers of SCREEN BOOK Magazine. There's a grand opportunity in store for you. Sonja Henie, whose expert skating is admired all over the world, is going to give you a skating lesson!

There will be diagrams illustrating elementary technique, pictures of Sonja in action and a story with complete instructions.

Sonja will also explain some fancy skating figures for those who know the fundamentals and would like to cut some ice capers.

The magazine is SCREEN BOOK for January, and the title of the story is TAKE A LESSON FROM SONJA HENIE. Here's a bit of advice: Buy your copy of the January issue as soon as it appears on your newsstand. Otherwise you may not be able to secure one. I predict that everyone in your town will want to TAKE A SKATING LESSON FROM SONJA HENIE.

* * *

EVER since he arrived in Hollywood in 1929, Basil Rathbone has turned in consistently fine performances. No matter what the picture may be, his acting is outstanding; he knows how to use words and how to create a vivid character.

At lunch with Mr. Rathbone recently, I was particularly impressed by the charm of his personality. Ideas pour from him in a brilliant conversational flood. Hearing him speak is in itself a privilege, for there is a remarkable quality to his voice not entirely caught by the movie sound track.

After I had left Mr. Rathbone, I found in myself a curious feeling of exhilaration. I puzzled over it for a while, then realized suddenly whence it came.

For the first time in many days, I had talked to a man whose joy in living is so tremendous that everyone near him shares it. I had talked to a man who had faith in himself, in his work and in the world around him.

* * *

LAST month I promised to bring you the biography of John Garfield, the young actor whose performance in *Four Daughters* created a nation-wide sensation.

I'm glad to keep that promise. Garfield is not only an important young star; he's a man who has fought since childhood against terrific odds.

I want you to read *Slums to Stardom* on page 37 of this issue. When you have finished the story, you'll understand why Garfield has reached the top.

See you next month—and don't forget Sonja Henie's skating lesson!

THE EDITOR.

As a result of his picture debut in RKO Radio's *Mother Carey's Chickens*, little Donnie Dunagan has been signed to a long term contract

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 11]

punching away at Mushy Callahan in the ring for scenes in *They Made Me a Criminal,* John really got a shock. For a closeup he faked a left hook to Mushy's jaw. But Mushy opened his mouth and out flew several white beans. John thought they were teeth and almost turned white through his greasepaint. Now John is trying to find a way to get even.

* * *

WHEN Joan Bennett's two beautiful daughters visited their famous mother on the set, they caused quite a bit of commotion. On the way to the studio they insisted on being allowed to stop at the five and ten to buy a present for "Mummy." Just before Joan went into a scene she was presented with a diamond and sapphire clip and a sparkling cut glass emerald! When the children insisted that Joan wear her new finery before the camera, the cameraman gave her the wink and they "took" the scene without any film in the camera.

* * *

WHEN Richard Greene's mother arrived from England, Hollywood thought Kathleen Girard might be here to do something about the Greene-Whalen romance. And Hollywood was so right! Miss Girard, who is an actress in her own country, not only took Arleen to her heart, but she fixes dinners for her two children and even accompanies them to night clubs when they insist.

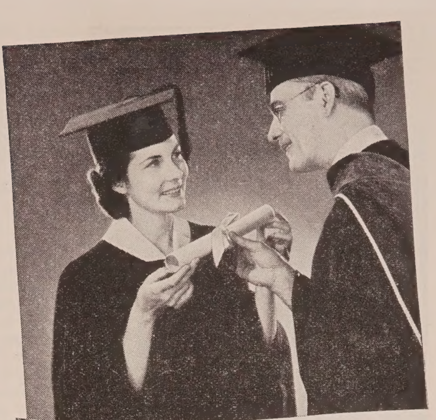
* * *

EVERYONE on the set kept wondering what was wrong with Bobby Jordan. Usually he was full of pep and carrying on in true "Dead End" manner. Finally Bobby confessed that it was Joan Blondell who had ruined his day. Then

[*Continued on page* 14]

Joan Bennett demonstrates the advantages of the upswing coiffure. The suds can't touch the curls

She won College Honors ... but *"Flunked"* as a Wife!



One subject she hadn't learned was Feminine Hygiene—with "LYSOL"

MANY family doctors—and husbands, too—have seen otherwise happy marriages fail, for lack of knowledge about proper feminine hygiene. A wife may not be conscious, herself, of any neglect on her part. That's the tragic thing about so many cases of "incompatibility". Wives don't realize . . . and husbands can seldom bring themselves to the point of mentioning it. If only there could be more frankness . . . but the subject of feminine hygiene is so delicate.

If there is any doubt in *your* mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". For more than 50 years "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and thousands of women, for the exacting needs of feminine hygiene.

Some of the important reasons why it is especially valuable in feminine hygiene are—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide,* active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy. . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 12-S.B., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet, "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________ *State* ____________

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Playing solitaire may be an enjoyable pastime to some but judging from Merle Oberon's bored expression we are inclined to be a wee bit doubtful

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 13]

the story came out. When Bobby returned from lunch, Joan told him that Judy Garland had called at the set and they told her that Bobby had gone for the day. Joan naturally thought that Bobby would know he was being kidded. But it seems the young gentleman has lost his heart to Judy and was taking the rib very much to heart. When they told him the truth, Bobby let out a war whoop, turned a few cart wheels and really went to town before the camera.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Pat O'Brien went to a preview recently, his wife lost her purse containing commutation tickets, her various identification cards and $40. The next day the purse was returned with everything intact—but the 40 bucks. In its place was a note, "I need this money to pay alimony. Someday I'll pay it back." It was unsigned—and Pat had to laugh in spite of himself.

★ ★ ★

IT WAS more than poor Paul Guilfoyle could stand when RKO cast him to play his 49th "killer" role. "Don't put my name on the screen," quipped Paul. "Just bill me as the Dead End Boys' father."

★ ★ ★

WHEN Vincent Price, Helen Hayes' ex-leading man arrived in Hollywood to do his first picture, everyone warned him against all that he would go through. When it was learned that he would play opposite Constance Bennett, certain non-Bennett supporters again cautioned Vincent about ending up with the back of his neck to the camera. Being a fair minded guy, Vincent said nothing and sat tight. The first day on the set, Connie showed Vincent a trick whereby he could be seen twice as well in a scene. The next day she showed him something special in improving his makeup. She next suggested a certain way he could use his voice and get the same results. It kept on this way right throughout the picture. Vincent only hopes he will always have to work with someone as "difficult" as Constance Bennett.

★ ★ ★

UNA MERKEL'S kind thoughts for others go on endlessly. When Una's mother was ill, their legion of friends sent hundreds of books for her to read. Una herself buys many books, so she has collected quite a library. In her spare time Una leaves the books around at the homes of her different friends. But she makes a list of them and sees to it that each book is read by her own exchange system. Una says she feels like a walking librarian but she just can't stand the thought of so many wonderful books not being enjoyed by all.

★ ★ ★

GEORGE BURNS and Gracie Allen just couldn't have returned from Bermuda without bringing a "Koala" back to the children. If you don't know it, a Koala is a second cousin to a Kinkajou, and a Kinkajou is a cross between a monkey and a honey bear. Anyway—George and Gracie spent $150 getting the animal through customs, buying up special food, etc. The children took one look at the strange animal and shrieked bloody murder. Now their little pet is living happily at the city zoo. And Gracie says she knows it would have been much smarter to bring back a giraffe. Don't you think so George?

★ ★ ★

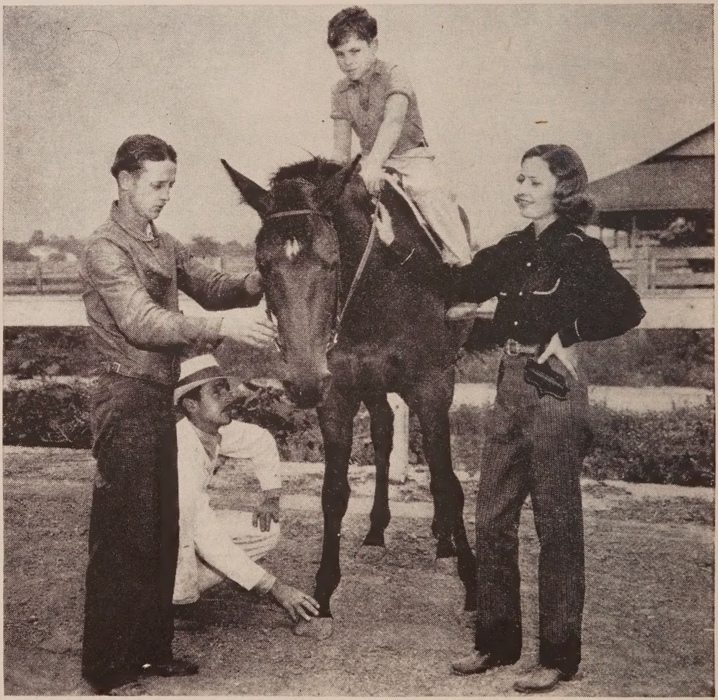
BONITA GRANVILLE is a perfume bottle saver. But she likes her bottles full. Jackie Cooper gave her a bottle of "Night and Day." This makes the 225th addition to her collection.

★ ★ ★

WAS Mary Livingston's face red? When she and Jack Benny first moved into their palatial new home, they hired a night watchman. That night Jack and Mary went to the movies. When they came home they rang the door bell. They rang it again and again. No one answered. There wasn't a sign of life around the place. Finally, Mary very disgustedly cracked, "That new watchman doesn't know his nose from his elbow." Just then the watchman stepped out from behind some bushes. "Oh, *yes,* I do," he answered, as if he believed it himself. For once Jack and Mary couldn't think of an answer.

★ ★ ★

VIRGINIA BRUCE'S story about her new servants has Hollywood convulsed. Virginia had been having so much trouble, she decided to get a brand new couple and break them in herself. It took lots of time and patience. They didn't



A horse lover of the first degree is Barbara Stanwyck, RKO Radio star and co-owner of the Marwyck Stables situated near her valley home. Her latest picture is *The Mad Miss Manton* in which she co-stars with Henry Fonda

seem very anxious to learn. Finally, Virginia asked the butler to do one tiny extra thing. He threw up his hands in disgust. "I quit," he said. "I'm going back to the stock and bond business."

* * *

THE passing of Pauline Frederick left a deep impression on Joan Crawford. Years ago when she was struggling for success, Joan was taken backstage at the El Capitan Theater by the late Paul Bern. Joan was introduced to her ideal, and it was Pauline Frederick who told Joan to keep her chin up and never stop fighting for the things she believed in. Joan never forgot those words. Years later Pauline played Joan's mother in a picture. When Joan heard that Pauline was ill, she sent flowers and called the doctors and nurses daily. Pauline was too ill to know of those calls. Her memory will always live on in the heart of Joan Crawford.

* * *

ACCORDING to those on the inside, a top-flight male star was called in on the carpet and asked to see less of a certain lady of the screen. The studio was afraid that their friendship might be misinterpreted.

* * *

NO ONE seems to know what Ginger Rogers does in her spare time. Ginger is never seen at night spots. She doesn't belong to a club and she hasn't any particular circle of friends. Well, we know of one thing Ginger does to while away a few spare moments. She has a telescope anchored on the roof of her Benedict Canyon home. Ginger can look through it and see Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on a sunny day. That is, if she wants to see Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

* * *

JOE E. BROWN just bought a new six acre ranch in Brentwood Heights. Bill Haines is going to do every room but Joe's. That one Joe decorates himself. Aside from buying the place because it has wonderful meadows for his horses, Joe also liked all the heavily laden banana trees. In between pictures Joe thought he might take up the hobby of banana peddling because it a-*apeels* to him!

* * *

WHEN Evelyn Brent returned to RKO, what a wave of memories came sweeping back. "Betty," as she is known to her many friends, used to be a big star on this same lot. Then it was called the FBO studios. For sentimental reasons, Evelyn asked to have her same old dressing room. Jack Arnold (Ginger Rogers' uncle, formerly of the Myrt and Marge series) was occupying the room but gladly gave it up. When Evelyn walked on the set, there was the same old prop man who used to serve her as a star. A chair with her name on it had been hurriedly fashioned, and Evelyn was touched to say the least.

* * *

JOHNNY MERCER who writes all those wonderful songs for the stars, has just written some new numbers. They are called "Mutiny in the Nursery" and "Jeepers Creepers." Maxine Sullivan and Louie Armstrong will sing them in the Dick Powell picture, *Going Places.* Johnny Mercer, who knows his Harlem, explains the definition of a few of their pet phrases. "Squares" are those who don't understand rhythm and don't listen. "Alligators" are those who do understand and *do* listen. "Hip Cats" understand, they know and they "do." To listen is to "Dig This." To like a thing is to "Fall Out." It all may sound funny to you and you. But it carries a powerful wallop with those sepia babies when they get goin'.

* * *

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was traveling in Europe, he went to Strasburg to see the Reinhardt Festival. There he began to take movies with his Leica camera, to be able to show the sights to his friends back in Hollywood. When a beautiful woman sat down just ahead of Doug, he just couldn't resist taking a few feet of her beauty. The woman gave him one dirty look after another. Back in Hollywood Doug learned who his fair subject was. He told the story to Merle Oberon, David Niven, Norma Shearer, Jimmy Stewart and a few others. Then he invited them over to his beach house to see the film. Finally it came to the part that featured the unknown beauty. There, on the screen before them was—Hedy Lamarr.

* * *

A FRIEND in need is a friend indeed. And that friend is George Murphy. When a famous dancer asked a sum that ran up into the thousands, to teach Joan Crawford a few extra steps to do alone, the studio said an emphatic "No." Murphy just happened to walk on the set and sensing there was trouble, asked what it was. When he heard, George offered to teach Joan himself. He did and Joan caught on in a few minutes. They took the scene without further delay.

* * *

IT WAS one of those scenes where the sensitive-faced Otto Kruger walks in, pulls a gun and shoots Sidney Toler dead. The cameras started grinding, and Otto calmly followed out directions. But the second he fired the shot, a prop man stationed on the rafters overhead dropped a mangy looking stuffed fish at Otto's feet. Gail Patrick had planned the gag, and for a moment Otto was too surprised to move. Then he turned to Gail and said, "What, no tartar sauce?"

* * *

HOLLYWOOD is still laughing at Lucille Ball's funny remark. Lucille went to a seance and it was all very serious. Everyone sat around with hands touching a heavy table. Suddenly the table began to tip and rock like mad. The medium turned to Lucille and asked if she would like to get in touch with someone in the "other world." Lucille said she would. She would like to get in touch with her agent—whom she hadn't spoken to—in years!

* * *

PLAYERS on the *Gunga Din* company complain that Victor McLaglen plays too rough. They asked director George Stevens to make the mighty McLaglen go a bit easier when he begins turning on his histrionics.

* * *

DOLORES DEL RIO re-eally gave herself the bird! Visiting Legionaires gasped when she made an entrance at one of the popular night spots. In her hair Dolores wore two gold metal birds. In her ears she wore two birds as earrings only these were a bit smaller. Then around her

[*Continued on page* 17]

Herbert Marshall, Claudette Colbert and Brewster Morgan, producer of "Hollywood Hotel," at opening broadcast. Miss Colbert has the lead role in Paramount's *Zaza*, with Herbert Marshall as her co-star

He's No Carbon Copy!

By JESSIE HENDERSON

Young Tim Holt is going places—but not on his dad's movie reputation

His excellent work in *Gold Is Where You Find It* has given Tim Holt, right, a role in Paramount's *Sons Of The Legion*. He is shown below with Evelyn Keyes in a scene from this new picture

TIM HOLT'S voice revealed complete sincerity when he told me he didn't see why anyone wanted to listen to his views. But Tim has ideas just the same, and they're his own.

This young man of 20, cited as a coming star after the hit he made as the brother of Olivia de Havilland in *Gold Is Where You Find It*, is a tall, brown haired, brown eyed fellow. He smiles easily and there's no rubber-stamp psychology in the whole of his husky, outdoor system.

You'd think a son of the famous Jack Holt, star of the silents and hero of Columbia's dashing *Flight Into Nowhere*, would want to walk carefully in his Dad's footsteps. Jack Holt hasn't done so badly and probably his most enthusiastic fan is Tim. If walking in Dad's footsteps means getting into the movies—all right. But when it comes to following Dad's methods or mannerisms, his technique or his interpretation of a character—nothing doing.

Acting, in Tim's opinion, is the loneliest job in the world. Every actor must be a law to himself. Carbon copies haven't a chance.

"It's a comfort, though, having a real actor in the family," remarked Tim who, despite press notices, doesn't consider himself a real actor yet by a long sight. "Dad watches me rehearse a scene and then offers suggestions.

"But naturally, except for general suggestions, he expects me to interpret scenes and lines in my own way, not imitating his gestures and voice and so on but substituting my own brand. It has to be like that. Imitation may be the greatest flattery but it's no way to get along if you're really aiming to go somewhere."

And Tim aims to go places. That he's likely to get there is bound to be the opinion of anyone watching his work as the hot tempered boy, who in the picture about California gold, handled such varied scenes and gave such a good account of himself in each. There was the ugly saloon fight, the teasing brother-and-sister quarrel at the [*Continued on page 77*]

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 15]

neck Dolores wore a necklace of our feathered friends, made out of the same gold metal. Her dress was all black and her hair was worn high on her head. To say the effect was startling would be an understatement.

* * *

THOSE naughty Ritz Brothers really went to town when they discovered that Preston Foster and Arthur Treacher had to masquerade as women, for a prison show sequence in their new picture. The Ritz boys made love to the "girls" quite unlike the way they did it when grandma was a girl. At noontime a large box of feminine beauty accessories arrived in the commissary. The "girls" opened it while Tony Martin, Warner Baxter, Michael Whalen and Don Ameche looked on. If you think their faces were red then—you should have seen their scarlet complexions when three wardrobe women arrived on the set loaded down with girdles and brassieres. Yes, the Ritz Brothers had called up and put in the order.

MOVIE QUIZ ERRORS

THE discovery of five errors in the Movie Quiz Contest Booklet has undoubtedly concerned many of our readers. Therefore, the editors of SCREEN BOOK Magazine take this opportunity to inform you that under revised rules it will be necessary to get only 25 answers correct.

Prior to the discovery of the errors, answers to 30 questions pertaining to 94 pictures had to be answered correctly in order to qualify for a prize. But under the amended rules any answer submitted on the five pictures where a mistake occurred will be considered as correct.

The committee conducting the campaign has explained that millions of booklets had to be made up in advance of completion of many pictures. Changes made in cutting room and retakes were responsible for errors in the booklets.

The errors occurred in the following pictures: *Gateway, The Texans, The Crowd Roars, Girls on Probation* and *Give Me A Sailor.*

So the best of luck to all our readers and may the prize copping be well represented by SCREEN BOOK Magazine participants.

The Editors.

THEY were doing a scene for *Say It in French.* (This is the one where Olympe Bradna gets kissed 16 times). The director wasn't satisfied with the action. "Make it light and sparkling—like champagne," he suggested. "Well, why not get some champagne and make it authentic," kidded Ray Milland. But the director took him at his word. He sent out and bought a bottle. Everyone had a refreshing drink and then they took the scene again. Yes, it sparkled.

* * *

WHEN he vacationed up on his desert ranch, Adrian took along Janet Gaynor and her mother. This romance between the little star and the famous designer is getting closer to the altar stage by the moment. Each has found great stimulation in the other's qualities. Janet just had her hair cut short and wears it piled high on her head. She looks lovelier than ever. And, of course, being in love helps.

WHEN Bob Hope did a personal appearance in Texas, he was invited to be a week-end guest at the Elliot Roosevelt ranch. The second morning Bob was asked by his host how he had liked his bed. It was a wonderful bed and Bob said so. He also wanted to know if there was any special reason why the bed was different from any other bed. "Yes, there is," came the answer. "Only one other person slept in that bed before you. And he is the President of the United States."

* * *

NORMAN FOSTER, who is directing the *Moto* series and doing an amazingly good job, got a big laugh on his set. He was using a group of Chinamen in a chop suey parlor sequence and wanted a little Chinese girl to sing a song while a Chinaman was being murdered. The girl asked what song she should sing. "Oh, just sing 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' in Chinese," was Norman's retort.

Tree-climbing is a pleasant fall pastime for Priscilla Lane, lovely Warner Brothers star

INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS

Will you please send me the address of Madame Lola—your recent article was most interesting.—Mrs. D.

As a result of the article "Secrets of a Hollywood Fortune Teller" in the July issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, correspondence from all parts of the United States has come to the editorial offices of SCREEN BOOK Magazine requesting information regarding the Hollywood seer, Madame Lola. These requests have been forwarded to Madame Lola and we are assured that she will dispose of them as she sees fit.

Please give us a complete biography of Ray Milland. Also, please tell us what picture he will appear in next.—Jean, Joan, May, Rita and Lillian.

Ray Milland was born on January 3, 1907 in Neath, Glamorgan, Wales. His official cognomen is Mullane. He attended Kings College, left to go to sea, returned to become a member of England's Royal Guards. Ray is the only actor in screendom who enjoys the distinction of having been an officer in the late King George V's personal bodyguard, the Royal Horse Guards. It was his fine horsemanship that first led to his receiving offers from British film companies. In 1930 he was placed under contract to M-G-M for a year and a half. His pictures are. *Bought, Payment Deferred, Bolero, One Hour Late, The Gilded Lily, Four Hours To Kill, Jungle Princess, Her Jungle Love, Tropic Holiday* and his next picture will be, Paramount's air epic, *Men With* Wings. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 lbs., has hazel eyes and dark hair. He married Muriel Webber in 1931.

Where can I obtain a picture of Robert Donat?—H. E. S.

By writing to M-G-M, address listed elsewhere in column. Don't forget the 25c to cover handling and postage.

What is the name of the English chap who portrayed the part of Marie Wilson's husband in *Boy Meets Girl*?—B. G.

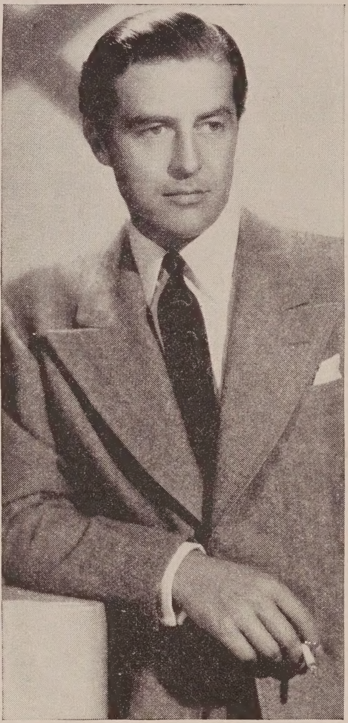
Bruce Lester.

Please tell me how old Patricia Ellis is.—E. A. L.

Miss Ellis was born on May 20, 1916.

Please tell me the names of the three girls who played the parts of Mickey Rooney's girl friends in *Love Finds Andy Hardy*. Where can I get their pictures? —Norma M. P.

Judy Garland Ann Rutherford and Lana Turner are the ladies' names, and their studio is M-G-M, address listed elsewhere.



"Man-of-the-month" honors go to Ray Milland this month. At last, Paramount is doing right by our Ray. His lead role in *Men With Wings* is something to watch out for

Please give me the age, height and birthplace of the Mauch Twins. Do either of them have girl friends?—Alice.

Billy and Bobby Mauch (pronounced Mock) were born on July 6th, 1924, in Peoria, Ill. Their height is rapidly changing, but they are approximately five ft. tall. Alice, I'm afraid Billy and Bobby are just a bit too young for girl friends yet. However, I have twin sisters, Gloria and Constance, who are also interested in this information.

Will you please list the pictures Don Ameche has appeared in?—G. B.

Sins of Man, Ramona, Ladies in Love, Love Is News, Josette, Gateway, In Old Chicago, and most recent, *Alexander's Ragtime Band.* He is scheduled to play the stellar title role in *The Life of Alexander Graham Bell.*

Will you please print the casts for the pictures *The Plainsman, San Francisco* and *Rose Marie*? In *Rose Marie,* please tell me if Nelson Eddy was a lieutenant or a corporal.—Eliz. S.

Rose Marie cast: Jeanette MacDonald as Marie De Flor; Nelson Eddy as *Sergeant* Bruce; James Stewart as John Flower; Reginald Owen as Myerson and Allan Jones as Romeo. *San Francisco* cast: Clark Gable as Blackie Norton; Jeanette MacDonald as Mary Blake; Spencer Tracy as Father Mullin; Jack Holt as Jack Burley; Jessie Ralph as Mrs. Burley and Shirley Ross as Trixie. *The Plainsman* cast: Gary Cooper as Wild Bill Hickok; Jean Arthur as Calamity Jane; James Ellison as Buffalo Bill Cody; Helen Burgess as Louisa Cody and Charles Bickford as John Lattimer.

How many Lane sisters are there? Are they all in the movies? What is their real name? Is Gale Page one of the Lane sisters?—S. B.

There are four Lane sisters of which three are now in the movies, namely: Lola, Rosemary and Priscilla. Leota is the name of the fourth sister. Mullican is their real cognomen, and Gale Page is not a member of the Lane family.

May I have the following information: The year and month the picture *Les Miserables* was released. The one in which Fredric March and Charles Laughton appeared.—James G. B.

The new version of *Les Miserables* was released on Broadway on April 20, 1935.

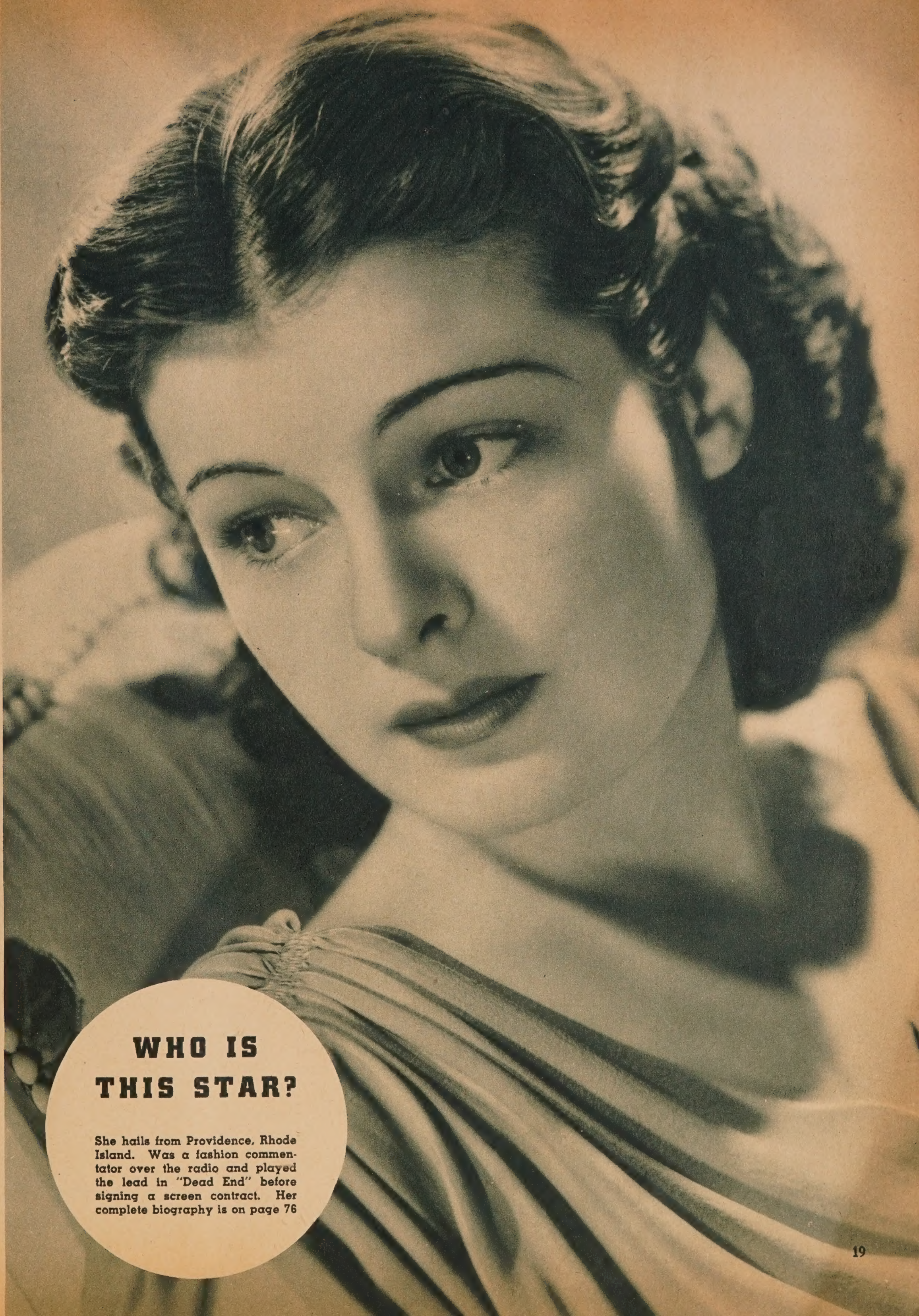
Please give me the cast of *Gold Mine In The Sky*.—Patty McD.

Gene Autry as Gene; Smiley Burnette as Frog; Carol Hughes as Cody Langham; Craig Reynolds as Larry Cummings and Cupid Ainsworth as Jane Crocker.

To settle an argument, will you kindly tell me which of Fred Stone's daughters played opposite Tom Brown in the film, *Freckles*?—Jane B.

It was Carol Stone.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK Magazine will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.



WHO IS THIS STAR?

She hails from Providence, Rhode Island. Was a fashion commentator over the radio and played the lead in "Dead End" before signing a screen contract. Her complete biography is on page 76

TYRONE POWER'S

By EDITH EVANS

TYRONE POWER is in New York and I want to interview him for Screen Book Magazine, but how am I going to find out where he is? I don't know what hotel he's stopping at, and if I did it wouldn't do me any good because he's here incognito. I can't find out from 20th Century-Fox, because it's Saturday afternoon. Their offices are closed and their executives have fled the city for the week-end.

Who in New York would be able to tell me where Tyrone Power is hiding out during his brief visit East? One man might know, a friend tips me off. They say that whenever Tyrone comes back to New York he always finds time to see Tommy, the big-hearted little Italian waiter in "Jack and Frank's Kitchen," where Tyrone used to eat when he was a struggling young actor waiting and hoping for a break.

"Jack and Frank's Kitchen" is not the kind of a place in which you'd expect to find one of Hollywood's highest paid stars. It is in the basement of an old brownstone house on 45th street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, well off the Broadway track. On one side of it is the Martin Beck Theater. On the other side a row of ancient brownstone houses stretches to Ninth avenue.

These four-story buildings, with their short front stoops and high, narrow windows have about them the flavor of the eighties. They are hung with signs reading "Furnished Rooms," "Cleaning

Miss Evans, author of this article, laughs while Tyrone tells of the days when he had to sign his dinner checks

You might not notice it as you passed down the street. But it is to the little restaurant, below, that Tyrone Power comes when he is in New York

Tommy, pictured at right, keeps Tyrone's picture in the kitchen "where he used to sit"

KITCHEN
318

MANHATTAN HIDEOUT

and Dyeing," "Chinese Hand Laundry." Eventually they will be crowded out by modern office buildings, theaters and apartment houses.

Nothing distinguishes the house into which I go hoping to find one of the screen's most popular actors. There is a large sign in front on which is painted "Jack and Frank's Kitchen."

Down the steps through the basement entrance, and I am in a small restaurant with scarcely more than a dozen tables. There is a short bar at the right, in front. In the rear, separated from the restaurant by only a half-wall, is the kitchen where the chef works over the gleaming pots on his large coal range in view of most of the tables. Rows of framed photographs and cartoons line the walls.

"Is Tommy here?" I ask the white-coated man behind the bar.

There is only one customer in the place, a gray-haired man poring over newspapers spread out on his table.

"I am Tommy," the short, dignified man replies, coming around from behind the bar and leading me to a table. He has arranged the silver, turned a glass right side up and is pouring water before I can speak again.

"Somebody told me you might know where I can get in touch with Tyrone Power," I tell him, as he hands me a menu.

Tommy's black eyes widen and a smile breaks over his face.

"You are a friend of Tyrone's?" he asks, the tone [*Continued on page* 63]

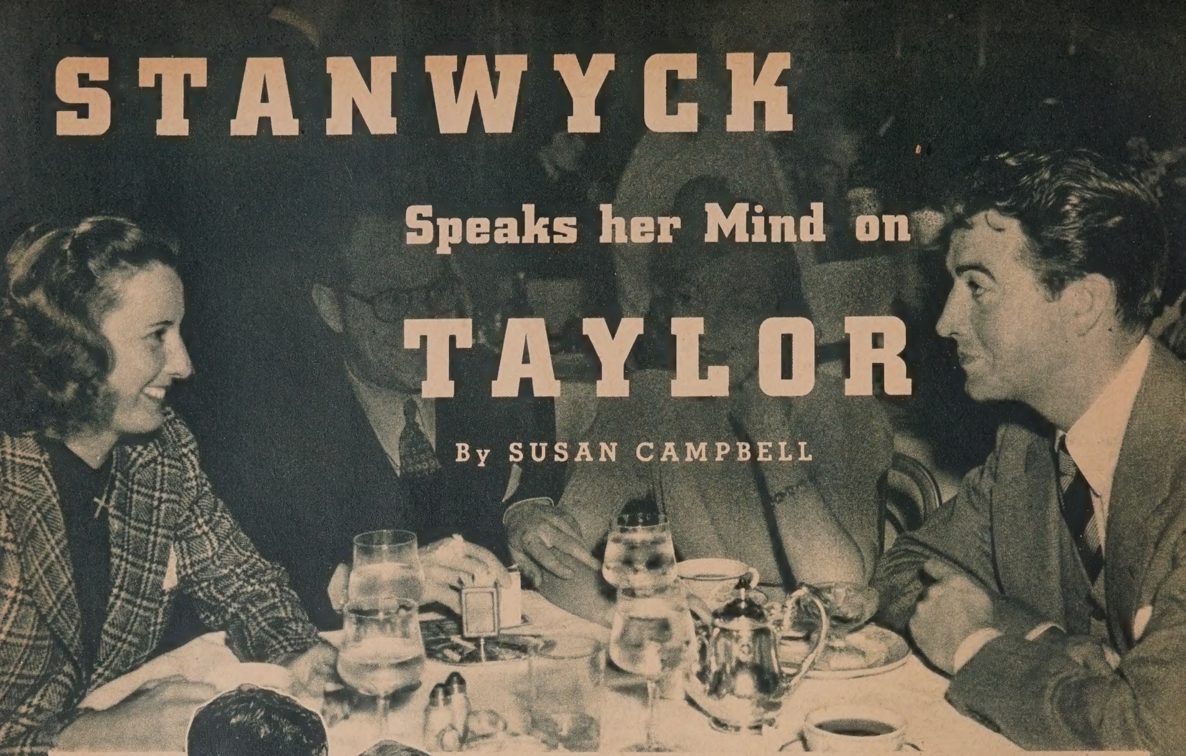
In the shadows of a basement kitchen Tyrone Power hides from the New York crowds. There he chats with Tommy, the little waiter who offered him friendship when he needed it most

Tyrone posed for this picture to show how he looked learning his lines during the hall bedroom days in New York

No matter how busy he is, Tyrone always finds time to look up Tommy Melane

STANWYCK Speaks her Mind on TAYLOR

By SUSAN CAMPBELL



Since Bob Taylor was first seen with Barbara Stanwyck, there has been persistent speculation about their real attitude toward each other. Bob has made statements, Barbara has given interviews but both of them laugh when Cupid is mentioned. The following article casts a revealing light on the Stanwyck-Taylor affair.

—The Editor.

"BARBARA, just what is this business between you and Bob Taylor?"

The girl with the friendliest grin in Hollywood must have expected this question. Barbara Stanwyck is being pestered on every side these days with just such queries. It's what one gets when one goes around with a handsome young fellow like Bob Taylor, a lad who has jumped into stardom without a chance to protest or marvel.

"You want the straight goods?" Barbara asked. She caught our nod before she finished speaking. And for more than an hour we sat there together while Barbara gave a remarkable picture of the Stanwyck-Taylor affair.

"Let me ask you a question first," she said. "How many famous stars really find fun in the simple things of life? Darned few, if you ask me.

"Among the simple things I class Coney Island, or its equivalent at Venice and Ocean Park in California. Ever since I was a kid, I've enjoyed spending idle hours now and then on such things as roller coasters and whip rides. I have many friends who will ride the coasters once for a lark, but not for a steady diet. Let me tell you, Bob Taylor will stick with me until I'm dizzy rushing around loops at a jillion miles per hour. Do you follow me?"

Being lovers of the fancy rides, we did in spirit if not in fact.

"Now, it's fun to have a companion who will eat peanuts until he busts and drink pink lemonade. But

Bob and I have a lot more in common than that. We both like to play tennis. Without reflecting on Bob's ability, he doesn't beat me badly enough to make the game uninteresting. So we play a lot of tennis. That's another good point.

"Then there is the matter of swimming. I get through the water pretty well, although I have never made any claims at being a diving expert. Bob enjoys the water, too, so we paddle around together whenever the weather gets too warm. We have had a lot of fun together."

BARBARA'S blue eyes grew reminiscent. "I'll never forget our first date. It was a very ordinary affair and Bob and I were both pleased over what a good time we had. I went home conscious only of this fact. Of course I also realized he was a swell fellow. Came the dawn and the papers appalled me!

"That one occasion was enough to set the reporters off on a barrel of romance rumors. I was really astounded, for no such thought had entered either one of our heads. Back in New York one date doesn't mean a thing, but in Hollywood it's everything!

"Well, those news stories might have ended things right there. But Bob came

[*Continued on page* 82]

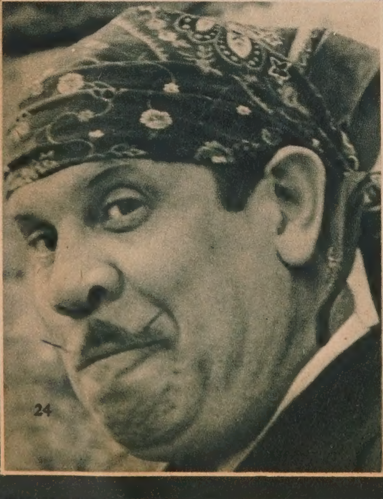
When Hollywood sees Bob Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck isn't far away. Circle shows them deciding what's good in the fifth race. Top row, left to right, Bob and Barbara having a time at a formal, playing cowboy and dancing. Barbara says Bob is an excellent dancer. Lower row, on their way to the Screen Actors Guild Ball, serving dinner to a baby lion and rooting for their favorite at the fights

By
DUNCAN
UNDERHILL

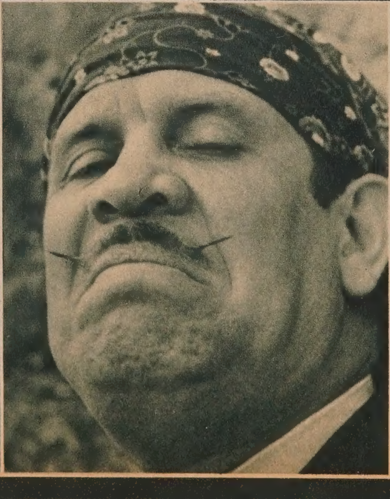
STALKING THE LEW IN ITS LEHR

Merry England wasn't the same after Lew paid a call. This photo was taken at the banquet of the London Wine and Food Society. Lew ate bread and water

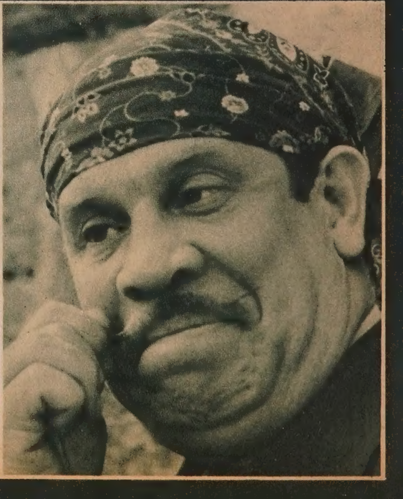
Whimsy, as depicted by the estimable traveler and nut of the Newsettes



Disdain! Or perhaps Dictator Lehr has noticed a whiff of garlic in the air



Contemplation. Lehr considers his latest invention, a demountable mustache



BAD-HOTEL
VERGUNNING
L.W. BRUIJN

"This picture," says Screwy Lewie, "illustrates a curious European situation." Note name of the Dutch hotel

Our investigator asked Lew what he called this picture. "Dot iss the watch on the R-r-rhine," Lew said, sadly

In Italy, Lew posed as Mussolini. Here he addresses the Mediterranean

"What, no audience!" Lew can't imagine why the crowd hasn't arrived

"Ha, there they are." (One tourist guide, sleeping under a pillar)

You've seen him hundreds of times. He's the mustachioed spasm who emotes from the upper left hand corner of the Newsettes. When his classic features are flashed on the screen, the audience murmurs happily and settles down for a few moments of complete enjoyment. You can always depend on him for a laugh. SCREEN BOOK *Magazine proudly presents True Blue Lew Lehr, the scourge of the American language—or any language you'd like to name—* THE EDITOR.

"DO YOU break your own English?" our ship news department demanded of Lew Lehr, the portable polyglot commentator of Fox Movietone News. "Or do you send it out to be broken?"

"I resent the implications of the last half of that crack, chump," the stylish-stout Munchausen retorted, with venom. "I not only break my own English but I also distort it, contort it, mangle it, strangle it, macerate it and lacerate it by a secret process known only to myself, and not any too well known at that."

This direct descendant of Captain Katzenjammer and Mrs. Malaprop was returning from a quick study of the history, economic situation and prevailing dialects in England, France, Germany, Italy, Holland and Belgium, traveling on a schedule modeled after Howard Hughes' and an expense account reminiscent of Coal Oil Johnny. It was his second trip to Europe, the first having been undertaken in the interests of the A.E.F. in 1917.

On the earlier journey Mr. Lehr was a junior executive, a sergeant, to be exact, in the caisson department of the artillery, and the quarters he rated were half the size of a shoe box on J Deck of an old boat named the *President Roosevelt.* On his latest voyage he rated the flossiest suite on the *Normandie,* the one that was decorated with the money France had earmarked to pay the war debt, and on the westward voyage a modest little seven-room penthouse on the *Queen Mary.*

In London Mr. Lehr was considerably surprised to find that his vogue was as great as that of the kipper and that the quaint inhabitants of the United Kingdom took a masochistic delight in copying his assaults on the King's English.

With no practice at all the peripatetic prevaricator discovered that he owned an amazing mastery of the three standard brands of British speech: Cockney, school-tie, and old-boy English. He discovered also that his deformed style of humor, once passed by the royal customs inspectors, was capable of adaptation to the local speech and prevailing state of mind. Right out of his own head he made up a couple of English topical gags that rolled the jolly old Britishers right off the jolly old curb stones. For example, there was a crime wave in process when Lew landed, a number of gangs of robbers having launched a campaign of depredation in which they utilized high-powered automobiles to make their escape.

To cope with the situation the Home Office devised a highly imaginative but not very effective technique. High-powered police cars were put on highway patrol with orders to follow and intercept suspicious-looking cars. Lehr's gag on the police patrols runs like this:

A police car picked up the trail of a speeding sedan filled with desperate-looking men.

[*Continued on page* 73]

HEDY LAMARR — —

GARBO'S HEADACHE!

By FREDERICK McFEE

ONE of the prize ironies in Hollywood history is this juicy fact: for years, M-G-M has been afraid that some other studio might find a rival for Greta Garbo. For years, M-G-M itself has been hoping to find a Garbo rival, and a possible Garbo successor. Yet when one finally came along a year ago, M-G-M failed to see her possibilities.

And, ignoring Hedy Lamarr, M-G-M ignored a couple of million dollars.

That's what Producer Walter Wanger, who was smart enough to see her possibilities and borrowed her dirt-cheap from M-G-M, will make out of Hedy's American film debut in *Algiers*.

Wanger must be chuckling. You couldn't blame him if he was guffawing.

He not only capitalized on Hedy before her own studio did. He did so with a story that her own studio had owned six months before and had sold to him because no M-G-M producer was interested in it.

And to make the irony complete: *Algiers* was made for a quarter of the cost of *Conquest*, Charles Boyer's previous picture. *Conquest*, unveiling Napoleon's great love story, was a romantic epic. And at the box-office it laid an egg of epic proportions. *Algiers* was simply a good melodrama about a hunted thief's emotions. Yet it has been playing to Standing-Room-Only.

The feminine attraction in *Conquest* was Greta Garbo, Glamor Queen No. 1 for lo, these many years. The feminine attraction in *Algiers* is Hedy Lamarr, a stranger in our midst.

The charm of lovely Hedy Lamarr is a menace to the supremacy of Glamor Queen Garbo. Hedy is shown, far left, with Charles Boyer in *Algiers*, her first picture

Crowds aren't swooping down on theaters to see Charles Boyer in *Algiers*. If they were, they would have swooped to see him in *Conquest*, too. The magnet is Hedy Lamarr.

This Viennese Venus, 23 years old (until November 9th)—with black hair, magnolia-blossom complexion, gray-green eyes shaded by curling black lashes, full lips and provocative accent—is the most sensationally glamorous parcel of femininity that Hollywood has seen in years.

Garbo hasn't seen her yet. But when she does have a look, she will be gazing upon the most dangerous rival she has ever had. Her greatest enemy.

According to Hollywood's definition, any person who threatens your fame and your stardom is an enemy. And Garbo's are being threatened as they never have been before.

Hedy hasn't ordained things to turn out this way. But this is the way things are destined to be, simply because Hedy is Hedy.

She isn't a second Garbo. She is the first of her particular kind. That's why she is a sensation, such a sensation that every studio in Hollywood is already looking for "another Lamarr."

This is significant. Until Hedy came along, the search was always for "another Garbo." A few years ago, all the studios in town broke out with a rash of "second Garbos." It was an epidemic. Paramount had Marlene Dietrich; RKO, Gwili Andre; Warners, Lil Dagover; Goldwyn, Anna Sten; Universal, Tala Birell; Fox, Lillian Harvey.

Hullabaloo got them attention. But only one of them—Marlene Dietrich—created enough hullabaloo to hold attention. Marlene startled folks into thinking she was Really Something by showing as much of her shapely legs on the screen as the censors would allow, then going around off-screen in man-tailored suits complete unto trousers, and, though she was a wife and mother, being quite the woman-about-town.

She excited curiosity, not rapturous idealism. Curiosity, stirred up by press-agents, made her a star. But never the star that Garbo was and is. For one thing, she has been handicapped by being blonde and languid, like Garbo. And Garbo has always had first-settler rights on that particular province of glamor.

Garbo is blonde, languid. Lamarr is dark, vivid. In M-G-M's *Conquest*, Garbo and Charles Boyer were seen together in scenes like the one at left. *Conquest* was poorly received by the public. But when Boyer and Lamarr appeared together in *Algiers*, theater managers hung out the Standing-Room-Only sign

But Hedy doesn't have that handicap. Most decidedly, she isn't blonde. Most positively, she isn't languid. She doesn't suggest Garbo in any way. Completely in her own way, she has glamor—that certain irresistible feminine something for which every woman would like to find the secret and every man would like to find the right words.

The fact that she became a Garbo rival, without becoming a Garbo imitator or camp-follower, is what makes her so dangerous. And the fact that she is under contract to the same studio makes her doubly dangerous.

[*Continued on page* 54]

I Won't Marry an IRISHMAN!

By FRANC DILLON

"WHY shouldn't I talk about romance?" Olivia de Havilland told me. "It's a subject I should know something about, considering the number of Irishmen I've worked with since I came to Hollywood. No one can teach a girl about romance as well as a man with a little shamrock in his system.

"But would I marry an Irishman? Certainly not. They're altogether too charming."

Talking about romance for publication is one of the things about which Olivia has been obstinate. She has consistently refused to speak of the subject nearest a girl's heart. Of course she hasn't had much opportunity for love, since she came directly from high school to Hollywood. "I really wasn't in a position to talk about romance before," she explained. "Although I had experienced a brief flutter in my own heart, I hadn't time or opportunity to observe the behavior of peoples' hearts. But now, after four years of working in Hollywood and daily association with the most attractive men in the world, I feel qualified to speak."

We were sitting in the Beach Combers restaurant eating the Chinese specialty, duck with almonds, which Olivia termed "food in poetry." She looked like a co-ed on her way back to school but really she had just finished *Wings Over The Navy* and was beginning a vacation.

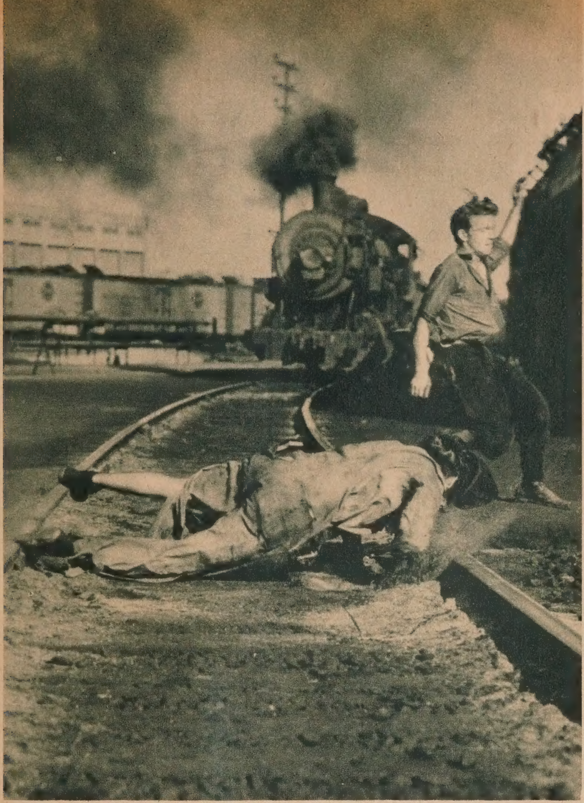
"The Irish have a funny kind of music in their souls," she observed. "It is a wild tune, dominating their heads as well as their hearts. They love to sit and look into space and ponder over life and death and poetry and love. They are the only men in the world who are not ashamed of loving poetry and music and not afraid of displaying their emotions.

"The first day I met Jimmy Cagney, he said, 'You're one of us, you know,' and when I [*Continued on page* 60]

Of George Brent, Olivia de Havilland says, "He was continually doing nice things for me"

Olivia learned about Irish humor from Errol Flynn. "With his wicked sense of humor he had me in tears"

"Jimmy Cagney has some strange quality that no one else has," Olivia believes. She's Irish, too



ALMOST FATAL!

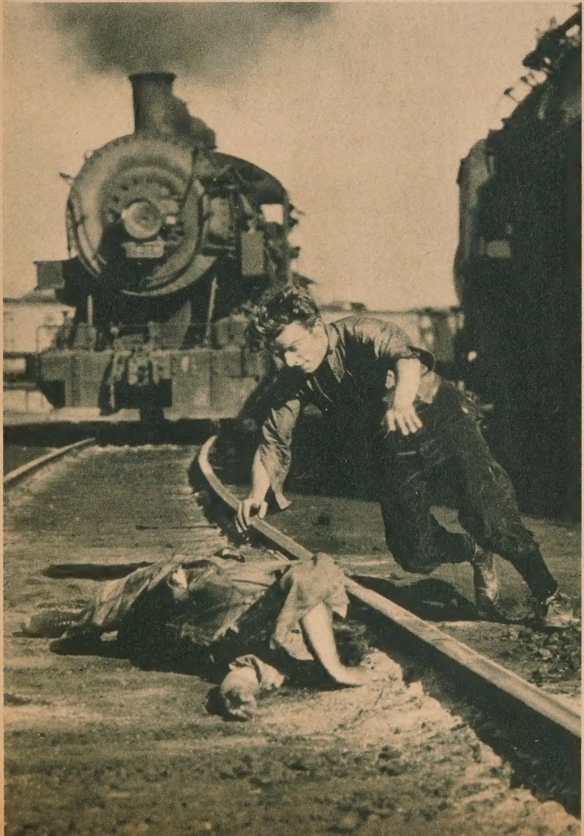
THIS scene nearly ended in a tragedy. William Tracey and Frankie Burke, youthful Warner Brothers players in *Angels With Dirty Faces*, were supposed to race across the tracks in front of a thundering locomotive. One boy was to fall down and be saved by the other. But here's what really happened.

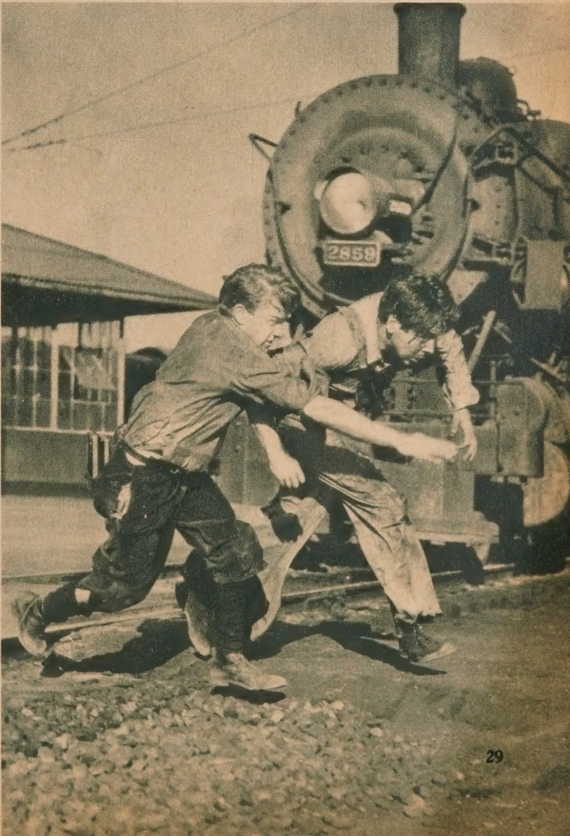
The engineer thought the fallen boy was a dummy. And the boy thought the engineer would stop his locomotive a few feet away.

Picture at left shows the two boys running across the tracks. One boy trips, falls in the path of the engine. He lies there as the engine roars toward him. He thinks the engine will stop.

Lower left, the boy's companion realizes what's happening. Note the expression on his face. He knows the engine is too close. He whirls, reaches for his comrade. In the script, he was supposed to save his pal. But until this moment, he, too, thought the engine would stop.

Below, saved without a moment to spare! Both boys register expressions of fright rarely seen on the screen. The engineer realizes for the first time that the figure on the tracks was not a dummy.





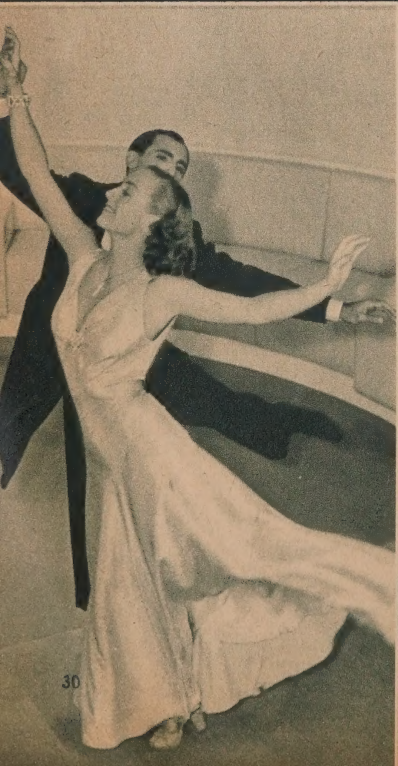
CRAWFORD DANCES AGAIN!

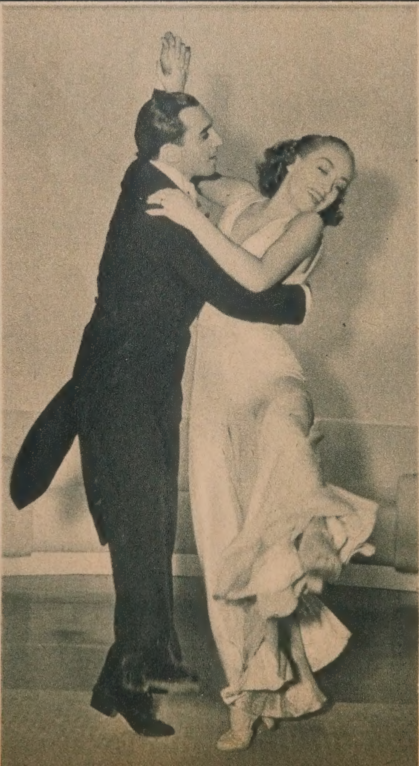
After a five year intermission, the Dancing Lady steps out again. Picture is M-G-M's *The Shining Hour*, partner is Tony DeMarco

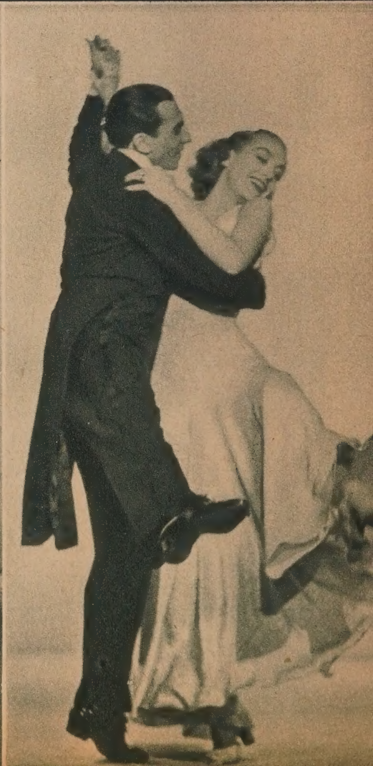
4. This is the musical comedy type of step. Dancers answer to increased rhythm and—

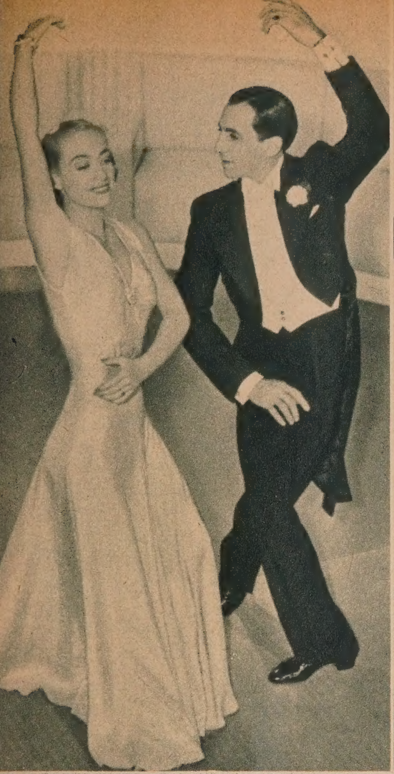
5. —begin an eccentric variation of the old-fashioned waltz. Step is gay, lively

6. As the music increases in tempo, dancers vary conventional waltz step—

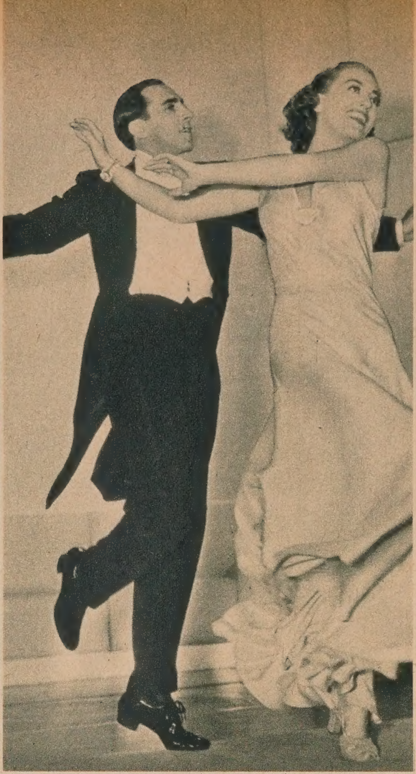




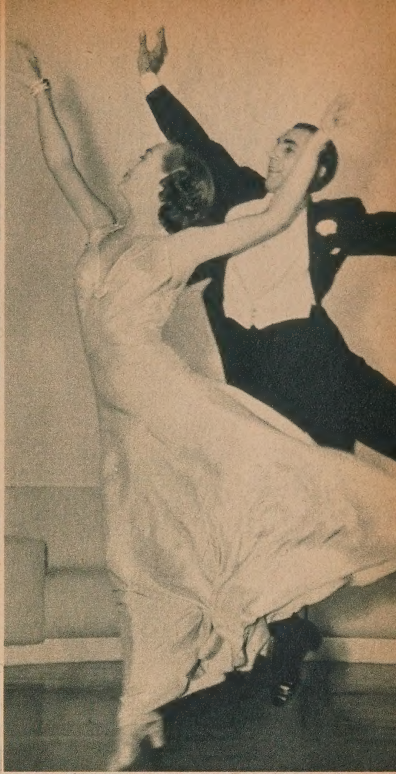




1. Dance begins with a dignified rhumba variation. Preliminary posturing leads to—

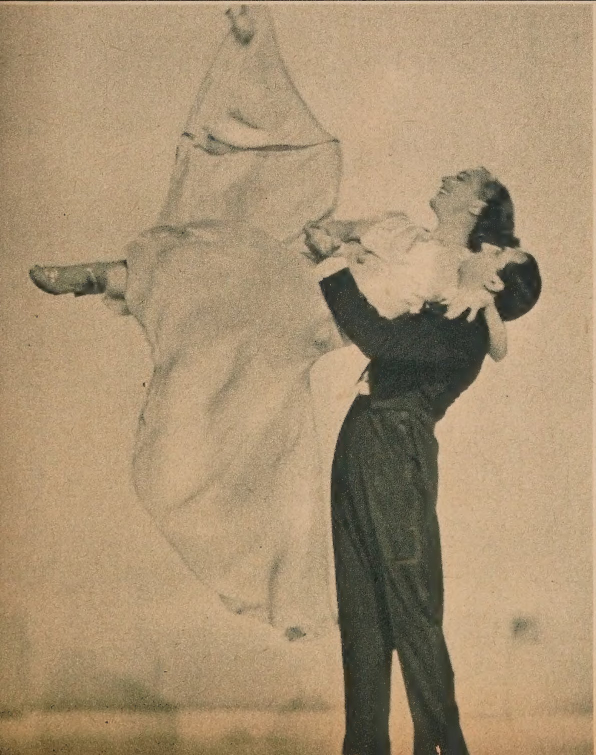


2. —a movement in which a tango is introduced. Music is Chopin's waltz in C minor

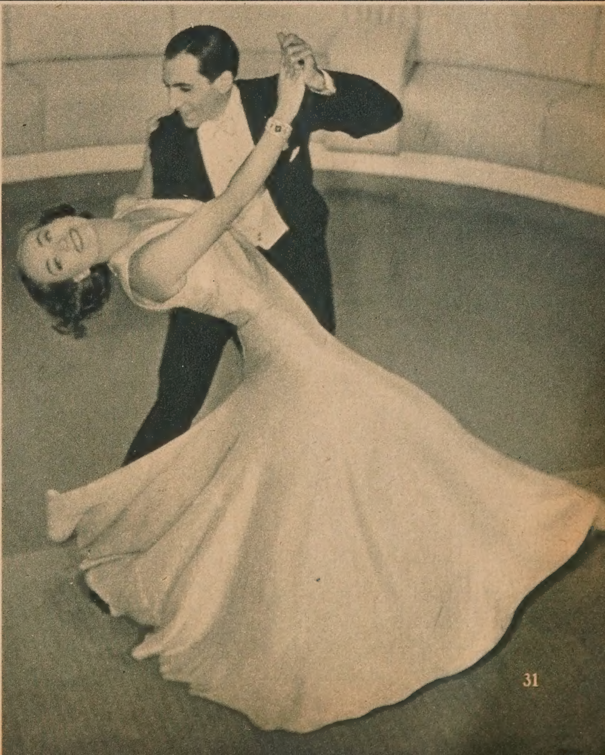


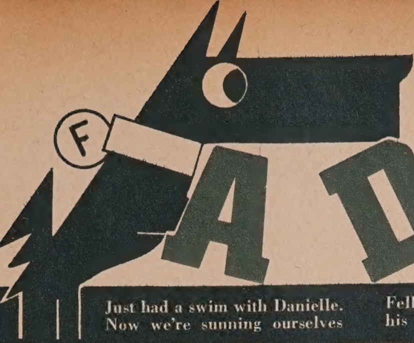
3. Next a graceful ballroom figure in which both dancers are perfectly poised

7. —and with a crashing crescendo Joan is whirled high above the dance floor



8. The dance is over. Note graceful pattern created by the couple. Bravo, Joan!





A Dog's Life

Just had a swim with Danielle. Now we're sunning ourselves

Feller has to work for his lunch around here!

By the way, my name's Flora. Miss Darrieux brought me from France. On the train to Hollywood a cameraman came along and found me tied up. He snapped my picture while I barked in French

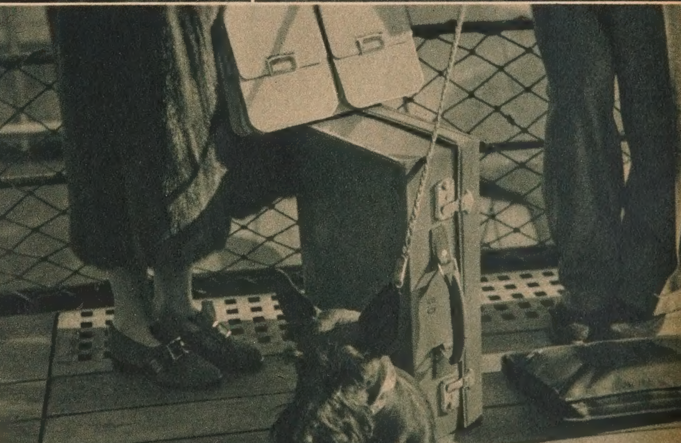
Wow! What a view humans have! Hope he doesn't squeeze or let me fall

Stop kidding me, Danielle. I can see that you haven't anything in your hand

with DANIELLE

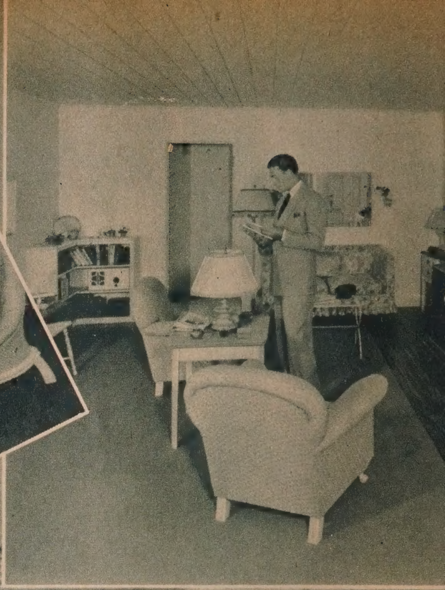
This glamor business is old stuff to me. I don't pay much attention anymore

Here we are arriving. Aim it a little lower, boys, so you won't miss me

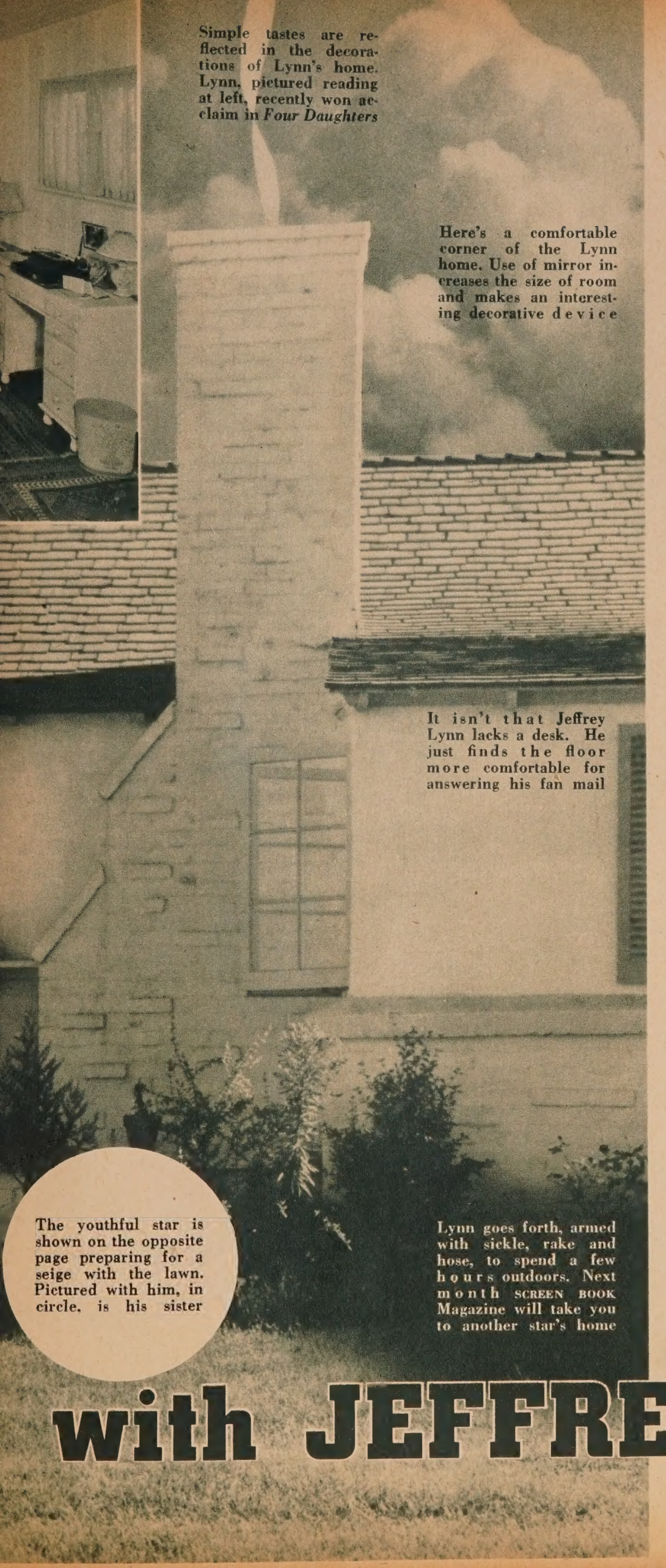


Feet, feet, nothing but feet. Eh bien, mes amis, that's a dog's life for you

Jeffrey Lynn's new home features a cool, spacious living room with white walls and furnishings to match



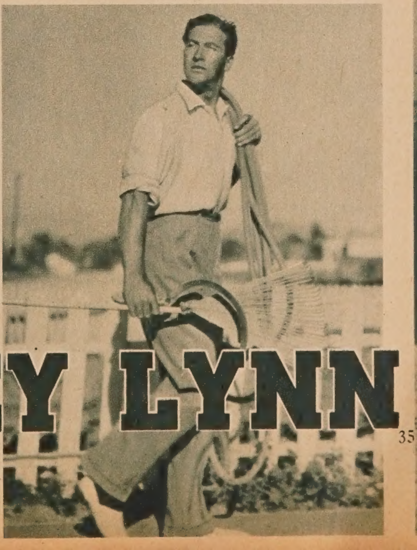
AT HOME



Simple tastes are reflected in the decorations of Lynn's home. Lynn, pictured reading at left, recently won acclaim in *Four Daughters*

Here's a comfortable corner of the Lynn home. Use of mirror increases the size of room and makes an interesting decorative device

It isn't that Jeffrey Lynn lacks a desk. He just finds the floor more comfortable for answering his fan mail



The youthful star is shown on the opposite page preparing for a seige with the lawn. Pictured with him, in circle, is his sister

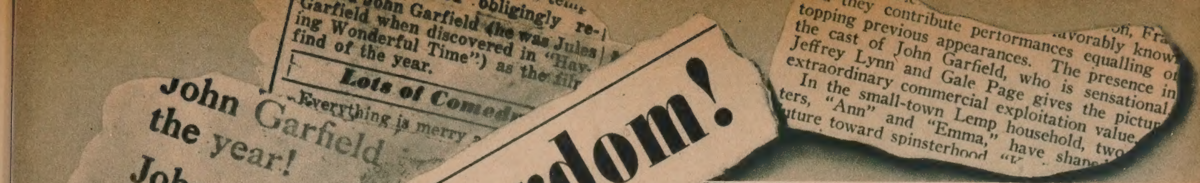
Lynn goes forth, armed with sickle, rake and hose, to spend a few hours outdoors. Next month SCREEN BOOK Magazine will take you to another star's home

with JEFFREY LYNN

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

America's sweetheart, Shirley Temple, will be seen shortly in Twentieth Century-Fox's, "Little Princess," with Richard Greene and Anita Louise

Slums To Stardom!



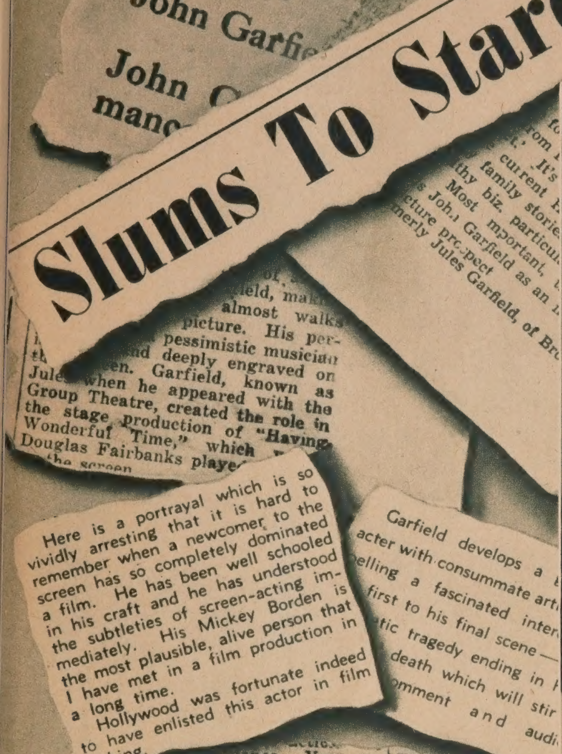
obligingly re-
John Garfield (he was Jules
ing Wonderful Time") as the film
find of the year.

Lots of Comedy

Everything is merry

John Garfield
the year!
John Garfie
John G
manc

they contribute performances
topping previous appearances. avorably know
the cast of John Garfield, who is sensational,
Jeffrey Lynn and Gale Page gives the pictur
extraordinary commercial exploitation value.
In the small-town Lemp household, two
ters, "Ann" and "Emma," have shape
ture toward spinsterhood



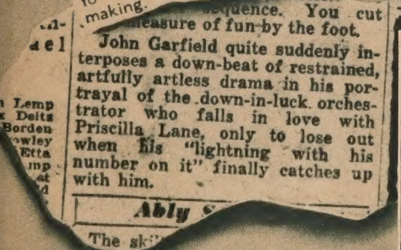
current
family storie
thy biz, particu
Most mportant,
Joh. Garfield as an
cture prospect
merly Jules Garfield, of Br

ield, mak
almost walks
picture. His per-
pessimistic musician
nd deeply engraved on
en. Garfield, known as
Jules when he appeared with the
Group Theatre, created the role in
the stage production of "Having
Wonderful Time," which
Douglas Fairbanks played
the screen

Here is a portrayal which is so vividly arresting that it is hard to remember when a newcomer to the screen has so completely dominated a film. He has been well schooled in his craft and he has understood the subtleties of screen-acting immediately. His Mickey Borden is the most plausible, alive person that I have met in a film production in a long time.

Hollywood was fortunate indeed to have enlisted this actor in film making.

Garfield develops a
acter with consummate art
elling a fascinated inter
first to his final scene—
tic tragedy ending in
death which will stir
omment and audi



sequence. You cut
measure of fun by the foot.

John Garfield quite suddenly interposes a down-beat of restrained, artfully artless drama in his portrayal of the down-in-luck orchestrator who falls in love with Priscilla Lane, only to lose out when his "lightning with his number on it" finally catches up with him.

Ably

The sk

Lemp
Deitz
Borden
owley
Etta

John Garfield has won tremendous acclaim for his performance in Warner Brothers' *Four Daughters.* A scene from that picture, left, shows him as "Mickey," a role to which he brought complete sympathy and understanding

By JOHN TOWERS

BROADWAY on a wet December night. The holiday shoppers stream beneath the brilliant lights and form jostling mobs at every subway entrance. Sleet sparkles on expensive furs and worn overcoats. At the corner of 45th street a blind beggar huddles over his banjo, trying vainly to protect it from the wet. A coin jingles in his cup and his lips form a mirthless smile. Tonight people have been good to him. Tonight is Christmas Eve.

Over on the East Side four boys are fighting in an alley. The pale light from a tenement window touches them briefly, then they stumble into the darkness, tearing at each other with the viciousness of half-starved urchins. Suddenly one boy glances toward the street.

"Copper!" he screams.

The fight stops and the boys scuttle for safety. The one who gave the warning hides behind an ashcan until the policeman turns a corner. Then he slips down the alley and into the street. He brushes a sleeve across his mouth and glares around. Defiant, bitter, seething with hatred, he stands there facing the only world he knows. It's a world that has given him nothing, a world from which he expects nothing but kicks and hatred.

A window grates harshly and someone cries, "Julius!" The boy turns, glances up. His face, revealed by the lights of a passing truck, is sensitive beneath its hardness. It's a face known today to thousands of movie fans who recently saw and admired [*Continued on page* 71]

WHAT'S SHOOTING NOW

BY JERRY LANE

A LITTLE FROM LOTS

SWING? Little alligators, we're going to do a Century Hop this time. We are going to watch Claudette (Zaza) Colbert do the 1905 version of the Can-can. We'll see Joan Crawford step into a routine that'll make toes twinkle in '39. We'll visit a French farmhouse and watch Errol Flynn do another kind of dance.

And we'll jump back to 1867 while Jesse James (Tyrone Power) teaches a posse the "bullet bounce" with his six shooter on a lonely Missouri road.

Time's a-wastin'. Let's go!

First, to the airport. A special 20th Century-Fox plane takes us to Jesse James' old hangout, Pineville, Mo., where the company is on location. The plane is loaded with $60,000 worth of technicolor rushes which are flown to the studio for development, then flown back for Director Henry King to examine.

The pilot is pointing. Look at that mob! Thousands of tiny figures climbing over the landscape, thousands of autos lined up on those roads. Looks as if the whole state of Missouri wants to be "shown" how movies are made!

THEY swarm towards the plane as we land. No actor on board this trip. Disappointed, they surge away. A small girl cries, "I just saw Tyrone Power eating lunch at the cafe!" As one, the crowd stampedes in that direction.

It takes two deputy sheriffs to get us through to Ty's table. Henry Fonda (who plays the older James boy, Frank) is with him. They look harassed but gallant. "We had 50,000 out here last Sunday," says Ty in a slightly weak voice. "We have to change rooms every day if we want some rest. Otherwise the mob gets us," amends Hank Fonda feelingly. At that moment Randy Scott (the U. S. marshal who arrests Jesse) releases his tie from a young lady's fingers, pushes another off his coat and joins us. "Hello, brother goldfish," he mutters.

But don't let the boys fool you. They're having the time of their lives! Notice that twinkle in Ty's eye. "It's a combination county fair and circus. The biggest location I've ever been on—and about the most interesting. The studio engineers de-modernized Pineville by 75 years, you know, so it would look like Jesse James' real home. They covered the paved streets around the courthouse with 400 truckloads of dirt to give the town the appearance of the old horse-and-buggy days. They've put board walks over the concrete ones to hide 'em—and every public drinking fountain is disguised as an old-fashioned pump! We live at Noel, some ten miles off, work at Pineville and play at Shadow Lake resort. Pushing dominoes across the board. And so to bed so we can rise at 5:15 a. m. to be on the job. We have to turn a hose on Hank to wake him."

A whistle blows. "Come on, lil' Jesse James," grins Hank. "Time for shootin'!"

A beautiful little redhead slips her arm through Ty's and he doesn't object one bit. It's Nancy Kelly, the 17-year-old from Broadway whose color tests practically lifted the 20th Century-Fox powers right out of their seats. Now she's portraying Ty's wife, Zee, in the picture. But it's kind of hard to whip up a little romance on the side with Mamma and Poppa Kelly there to do the chaperoning!

A company car zips us off to the "home" of the James on a country road. Some two thousand other folks are on hand already. A battery of loud speakers

asks for quiet; the cameras start rolling. Hank Fonda takes his place in the yard beside his "mother" (Jane Darwell) and turns defiantly to face the men who have come to get him. "All right boys, tie him up," says the leader. Instead they leap in the air as a fusillade of shots comes from the bush. Jesse has arrived in time to save his brother. It's a swell scene—only in the middle of it a spectator falls off a fence. They try it again—an auto horn honks down the road. Finally they get it.

"I'm so *glad*," cries a little girl standing beside us. "That's really *our* home, you know. The movie people rented it from us and they fixed the roof where it leaked and gave us enough money to pay up the mortgage. Mother says Hollywood has been a God-send to us."

Come to think of it, I guess Hollywood has been that to quite a few folks. Reluctantly we zip back to the plane.

AFTER riding that smooth ship, the old jaloppy feels like a blunderbuss on a toot. Hang on while we head for Paramount. The gateman says, *"Zaza* company? They're working on Stage A on the back lot." That's funny. Stage A is where all the train scenes are filmed at this studio (they have the special apparatus there that makes 'em sway and rock.) Don't tell me that Claudette Colbert is going to do the Can-can in a pullman!

She looks very swish in one of those "merry widow" hats the ladies loved at the turn of the

[*Continued on page* 75]

Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall, top left, are co-starred in Paramount's important production, *Zaza*. Lower left, Joan Crawford's return in M-G-M's *The Shining Hour* is anxiously awaited. Don't miss her new dance routine! Commanding Officer Rathbone of the 59th Squadron, (above) is in the process of drowning his sorrows, and for a good cause, too. Warner Brothers' *Dawn Patrol* features Rathbone, Errol Flynn and David Niven. Newcomer Nancy Kelly and Tyrone Power are shown in a scene from Twentieth Century-Fox's western epic, *Jesse James*

EXPLODING Colman

Miser, woman-hater, hermit — in such terms Hollywood describes mysterious Ronald Colman, the star on SCREEN BOOK Magazine's cover this month. But the curtain of mystery is torn aside in this vivid article

By RICHARD HOSIC

"RONALD COLMAN has finally gone and done it. He and Benita Hume set out last night for Yuma or Las Vegas—I don't know which. They must be married by now."

That was the tip that the managing editor of a Los Angeles daily had, straight from an "inside" Beverly Hills source.

He sent wires to the Yuma and Las Vegas correspondents, asking them to check immediately. For good measure, he also sent a wire to the Ti Juana correspondent. And then he did some checking on his own.

He got the publicity chief of a certain studio on the phone. The publicity chief had once worked on the paper, and some day might have to work on it again. He wouldn't hold out on his old boss.

"How can I get in touch with Ronald Colman?" demanded the managing editor.

"You can't," was the publicity chief's surprising answer. "Nobody can. I can't, myself."

THE m. e. spluttered, "Do you expect me to believe that? There isn't a star in Hollywood who can't be reached, especially by a press-agent."

"But not Colman," insisted the p. c. "He's one star whose phone number *nobody* knows. Nobody except a very few personal friends—who aren't giving it out. I'm not kidding. That's a fact."

Pained, patiently, the managing editor suggested, "But suppose you wanted to ask him an important question?"

"There's just one way I could do it. One producer on this lot knows Colman's number. I could call this producer. He

Ronald Colman arrived in Hollywood 16 years ago. Throughout his long career, he has been the subject of countless rumors

THE MYTHS

wouldn't give me the number but he'd find out what I wanted to ask Colman and relay it to him. Then, if Colman felt like answering, he'd call me. If he didn't feel like answering, he wouldn't call me. Why? What's on your mind? What do you want to know?"

The managing editor told him. The publicity chief said he'd look into it immediately. He phoned the producer who knew Colman's number. He told him about the newspaper's tip, said he wanted to check the story.

The producer said, emphatically, "It can't possibly be true. Colman isn't free to marry. He doesn't have a divorce from his first wife. Just a legal separation."

Was the producer sure about that? He was positive! And he ought to know; he was close enough to Colman. . . .

"Any story that Ronnie has eloped or is going to elope, is just another Colman myth," he added.

When did this producer-friend make those amazing assertions? A few years ago? No, indeed. *He made them just a few weeks ago.*

I say "amazing" because this producer is an intelligent man. He has made pictures that have won Academy Awards. He is also known to read newspapers. And newspapers have been calling Ronald Colman "divorced" for years.

HOW could this producer, admittedly close to Colman, be so mistaken? Ronnie was not only free to marry; he did marry a few days later. At this moment, he and Benita are honeymooning.

Had the producer heard Ronnie say, some time past, that he never would marry again and jumped to the conclusion, despite the newspapers, that Ronnie *couldn't* marry again? Or had he seen so many myths printed about Colman that he honestly believed that any second-marriage rumors were myths, too?

Anyway, it all goes to show that even Ronnie's friends sometimes get the facts and the fantasies about him mixed up. And Ronnie doesn't do much to straighten them out.

He first saw Hollywood, and Hollywood first saw him in 1922. All through the 16 years since then he has been close to [*Continued on page* 79]

Colman is shown at right in two scenes from Paramount's *If I Were King*. His leading lady is lovely Frances Dee

MICKEY THE MENACE

By
JAMES REID

Mickey Rooney wowed them in the Palace Theatre, N. Y., at the age of 15 months. He has been doing it ever since, first in vaudeville and later on the screen. Recently he made an important hit in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Love Finds Andy Hardy*. He is shown, top right, with Ann Rutherford in a scene from that picture

MICKEY ROONEY has a brief, blunt answer to any suggestion that he stole his way to stardom. "Nuts!" is the answer.

Scornfully, he adds, "You don't plan ahead, how to make the guy you're playing stand out. You just try to be that guy at that time. You let instinct tell you how to do it.

"I don't learn my lines until it's time to say 'em. Then—bang!—I go into the scene.

"I'll look over a script to see how big my part is; sure. But you won't catch me studying any scenes before I play 'em. The director might change some lines, and then where'd I be? All bollixed up. Not only that. I'd start worrying about how I was going to put across this or that. I'd tighten up.

"A character ought to be played spontaneously. That's my theory. It's the secret of great acting."

Don't get Mickey wrong. He isn't dropping any impressions that he thinks he has been guilty of any great acting to date. All he's admitting is a freedom from worry.

That's all he needs to admit. It explains his amazing rise to popularity. Being spontaneous, he's natural. Being natural, he stands out. Standing out, he steals scenes. He can't help it. And Mickey is a menace to his fellow-worker's peace of mind for this very reason.

As Spencer (*Boys Town*) Tracy says, "You have to be natural with kids—or they'll show you up every time." That is, they will if they're kids who obey their instincts. They won't if they're awed by adults.

Awe never has been one of Mickey's strong points. He says, himself, "I've never been embarrassed by anything in 18 years. Not me. I take things as they come."

He makes a point of emphasizing those 18 years. (His birthday was September 23.) "People don't seem to realize I'm grown up," he says heatedly, rising to his full five feet two and a half inches. "They're still pulling that 'kid star' stuff on me."

That's the cross he is bearing, the price he is paying, for being such a young old-timer.

He has been obeying his instincts, theatrically speaking, all his life. And, despite his "Nuts!", he has been stealing his way toward stardom all the while, preparing for the day when love and America would find *Andy Hardy*.

He first opened those sassy blue eyes in Brooklyn, New York. And ten days later he started looking over show business.

He was born to a vaudeville team named Joe Yule and Nell Carter, who had a booking in Albany, N. Y., just ten days after his arrival in Brooklyn. They couldn't afford to pass up the engagement. So to Albany Joe and Nell went, with their trunk and their still-pink baby.

He started life with the smell of greasepaint in his nostrils and theater talk in his ears. He started life with the name Joe Yule, Jr. [*Continued on page* 59]

BEAUTY AND THE QUEEN

By JANET LYNN

NORMA SHEARER wasn't wearing the purple and ermine of Marie Antoinette the afternoon I interviewed her—but she was just as lovely and gracious as we expect a queen to be. The only thing that smacked of regality was the throne-like chair in which the M-G-M star sat as she entertained the press, like a queen with her courtiers grouped around her.

Like all movie stars seen in the flesh, Norma was much smaller than I had imagined. She looked almost like a little girl, but a very dignified one. She was wearing a simply-draped black dress with a triple strand of pearls for contrast, and platform pumps that made her a fraction of an inch taller.

I was eager to find out what Norma thought of the new up-sweep hairstyle, particularly because her own coiffure, at the moment, was a long, straight bob, turned under, with a thick fringe of bangs. Norma said she had got so thoroughly tired of wearing high-piled wigs during the filming of *Marie Antoinette*, that all she wanted to do was let her hair hang down loosely and comfortably for awhile.

"But," she said, "I think the new high hairstyle is very attractive and feminine—and I'll probably be wearing it myself one day soon!" So don't be surprised to see a picture of Norma with curls nestling on top of her head in the current fashion. She'll wear the style with a lot of grace, too, for she has a nice, slender throat, a well-shaped head and face and pretty ears—all important assets when you put your hair up!

In perfect keeping with her natural manner and appearance, Norma's make-up was very subdued. She was wearing a warm peach-toned face powder, a clear red lipstick, and the faintest suggestion of gray eye shadow. Nothing chi-chi about Shearer, you can tell at a glance. Furthermore, she keeps her screen make-up down to a minimum, she told me, because too much make-up has an aging effect.

"When they were experimenting with my screen make-up for *Romeo and Juliet*, they decided to omit greasepaint for the first time," Norma said, "for they discovered that a slight film of powder and the faintest touch of color on the lips made me look much younger, more plausibly the girlish Juliet. I've never used greasepaint since."

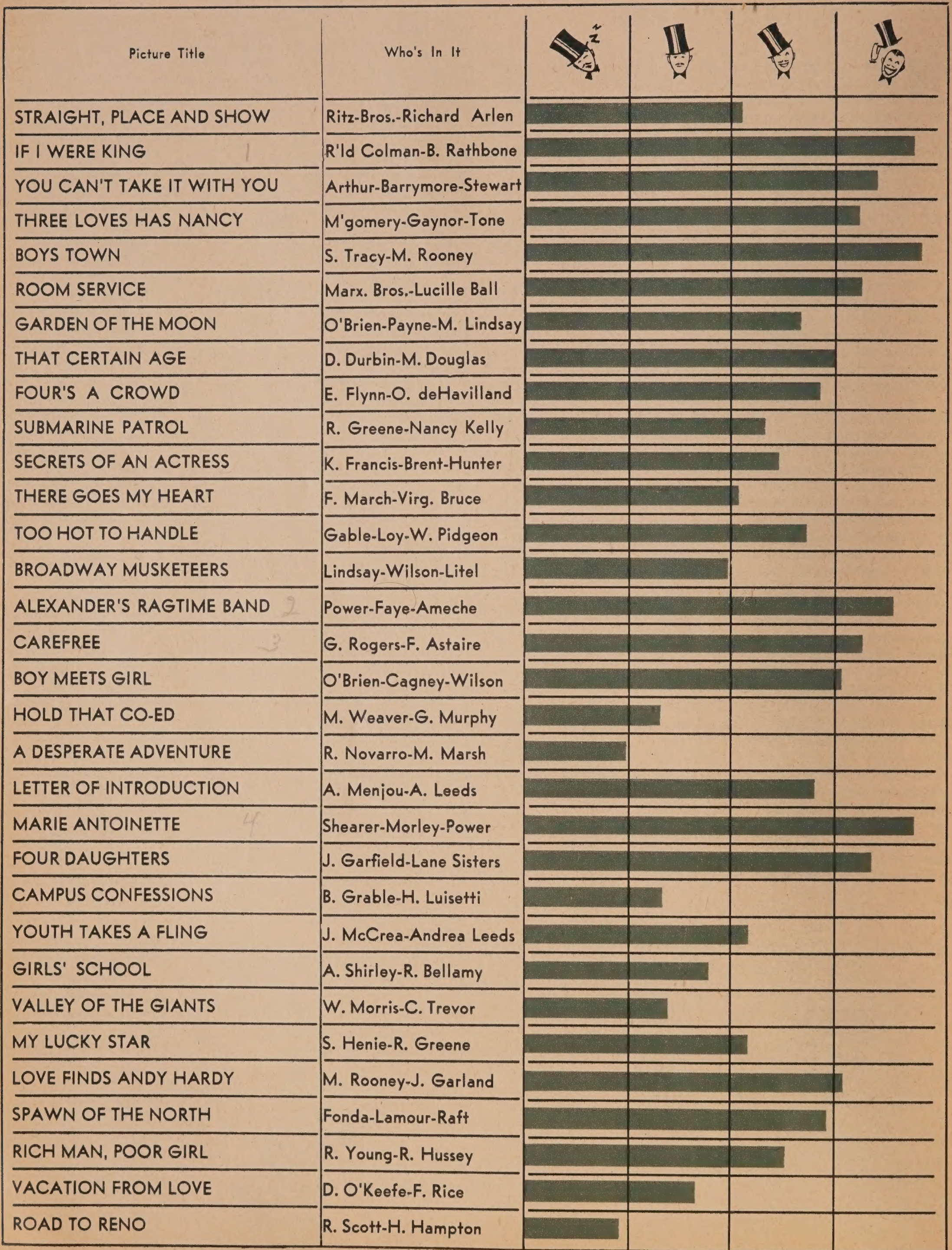
Dispensing with greasepaint would have been impossible years ago, she explained, [*Continued on page* 56]

Movie queen or young housewife—all women must look their best to be successful in business or love. If you have figure, hair or facial faults, write to our beauty editor for advice. She'll be glad to help you without charge. Just send a stamped, addressed envelope (3 cents U. S. postage, please) to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Norma Shearer, beauty, movie queen and sports enthusiast, follows her beauty routine rigidly when before the camera or away from it

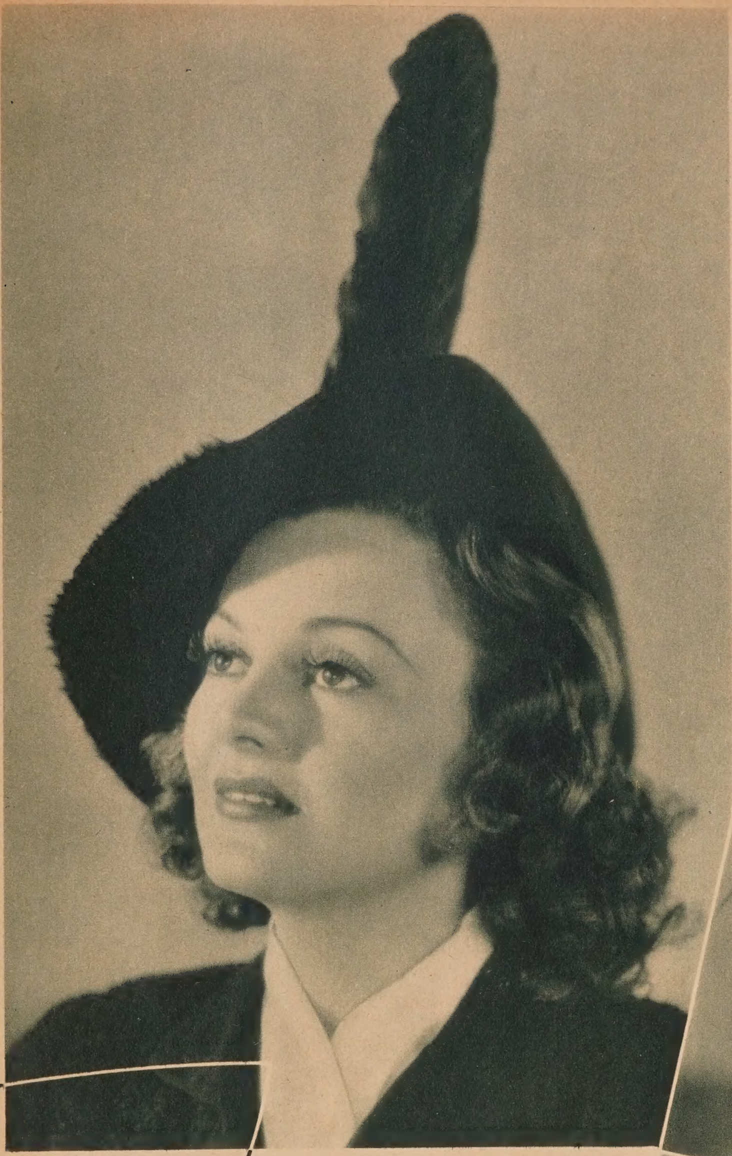
THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Toppers' Face)



Picture Title	Who's In It
STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW	Ritz-Bros.-Richard Arlen
IF I WERE KING 1	R'ld Colman-B. Rathbone
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU	Arthur-Barrymore-Stewart
THREE LOVES HAS NANCY	M'gomery-Gaynor-Tone
BOYS TOWN	S. Tracy-M. Rooney
ROOM SERVICE	Marx. Bros.-Lucille Ball
GARDEN OF THE MOON	O'Brien-Payne-M. Lindsay
THAT CERTAIN AGE	D. Durbin-M. Douglas
FOUR'S A CROWD	E. Flynn-O. deHavilland
SUBMARINE PATROL	R. Greene-Nancy Kelly
SECRETS OF AN ACTRESS	K. Francis-Brent-Hunter
THERE GOES MY HEART	F. March-Virg. Bruce
TOO HOT TO HANDLE	Gable-Loy-W. Pidgeon
BROADWAY MUSKETEERS	Lindsay-Wilson-Litel
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND 2	Power-Faye-Ameche
CAREFREE 3	G. Rogers-F. Astaire
BOY MEETS GIRL	O'Brien-Cagney-Wilson
HOLD THAT CO-ED	M. Weaver-G. Murphy
A DESPERATE ADVENTURE	R. Novarro-M. Marsh
LETTER OF INTRODUCTION	A. Menjou-A. Leeds
MARIE ANTOINETTE 4	Shearer-Morley-Power
FOUR DAUGHTERS	J. Garfield-Lane Sisters
CAMPUS CONFESSIONS	B. Grable-H. Luisetti
YOUTH TAKES A FLING	J. McCrea-Andrea Leeds
GIRLS' SCHOOL	A. Shirley-R. Bellamy
VALLEY OF THE GIANTS	W. Morris-C. Trevor
MY LUCKY STAR	S. Henie-R. Greene
LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY	M. Rooney-J. Garland
SPAWN OF THE NORTH	Fonda-Lamour-Raft
RICH MAN, POOR GIRL	R. Young-R. Hussey
VACATION FROM LOVE	D. O'Keefe-F. Rice
ROAD TO RENO	R. Scott-H. Hampton

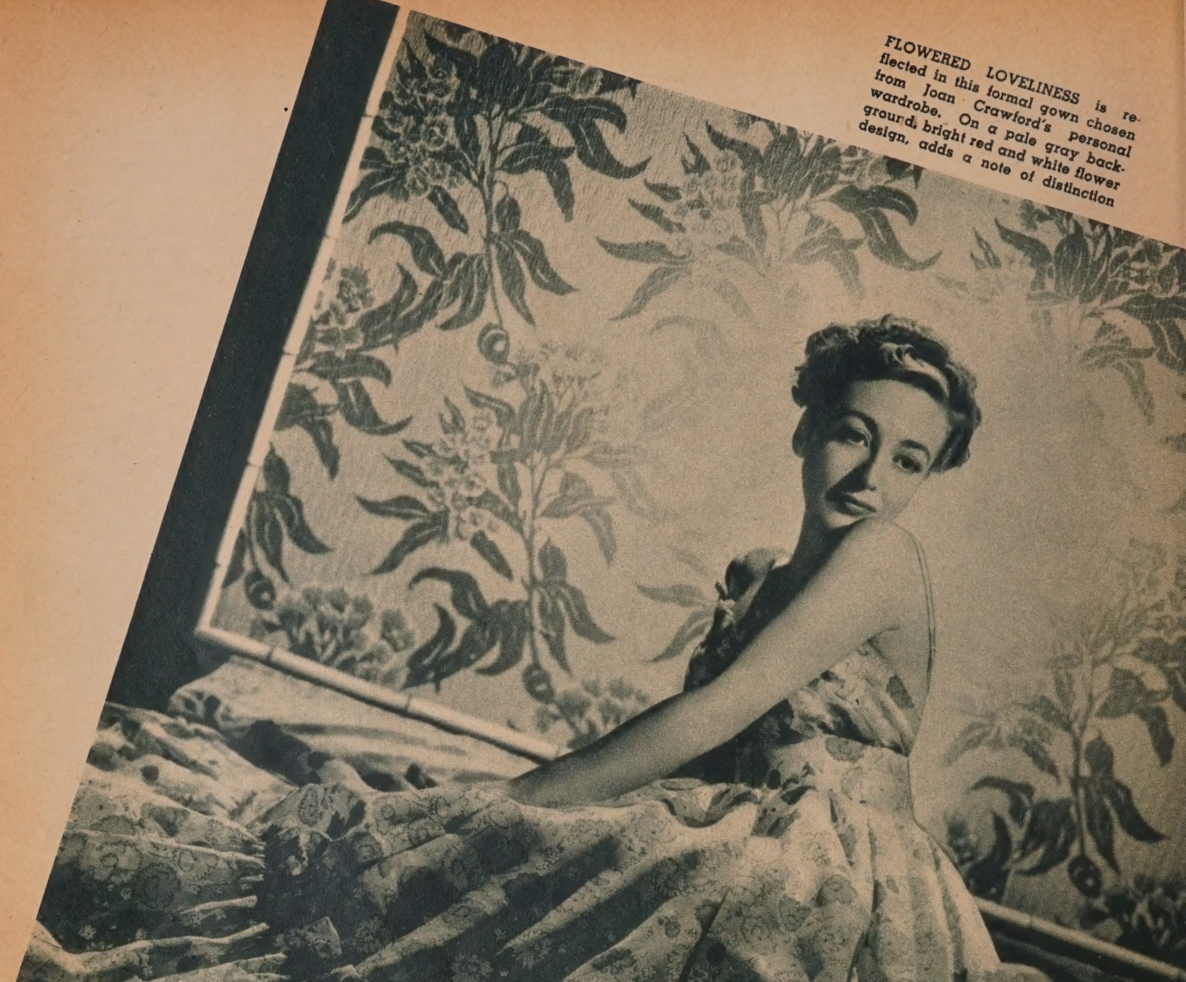
(See Toppers' Film Reviews on page 52)



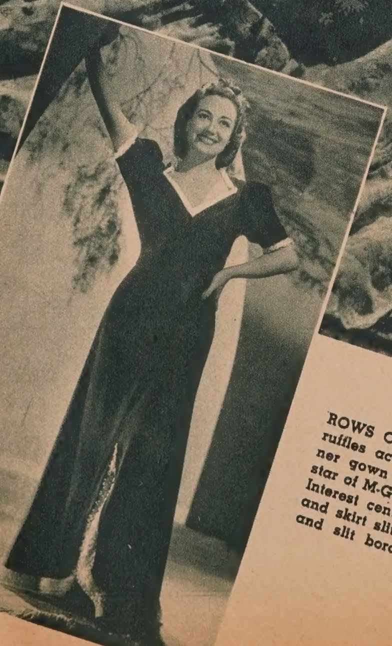
FALL HATS HERALD NEW COLOR COMBINATIONS

At left, Andrea Leeds selects a spectator sports hat in shades of brown and teal blue. Miss Leeds, who will soon be seen in Universal's "Youth Takes A Fling," (top) models this high and narrow crowned chapeau of rust and brown velour. A black and red winged bird is poised at the front of this Watteau styled black felt bonnet (center) and is covered with stiff black veiling. Below is a new adaptation of the ever-popular beret in French velvet with intriguing harem veil squared with black and white.

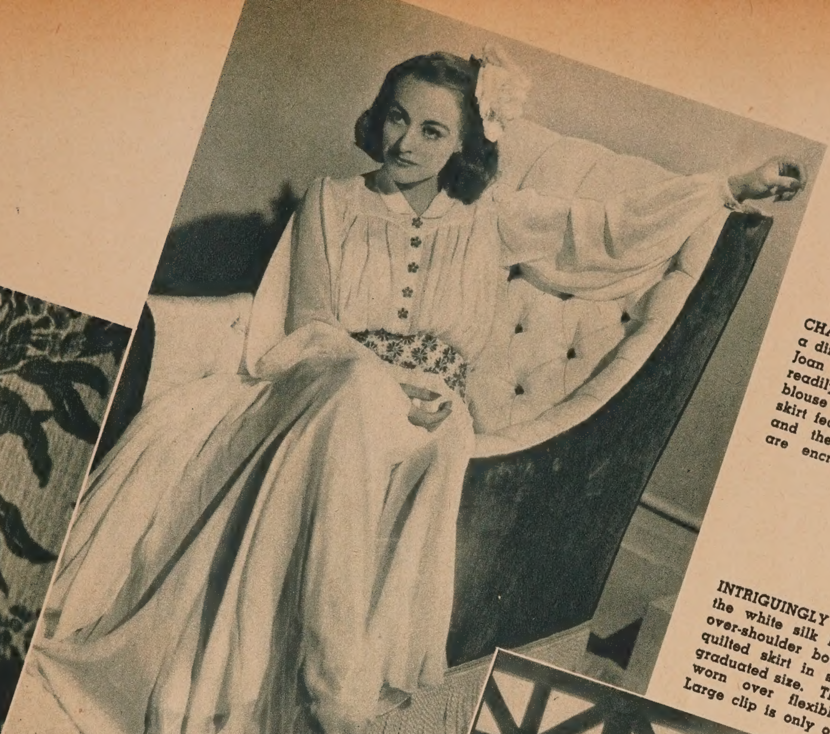
Fashionably Yours



FLOWERED LOVELINESS is reflected in this formal gown chosen from Joan Crawford's personal wardrobe. On a pale gray background, bright red and white flower design, adds a note of distinction

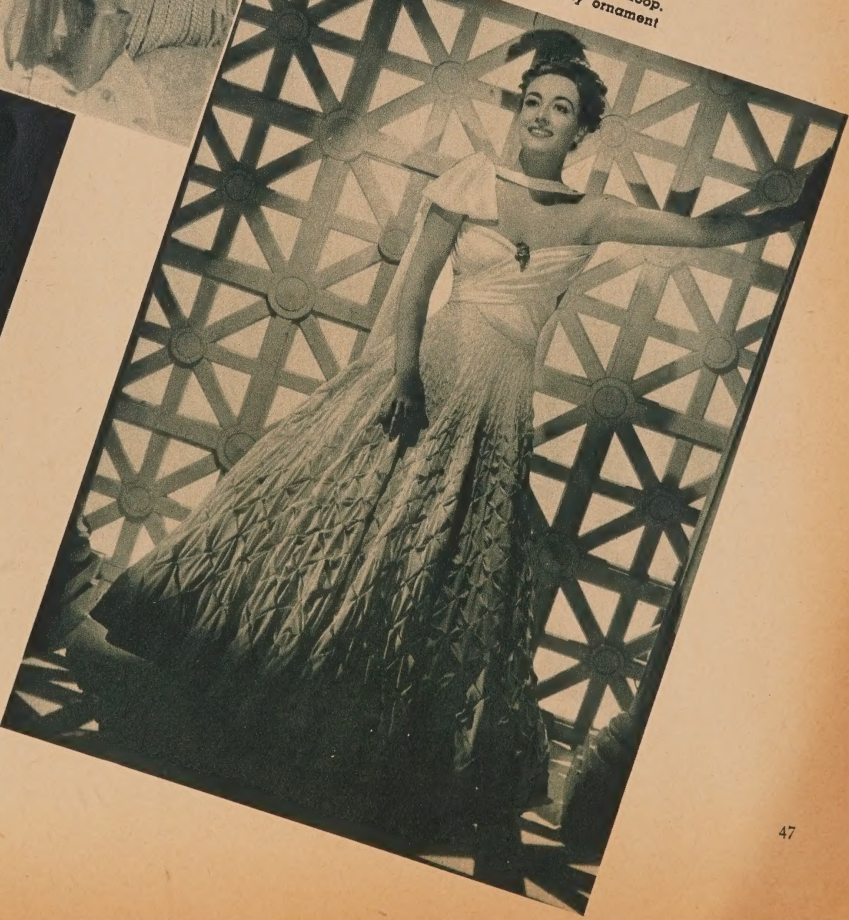


ROWS OF WHITE LACE in minute ruffles accent this black crepe dinner gown worn by Joan Crawford, star of M-G-M's, "The Shining Hour." Interest centers in unusual neckline and skirt slit to the knee, with hem and slit border trimmed with lace

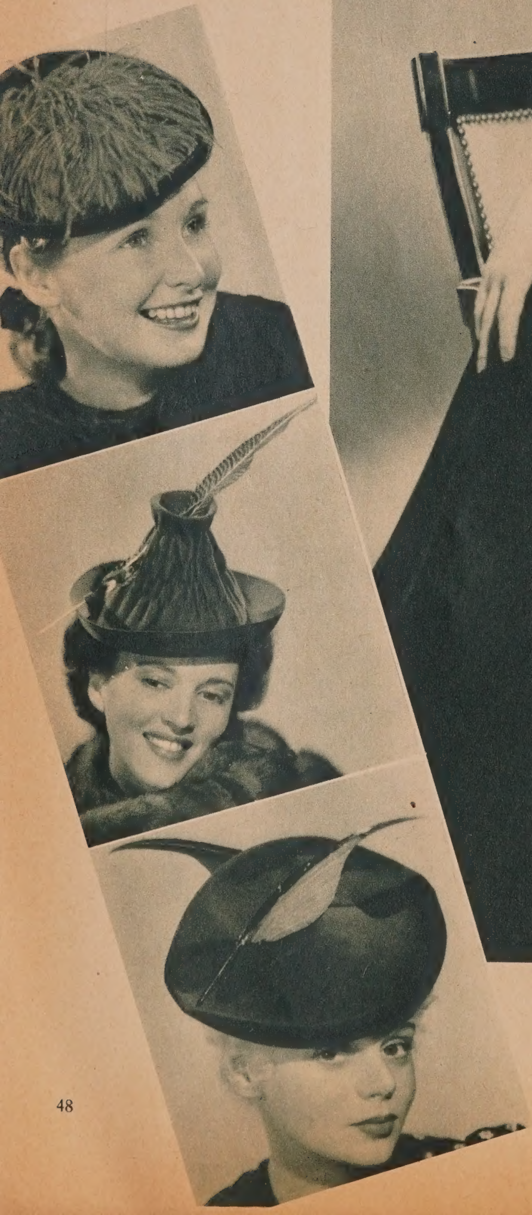


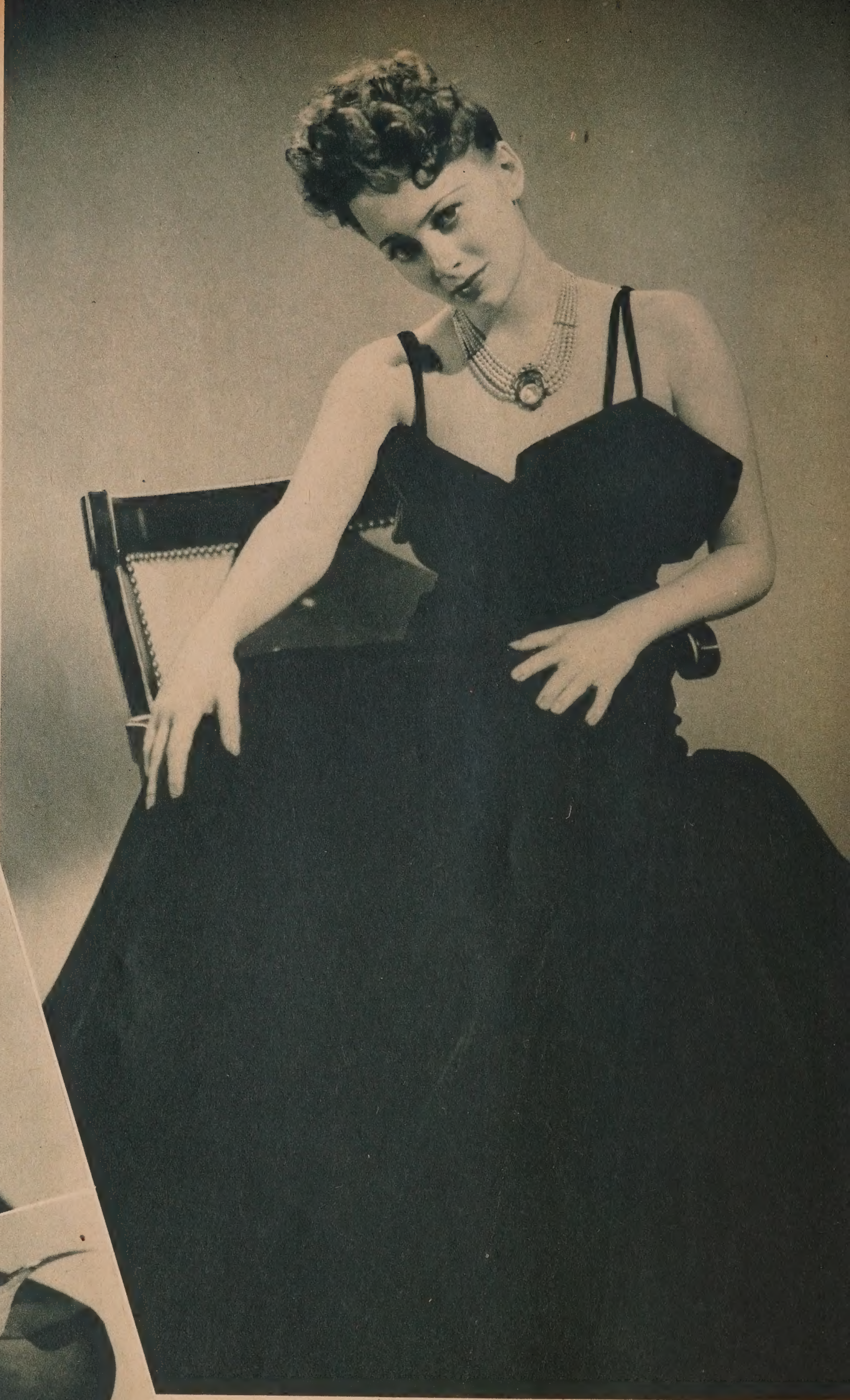
CHALK WHITE CHIFFON in a dinner gown modelled by Joan Crawford, lends itself readily to full, gathered blouse and sleeves. The skirt features great fullness, and the belt and buttons are encrusted with rubies

INTRIGUINGLY DRAPED is the white silk bodice with over-shoulder bow, topping quilted skirt in squares of graduated size. The skirt is worn over flexible hoop. Large clip is only ornament



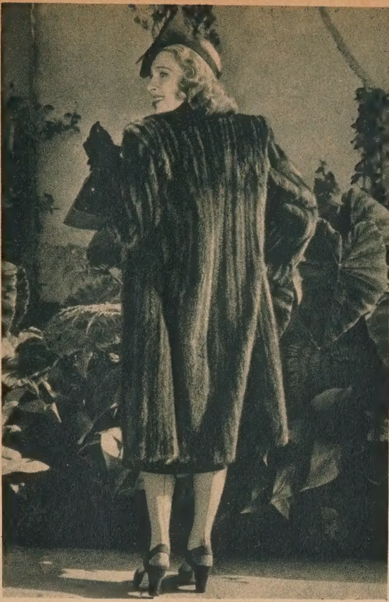
Below, Rosemary Lane wears a smart dinner hat of black velvet with king blue ostrich feathers massed across the top. Next, Gale Page in a new breton of aquamarine blue showing a high shirred crown accented with a quill. And, Marie Wilson looks charming in this pancake beret of black felt with red and black lacquered quills

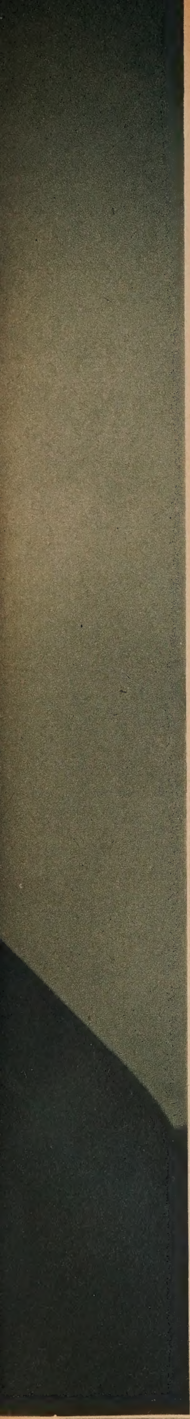




Above: Olivia DeHavilland, lovely Warner star, appearing in "Hot Heiress," models a simple black velvet gown with interesting shoulder treatment. Her cameo pin fits in with her new upsweep coiffure. Directly across: A dress of self striped fabric with a bulky top cut into a swathed waistline and gored skirt is Rosemary Lane's choice

Mink continues as the most regal fur for daytime wear in Hollywood. Shirley Ross, Paramount player, wears a full-length coat with epaulet shoulder treatment. Right: Black persian lamb makes a striking cape in the personal wardrobe of Mary Carlisle, Paramount star appearing in "Illegal Traffic." Fullness is centered in the back where cape is slightly longer





DRAMATIZE YOUR HOME WITH SMART LAMPS

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Above: Betty Grable, Paramount player, in her spacious living room which is correctly and flatteringly lighted. Below: Beautify your bedroom with better lighting which costs so little

DRAMATIC LIGHTING! That's the great secret of the success of the present day screen and its popular stars!

If you don't believe this, think back a moment at the old "flickers"—the original "movies"—where the villain and the hero and the unfortunate heroine all did their stuff against a dim dark background which today seems like a director's perfect rendition of a London fog.

The modern screen has been made by fine, artistic, dramatic lighting which may "spot-light" the detail needed to be brought into prominence, or cast striking shadows which serve to emphasize the foreground, the figure, or the faces of the players.

So, in exactly the same fashion, you too, may dramatize your home, its furnishings, and also yourself and your friends, by dramatic lighting. And what does this mean?

Every lighting fixture, every lamp, should be so placed that its light is used for a purpose—that is, what both designer and decorator term as "functional use." Thus it is no longer sensible to scatter the wall brackets thoughtlessly around, but instead they must be spaced and located definitely: in the bathroom see that there is a bracket on *both sides* of the mirror so that both sides of the face will be well and evenly lighted for shaving or complexion rites; be sure that in the dining-room the wall fixtures really aid in lighting up the buffet, the table, or whatever other piece of furnishing requires their light.

Again, today's lighting fixture is both functional—and smart! Instead of imitating the candle, as formerly, the new fixtures frankly use electricity with skill so that the resulting light is either strong and "spot-lighted" or soft and pleasing. Often the light, just as on the screen, may be varied to suit mood and emotions!

What is a good lighting fixture? To give some generalizations: they quite often (especially in small low-ceilinged room) hug the ceiling closely, instead of [*Continued on page* 68]

Mrs. Christine Frederick,
c/o SCREEN BOOK Magazine,
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

FREE!

Dear Mrs. Frederick:

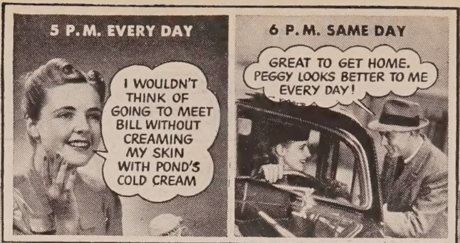
I am anxious to receive a free copy of the new book entitled, THERE'S STYLE IN LIGHT CONDITIONING, TOO.

Name ....

Address ....

City and State ....

WOODEN ANNIVERSARY
-More Like a Honeymoon!


5 P.M. EVERY DAY
I WOULDN'T THINK OF GOING TO MEET BILL WITHOUT CREAMING MY SKIN WITH POND'S COLD CREAM
6 P.M. SAME DAY
GREAT TO GET HOME. PEGGY LOOKS BETTER TO ME EVERY DAY!

SHE KEEPS SKIN THRILLING
Happy Anniversary
To Peggy + Bill
1933
1938

*SMART WIVES USE THIS EXTRA BEAUTY CARE... THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN**

Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."

Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days . . . "Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. **Extra 'skin-vitamin'** in Pond's Cold Cream helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin."

(above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

- Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

"Any wife would be foolish not to take advantage of Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' beauty care! I've always used Pond's. It softens my skin . . . *gives sparkle* to my make-up."

Charming Hostess,* MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, III *(left)
popular in New York's young married set

Amazing Pond's Offer

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder. BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream.

LIMITED SUPPLY . . . GET YOURS TODAY!

AMAZING PONDS OFFER
BOTH
POND'S

SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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TOPPER'S FILM REVIEWS

THERE GOES MY HEART

United Artists

There's a certain plot that has won considerable favor in movieland. It seems that a rich young beauty is fed up with being a rich young beauty. So she becomes a clerk in her own department store where she finds life and love.

Though *There Goes My Heart* is built along this all too familiar pattern, the dialogue and comedy situations make the time honored plot acceptable. Frederic March is the newspaper reporter sent out to discover what has happened to millionairess Virginia Bruce. Both stars hand in fine performances.

Patsy Kelly (minus a good many pounds) plays a hard-boiled salesgirl and passes out her full share of laughs. *There Goes My Heart* sees the return of Nancy Carroll and Harry Langdon, both capable performers long missed by their fans.

The greatest credit, however, must be given to Director Norman McLeod who has given the picture the lightness necessary to put it across.

There Goes My Heart is a show for those who like new laughs in a familiar story. Reliable entertainment for the entire family.

STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW

20th Century-Fox

Here's a picture which offers comedy spiced with insanity. What little story there is in *Straight, Place and Show* is only a background for the antics of the Ritz Brothers. The antics, needless to say, are completely crazy.

There is a steeplechase sequence that's particularly funny. The Ritz Brothers, taking part in the race, find themselves beating their own horse. Whether or not you like topsy-turvy comedy, you'll laugh at this sequence. Ethel Merman sings, and Richard Arlen and Phyllis Brooks do their best to hold the slim story together.

Mark this picture down as one to see when you need a laugh. You won't be disappointed.

Clark Gable and Myrna Loy are visited by Sam Greenwald and Carl Jones, ace newsreelmen, during the filming of M-G-M's latest major production, *Too Hot to Handle*

IF I WERE KING

Paramount

If I Were King has the distinction of being a well handled historical romance. It brings Ronald Colman back to those who love him, in the role of Francois Villon, poet of the Paris gutters.

Colman is an actor whose effectiveness would be lost in a part devoid of romantic color. The role of Villon gives him an opportunity to express his own personality in that of the poet-adventurer.

Basil Rathbone, as Louis XI, handles a difficult part in his usual capable fashion. There are a few actors who can challenge Rathbone's supremacy as a master of vivid characterization. Good writing has made the repartee between Louis and Villon of unusual interest. Capable direction, good acting and excellent work behind the camera make *If I Were King* a picture for everyone.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Excitement is the keynote of this Gable-Loy film. And were it not for the fact that both Myrna Loy and Clark Gable are excellent actors, the picture would provide more laughs than it does thrills.

The laughs are due to certain absurdities which for some reason were not caught by the eagle-eyed "can't be done" scouts. For instance, Gable, taking the part of a newsreel cameraman, records sound with a hand camera—a feat that would tax the ingenuity of any real-life crank grinder. Voodoo, in this picture, has moved from Haiti to the Amazon.

But these implausible incidents do little to injure the picture. After all, *Too Hot To Handle* has Myrna Loy and Clark Gable. You'll like them as much as ever.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

Columbia

It was excellent entertainment on the New York stage, and Columbia has done nothing to detract from the entertainment value of *You Can't Take It With You.*

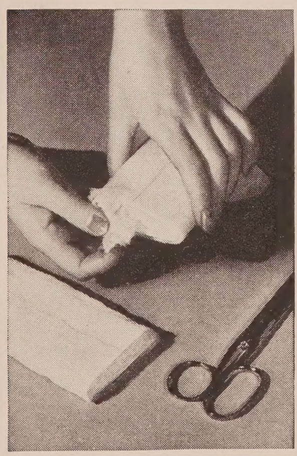
The Vanderhoff family, ably directed in their antics by Frank Capra, move merrily through a story that tosses out one comedy situation after another. Each member of the large cast contributes to the success of the picture, but particularly notable is the work of Lionel Barrymore, (Martin Vanderhoff) Jean Arthur, James Stewart and Mischa Auer. Mary Forbes offers capable support as the wife of banker Edward Arnold.

Life as a model taught me . . .

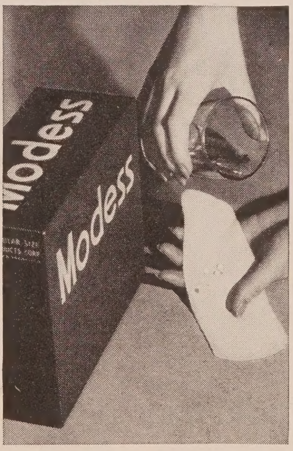
"Once I was a lady of leisure—with nothing to do but go to parties if I felt like it . . . take it easy if I didn't. But those days are gone forever! It was in the cards, I guess. You know the saying—'Friday's child is loving and giving . . . Saturday's child works hard for a living.' That's me!"

"Now I model clothes—at a shop where I used to buy them! And whew! —the weary miles we models trudge! Up and down . . . back and forth . . . shoulders back, 'tummy' in, head high!"

"Naturally 'certain days' are worse than others. But I soon learned from the other models how to make those days a lot easier! They introduced me to Modess—and, believe me, when you're on your feet all day, a napkin that doesn't chafe makes a world of difference!"



"If you'd like to know why Modess is so comfortable . . . just cut a pad in two. Feel that filler! It's like the down on a duck! So soft and fluffy—entirely different from napkins made of close-packed layers."



"And—see how safe Modess is! Take the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and drop water on it! That will show you why you need never worry again about ruining a dress . . . or being embarrassed."

"Then—if you're earning your own living and have to count the pennies, as I do . . . here's some more good news: Modess is easy on the pay envelope! Honestly—for all its comfort and security—Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin! So—take a tip from *me* and buy yourself a box of Modess *today*."

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th

Hedy Lamarr—Garbo's Headache!

[*Continued from page 27*]

Ordinarily, this would not be true. Ordinarily, a glamor queen could find ways to discourage her studio from grooming a rival. A little temperament or a few threats could do the business. But not in this case, for the simple reason that M-G-M hasn't groomed Hedy as a Garbo rival. She has become one by popular acclaim, after just one picture at another studio.

The public, not M-G-M, made Hedy a star.

A studio can produce only a certain number of pictures a year. That means that, when a new star starts getting more attention, a veteran star starts getting less.

Norma Shearer won't get less studio attention because of Hedy. For one thing, Norma is a power-behind-the-scenes, a stockholder, the widow of the man who made M-G-M what it is. Also, Hedy isn't the type for dignified, sophisticated roles. Jeanette MacDonald doesn't have to worry; Hedy isn't a soprano. Eleanor Powell is safe; Hedy isn't a dancer. Myrna Loy can go right on being serene; Hedy isn't the understanding-wife type. Joan Crawford, Margaret Sullavan and Virginia Bruce are secure, because they are so American; Hedy has an accent. Luise Rainer can keep her monopoly on wistful dramatics. Hedy is an exotic.

That makes her Garbo's own special competition.

And the fact that she is an exotic without being a Woman of Mystery, a Woman Who Walks Alone, a Sphinx, endears her to the studio as well as to the public.

EVEN the people who inspired Garbo's seclusion and silence are a bit fed up. They welcome a change. They welcome an exotic who can be both seen and heard in private life. An exotic who is warmly human, who obeys natural feminine impulses, who enjoys life.

And Hedy is one to enjoy life. If she hadn't obeyed a few impulses, she wouldn't be where she is today.

She admits that freely. In contrast to Garbo, she has no secrets about her past. With far more reason for reticence, she attempts to hide nothing. She is frank. She *wants* to be understood.

She was born Hedwig Kiesler, in Vienna. The date, she says, was November 9, 1915. Her father was director of a bank. That meant that she had a sheltered beginning. A private-nurse babyhood and a private-school girlhood. She wasn't supposed to grow up to be a girl who would do things all by herself.

Hedy resented that. She had a spark of self-expression that kept flaring up, firing her with the ambition to be something in the world besides somebody's daughter and, later, somebody's wife and somebody else's mother.

All through childhood, her favorite toys were crayons and paints and drawing paper. At 15, she decided to make her toys the tools for carving out a career. She enrolled in a school of costume design.

That first breath of freedom was heady. She wanted more. She wanted to earn her own living. It would be a long time before she was a designer. She couldn't wait that long for independence.

Girls at the school told her that she "ought to be in the movies." She knew nothing about acting. But, bright enough to know three languages at 12, she was sure she could learn acting if she could only get a job in a studio and watch how it was done. One day she skipped school, went to a studio, asked for a job as a script clerk. Right then and there, she did her first big bit of acting. Tall for her age, and well-developed even then, she convinced questioners not only that she was 18, but that she was experienced.

Resourceful and alert, she had no difficulties holding the job she talked herself into. No difficulties except at home—and she talked her parents into acceptance of the idea. She had more trouble, a little later, talking them into letting her become an actress when a director gave her the chance. Her father was adamant in his objections. She finally won him around by winning around her mother who said to him, "Every woman wants to be an actress but few have the chance."

At 16, she was offered the lead in a picture to be called *Ecstasy*. They showed her a script. She saw in it only a great opportunity for an ambitious young emotional actress. She signed.

All the interior scenes were shot first. Then the company went on location. And there they told her that they wanted her to do the bathing scene in the nude.

That hadn't been part of her bargain. She refused so excitedly, so stormily; she called her employers so many names—that she enraged them. They told her that this was the big scene in the picture. It "couldn't be sold without this scene." If she didn't make it, she would have to pay the cost of the entire picture and they would blacklist her. They would see that she never got another movie role.

What would you have done, aged 16, confronted with such a threat, when you wanted an acting career more than anything else in the world? Just what Hedy did. Helpless, humiliated, you would have made that scene and other embarrassing scenes. And you would have said nothing to your parents—lest they halt your career right there and then.

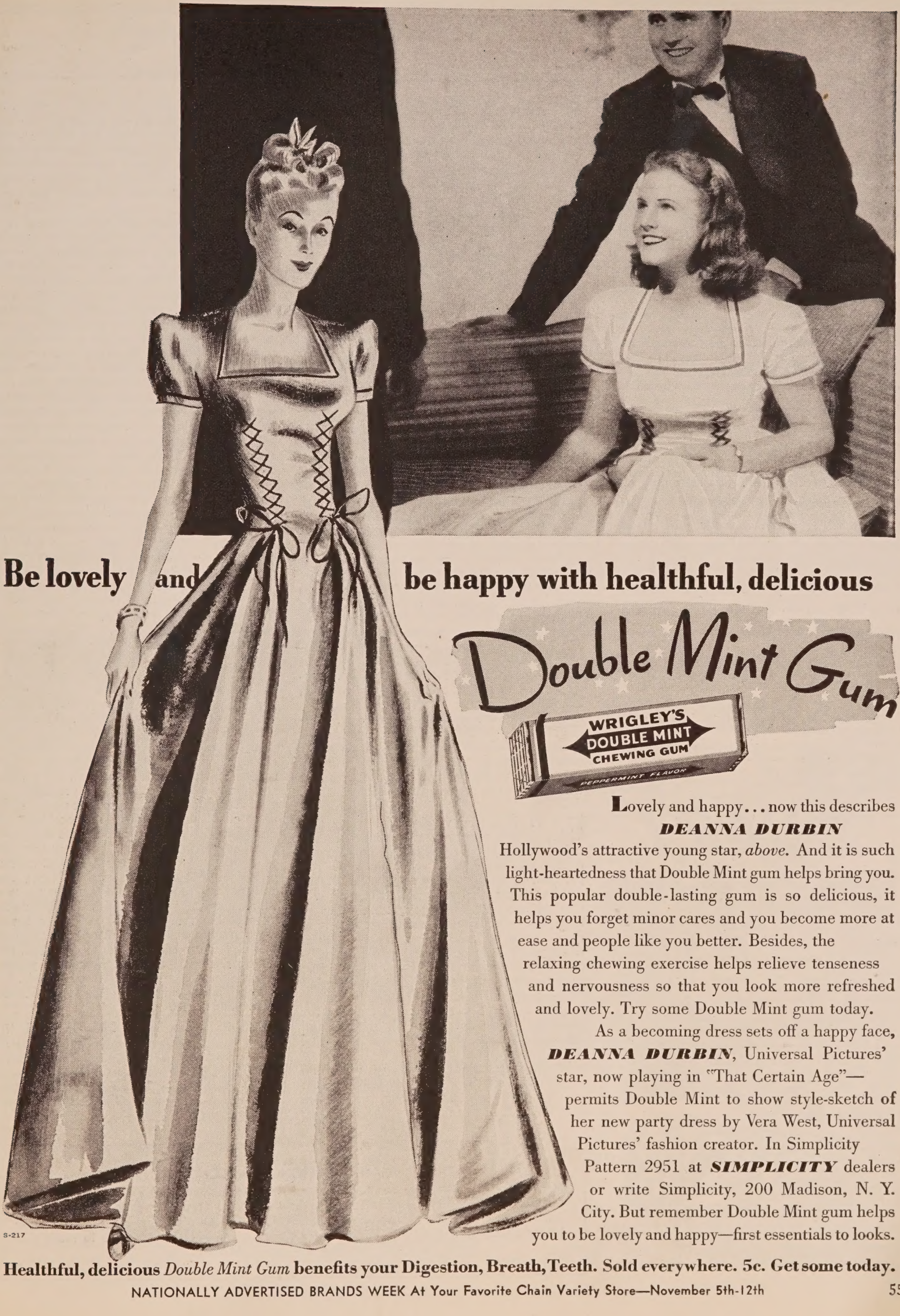
Hedy's sense of shame was so acute that immediately afterward she sought the refuge of the stage. She was playing in *Queen Elizabeth* when Fritz Mandl, millionaire munitions manufacturer, first saw her. He deluged her with flowers. Then he arranged a meeting, which she instinctively tried to dodge. Then he called on her family. He wanted to marry her.

Her parents, not her heart, approved the marriage. He and they gently persuaded her to accept his proposal; everybody said she "couldn't do better." She wasn't in love, perhaps. But she was young. She had plenty of time yet to fall in love. So, on August 10, 1933, she became Frau Mandl. She wasn't yet 18.

Ashamed and furious, for which Hedy didn't blame him one bit, Herr Mandl tried to buy every print of *Ecstasy*, stop the world from seeing his beautiful girl-wife in the nude. He thought he had succeeded. But one print eluded him. New prints were made from that one. With sensational publicity about the attempt to suppress the picture, it

[*Continued on page 57*]

Kay Winters poses in a checkered play suit especially designed for her by the Warner staff



Be lovely and be happy with healthful, delicious

Double Mint Gum

Lovely and happy . . . now this describes **DEANNA DURBIN** Hollywood's attractive young star, *above.* And it is such light-heartedness that Double Mint gum helps bring you. This popular double-lasting gum is so delicious, it helps you forget minor cares and you become more at ease and people like you better. Besides, the relaxing chewing exercise helps relieve tenseness and nervousness so that you look more refreshed and lovely. Try some Double Mint gum today.

As a becoming dress sets off a happy face, **DEANNA DURBIN**, Universal Pictures' star, now playing in "That Certain Age"—permits Double Mint to show style-sketch of her new party dress by Vera West, Universal Pictures' fashion creator. In Simplicity Pattern 2951 at **SIMPLICITY** dealers or write Simplicity, 200 Madison, N. Y. City. But remember Double Mint gum helps you to be lovely and happy—first essentials to looks.

Healthful, delicious *Double Mint Gum* benefits your Digestion, Breath, Teeth. Sold everywhere. 5c. Get some today.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th

"MY SENSITIVE SKIN WON'T STAND ORDINARY CREMES."
"THEN TRY MY NEW CREME. IT CONTAINS OILS TAKEN FROM PURE DAIRY MILK!"

★ You have heard of famous beauties bathing in milk to preserve and enhance their beauty. Now science knows why. Milk contains certain delicate oils that are similar to the natural oils found in the human skin itself.

Now these precious milk-oils are being extracted and combined with other oils to make a new type of face creme that is winning millions of users. If your skin is too sensitive for ordinary cremes — try Duart Creme of Milk for cleansing and all skin care. This may be the *one creme* you have always hoped to find.

Ask for it by name at Drug, Department Store, 10c Store or Beauty Shop. Or write Duart, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco. Sizes 25c, 40c, 50c, 80c, $1.65.

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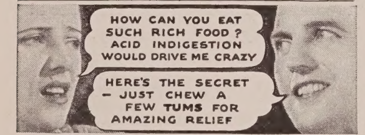
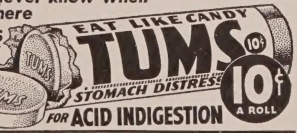
CONTAINS MILK-OILS BLENDED WITH OTHER OILS


HOW CAN YOU EAT SUCH RICH FOOD ? ACID INDIGESTION WOULD DRIVE ME CRAZY
HERE'S THE SECRET — JUST CHEW A FEW TUMS FOR AMAZING RELIEF

YES—TUMS bring amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. *TUMS are guaranteed to contain no soda.* Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Get TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists.

You never know when or where

ALWAYS CARRY



Tums are anti-acid—not laxative. When you need a laxative get—
Nature's Remedy
NR-TABLETS-NR
This all vegetable laxative brings such gentle, dependable relief for conditions due to constipation.

Beauty and the Queen

[*Continued from page* 43]

because in those days photography wasn't so advanced, and a lot of theatrical paint had to be used to make up for the deficiencies of camera and lighting technique.

"Now, the camera does all the idealizing necessary," Norma told me.

Not that Norma's looks need any idealizing! It's no wonder her skin looks better without a heavy coating of make-up. It's exquisitely smooth skin, with plenty of natural color. Her teeth are the most beautiful I've ever seen, giving her smile a loveliness that no camera art could add to. The famous Shearer hair, that has set so many styles (Remember her halo bob in *Romeo and Juliet* and the page boy she started to wear soon afterward?), is crisp, crinkly and simply shining with gold highlights. It bespeaks frequent shampoos and many minutes spent with a hair brush.

Her hands add no little to Norma's loveliness. While they aren't the long, slim tapering ones we usually associate with great beauties and queens, they are impeccably groomed and strike such appealing and graceful attitudes. Norma has a disarming little laugh that she likes to use, and she always gestures with her hands to give emphasis to her words. I don't think this is a left-over from her part of the French queen, for it seemed so natural and so much a part of her brilliant vivacity. Norma was wearing her nails very long and tinted a rich, deep red—as so many smart women are these days. The length of her nails made her hands seem more slender, and the polish made them appear whiter—just as for you and me.

I hope you get as much inspiration out of reading this article about Norma as I got out of seeing her. I hope it renews your interest in becoming as beautiful as you can, in taking advantage of all the easy and inexpensive beauty aids at your disposal. Seeing Norma's skillfully shadowed eyelids, her peaches-and-cream skin, her gleaming hair and well-kept hands has made me want to tell you about four or five new products that will help you to acquire the selfsame assets.

FIRST is a new version of a rinse that brings out every colorful depth in your hair. It's newly wrapped in a gold metal packet with accents of red and black. The patented formula contains only U. S. government certified food colors. You can be sure that what won't harm your tummy, won't hurt your hair! The rinse is very effective in removing soap film after a shampoo, even when you have to use hard water. Shampoos out but won't rub off—and you'll just have to try it once, to see for yourself what new warmth of color and sparkle it brings to your hair. There are special rinses for brunettes, brownettes, blondes, auburns and platinums and the cost is only a few cents. Interested?

With your hair up-swept, you can no longer rely on the flattering shadows cast on the face by curls, bangs or waves. Doll hats are pretty revealing, too, and high fashion colors are a bit hard to wear—so that means you should use a face powder with a velvet-soft tone. I have the answer in the new peach tone of powder made by a world-famous cosmetic house. It blends beautifully with the new violet-red colors you're wearing, and provides a warm "relief" when you go in for perennial black. This fine, silk-sifted powder goes on like a dream, stays like reality. In the inexpensive bracket, I'm glad to report, and the manufacturer even makes a free sample offer you might like to know about. Write me for details.

Norma's lovely eyes are proof that eyes don't have to be large to be beautiful. Hers are rather small, but she uses eye make-up so smartly you'd never think it! Shadow is the best friend of the girl who wants to make her eyes seem what they aren't—but it has to be handled with as much care as a hot plate. I'm not inferring that only experts can use it correctly. I simply mean that you *must* pay attention to the rules.

Experiment, if you're a beginner in eye glamorizing, with some new iridescent shadows that are out just in time to add to the elegance of this season of glittering costume jewelry, sumptuous embroidered lame and shining furs. Applied sparingly for daytime, they give your lids a faint, provocative gleam and, at night, used more lavishly, they lend a dramatic sparkle that makes your eye deadly under your upped coiffure. There are four of these iridescent shadows—blue, violet, green and bronze, each one of them guaranteed to supply a mousey girl with the zzzmph she needs. Each costs 75 cents.

OUR dresses, hair, eyelids—and now our fingernails—are out to rival sparkling jewels this winter. Fingernails enter the race by means of a new orchid-red lacquer—in three gradations of color—that does for your hands what jewelry does for your costume. There are light, medium and dark shades of this glittering polish, so you can suit your whim, your beau's prejudices or your frocks. The quality of the polish is unimpeachable for it goes on smoothly, stays on a long time, and never loses its brilliance.

The same firm has as intriguing an array of manicure sets this year for Christmas gifts as I've ever laid eyes on. Navy, pink and maroon are the predominating tones of the kits, making them as fashion-right as the latest cable from Paris. A zipper kit of maroon whipcord, lined with pink, costs only $2.50. It contains two shades of polish, oily remover, a triple-cut steel file, a steel pusher, an orange stick and some emery boards. It's a love of a kit, and the Bargain of the Season. Want the name?

Write to me before December 15th if you want the names of any of the products described here. My address is Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Don't forget, please, to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for my reply.

TAKE A SKATING LESSON FROM SONJA HENIE!

Here's an opportunity you won't want to miss! In the January issue of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE Sonja Henie will teach you how to skate! It's easy to learn, for Sonja's instructions are clear and simple. In addition, there will be diagrams, and pictures of the lovely skating star in action. Don't miss this unusual chance! It's exclusive to readers of JANUARY SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

Hedy Lamarr—Garbo's Headache

[*Continued from page* 54]

was shown on the Continent. One exhibitor tried to bring it into the United States. It was banned for a long time, while a debate waged about whether it was Art or Sex. Eventually, it got in—but only after the censors had used the shears energetically. The American print is a pale version of the original.

Meanwhile, *Ecstasy* became just another unhappy memory to Hedy, who was making a whole collection of unhappy memories. She had no friends except her husband's friends. She had unlimited charge accounts at Vienna stores but no spending money of her own. She had a magnificent wardrobe, but she had to wear what he suggested. She was Exhibit A of her husband's possessions, when he was in the mood. Other times, she was expected to stay out of his sight.

Twice, she flew the coop. Both times he caught up with her because she had no money of her own. She finally got some money and made good her escape by charging so heavily at the stores that he cancelled the charge accounts, giving her an allowance instead. She saved every cent of it—until she had enough.

She fled to Paris. He followed. She fled to London. He still pursued her. But before he arrived, she met Louis B. Mayer at a bridge party. Mayer, about to sail home from a European talent-scouting trip, offered Hedy a contract. She didn't accept. But, just before her husband landed in London, she set sail for America—to try her luck in Hollywood. She had only enough money to last a month.

Unexpectedly, the Mayers were on the same boat. Mayer repeated his offer. In fact, he upped it. And this time she did accept.

She had to have a new name. "Hedy Kiesler" would be like a red flag to the reformers. Mayer first chose "La Mer"—French for "the sea," where the contract was signed. But it wasn't glamorous enough. He improved it by making it "Lamarr." That had a better ring. And it suggested Barbara LaMarr, one of the most beautiful of silent-day stars.

UNDER any name, however, Hedy presented a problem. The studio didn't know just what it was going to do with her. And, also, they didn't know just how America would take the signing of The Ecstasy Girl.

They thought the safest thing to do would be to pull the Garbo stunt again—wrap the little foreigner up in a cloak of mystery. But that proved a boomerang. The American press resented not being allowed to see or talk to the newcomer. And, discovering who she really was, the reporters fired both barrels, blasting the whole *Ecstasy* background right out onto the front pages. Hedy received some awfully bad notices.

A lesser girl never would have lived them down. Hedy lived them down with her first appearance on the American screen. She had that much glamor.

Now there isn't any necessity for any mystery business. She has intrigued the public without it. And M-G-M has plenty of ideas now of what it can do with her. For a beginning, she will be co-starred in *New York Cinderella* with Spencer Tracy—whom Garbo wouldn't mind having for a co-star.

From now on, Hedy is going to get a lot of things that Garbo wouldn't mind having. Everything from choice roles to choice publicity. And people are going to get a kick out of giving them to Hedy, because she will react to them, not lapse into a stony, stoic silence.

One reason why Garbo originally took to silence was that she couldn't speak English fluently. Hedy set out to be fluent from the beginning. Talking to her today is an illuminating experience. She is completely articulate. But if you happen to use a word that is new to her, she will interrupt to ask its meaning and then, before you leave her, will use the word two or three times herself in conversation—correctly.

Garbo has never shown any tangible signs of gratitude to America for giving her fame and wealth. She doesn't own anything that she can't put on a steamer bound for Sweden. Hedy, on the other hand, is so grateful for America's kindness that already she has taken out citizenship papers.

All in all, she is a great big worry to Greta Garbo. The greatest worry and, therefore, the greatest enemy that Garbo has ever had.

Will there be room for both Hedy and Greta at M-G-M, as there has been room for both Clark Gable and Robert Taylor?

GO AHEAD AND SULK, IT'S STILL TRUE!
WHY SHOULDN'T I SULK? YOU WOULD, TOO--IF SOMEBODY SAID YOU HAD BAD BREATH!
I'M SORRY I'VE HURT YOUR FEELINGS, HONEY. BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

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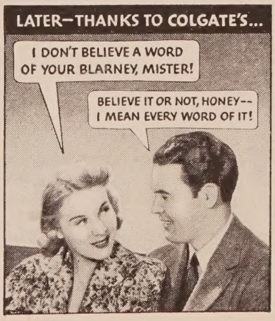
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF YOUR BLARNEY, MISTER!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HONEY-- I MEAN EVERY WORD OF IT!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

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New TATTOO Shade "BLACK MAGIC" Black in the Stick—RED on Your Lips!
TATTOO

A moonless South Sea night... black as a pocket...a Voodoo fire...'tis the night of the Love Dance, during which charm-wise maidens conjure the hearts of their mates-to-be. Black Magic! And now...for YOU...all the witchery of this intense South Sea moment...in the *new* BLACK MAGIC shade of TATTOO. Black as night in the stick (yes, actually!)...but the instant it touches your lips it magically changes to the exact shade of teasing, pagan RED that your own natural coloring requires...*different on every woman. Your own* personal lipstick! And oh! how it lasts on your lips; hours longer than you'll ever need it. Today... regardless of what shade of lipstick you've always used...try BLACK MAGIC. You'll find that it works like a charm — that it IS a charm — that it makes YOU more charming. $1 everywhere. Five *other* thrilling TATTOO shades too:

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EMBARRASSED BY HORRID PIMPLES?

Help protect your skin against intestinal waste poisons

Ridiculed and shunned because of ugly, pimple-blemished skin? Get right at a common cause of the trouble—guard against intestinal waste poisons.

Between 13 and 25, the skin is apt to be oversensitive. At the same time, poor digestion and elimination often throw waste poisons into the blood stream . . . that may be carried to the skin and cause repulsive, ugly pimples to break out.

Many young people help solve this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this famous fresh food helps eliminate intestinal waste poisons from your body *before* they can get into the blood stream . . . and so gives your pimples a chance to clear up. Don't run the risk of permanent scars from neglected pimples. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—3 cakes daily—one cake ½ hour before each meal. Begin now!

FAN CLUB EXCHANGE

In the last issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine I noticed you gave space to numerous Nelson Eddy Fan Clubs and clubs under the leadership of Chaw Mank. Would you be kind enough to mention our fan club for Michael Whalen in a future issue? A few notes about the club are that during a stay in Hollywood two years ago I met Mr. Whalen and his family and plans for the club were discussed right in Michael's own home. We now exceed 400 in membership and are going along at a rapid pace. We are a sincere, energetic group of workers anxious to elevate Mr. Whalen to the place he rightfully deserves. Naturally, we welcome all Whalen fans, and I'll be happy to hear from anyone interested in joining our club.—Allan Smith.

Allan Smith is the president of the Official Fan Club for Michael Whalen—the only Whalen club in existence. So, all you rabid Whalen fans, drop Mr. Smith a line. Whether it's information you seek, or just a greeting, write him and let him know that SCREEN BOOK Magazine's faithful readers are also faithful to their stars. His address is 12 Wayside Avenue, Lawrence, Mass.—Keep in touch with us, Allan.

Will you please tell me if there is a Jeanette MacDonald Fan Club. May I have the address?—Bernice F.

Yes, Bernice, there is. Miss Mary Miller, president and editor of the International Jeanette MacDonald Fan Club, 20 Henrietta Street, St. Catharines, Ont., Canada, is the person to contact.

Is there an Alice Faye Fan Club? If so, how can I join?—J. E.

Write to Jean Young, President, 1357 Howard Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

My girl friend and I wish to join a Nelson Eddy Fan Club. We live in Minneapolis and wish to join the nearest one.—Theresa K.

The nearest Nelson Eddy Fan Club to you, Theresa, would be the one in Kansas. Write to: R. B. Wilkins, President, at 2510 N. 12th Street, Kansas City, Kansas.

Will you please let me have Jean M's address. I would like to give her a few particulars regarding our Nelson Eddy Fan Club.—Jean McC.

Sorry, Jean, I can not give you Jean M's address, for her inquiry was initialed and had no address. However, I will gladly retain the address of your fan club for future reference.

Marjorie S.—The Nelson Eddy Fan Club listed above is the nearest one to your locale, too.

Will you tell us, please, if there is a Minna Gombell Fan Club in existence? We would like the address if you have it.—Ruth and Mary.

Yes, girls, there is such a club and the person to contact is: Chaw Mank, President, 226 East Mill Street, Staunton, Ill.

What is the address of Miss Sargeant, president of the Marie Wilson Fan Club, mentioned in the October SCREEN BOOK Magazine?—Robert P.

Her full address is: Georgia Sargeant, President, 2721 S. Mulberry Street, Muncie, Indiana.

Due to the enormous quantity of fan club requests received recently, and in compliance with the wishes of our readers, SCREEN BOOK Magazine has decided to present a department on the activities and whereabouts of the numerous Fan Clubs in all parts of the United States. FAN CLUB EXCHANGE is the name of our new department, and it will be conducted by a member of SCREEN BOOK Magazine's editorial staff, Joan Votsis. So, presidents and members of fan clubs everywhere, drop Miss Votsis a letter today giving her detailed information about your fine clubs.

Mickey The Menace

[*Continued from page* 42]

Vaudeville was in its prime then, and the place where it was primest was the Palace Theater in New York. There was a tradition that only the top-notchers ever arrived at the Palace, after years of trying. Knowing nothing of the tradition, Joe Yule, Jr. blithely made his debut there—on New Year's Eve, 1922. He was 15 months old.

Representing the New Year, he popped out of a hatbox, wearing only a large pink bow and a cherubic grin. He took all the attention away from the gent who was Old Father Time. So much so that Old Father Time muffed his lines.

Despite his initial success, however, "little Joe" didn't really settle down to the business of scene-stealing until he was two years old.

Then, one night when his parents thought he was in the dressing room, drawing pictures with an eyebrow pencil, he decided to go on the stage.

A couple of other people happened to be on the stage at the moment—giving their all to "Pal of My Cradle Days." They were reducing the audience to unashamed tears when, suddenly, there was a ripple of snickers across the house, followed by waves of laughter.

Behind them, Joe Yule's kid, no bigger than a minute and a half, was trying desperately to stand on his noggin.

The vocalists stopped vocalizing. Smart show people, they laughed with the crowd. Then the man of the duo waved for silence. That brought Joe, Jr. out of his acrobatics.

The man, for the benefit of the audience, asked kiddingly, "Sonny, whose act is this, anyway—yours or mine?"

"Yours," said Sonny, unperturbed. "But I bet I could sing that song better than you can." The crowd howled.

"All right," said the man, outwardly amused, but inwardly aghast at this problem infant. "I'll bet you a dollar." That ought to floor the kid!

It did, for about 30 seconds. Then Joe's eye lighted on the orchestra leader, who played with him between shows. He asked him for a dollar. And the bet was on. Joe sang.

MAYBE he lisped a little, and maybe he flatted a few notes, but he didn't miss a word of the song. The audience went wild. Especially when the kid tore the dollar he had won in two, handing half to his pal, the orchestra leader, and pocketing the other half himself.

That settled it. From that night forward, he had a career.

You don't think any youngster, even if he had been cradled in a theatrical trunk, could do anything like that at the age of two? Well—Mickey did it. It's in the records.

It was no particular achievement for him. He had been able to mimic everybody in sight since he had been old enough to sit up and take notice.

He started his career as a regular part of the vocalists' act. Then he became part of the Yule Family act, and stole that, too. He did songs, dances, jokes and imitations. Always in coat, vest and long trousers, and sometimes with the added touches of derby, overcoat and cane—all for comedy effect. It took a yard of cloth to make his first suit, with two pairs of trousers. He used the pockets of the trousers to carry nipples, which he'd chew between turns.

Today, he can't remember a thing about his stage days. Not even his being crowned a Charleston champion at three. "That's all too long ago," he says disdainfully.

When he was four and a half, his parents separated. His father went on solo, and, when vaudeville died, transferred to burlesque—where you'll find him today. Mother and son came to California. Those sleeper jumps between vaudeville dates, and playing in drafty theaters, hadn't been too kind to the youngster's health. She wanted him outdoors, in warm sunshine. And she wanted him to have some schooling.

After all the stage experience he had had, maybe little Joe could get into the movies. She had that ambition for him. But she wasn't going to depend on its being fulfilled. She got herself a job managing a bungalow court in a section of Hollywood where the sunshine poured down all day long, and packed her offspring off to kindergarten.

Two weeks later, the distracted teacher saw to it that he was put into first grade. She couldn't cope with 40 other playful children and agile-minded little Joe, too. When he was in the second grade, he kept coming home from school hungry. His mother discovered that he was paying little

[*Continued on page* 64]

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I Won't Marry an Irishman!

[Continued from page 28]

didn't understand, he told me that I belonged to the Vague Society. He had been watching me for several minutes while I was staring into space. That's the way the Irish are—always dreaming, building air castles. They live in a land of fantasy and romance. They can't help being charming. They dramatize everything. They are born actors."

Olivia laughed and as I waited for her to continue I recalled that she herself had Irish blood in her veins. In the history of the British isles, the name "de Havilland" appears again and again. One of her ancestors was Sir Peter de Havilland, an ardent supporter of Cromwell against Charles I.

"AN IRISHMAN'S love is as warming as the sun," she went on. "I wouldn't go so far as to say that it's as ephemeral as a shadow or that it is slightly synthetic, because that wouldn't be true. But remember this—a man who never forgets to notice a new dress or to send flowers to his wife on wedding anniversaries, might forget important matters like paying the rent.

"No person can be expert at everything and Irishmen are born charmers. They are naturally gallant and past masters at romantic blandishment. How could they, then, be proficient in the more matter of fact things of life?

"The first picture I made was *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Everyone was nice to me, but Jimmy Cagney—he's my real love—Jimmy was just grand. He has some strange quality that no one else has. The two of us would sit on the floor because there were no chairs in the dressing room on location, and he would give me good advice.

"When Jimmy talks to you he lowers his voice until he is almost whispering. You strain every muscle to hear what he's saying because he says the most trivial thing as if it were the most important thing in the world. You feel that he wouldn't say it to anyone else in the world but you, and you are privileged to be able to hear it.

"I imagine Jimmy doesn't forget to be practical when it's important to be. He's very happily married. But I wonder if the average Irishman of his type could come down to earth enough to make a good husband. Could he be depended upon to bring home a spool of thread or mail a letter?"

Suddenly Olivia broke into laughter, as she recalled her experiences working with Joe E. Brown. She's firmly convinced that Joe is at least half Irish.

It was her second picture, *Alibi Ike.* Having made up her mind to be a great dramatic actress and having made an auspicious debut in Shakespeare, she found herself a stooge in a comedy.

"It was a strange experience but it is funny—now. In my other pictures there had been several stars and this was the first time I had played with one big star. I was scared to death. Joe was quite apprehensive, too, over my having been a Shakespearean actress. For the first three weeks we eyed each other with distrust—for different reasons. How they teased me. Really, I don't know how I ever endured it, for they did awful things to me.

"One day we had a scene on a pool of water. I was in a rowboat, which was to tip over. They had a double for me so I wouldn't have to fall into the dirtiest, slimiest water I've ever seen. Whew!" and she held her nose with an expressive gesture.

"Well, instead of putting the double in, they tipped the boat over with me in it. There were ducks in the pond and they quack-quacked over our heads while we were underneath holding our noses. Once in, we had to stay under. When it was time to come up, Joe gave me a poke. It was weeks before I felt clean.

"At the end of the picture, Joe was my best friend. He told me if I ever wanted his advice about business or anything he would do his best to help me.

"But how would anyone ever dare ask advice of a comedian? One would always remember those ducks, or a similar experience. If he patted you on the shoulder you would never be sure he hadn't pinned a comic sign on your back.

"HOWEVER, regardless of what I experienced working with a comedy company, it was nothing to what I went through in my next picture with Errol Flynn. Then I learned what it meant to be really teased.

"By the way, a strange thing had happened when I was on the stage in Chicago with *The Dream.* I had been signed by Warner Brothers for pictures and one day a Warner representative told me that another new Warner star was passing through Chicago on his way to Hollywood. I was asked to go to the train to meet him and be photographed. I, the great Shakespearean actress! Not I! I refused. Imagine my embarrassment months later when I learned that the actor was Errol Flynn.

"He told me about it on the set one day and I think he began teasing me because he wanted to get even for that snub. An Irishman never forgets a grudge, you know. He continued tormenting me because I was very naive and a perfect subject.

"One day we were talking together and he told me how he hated the social life of Hollywood; how he much preferred to sit at home quietly with a good book and his dog. I thought that he was really a nice chap after all, so I was sympathetic and, to my later chagrin, confidential. I unburdened my heart to him. Right in the middle of my unburdening I happened to look up and catch a gleam in his eye. I knew instantly that it was a trap. He had not meant a word of what he had said."

Up to that time, Errol had contented himself with standing behind the camera when Olivia had serious scenes to make, and doing things to break her up. But now he had fresh material to tease her about and he made her life miserable. That was when Olivia began to suspect that you can't always trust an Irishman.

"It was my first big picture," she continued, "and my most important role up to that time. The dialogue director was caustic and made me nervous, although later we became good friends. But Errol had learned my weak spots. With his wicked sense of humor he had me in tears most of the time.

"He doesn't tease me anymore, though," she added complacently. "He doesn't dare because I've learned a few of his weak points. He has only to say one word to me and I open up on him. On the screen he's one of my favorite actors, but he taught me never to be confidential with anyone who has an Irish sense of humor.

"Patric Knowles was with us in *The Charge of the Light Brigade.* Poor dear, he was so unhappy because he was homesick for England and Ireland. When Errol got too much for me, Pat was always there to pat me on the shoulder and take my part. He is so bland and can do the naughtiest things with the most innocent expression. But I wonder if one would find a husband's practical jokes always amusing."

There was one Irishman after another in Olivia's pictures and from each one she learned something. There was Pat O'Brien who, Olivia says, is "warm and lovable. He has said the most generous things I've ever heard one actor say about another."

There was Frank McHugh, "who can tell a story so charmingly. And while all Irishmen are gracious," she adds, "he is the only one I've known who has a sincere graciousness of spirit."

Before starting *The Great Garrick,* in which she played opposite Brian Aherne, something happened to Olivia that was a

Present among filmdom's great at Bob Burns' party given in honor of Fawcett Movieland tourists were Whitney Bourne, Irving S. Cobb and Anna Mae Wong

new and happy experience. When she arrived at her dressing room to prepare for the first day's work there was a huge box of flowers and a little note from Brian awaiting her. The wardrobe lady told her that meant she was really a star, because she had dressed Kay Francis and Kay always received flowers at the beginning of a picture.

"Working with Brian was delightful," Olivia continued. "He is so charming, so considerate, always so thoughtful and kind. We had lots of fun.

"He did one nice thing after another. Often he took hold of my shoulders in the middle of a scene and turned me around so I faced the camera. Always before that I'd stood where the chalk mark *was* and done what I was told.

"Then, on July 1, right in the middle of the picture, I had my 21st birthday. There had been flowers in my dressing room in the morning with a birthday greeting from Brian. He had asked me to have lunch with him and had invited two people he knew I liked. His cook at home prepared the food and served it in his dressing room.

"But that wasn't all. At tea time he seemed restless and suddenly disappeared. Thinking tea must be ready, I went around a piece of scenery and there he was, lighting the candles on a huge birthday cake! I don't know when I have ever been so thrilled as I was over this unexpected kindness."

This seemed a likely romance to extend beyond the confines of the studio sound stage and last longer than the time required to make one picture. But it wasn't until two years later that they had a "date." Brian was en route to Europe and Olivia was returning. Quite by chance, they met in New York and had dinner together.

In two pictures, *Gold Is Where You Find It* and *Wings of the Navy,* Olivia played opposite another Irishman, George Brent. "And of all the men I've met in pictures," she observed, "he is the most popular with the cast and crew who work with him. Everyone, from the director down to the last prop man, adores him. One reason for that is his consideration for everyone. He was continually doing nice things for me."

To be sure Olivia worked with other handsome men, Fredric March, Basil Rathbone, Dick Powell and Walter Woolf King, but her luck, fate or whatever you wish to call it has cast an Irishman opposite her in most of her pictures.

"They are all Irish, yet not one is like another. All Irishmen are different, but you can fit many of their characteristics into the same mold. They are like different arrangements of the same melody. They never follow a pattern. Each one is different, yet fundamentally like the others.

"It is hard to understand an Irishman and a girl shouldn't marry a man she doesn't understand. How could a woman understand one of these strange, fascinating creatures when he doesn't understand himself? They are inconsistent, which makes a real relationship difficult. They are super-sensitive. They are a strange chemical mixture and if a girl isn't forewarned she is apt to blow up her whole world in an association with an Irishman.

"They know how to say, 'please' more charmingly than anyone in the world, but the words, 'I'm sorry,' or, 'It was my fault,' aren't in their vocabularies. They think they know what they want but if you corner them and ask just what their design for living is, they don't know.

"You never know what is going on in an Irishman's mind. I think it would take fully two years of close association to learn all the nooks and crannies."

"So you don't like Irishmen?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she assured me promptly. "Definitely they are the most likable and attractive men in the world. For romance on the screen, I'll take an Irishman every time, but I don't believe I'd marry one. They're much too expert as exponents of the charm school. They make every casual contact a delightful experience that you remember and they forget.

"Of course no one can say what she is or isn't going to do and if I fell in love with an Irishman tomorrow—well, a girl has a right to change her mind!"

ARE NELSON EDDY'S FANS HURTING HIM?

Nelson Eddy's followers spring to their idol's defense, boycott critical publications, write hundreds of letters and all but dictate Eddy's life. Has this worship endangered his career, or has it placed him in an enviable position among the stars? JANUARY SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE discusses this question in a hard-hitting article. It's exclusive to readers of

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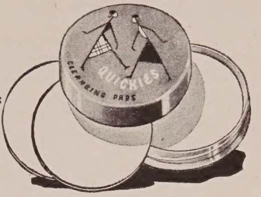

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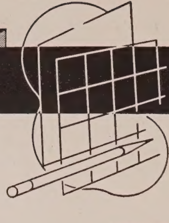
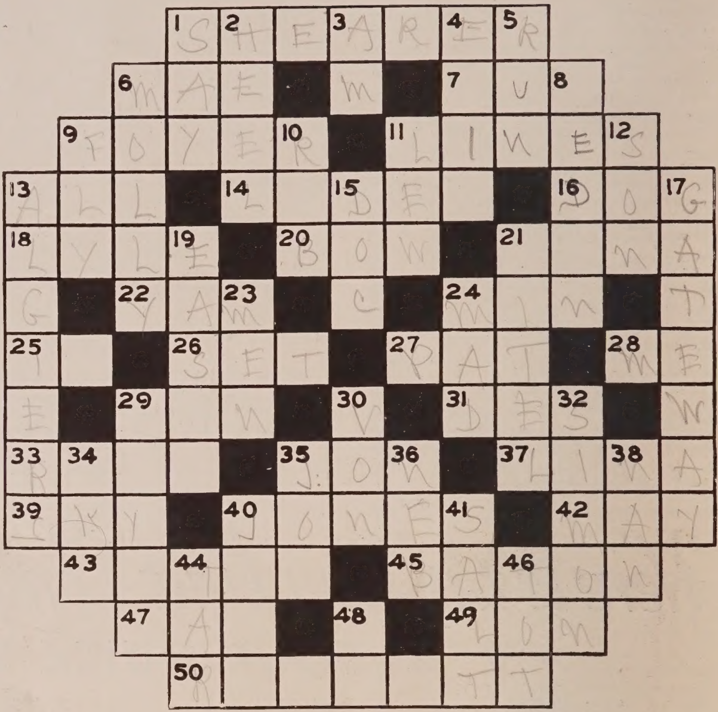


CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. She had title role in *Marie Antoinette.*
6. Marcia ——— Jones.
7. Al Jolson's birthplace (abbr.).
9. Lobby of a theatre.
11. Spoken words of a motion picture.
13. ——— *American Chump.*
14. He had lead in *Rolling Caravans.*
16. Animal in *Blind Alibi.*
18. Mr. Talbot's first name.
20. She was known as "It" girl.
21. *Helen* in *Rich Man, Poor Girl.*
22. Carefree dance.
24. Short for Mickey Mouse's girl friend.
25. *The Saint* ——— *New York.*
26. Artificial setting for a movie scene.
27. Mrs. Charles Boyer.
28. *Give* ——— *A Sailor.*
29. He sang in *Alexander's Ragtime Band.*
31. Harriet Hilliard was born in ——— Moines, Iowa.
33. A Joan Crawford film.
35. Frances Langford's husband.
37. Miss Basquette's first name.
39. Ken Maynard starred in ——— *Shootin' Sheriff.*
40. Name of screen family depicted in many 20th Century-Fox films.
42. Month in which Patricia Ellis celebrates birth.
43. Novarro's latest is *A Romantic* ———.
45. Something used by Power as orchestra leader in *Alexander's Ragtime Band.*
47. ——— *Stop New York.*
49. His last name is Chaney.
50. A star of *The Texans.*

DOWN

1. *He Couldn't* ——— *No.*
2. The western star's boot has a high ———.
3. *I* ——— *The Law.*
4. She was *Nana* in *Life Of Emile Zola.*
5. *Romance On The* ———.
6. Miss Lamont's first name.
8. *Gottlieb* in *Stolen Heaven.*
9. What Dix and Morris do in *Sky Giant.*
10. Museum attendant in *Professor Beware.*
11. First name of comical commentator of Fox Movietone News.
12. Russell Gleason's relation to James and Lucille.
13. Boyer—Gurie—Lamarr film.
15. One of the Disney dwarfs.
17. Don Ameche and Arleen Whalen co-starred in this.
19. He directed *Daredevil Drivers.*
21. *Mr. Rudlin* in *My Bill.*
23. *Four* ——— *and a Prayer.*
24. ———*About Music.*
29. *Susan Porter* in *Holiday.*
30. Theodore ——— Eltz.
32. A star of *Josette.*
34. *Danger On The* ———.
35. Star of *The Gladiator.*
36. Hoot Gibson's native state (abbr.).
38. Her last name is Grey.
40. She plays opposite 35 Down in *The Gladiator.*
41. Loretta Young was born in ——— Lake City.
44. Popeye is one (Slang).
46. Small child such as Irene Dare.
48. *Come* ——— *Leathernecks.*

(Solution on page 67)

Tyrone Power's Manhattan Hideout

[*Continued from page* 21]

of his voice rising and falling rythmically as he speaks with a marked Italian accent.

"I am anxious to find out where he is. I want to interview him."

"Ah, you want to write a story. Not," he frowns, "—you are not looking for an autograph?" He looks at me intently as I shake my head.

"Because poor Tyrone, he is bothered so much with autograph seekers. When he was here last summer with Miss Gaynor, the people, they all crowded around his table and sent over papers for him to sign. And when he went away he said 'Tommy, I would like to come here more often but sometimes I have to stay in my room so I can eat in peace.'

"I DID not know Tyrone was in New York. But if he is, I am sure he will come here. If you will leave your name, I will tell him you want to get in touch with him."

Relieved, I write a note for Tyrone and give it to Tommy.

"Would you care for something to drink, something to eat?" Tommy asks. It is getting close to dinner time so I decide to stay. Besides, I am curious to know why the famous Tyrone Power always makes a pilgrimage to this restaurant when he comes to New York.

"Many times has Tyrone been in here," Tommy says as he waits for me to order. "When he was acting in *Saint Joan* at the Martin Beck Theater next door, he was here every night for dinner. He first began coming in here when they were rehearsing *Saint Joan*. And when he had matinees, I used to take his dinner to him in the dressing room.

"He had only a small part and did not make much money then. Always we gave him the cheapest dinner, never thought of offering him our dollar and a quarter dinner.

"Sometimes he would come in and say 'Tommy, tonight I think I will have to sign the check.' 'That's okay,' I would say. He was such a fine fellow and I knew he would pay me some time.

"There were a lot of other actors who used to come in with him. Many of them still come here. Always Tyrone was the most popular, laughing and talking and joking. Everyone liked him. Always so friendly with everyone, even the waiters. I was a waiter then. Now I own half of the restaurant.

"His friends—I don't know their names. Always a crowd of them. Even the ones who still come in here, I don't know their names. Some of that bunch don't come any more. I don't know where they went. I hear Tyrone got jobs in Hollywood for a couple of them. The rest—I guess they just went away. You know how it is with actors. Sometimes they can't get work and they get discouraged and go back home.

"You would like a little antipasto, yes? And some spaghetti? And some nice wine—Chianti—with the dinner, yes?"

He is back in a moment with the antipasto—salami, anchovies, red pepper, cole slaw, tiny sardines, Italian beans, hard-boiled egg—a meal in itself. The plate is a thick white one, the mustard and catsup are in the original jar and bottle. But a more tasty dish or a more gracious host could not be found anywhere in New York at any price.

"It seemed like he knew he was going to be big when he got to Hollywood," Tommy continues as I make way with the antipasto. "I remember that day he came in to tell me, not two years ago.

"'Tommy,' he said, 'I am going to Hollywood. Tomorrow. I'm going to fly.' Then he told me how it feels to fly and explained to me how when you are in an airplane and strike cold air suddenly it feels like you are falling.

"We always used to say he was going to Hollywood some day. He used to say to Burgess Meredith and those actors from *Winterset*—they used to sit at that table over there—he used to say to them, 'Some day my picture will hang in here and everyone will know who I am. Won't it, Tommy?' he would say. And I'd laugh and say, yes. You couldn't help believing him.

"'I will never forget you, Tommy,' he said that day when he went away. And he never did. He sent me postcards and whenever he comes to New York he comes here. Last time he was here with Janet Gaynor. They sat right over there. 'Tommy,' he said that time when they sat down. 'I don't sign any more checks!'

"He is the same as ever—friendly like always."

Tommy carries out the empty plate and returns with a steaming heap of spaghetti, drenched in dark red sauce which is thick

[*Continued on page* 65]

Every pack wrapped
in two jackets
of Cellophane; the
OUTER jacket opens
from the BOTTOM

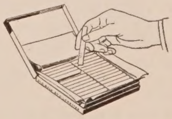
A Volume of Cigarette Pleasure

...for his or her Old Gold-en Christmas

HERE'S one "volume" that will never get tucked away in the book shelves to gather dust! It's filled with 100 Old Golds, the cigarettes that are as double-mellow as Santa's smile. And it costs no more than two regular "Flat-Fifty" packages.

What a handsome gift it makes! Give him this "True Story of America's Double-Mellow Cigarette," and you'll give him a whole volume of smoking pleasure. Ladies will be thrilled with this Old Gold gift, too!

1 It looks like a rare edition, richly bound in maroon and gold.



2 Open it up and you find 2 regular "flat-fifties" of Old Golds (100 cigarettes).

3 Open one of the "flat-fifties" and enjoy America's double-mellow cigarette.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, every Sunday night starting November 20th, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

Mickey The Menace

[*Continued from page* 59]

Jap boys a penny a word out of his lunch money to teach him how to talk "that funny stuff." After the third grade, he didn't go to school any more. He got his education from tutors after movie work became steady.

It wasn't too steady in the beginning. He can still remember his first picture. "I guess that's because picture work was new," he says. "I was five years old, and the picture was *Orchids and Ermine* with Colleen Moore. I played a midget with a mustache that took Perc Westmore two hours to put on. And I lost two teeth during the picture."

If it hadn't been for those teeth dropping out, people would have supposed he actually was a midget. He was that real. As it was, Hollywood—a bit dullishly—couldn't think of what to do with a five-year-old who could play adult midgets, except to let him play them. But those roles were far between. And they weren't exactly full of future. So, finally, little Joe went back into vaudeville, this time in downtown Los Angeles.

Still Hollywood didn't sense his possibilities. Then—his mother read in a paper that Larry Darmour was looking for a boy to play the title role in some comedies based on the cartoon character, Mickey McGuire. It looked like The Big Chance. She had seen her Joe imitate Mickey a hundred times, playing tough. Just one thing stood in the way of a screen test. Her Joe was a towhead, and Mickey had India-ink hair. She fixed that with burnt cork.

She must have done a noble bit of fixing. He got a test. And he was smoldering so about his sooty thatch, and felt so tough, and acted so tough, that Darmour said, after one look, "Sign right here." Little Joe got the role. And then he got a dye job.

DURING the next seven brunette years, he made 78 Mickey McGuire comedies—almost one a month. Early in the series, Darmour saw that he had a "natural" on his hands. Such a "natural" that he wanted Joe Yule, Jr., to be Mickey McGuire in name, too. It would be smart publicity, putting across the idea that there was a real kid by that name.

So—he became Mickey McGuire legally. It still is his legal name. But he can't use it professionally. He's waiting now until he's 21 to decide whether he wants to become Mickey Rooney for keeps.

Where did he get the "Rooney"? When his Darmour contract ran out five years ago, he went over to Universal to do a feature comedy with Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville called *Love Birds*. Universal billed him as Mickey McGuire. Darmour and Cartoonist Fontaine Fox got a court order: for professional purposes, he had to change either his first name or his last. His mother wanted him to remain "Mickey." So they staged a contest on the Universal lot to find a new last name. "Rooney" was Carl Laemmle, Jr.'s choice.

After *Love Birds*, Universal took a 30-day option on him and then didn't exercise it. They let a gold mine get away from them—just as M-G-M lost a fortune when they let Deanna Durbin go. Universal now has Deanna, and M-G-M has Mickey. That makes it an even exchange.

It wasn't easy, setting out to make a third name mean something to the public. But the new name had one asset connected with it. As Mickey McGuire he had had to play tough. As Mickey Rooney he could play anything he chose.

It was a year before the dye came out of his hair completely. During that year he played extra parts, bits, anything he could get, just to keep busy and keep circulating around. Directors began noticing this kid who could steal scenes from experts. They began giving him bigger parts—and more often. In a year and a half, he was in 40 pictures. Altogether, he has been in more than 300.

Stealing *Hideout* was what landed him his M-G-M contract. Stealing *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (on loan to Warners) was what put him in the Big Time, as far as the critics were concerned. They went for his screeching laugh as *Puck*. They didn't know how that hoot came about. He shrieked that way when he got his first earful of some of those Shakespearean lines.

AN EXHIBITOR'S OPINION

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY: Judy Garland, Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden, Ann Rutherford, Lana Turner—Tops. Surpasses all of the Judge Hardy series. This is doing big business all over the country. Beats all of the real big pictures that Metro has put out. Mickey Rooney brings down the house every other scene in this picture. Mark my words, Mickey, you are headed for real big things. Rooney is real box office at any theaterman's box office now, and now is the time to cash in on his name. The picture is one laugh from start to finish and I, personally, endorse this as one of the best all around pictures that I have seen, not just this year but any year since the start of the moving picture industry. Congratulations are in store for every actor and actress in the picture besides the producer and director. Orchids to you, one and all, and may you produce more to compare with this masterpiece. Running time, 91 minutes.—Pearce Parkhurst, Paramount Theater, Schroon Lake, N. Y.

Ask Mickey what he considers his biggest break, and his answer is: "My ever getting in the movies at all." Ask him what his favorite roles have been, and he says: "I like *Andy Hardy* and the kid in *Boys Town*. They put me where I am today." Ask him if he's like *Andy Hardy*, and he tells you: "Say, if I was, I'd be the same in every other picture, too. Doesn't a guy get any credit for creating a character?"

He's more subdued than *Andy*, except when he remembers his public and goes into his act. His mother has noticed a change in him in the last six months. "He's thinking about the future. He's much steadier."

Mickey admits it. "I used to try to do 50 things at once. Now I'm a man who takes his time. I don't like to plan things—only in my domestic life. Other things, I'll take as they come. Life's too short to start worrying. Ain't I right, Fritz?" he asks his playful police pup.

He has just acquired a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and he's pretty serious about that. "It wasn't easy to get a home like this," he says. "It took a lot of time and a lot of work. Yes, sir. It's the first one I've ever had, and it's all paid for, and I'm going to keep it. I'm going to be pretty proud to bring a wife here some day."

His mother and young-looking stepfather live with him. So does his 20-year-old stand-in, Dick Paxton. His mother arranged that. "Mick's of a lonesome nature. He can't be alone."

Love hasn't found Mickey Rooney yet. Girls are still girls, not heartaches. "He'd be all right if they'd leave him alone. As it is, we have to have our phone number changed every three weeks."

HE HAS just enrolled as a Freshman in U. S. C.—"because I know a lot of fellows there." This year, because of picture schedules, he'll still have tutors. After that, he expects to get some college life. He'll major in cinematography and English. By the time he's "middle-aged—around 25, say"—he wants to be a director. Every director, he calls "Sir."

His money goes into a trust fund ("and fast!"), except for household expenses and a personal allowance. He lives on the $30-every-Saturday plan. Most of it goes for lunches, gas for his second-hand flivver (a bright-blue number) a weekly dance-date and phonograph records. He also used to pay out for a colored valet named Sylvester. But Sylvester doesn't live there any more.

He collects phonograph records because he's a songwriter himself. Two of his hotter ditties (unpublished, to date) are "Done Up in a Dream" and "Swing Around the Rosie." He has never taken a music lesson but plays the piano, blows a slide cornet and whams a mean set of drums. In *Babes in Arms* with Judy Garland, he'll sing.

He learned swimming by himself. Ditto tennis, boxing, horseback riding, golf. In his time, he has had football, basketball and baseball teams. He hasn't missed much of the fun of being a boy, for being a boy actor. He has seen to that. And—he's tough physically.

Off-guard, he will admit that his rambunctiousness is a defense mechanism, a compensation for being a little guy. But he also realizes that his size has played a big part in his success.

At the moment, he's telling his mother he wants to own a race horse—"just one." And Mom's nodding without committing herself. "If you try to argue, he'll go stubborn on you. But if you 'yes' him, everything will turn out fine. Three days later, he'll see the light all by himself."

The kind of acting he likes is the Lionel Barrymore, Paul Muni, Boris Karloff kind. Character stuff with a melodramatic tinge. At home, he impersonates all of them. Another favorite Rooney indoor sport is imitating all the radio announcers.

Just one thing gets him down, besides being alone. That's the suspicion in some quarters that, every time he's cocky in a role, he thinks he's pretty good and stealing the show. "I can't help it if I'm cocky in a role," he says plaintively. "That's the way it's written."

Right now, he's enjoying a vacation, having just finished *Stablemates* with Wallace Beery—his third picture in a quick row. He got the vacation by going up to Louis B. Mayer and saying, "I don't want to get burnt out. Man to man, don't you think I need a rest?"

Man to man, Mr. Mayer did. Even if Mickey is white-hot with the public—the most popular little guy who ever stole his way to stardom.

Tyrone Power's Manhattan Hideout

[*Continued from page* 63]

with chopped meat. The spaghetti is cooked just right, tender but not over-done and I am about to surrender all thoughts of calories and diets, when there is a commotion at the front door.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, handsome and dark-haired, strides into the restaurant. It is Tyrone Power, himself!

Tommy, bursting with pride and welcome, springs forward and the two men shake hands joyfully. Tyrone points to the rows of framed photographs around the wall and pretends to be indignant.

"Why isn't my picture hanging here?" he demands.

"Ah," laughs Tommy, rubbing his hands together and beaming. "Yes, your picture is hanging here—back in the kitchen where you always used to sit."

A boyish look of delight leaps into Tyrone's deep blue eyes, and he heads for the kitchen in the rear, saying, "That's where I'm going to eat now."

"Oh, no, Tyrone, better not try to eat back there today. It's too hot."

Tommy introduces me to Tyrone and I explain that I want an interview.

"But I am leaving tomorrow," Tyrone protests. "Back to California. I really didn't have time to come here but I couldn't leave New York without seeing Tommy."

The restaurant is still deserted, save for the gentleman in the back studying his papers and sipping beer. Tyrone spies him.

"Is he still here?" Tyrone whispers.

"Still here," Tommy replies.

"Tell you what," Tyrone says. "I'll join you in some spaghetti and you can interview me here. No one in the world has spaghetti like Tommy's. You heard him say my picture is hanging back in the kitchen? Well, that's because I used to sit back there in the kitchen where it was nice and warm of a winter evening and I could watch the chef make spaghetti."

HE'S a serious-faced young man with a turned-up nose and laughing dark blue eyes.

"First you must have hors d'ouvres," Tommy insists and brings in a large round tray of them.

"Ah, yes," Tyrone agrees. "Some of that caviar. Lots of caviar, please."

His eyes are shining like those of a boy whose dreams have finally come true. As he calls for a second helping of caviar, you have the feeling that he is pinching himself under the table to make sure it is true.

Tommy brings over a picture post card. "It is from Dr. Lindsay," he explains to Tyrone. "He's in Europe and he asks me to give you his regards when I see you.

"And here is a letter one of your actor friends left here for you to read. He said it was from one you would be interested in hearing from."

"You see," Tyrone laughs, "I get my New York mail here. Ah, Tommy, it is wonderful to be back and find that everything is the same here, nothing changed."

Tommy glows. "For dessert," he says, "You shall have crepe suzettes."

Tyrone is the delighted boy again as Tommy brings in the copper alcohol lamp and frying pan, pours rum, brandy, cognac and cointreau over the orange and lemon peel and melting butter, then gently drops in the paper-thin, feathery pancakes. Tyrone watches closely as Tommy almost lovingly folds the cakes into the sauce pan, then dips the pan slightly to the side to set fire to the liqueurs. Blue flames blaze from the sauce, turn yellow, then die out. Tommy lifts the crepe suzettes on one of the heavy white plates, spooning the liquid over them and sets the plate before Tyrone with a flourish.

"While you are here this time, could you have a picture taken of you and me together, so I could hang it on the wall?" Tommy asks hesitantly.

"By all means! Certainly," Tyrone says as he gobbles down the crepe suzettes.

We send for a photographer. "Now" Tommy declares. "Now we shall have champagne!"

He hurries back with a bottle of champagne upright in an ice-filled bucket. "This is on me," he exults. He opens the bottle with a pop that could be heard all the way to Times Square.

"Here's to Tommy," is the toast.

"I have a bright idea," Tyrone says, turning to me. "Instead of writing a story about me, why don't you write about Tommy? Tell how he was one man who really believed in me and let me eat on credit when I didn't know where my next dollar was coming from."

So that's what I have told you—at Tyrone's request.

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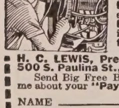
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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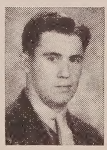
THE POSTMAN RINGS

Well, well, look what we have here! Seven luscious beauties and fourteen shapely limbs. (Aw shucks, only eight are visible.) Appearing in Paramount's, *Artists and Models Abroad*, are Gwen Kenyon, Sheila Darcy, Joyce Mathews and Marie De Forest, first row. Punkins Parker, Dolores Casey and Yvonne Duval, second row



T. N. Pappas

$15.00 Prize Letter

The Winnah!

DEAR EDITOR:

He packs dynamite in both fists! He's a weaving, bobbing, ghostly will-o'-the-wisp! He's got Willard's strength, Dempsey's punch, Tunney's cunning! He can take an anvil to the chin and throw two thunder-bolts in quick return. Lightning flashes from his eyes and thunder roars from his throat! He's an express train, a cataract, a tornado! And his name is Bob Taylor!

Oh, yes, there's a new Bob Taylor on the movie horizon, a fighting, thrilling Bob Taylor. Gone are the days of the calf-eyed lover, the pretty-boy, don't muss-my-hair Taylor. And in his place there stands a two-fisted, iron-chinned, swashbuckling Taylor—a Taylor who seems to have resented at long last those sneering remarks of "sissy," "ladies' man," and such.

Verily, the worm hath turned . . . and becometh a lion.—*T. Nathan Pappas, 5336 Summer Ave., Memphis, Tenn.*

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!!

$10.00 Prize Letter

Majestic Portraiture

DEAR EDITOR:
Last night I saw *Marie Antoinette.* Centuries rolled away and medieval figures rose from the pages of history and unfolded the turbulent life of the French queen for whom this quaint old city is named.

It is all there just as we have read. There are dances and pageants and fountains and moon-flooded gardens; there are nuptials and requiems; priests and tenebrae; there is scourge and famine; there is revolution and, finally—the guillotine.

And Norma Shearer! It would require the reincarnation of a Webster to fittingly describe the artistry and faithfulness of interpretation that she puts into her role. What a revelation she is to her countless thousands of admirers who never dreamed that the scarlet heroine of *Free Soul;* the sophisticated star of *Riptide,* and the dewy *Juliet* could be transformed into a hapless queen who could not wear her crown upon her heart.—*Frank Roe, 1100 Third Street, Marietta, Ohio.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Continental Glamour

DEAR EDITOR:
Occasionally, without ostentatious ballyhoo, Hollywood decides to favor us with films and personalities that are refreshingly different from the Screen Mecca's habitual yearly output. Such a film is Walter Wanger's *Algiers.* Such a personality is *ecstatic* Hedy Lamarr.

The former is the personification of Hollywood at its best; keen, subtle direction by John Cromwell; unusual, breath-taking photography by James Wong Howe; a story that is at once gripping, tender, romantic, intriguing; a talented supporting cast playing skillfully against a fantastically mosaic background; the distinguished presence of Charles Boyer, one of filmdom's finest performers.

And Hedy Lamarr! As the luscious *Gaby* she brings to the screen a scintillating glow it has sorely needed for months. She is mysterious without being sullen: fascinating without being cute. Although she revealed no great histrionic gifts in this, her first American film, her smouldering personality more than compensates, disclosing her to be a worthy acquisition to the Film Firmament: one of the best "bets" Hollywood has had in years.—*Maurice Jacobs, 937 North 42nd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Unbooked Personal Appearances

DEAR EDITOR:
My husband, a service station attendant on a coast-to-coast highway, had two of the more famous movie stars drop in on him one night.

We are far enough removed from Hollywood that I'd be very much excited if I got to meet an honest to goodness movie star, and this was the next best thing to meeting one. I started asking questions.

Warner Baxter and Lee Tracy, they were, and as eager to talk a while and linger over a smoke as any night traveler.

Warner Baxter seemed to be a philosophical almost moody individual.

Tracy, a more carefree type, was in character with the roles he plays—talking fast wise-cracking and gesticulating.

They were very friendly and not in the least high-hat. They did not know they were recognized but when leaving Tracy grinned characteristically and said, *"You'll be seeing us!"*—*Mrs. Austin Grimes, East Park Manor, Lebanon, Mo.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Found—The Fountain of Youth

DEAR EDITOR:
Ponce de Leon looked for it, but it took the movies to find it!

In *Alexander's Ragtime Band* a period of many years—apparently over 25—elapsed from the beginning to the end, yet all the characters remained the same—if not younger—in appearance!

How did such a colossal boner escape the critical eyes of those technical experts who spend thousands of dollars and hours of research so that extras in period-costume pictures will have the correct number of flounces on their gowns or buttons on their vests?—*Mary Helen Capeto, 66 Turner St., Fall River, Mass.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

More Real Life Movies

DEAR EDITOR:
After seeing so many madcap comedies and tear jerking tragedies it certainly was a relief to see a picture as natural and as true to life as *Love Finds Andy Hardy.* It is that very naturalness that makes it so pleasant and enjoyable. Although Mickey Rooney has long been on my list of favorites this last picture of his places him on top of the list. From now on let us have fewer gigantic productions and more real life movies.

Three big cheers for Mickey and the entire cast!—*Fayette Weyand, East Shore Park, White Bear Lake, Minn.*

Crossword Puzzle Solution

			S	H	E	A	R	E	R			
		M	A	E	■	M	■	R	U	S		
	F	O	Y	E	R	■	L	I	N	E	S	
A	L	L	■	L	U	D	E	N	■	D	O	G
L	Y	L	E	■	B	O	W	■	L	A	N	A
G	■	Y	A	M	■	C	■	M	I	N	■	T
I	N	■	S	E	T	■	P	A	T	■	M	E
E	■	D	O	N	■	V	■	D	E	S	■	W
R	A	I	N	■	J	O	N	■	L	I	N	A
S	I	X	■	J	O	N	E	S	■	M	A	Y
	R	O	G	U	E	■	B	A	T	O	N	
		N	O	N	■	O	■	L	O	N		
			B	E	N	N	E	T	T			

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A Heart-to-Heart Talk with
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"Few women know the power of their lips in enchanting men," *says Varady, world-renowned authority on beauty and feminine charm.* "Yet every woman knows her lips are the most glamorous, the most seductive instruments of romance.

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Varady
The Original American-Made "Black" Lipstick!

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BARBARA BREWSTER, *sister of the lovely Gloria (at top). The Brewster Twins have enchanted millions with their singing and dancing.*

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It spreads readily, almost instantly sinks into the pores. Just pat gently — no hard rubbing or slapping in. Leaves skin radiant, soft, smooth—wonderfully lighter and brighter looking.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. ©1938, C.P. INC.

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I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

Name.......................... *Town*...............
Address........................ *State*...............

Dramatize Your Home with Smart Lamps

[*Continued from page* 50]

being low-slung as in the old-fashioned chandelier; they use the large ceiling surface as a reflecting surface so that light will be distributed more evenly and comfortably; of course they conceal the lamp bulbs so that there is sufficient light—but no glare.

Lamps are the easiest of all lighting units with which you may dramatize your home and its furnishings. Many of us do not live in a house or an apartment where we are permitted to change the ceiling, wall, and other permanent fixtures, but all of us can provide more satisfying lamps which give correct, safe light without eye-strain, as well as high-style smartness to the furnishings.

What is a good lamp? With the approaching holiday season, maximum light is required in every room: on the attractively appointed holiday dinner-table, on the decorations and colorful foods of the midnight buffet or punch bowl refreshments; on the card and other games and puzzles so closely associated with midwinter social occasions; on the mirrors and dressers where so much of our grooming and final touches to dress, or face is all-important. Good light is needed in every room, every moment, and for every purpose.

YOU may be thinking of purchasing some new lamps for the living-room, the children's desk, or you may wish to smarten up your guest room with a more modern lamp. Or—not too improbably—Santa Claus is coming to town, and may have the check or the tag for a glamorous table lamp all ready to tuck into your stocking!

Here, then, are some practical "musts" about any lamp in your home:

(1) *It must have sufficient height and shade-size* to cast plentiful light over a generous, useful area.

(2) *It should have white, or off-white shade linings to prevent coloring the light of distorting color harmonies in the room.*

(3) *These shades should be open at the top, except on lamps* on low tables.

(4) *Lamp bulbs housed in plastic bowls which diffuse light, and which are hidden under the shade give more flattering, pleasing, and comfortable light.*

(5) *Shades should have enough thickness so they don't stand out as "spots" against the background of furnishings.* This necessary thickness, will of course, vary with lightness or darkness of background.

If any room in your house now looks dim and dark like the old first "movie flickers" you can easily give it modern, brilliant dramatic lighting with better lamps. Suppose you attempt to "do over" one room at a time, and get a kind of "before and after" contrast of your old-fashioned inadequate lamps and fixtures with up-to-date stylish, comfortable lighting?

Perhaps you are not quite familar enough with the right amounts of light required for various tasks. Remember too, that "local lighting" means the amount of light directed specifically at close eye-work tasks—sewing, reading music, typing, playing games, reading your favorite movie magazine. On the other hand, what is spoken of as "general lighting" means all the light taken throughout the room from lamps, wall brackets and ceiling fixtures, all taken together. The first must be higher in quantity, to make close seeing tasks easier, while the softly diffused general lighting is needed to reduce contrasts and a "spotty" uncomfortable effect. Every room needs both types of lighting to be either eye-sight conserving, or decoratively dramatic.

"What size of lamp bulb shall I use for what you call local lighting, or general lighting? Shall I put 40-watt or 60-watt bulbs in my fixtures? Will a 100-watt bulb give me enough light for my reading lamp? These and many other questions on correct lighting can be answered only by a study of your particular rooms, their size, where you like to place your couch, tables, chairs and so on. But fortunately there is a splendid new book just written, which *will* answer many of the questions you might have on making over your light. By an unusual arrangement, I have been allowed to offer this book, FREE, to every reader of my articles. If you would like one (and you better write quickly as I have only a small supply to give out), fill out the coupon and mail to me.

With the aid of a ukelele Patricia Ellis demonstrates how pleased she is about her leading role in the Hal Roach comedy, *Block Heads*

This Little Peggy Went To Town

Having scored a tremendous success in *Having Wonderful Time*, vivacious Peggy Conklin, RKO player, has been busily going from one picture to another

By
MONROE QUIGG

ACCORDING to Peggy Conklin, the Broadway stage favorite now in Hollywood, her advent before the footlights in 1930 was neither foreordained by her forebears nor forecast by fortune tellers.

So far as she knows there never has been a Thespian in her family tree nor can she ever recall an instance where anyone read her palm or tea leaves to discover that she was destined for the theater.

The vivacious Peggy was in her dressing room on the RKO lot the day we visited her and she was as busy as three hills of ants trying—fairly successfully, too, to do three things at once—eat her lunch, rehearse her lines for the afternoon's shooting, and knitting a sweater that was to be, so she said, a Christmas present for her husband, James D. Thompson.

"I never had the remotest idea of ever going on the stage," confesses the stage and screen star, frankly, "until I was twenty. I can't recall ever reciting so much as a five-line poem during my school days let alone going in for dramatics as most of my girl friends did. To be honest, I can't say that I ever reached the 'ah-and-oh' point of enthusiasm about shows I happened to see.

"TO THIS day I can't tell you why in the world, at 20, I suddenly decided that I wanted to be a show girl. But there has to be a first in everything, so when I learned that casting for the chorus of the *First Little Show* was to begin soon, I planned on being first in line for the tryouts. Somebody suggested since I didn't know a dance routine from a backdrop, I'd be smart if I got busy and learned a few 'time' steps before the

Say it with a Clear Skin

OUR SKIN frequently reflects how we feel. In business and social contacts we like our friends to tell us *how well we look.*

The laity now recognizes—as physicians and scientists have for years—the vital importance of rich, red blood, as the foundation of strength, energy, and a clear healthy skin.

for that tired let-down feeling

It is well known how worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood.

S.S.S. Tonic brings you new strength and vitality by restoring your blood to a healthy state, and its benefits are cumulative and enduring, in the absence of an organic trouble.

improves the appetite

Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . *a very important step back to health.*

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow, reflecting good health and well being.

You should note an improvement at once, but may we suggest a course of several bottles to insure more complete and lasting recovery.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones

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Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

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Free Trial Bottle

Paul Rieger, 258 Art Center Bldg., San Francisco

eventful day rolled around. I didn't know what a time step was, but I found a teacher who did, and by hours of hard and steady practice I managed to learn four of them. Well, came the day and likewise came Peggy who explained to the casting director that, since this was the very first time in her whole life that she'd ever been in a try-out, it was more than likely that she would become nervous and break down before she could show him more than four steps—and would he please overlook her errors. The director muttered something about it being more than likely he would overlook her completely, but for her to do the best she could which perhaps wouldn't be much. Well, as it turned out, it was four and no more. At the end of the fourth step came the break-down and the jitters just as I had promised him and I stood there shaking like a leaf. I expected the worst—but may I never dance again if he didn't accept me—and at $65 a week which was five dollars more than the other fifty-nine girls in the chorus were to get. You could have knocked me over with a dancing slipper!"

The *First Little Show* ran for ten months and you can take Peggy's word for it she kept her eyes, ears, nose, and throat open and so picked up a lot of valuable experience about the show business. In fact she picked up so much and absorbed it to such excellent advantage that she was cast in five different plays, one right after the other, all of them more or less on the 'flop' side of the theatrical ledgers, but all of them contributing immensely to her footlight education.

HER first really important role was in *Mademoiselle* in which she played Alice Brady's daughter. Following this came a leading lady role in *Old Man Murphy* and next in order a good part in *The Party's Over* in which she played opposite Hal Skelly. When this show was over she had the feminine lead in both the New York and London productions of *Pursuit of Happiness,* the "bundling" hit. Last year she scored a tremendous success as the star of *Yes, My Darling Daughter.*

Now if this doesn't write a remarkable record for a girl who started her theatrical career ten feet behind taw in 1930, there is nothing on good, old, critical Broadway that does. At twenty, for no apparent reason at all, she suddenly decides to go on the stage. And she does. And once on, she stays there appearing in five shows that are a great credit to her if not to the authors and the box-office. And all this without the "growing pains" that seem to beset the stage careers of so many other girls. The only hardships she ever experienced, she says, came in her second year when she used to bob in and out of booking offices and get the "nothing today, sister" from the hat-on-head, feet-on-desk, cigar-in-mouth agents.

"My film debut," says this Broadway favorite, "was in *The President Vanishes.* I wasn't very keen about pictures, then, and when the last scene was shot I went back to New York to appear opposite Leslie Howard in *The Petrified Forest.* During the run of this show I married James Thompson—and as I tell you this we've been married two and a half years. The show business is fine—but marriage is much better."

WISE words from a smart little girl. A very practical and modest young lady, this vivacious Peggy of the Dobbs Ferry Conklins. Unless we miss our guess, it will be a long time before she's ever blinded by the footlights of the legitimate stage or dazzled by the glamour of Hollywood.

Since her marriage, Peggy has been lured from New York to Hollywood often enough to appear in *One Way Ticket, Her Master's Voice, The Devil Is a Sissy,* and *Having Wonderful Time*—the last picture giving her, so she says, the best of all her screen roles. She likes the cast, the story, the director and, as she admits, she has had a wonderful time in front of the cameras.

"Perhaps I'll be back sooner than I expect," she says.

Which won't be soon enough according to RKO executives who already have plans afoot for another picture for her.

Which ought to be good news to her many stage and screen fans.

Prison Without Bars **is the name of the English film in which this scene appears. It's a new importation soon to be seen in America**

Slums to Stardom!

[*Continued from page 37*]

John Garfield in *Four Daughters.* But the boy on the street knows nothing about John Garfield. That person has not been created yet; and Julius Garfinkle, wiping the mud and sleet from his face, shuffles toward the tenement door. The creation of John Garfield will not take place until a kindly, white-haired man turns from his desk to smile at Julius Garfinkle and offer him the first word of understanding he has ever known. That man will be Dr. Angelo Patri, the famous child psychologist and principal of New York's Public School 45. . . .

WHEN John Garfield first stood before Angelo Patri, he had nothing but hatred for the world of grown-ups. So bitter was he that he could not speak without stuttering. He was a typical East Side urchin, rough, impudent, bold and evasive. Garfield today gives a graphic description of the events leading up to his arrival at School 45.

"My brother and I spent our childhood on the streets and in the gutters of the East Side," he says. "Father was a tailor, poorly paid and constantly moving from one place to another because he could not pay the rent. Mother died when I was seven.

"By the time we were able to move to a slightly better neighborhood I was an outcast as far as respectable families were concerned. Other children were forbidden to play with me. Father was away all day and too tired and troubled to pay much attention to us anyway. I was expelled from one school after another.

"Finally when the authorities were tired of my troublesome ways and I was about ready to join a real East Side gang which would probably have led me to prison, I was packed off to Angelo Patri's school.

"Don't call it a reform school because it isn't. It's a public school, run by a remarkable man who understands the problems of kids who are exposed to all the wrong elements in big city life."

Under the sympathetic guidance of Angelo Patri, the transformation took place. At first it was slow work. Garfield, soured at the age of 13 by a world he had found cruel, was not interested in school work of any sort.

A few days after the boy entered the school, Angelo Patri glanced through the window of his office. The new boy, the one who stuttered because of his hatred for everyone, was climbing over a fence separating the school yard from a garden. When the boy landed on a flower bed, Patri had him brought to his office.

Garfield sidled through the door and stood with face averted, expecting a scolding. But instead, Angelo Patri spoke to him gently.

"Don't you know those plants have a right to live, too?"

John Garfield believes those words marked the beginning of the transformation in his life. Since childhood he had regarded himself as an underdog, beaten by everything in the world. His soul had grown callous to his own suffering and that of others. Now, suddenly, he saw himself as an oppressor, treading beneath his heels a weaker form of life. The thought was not a pleasant one. He left Patri's office that day with the seeds of social living planted firmly in his mind. From now on he'd . . . he'd try to be a better boy.

But it was difficult to overcome the years spent in the gutters of the East Side. He had no interest in school work, no interest in athletics. He kept to himself, avoiding both children and teachers. He played truant repeatedly, coming back again and again in the custody of a truant officer or a policeman.

"Here he is again," the officers would say. "That kid's the best window breaker in town."

One day the teacher of dramatics noticed Garfield standing outside the class room. She beckoned to him, but he turned and fled. Several days later he appeared again, pretending not to watch the activities of the class but obviously interested.

This time the teacher not only invited him to the class but literally dragged him in. He huddled down on a bench, turned his back and glared at the floor. Days passed before his fierce shyness wore off. The class rehearsed a short play for the school auditorium but Garfield showed not the slightest interest in it.

On the day before the play one of the youthful actors fell ill. The teacher called upon Garfield.

"You've heard the part," she told him. "Wouldn't you like to play it?"

The boy shook his head violently. Gathering the other children around her, the teacher whispered some instructions. The young actors descended on Garfield.

"Come on, Julius," they taunted. "You're scared."

The boy twisted and turned, trying desperately to escape his tormentors. But at last he nodded his head. Yes, he'd do it. He'd play the part of the lame beggar.

AND John Garfield kept his word. He limped shyly across the stage, made a few vague motions with his hands and raced for the wings. As he came off, the dramatics teacher seized him by the shoulder.

"That was grand," she said, smiling down at him. "You did a wonderful job. Someday we'll be proud of you."

John Garfield's first teacher of dramatics has seen those words come true. Not so long ago, following his performance in the stage show, *Having Wonderful Time,* John and his teacher walked down Broadway together. Garfield's lips twisted up in his peculiar, appealing smile.

"Well," he said, "how was my diction this time?"

He has never forgotten Angelo Patri and the teacher of dramatics who gave him his first part. He knows that they were largely responsible for the creation of John Garfield, actor. They offered him sympathy and understanding, and Angelo Patri offered him financial help from the very beginning.

Once they met in the school yard on a rainy day, the white-haired educator and the thin urchin. The boy wanted a loan of five dollars so that he could buy a newspaper route. He . . . he liked the school and he wanted to stay there.

Needless to say, he received the money.

Several times he ran away but each time he returned sheepishly to the school where people were kind to him. Once he went south and was gone for almost two months. But the school was winning its battle with John Garfield's slum background. The wounds of his childhood were healing and the boy's attitude toward life had changed.

Angelo Patri financed a summer camping trip and encouraged Garfield's interest in acting. The stutter disappeared as his feeling of confidence increased. Sometimes mo-

THE COACH COULDN'T HELP GRINNING
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

It was between halves, score 0-0, when the Captain barks "Thompson—Get out some Beeman's—Pass it around—Let's get our minds on something pleasant—Relax."

Even the Coach had to grin. "Learn a lesson from Beeman's," says he, "That fresh tangy flavor scores every time. Got a tang to it that drives away that weary feeling. Just think how fresh that flavor makes you feel and you can score like Beeman's does." We did, too.

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

HOW NERVOUS WOMEN CAN SLEEP EASILY

By Dorothy Blake

Being a woman myself, I know that many women, as well as men, find it extremely difficult to fall asleep for hours after they retire — that others become fully awake after they have slept for just a short time, then find it almost impossible to go back to sleep. The next day they are nervous, unstrung, highly irritable. Before retiring I take one or two TREMS Tablets. That's ALL I do. In about 15 minutes, tense nerves are completely relaxed, that taut feeling goes and I get a good night's sleep. All ingredients in TREMS are U. S. P. tested. Why put up with another sleepless night or nerve-wracking day when you can enjoy glorious relaxation with TREMS? **If your druggist does not have TREMS, send your name, address and 10c to TREMS, St. Louis, and 25c Introductory Package will be sent postpaid.**

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ments of savage hatred would return but they were not so frequent now.

When the school lost a city oratorical contest, Garfield turned to his dramatic teacher and said, "Next year I'll win that contest."

"All right," the teacher told him, "Before you write your essay, you must tell me what you consider the most important thing in life."

"Money!" the boy replied sharply.

But several days later he came to the teacher and told her he had changed his mind.

"It isn't money," he said. "It's being able to get along peacefully with one another."

His essay became, Benjamin Franklin, Peacemaker of the Constitution, and he won the city oratorical contest.

He knew now what he wanted to do. He wanted to act. Nothing else mattered. His determination had about it some of the savageness of his early childhood. He entered high school, but his lack of formal class room preparation forced him to give up. At last, after a period of desperation, he managed to become an apprentice with the Eva Le Gallienne civic repertory theater. He received no salary, but again Angelo Patri helped him. Garfield had told the head of the Le Gallienne group that he would gladly sweep the stage, but in a short time he was acting on it.

WHEN he was 19, Garfield left Le Gallienne and New York to thumb his way across the continent to California. He worked with a friend, Joe La Spina, in the fruit orchards for a summer. Then, as they started back for New York, tragedy struck again.

The two boys separated in the middle west, Garfield heading for New York while Joe stopped off for several weeks. Joe was to follow later.

But Joe, bumming east during the early winter, was caught in a snow storm. He was picked up half frozen and nursed back to partial health in a convent. Shortly after he reached New York Joe died.

The agony of his friend's death struck deeply into Garfield's heart. He had been close to Joe. The fierce resentment came back and for a while Garfield hated the thought of being alive.

He returned to the Le Gallienne company for a brief stay and played a small role in *Lost Boy,* a play dealing with life in a reform school. This closed after three weeks but his work had been noticed by another producer who put him into the Chicago company of *Counselor at Law* in which Paul Muni was starred.

The New York East Side, the summer of fruit picking in California and the Nebraska hayfields where he worked at one time have all left their marks on Garfield. They gave him the experience he felt he must have to become a mature actor. More important still, they have made him a quiet, intelligent, positive individual. They have molded his opinions on matters far removed from the stage or screen and have given him a working man's viewpoint.

Never averse to exchanging a leading role for a small one he considers better for training purposes, Garfield left his important part in the New York production of *Having Wonderful Time,* to play a less conspicuous role in *Golden Boy.* Clifford Odets, the author of *Golden Boy,* is another of his heroes.

He expects to follow the same system in pictures. "I can learn a lot in Hollywood," he says. "I want to play good parts in worthwhile pictures. Their size or importance makes no difference to me now. I only ask that the characters be real. I don't like artificial people, in life or on the stage or screen."

It took Hollywood four years to persuade Garfield to take a fling at motion picture work. Even now his Warner Bros. contract provides that he can go back to New York to appear in at least one play a year. Paul Muni has a similar provision in his contract although he has not exercised his "rights" for a long time.

Little attention was paid to John Garfield when he first arrived in Hollywood. Then one night, after regular working hours, a little group of studio workers entered a projection room to see the first rough cut of the first picture in which Garfield was to appear. It was called *Sister Act* then but, like Garfield, it underwent an almost immediate change of title. It became *Four Daughters* about the time "Jules" was changed to "John."

But the studio workers weren't thinking of names when they watched the picture. They were thinking about the character in the story called "Mickey" who so completely dominated the screen that the other players were scarcely noticed. The whispered question went around the dark projection room: "Who is he?"

And the answer came back: "That's Garfield."

He was electric. He had a rich part, filled with a strange defeatist philosophy. He was a "wrong guy" who came to a no-good end. He was wistful, pathetic, fascinating and he wrapped up every scene in which he appeared and took it home with him.

The part was one to which Garfield could bring complete understanding. The defeatist philosophy of Mickey was the philosophy of his own childhood. And the wistful appeal was the same appeal that had once made his teacher of dramatics say, "You just had to help him."

Hollywood knows very little about John Garfield. He seems to be avid, almost greedy for information on all subjects. He is slight and dark with fine eyes and a narrow, sensitive chin. Nature may have intended that he become a musician but he chose instead to be an actor.

At 26, John Garfield asks questions of everyone he meets and absorbs information with obvious relish. In the studio lunch room he hobnobs with the writers, joining in their arguments in his quiet way, firm in his opinions, willing to listen to the opinions of others.

THERE are no stories about himself in his scrapbook, only pictures of characters he might use in his work sometime and stories concerning people he admires or is trying to understand. He prepares for a role with much the same meticulous care that his idol, Paul Muni, uses in preparing for his roles. When he found that he was to be shown apparently playing the piano in *Four Daughters* his first picture, he hired a music teacher and worked at his piano lessons relentlessly for several weeks. More recently he was in training for the role of a young left-handed fighter in *They Made Me a Criminal.* He went about that seriously, too, even learning to eat with his left hand.

What the Hollywood "system" of fitting people to its own immediate needs will do to this serious young man remains to be seen. He is not cut to the Hollywood pattern. If he doesn't like it he will no doubt walk out of it. His new-found friends in the film colony hope he will like it. They know there is a great need for young actors like Garfield in motion pictures.

Stalking the Lew in its Lehr

[*Continued from page* 25]

After following it for a few miles at high speed it cut in ahead of the suspected car. From the rear of the police car a signal flashed from a panel cleverly built into the body and a sign popped into view reading "STOP—POLICE."

At this the other car performed the same maneuver, pulling ahead of the cops and flashing a sign of its own reading, "NUTS —BANDITS."

To improve living conditions among the English, Lew invented "painless sunburn" that can be pasted on the puss like wallpaper, umbrellas with holes in them for use when it isn't raining and, for robbers who don't care who recognizes them, cellophane masks. For big-game hunters, he devised empty taxidermists' boards—for the ones that got away. For people who don't like tea, he invented the rubber tea-bag, which permits none of the essence to mix with the water, and for people who like their tea without grounds, a demountable walrus mustache.

For British Movietone News, of which Sir Malcolm Campbell is one of the editors, True Blue Lew made a Corrigan short depicting his arrival, backward, by airplane at the Croyden Airdome. At a meeting of the Wine and Food Society of London, arranged in his honor at a famous hotel, he refused to touch anything but bread and water. For his trouble he got stuck with a notable case of dysentery, English water being notoriously unfit for anything except to wash horses with.

WAR scares were ever-present *en route* and proved particularly unsettling to Mrs. Lehr, Lew's old vaudeville partner of the team of Lehr and Belle, and their sub-deb daughter, Glorianne. Tanks and artillery limbers rolling through the streets disturbed their slumbers in half the cities they visited on the continent and they were present during the mobilization of the French and German armies on opposite sides of the Maginot line.

By the time they reached Mainz they had acquired a nice case of the military jitters, and, having no knowledge of any German except the Webber and Fields variety, they construed every raucous statement blaring out of a radio as an ill omen. Their hotel, the Hollandhof, was the headquarters of the annual wine festival, ordinarily a carefree celebration, but this year, because of the war scare, considerably subdued in tone. All day dire bulletins kept arriving from Czechoslovakia, which were read aloud by an hotel employe. The Lehrs were nicely settled in their beddie-byes at midnight when they were rudely awakened by a loud voice ranting from the plaza in front of the hotel.

They looked out and saw a man in uniform chanting in stentorian tones.

"This is it, all right," Lew told his wife. "He's reading the declaration of war."

Well, they couldn't go back to sleep. Every once in a while the man would shout a few hundred more words. At dawn Lew sneaked down to the desk and tried to make arrangements to evacuate the place and high-tail back to America. The clerk asked what was the hurry.

"I don't want to get caught in the war," Lew said.

"What war?" the clerk asked.

"I heard that guy reading the declaration," Lew said. "Stop kidding and get to work on those tickets."

"That gentleman you heard was not reading a declaration of war," the clerk said. "He was advising all the citizens of Germany that they didn't drink enough wine; that the only way to enjoy life was to get full of wine, get their friends full of wine, and forget their troubles."

Tracking the Movietone dialect to its Lehr, we discover that like most profitable gold strikes, it's an accident. As a young whipper-snapper around Philadelphia, Lew used to snap some of his whippers at club entertainments. For a while he was a ham cartoonist, performing rapid-fire visual gags with a grease pencil and easel. In the famous "Mother Goose" vaudeville act of J. C. Mack—who rated with Gus Edwards as a discoverer of youthful talent—Lew played the part of Simple Simon. That was in the golden age of variety. The United Booking Office contracted them for 98 weeks of playing time at one swipe.

ON THE eve of America's entry into the war, Lew was booked to play Australia, but instead he entered the employ of the U. S. Army, impersonating a soldier. He succeeded so well as a mimic that merely by copying a sergeant's strut he won a set of hash marks for himself. In France he served with the railroad artillery and while he was never detailed to a full-time entertainment unit he did a lot of spare-time clowning. His outfit was the first to go aboard the first returning troopship after the armistice, the *Mongolia,* which arrived at New York on Dec. 23, 1918.

Before he got rid of his sea legs he threw together a doughboy vaudeville act—Lehr, Edmonds and Marr—trench jokes, war songs and military hoofing. Later he formed with Nancy Belle—now his wife—the act of Lehr and Belle, songs, dances and silly situations. On the stage he never once used dialect, but like most vaudeville actors he did his best performing offstage, giving away his juiciest material free.

In a vaudeville "unit show" he performed the prodigious job of doing 14 solo numbers three times a day in a show 90 minutes long. About this time rigor mortis began to exert its grisly clinch on the variety theatres. The summer salary rate began to go into effect in May. Pretty soon the cut-rate deadline slipped back to February. When summer began to start in December, Lew threw in the towel and determined to become a writer.

"Wonderful," was Mrs. Lehr's comment. "All New York needs is another broken-down vaudeville actor who thinks he's a writer."

Lew formed a partnership with Dave Stamper, former song-writing partner of Gene Buck, and with Harry Miller. Together they turned out special material for singing stars. When the revenue began to run thin, Lew got hold of some antique movies and gagged them up with flip comments. Miraculously, he found a market for them.

Working in the same studio at the time was a fellow named Frank Kirby who had an option on the re-use of 1,000 reels of old Edison movies of the vintage of *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?* and *The Great Train Robbery.* Kirby and Lehr got together and committed a little surgery and general hoking on a few samples.

Coincidentally, the cameraman who had shot some of those early thrillers had be-

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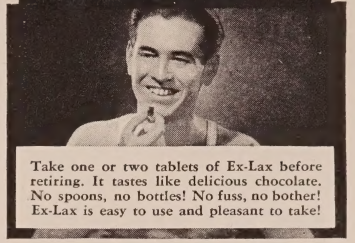

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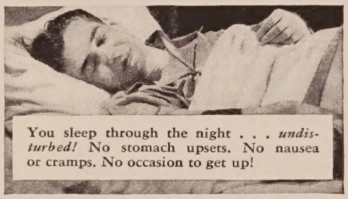

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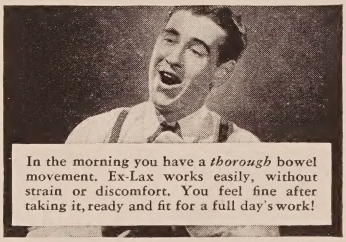

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come studio manager at Fox Movietone. His boss, Truman Talley, went to a Broadway musical show one night a few years back, saw a gagged-up antique and wondered aloud whether it would be feasible for Fox to doctor up a couple of oldies.

"There's a couple of them downstairs right now," Lane told Talley. "A couple of guys named Kirby and Lehr have been fiddling around with them."

Talley looked at the prints and saw possibilities in them. He encouraged Lehr to go on with his experimentation, offering Fox facilities, light and heat, but no get-away money. For five months Lew slaved at getting the old comic valentines into shape, meanwhile hanging by the heels financially. When they were finished they were carefully previewed at innumerable New York theaters before being accepted for release. But when the trial period ended, they had made the grade and Lew was a member in good standing of a new trade.

After these Tintypes had proved profitable for everybody concerned, Talley gave Lew a shot at making a compilation of newsreel library scenes, strung together by vocal narrative and released as *The Adventures of a Newsreel Cameraman.*

Next he did the sound track of *Baboona,* a Martin Johnson jungle thriller, and the Laurence Stallings-inspired *The First World War.*

By this time Lehr was making so much dough on a piece-work basis that Talley put him on a salary and was accordingly stuck with the necessity of keeping him busy. The inspiration struck him that the tone of the newsreel could be lightened considerably by gagging up some of the run-of-the-mill footage with touches of extravaganza, much as a newspaper is enlivened by comic strips.

ACCORDINGLY, Lew was added to the regular line-up to provide counterpoint for the serious spieling of Lowell Thomas and Ed Thorgerson. "Newsettes" was the generic name of the interpolated spasms. At first the language employed was straight, or recognizable, American, with a faint vaudeville accent. Then one day there arrived a shipment of film showing what went on at a trolley car motorman's school in Berlin. As it lay, the stuff was pretty lifeless, but it could be used. Lehr tried out some specially-mangled sauerkraut dialect on the sound track and the resultant footage was a yell at the preview. From there on it was smooth sailing.

When the editor of short subjects at Fox moved over to launch the *March of Time* reels for a rival company, Lew inherited his job, in which he is now so deeply entrenched that it would take a bomb to dislodge him. Radio inevitably gobbled up the few minutes per week available for outside frivolity and he spent his first semester on the kilocycles as a program partner of Ben Bernie. This year, with bigger billing, he performs for one of the filthy rich tobacco companies at a salary so large he can't pronounce it except in Scotch dialect, which is one of the eleven in his repertory, the others being Greek, Harvard, Brooklyn, English (three sizes), German, Italian, Irish and vaudevillese.

If he can spare a few minutes this season Lehr is going to Hollywood to make a Martin Johnson-type picture of the savage denizens of Vine street and Cahuenga Boulevard. Meanwhile he'll be chewing up the sound track from the upper-left-hand corner of the nutty Newsettes, delving into the more abstruse aspects of unpopular science and making a general nuisance of himself.

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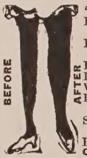

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What's Shooting Now

[*Continued from page 39*]

century. "The dance," she tells us with that famous Colbert chuckle, "goes on in an hour. We're just finishing up this French railway scene, the one where I meet Herbert Marshall."

We stand on the side as the two of them get on the "train" for another take. "Action!" calls the director. They get it! Sway . . . roll . . . lurch. "Hmm," says Claudette, "how this does take me back to those French trains I rode on my vacation."

"A bit of nostalgia, eh?" smiles Marshall.

"No, a bit of nausea!" groans young Miss Colbert. But she goes on with the scene. Yesterday she had to make the very personal acquaintance of Sam and Sadie in what was supposed to be a third-class coach. Sam and Sadie had been flown out here from Hubert's museum flea circus in New York. Being well-trained fleas, they didn't bite. But just the same. "Join the movies and *flea* the world," murmurs Claudette.

Zaza, as you may remember, is the story of a little French music hall performer to whom all men are mice—until she meets a Parisian gentleman of high estate (Bart Marshall). Their love is something that transcends ordinary planes and makes of the cheap little actress a magnificent woman. The Can-can as done by Zaza has been one of the most famous acts on the stage—interpreted by no lesser than Nazimova, Mrs. Leslie Carter and Geraldine Farrar. When a certain well-known dancer was asked to double for Claudette in it, she shuddered. "That is merely sex appeal, while my dances are *art*! I won't do it."

"BUT I will," said Claudette when studio executives told her. "I have never done much fancy dancing but I can always try."

So here we are over on Stage 12 to watch the results. French "types" with handlebar mustaches and pompadours are sitting at the tables. One of the men rises, kisses Claudette's hand. (M'gosh, it's the Earl of Warwick! How these British noblemen do get around.) The light on the small stage flares, Claudette, backed by a bevy of beauties, goes into her dance.

Swirling pink ruffles beneath a black chiffon gown. Rhythm. You'd think Claudette had been a dancer all her life.

As the sequence ends, a tall man steps from the shadows. "Jack!" she cries.

"Professional courtesy, my dear," says her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman. "You came to watch me perform an operation over the week-end. Now I'm returning the visit!" They make a striking pair. And are they in love!

Another man joins them. Tommy Dorsey, idol of the jitterbugs. "You know, Claudette" he declares earnestly, "I think we can swing the Can-can."

"Maybe *you* can. It's all I can do to step it, let alone swing it!" says Mrs. Joel Pressman fervently.

On, little alligators, on to the gates of M-G-M where hot modern melodies pour forth from Stage 16. It's the first time Joan Crawford has swung into a routine since *Dancing Lady*. This is the first picture she has made in ten months. But you'd know this was Joan's set. A victrola is playing between scenes!

Three hundred "dress" extras mill about a night club. (Some faces you remember from way back; an extra, they say, never gives up.) The camera is lined up for a long trucking shot. The lights dim. At a table-for-two, spotlight on them, are Joan and her dancing partner, Tony de Marco. Handsome Tony who has been escorting Joan about in real life since her separation from Franchot Tone.

"Okay," says the director softly. Tony leans across the table and places Joan's hands against his lips (plenty of heart in that action!) The music starts. They rise. The dance begins with a regular deMarco waltz, suddenly changes tempo into a swing-rhumba. Hot? Mow me down! And so the Big Scene of *The Shining Hour* is under way.

IT'S the moment when Melvyn Douglas comes in bent on asking Joan to be his wife. And brother Bob Young follows him to tell him a "Linden of Boston" never marries night club entertainers. And brother Bob's wife, Margaret Sullavan, just stands on the sidelines.

She isn't the only one. When the dance finishes we see that half of M-G-M is there to watch Joan. All the stars and crews from other sets, Bob Taylor, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy. Director Frank Borzage takes one look and mumbles to himself, "Looks as if we're doing top box office business!"

Somebody else is waiting by Joan's set dressing room. It's Franchot Tone. Joan greets him cordially. He has brought Pupschen, her dachshund, over to see her. And Pupschen is so crazy about the idea he wiggles all over—down goes Joan's sewing kit with the first wiggle. Then her thermos of hot water. But she hugs him. Tone looks on, smiling. "Dinner tonight?" he asks Joan.

"I'd love it!" Civilized people, those two.

Margaret Sullavan has brought her baby, Brooke, on the stage to watch Joan dance. They're great pals. "This is my last picture in some time," Maggy admits. There is about to be an addition to their family. And to think Maggy, the most model of mothers, used to be Hollywood's Problem Child No. 1! She's as docile these days as if she'd never thrown tantrums that sent producers leaping for cover.

Hi-ho, and we're on our way to Warner Brothers and *Dawn Patrol*. Bet everything is kind o' grim in this picture; no women in the cast, not even a barmaid. But there's plenty of War. Sfft. . . . Sputter. . . . BANG! What did I tell you? Errol Flynn grins down at us from the loading platform of Stage 10. "Don't worry. That wasn't part of the scene. That was just some firecrackers we had to put under Donald Crisp to wake him up."

"Uh-huh," says David Niven who plays a part perfectly natural to him—Errol's buddy. "Last week we put some jolly little crackers under the studio paymaster's chair and we haven't seen him—or a check—since!"

In a corner Basil Rathbone (Commanding Officer of the 59th Squadron, R. F. C.) is leading a quartette in the tender strains of "Floo, floo, floozie." And Donald Crisp has awakened sufficiently to put a scratch-ball in Flynn's cap. "Do you feel strong today?" Director Eddie Goulding asks us, "because if you don't—I tell you the Dead End boys are angels compared to this bunch of practical jokers! This noon when I left they had one of those 'bombs' attached to the starter of my car. I thought the engine was falling out."

[*Continued on page 76*]

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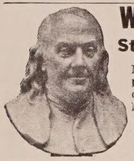

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What's Shooting Now

[*Continued from page* 75]

And I thought this set would be grim!

A bell rings. The boys take their places. It's the interior of a French farmhouse, headquarters for the squadron. Flynn, the flight leader, thinks Niven has been killed and he, in turn, has shot down the German aviator who did it, captured him. The boys try to keep from cracking up in the one way possible—drink. They're attempting to teach the German (Carl Esmond) Kipling's lovely song, "Stand By Your Glasses." The mood of the scene is the most difficult possible, swinging from comedy to stark drama. In the middle of it Niven reappears. He has pancaked his plane into a French trench. Flynn's expression when he see him. . . .

"You see?" Eddie Goulding leans over to whisper. "A scene like that—and only *one* take necessary! They can put all the bombs in my car they want!"

The red light goes off. A visitor enters. Olivia de Havilland, lovelier than ever. "Hello, hag!" says Donald Crisp with that wicked twinkle.

"My hat, you're getting fat!" says Flynn.

"Such shoe string hair!" chorused Niven. (Weakly, because as all Hollywood suspects, he's lost his heart to Olivia.)

She stamps a foot at them. "You're ragging me and I hate you all. And to think I actually felt sorry for you and brought you a cake!" They race her to her car for it. But it's no cake. It's a jar of limberger cheese!

Ah me, this mad, merry Hollywood.

Adios, amigos!

WHO IS THIS STAR?

From radio to stage to screen. Those are the steps in the swift rise to success of Ruth Hussey, graduate of Pembroke College and member of a prominent New England family.

After graduation from college, Ruth was a fashion commentator on radio station KPRO, writing advertising copy and presenting an afternoon woman's club program. Miss Hussey remained with the station for nine months and then took the New York vacation that resulted in her beginning a stage career. Her greatest opportunity came when she was offered the important role of Kay in *Dead End*, which resulted in her film contract.

For recreation she swims and rides horseback. Her hobbies include painting, doing water colors, taking candid camera shots of her friends and playing the piano. She prefers quiet people, attends concerts, operas and art exhibits. She regards President Roosevelt as her ideal among prominent men.

Ruth is five feet, five and one-half inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has black hair and gray eyes.

She made her screen debut in *Madame X* with Gladys George and Warren William, and next appeared in *Man-Proof, Judge Hardy's Children, Hold That Kiss* and *Rich Man, Poor Girl*.

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Of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October, 1938.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Roger Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Greenwich, Connecticut; Editor, William B. Hartley, Tappan, New York; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, New York, New York; Business Manager, Roger Fawcett, Larchmont, New York.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ———————. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ROGER FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1938.

Helen M. Lano, Notary Public.
(My commission expires February 1, 1941.)

He's No Carbon Copy!

[*Continued from page* 16]

dinner table with Olivia, the foray against the men who were ruining his father's land and the truly touching death. That's quite a range of emotions for a beginner.

He liked the dinner table quarrel best. It had, he pointed out, more variety and called for more play of expression.

Tim doesn't look like an actor. There's no subconscious playing up to an audience in daily life. He looks like an athletic kid (he's five feet eleven and weighs 165 pounds) who would be in his element on a polo field—and he is, too. Moreover, he talks like a fellow who's gone to a good school and had sense enough not to neglect his studies.

He made his first hit in a Warner picture though he is under contract to Walter Wanger. Just before Wanger Studios signed him up Tim graduated from Culver Military Academy. He stood 14th in scholarship out of a class of 115.

"I don't know whether there's anything to the 'acting in one's blood' theory," said Tim, "but I seemed to gravitate naturally toward amateur theatricals at Culver. Of course, even earlier, I'd been a professional." He laughed and lit his pipe.

"I played once in a picture of Dad's when I was a youngster. They wanted a boy to play the role of Dad as a boy and they picked me. Thrilled? Of course I was!"

TIM couldn't keep away from dramatics after this debut. Not that anyone tried to make him keep away, for his Dad wisely allowed the boy to follow his own bent. Now and then his attention wandered in other directions but back to dramatics it always came at last. Immediately after graduation from Culver, less than two years ago, Tim found a place in the Westwood Theater Guild at their headquarters outside Hollywood. He took the juvenile lead opposite Mae Clarke and Bodil Rosing in *Papa Is All.*

Success found him right away. Walter Wanger happened to be in the audience. He snaked Tim over to the studio for two tests and Tim was aghast when he discovered that one of 'em had to be in formal clothes!

Tim hates to dress up. He goes round town in slacks, a sports coat and a polo shirt. All summer long in this type of outfit, he drives with the car top down and without glasses. By fall he looks more like an Indian than a white man. He thinks the Indians had it all over the white man, anyway—they never wore starched collars.

Tim tried to reason with Wanger. "Good heavens, Mr. Wanger," he argued, "I feel terrible in a tux..."

They made him dress up, nevertheless, and no matter how he felt, he looked fine. Wanger slammed him under contract at once. His first Wanger role was that of a radio operator in the Charles Boyer-Jean Arthur film, *History Is Made at Night.*

It's only by the merest toss of a coin, however, that this promising young artist didn't get sidetracked and devote his life to dobbins instead of dramatics. At that, he divides his time about equally between them. He likes horses and they like him. From the time he was able to walk he was forever near them. When, as frequently happened, he disappeared for half an hour, the family knew where to find him. He'd be trying to persuade somebody at the stable to help him climb on a horse's back.

Horses, in fact, had a considerable influence on his education. Jack Holt, the father, had given much thought to Tim's schooling and from the beginning it was carefully planned. He went to grammar school in his home town of Los Angeles. When he graduated his father sent him to a public high school for one year. After that he was permitted to select his own prep school.

Tim talked it over with his pal, Hal Roach, Jr. They found that they were of one mind. Accordingly, Tim announced his decision. "Dad, I want to go into the Army," he said, "the cavalry."

He thought he meant it. But what he actually meant was that he wanted an education on horseback. Therefore he and Hal Roach, Jr., cast about for a place where learning was combined with plenty of boots 'n' saddles.

But they had amateur dramatic shows at school, too. And Tim turned out to be pretty good in them.

So instead of going into the Army, Tim could hardly wait to get back home so that he could do two things: join a little-theatre enterprise and raise horses. When he isn't in front of a camera he's on a horse at the Holt ranch or the polo field.

Oh, sure, he dismounts long enough to go for a swim or tear off a fast game of badminton. Or he visits the kennels with Blackie, his Great Dane, which looks about as large as a steer. In the kennels are plenty of cocker spaniels which Tim raises in addition to colts. He'd like to breed a spaniel for movie color films.

YET in the face of all these varied activities, Tim feels a keen interest in the screen world and the theater. Come right down to it, this interest has the edge on all his others. He was born into the environment of motion pictures at the time his father first achieved stardom, and nearly every phase of his life has been influenced by them in some way. Hence he looked a little surprised when asked why the children of motion picture actors become motion picture actors themselves?

"Why not?" he countered. "Remember, there's a tradition for it on the stage. The children of stage actors often take up acting. Look at the Drews and Barrymores. Look at the Forbes-Robertsons in England.

"The picture industry is still too young to have many traditions, but there will be a picture tradition eventually as there is a stage tradition now. We produce everything else in Hollywood. Why not a few traditions when the time comes? In fact, the movie tradition is just starting. The children of several picture actors are beginning their own careers in pictures. Fred Stone's daughter, Leatrice Joy's daughter, James Gleason's son. It's the natural thing to do, isn't it?

"And a good thing, if you ask me. Gives the movies a kind of acting background."

Right now, Tim thinks he prefers to play indoor roles. His Dad, although he has starred in every sort of play, always hails most gladly the adventurous type and retains today his fondness for going down in subs and up in planes and 'cross country in high-powered cars to some celluloid climax which involves plenty of action.

Oddly enough, for one who refuses to be an imitator in his acting, Tim wants to play in sound a number of the stories his father played in the silents. This isn't because his father played them but because Tim con-

[*Continued on page* 78]

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[*Continued from page 77*]

siders them splendid outdoor adventure material.

"*Vanishing Pioneer,* that's a swell story," he commented. "So is *Forlorn River.* I'd like to do those stories. I'd like to do *"Man of the Forest,* too; perhaps the best of the lot. That's the kind of thing I have a feeling for.

"I suppose, really, what I like most is the new kind of Westerns. Look at *Gold Is Where You Find It.* That's a Western, really. The new sort don't have so many Indians or the U. S. Army coming up over the hill in time to save the settlers, but they do have the sweep and atmosphere and outdoor quality the old Westerns had.

"*Wells Fargo* is a Western. So is *The Plainsman.* Full of fresh air and horses and physical activity and danger. It's the sort of thing I want to do."

He laughed boyishly and shrugged his wide shoulders. The glow of enthusiasm in his brown eyes became a twinkle.

"Here I go, talking as if I were a star!" he grinned. "But someday—someday I'd like to play roles of this type. If Dad gives me pointers now and then, maybe I will."

Then he added, "And if the grips give me any encouragement."

Grips?

"Or the prop boys or juicers," Tim explained, knocking out his pipe.

They have something to do with it?

"And how!" said Tim.

IT SEEMS he watches the grips and prop boys and juicers. He manages to steal a glance at them when he's in front of the camera.

"You can always look sidewise from time to time," he said, "and see how the most hard-boiled audience in the world is taking it. Or whether they're taking it!

"Through an opening in the scenery you'll notice a grip walking softly across the sound stage. Or you can snatch a look up above and see the juicers. You hear stage actors telling how they miss audience reaction when they do a scene in front of the camera. They wouldn't miss it if they'd form the habit of watching grips and juicers.

"Those fellows see all kinds of actors playing all kinds of scenes all the time. If a grip proves to be an uninterested observer, then it's just too bad.

"I mean, it's probably just too bad for him to give it any attention whatsoever. He's choosey. He's watched 'em come and go.

"Well, I keep an eye on that grip like a hawk on a chicken. If he continues tiptoeing across the stage without a flicker in my direction, or if the juicers are talking in dumb show with one another, then I gather that the scene isn't going so hot.

"But if that grip turns round and looks at me, then I'm probably getting along okay. And if, after he's watched the same scene being taken perhaps two or three times, he actually halts and watches it being taken all over again . . ." Young Tim Holt drew a deep breath and his eyes twinkled once more.

"You know," he said with a pretense of seriousness, "I heard of a grip once who did that. But maybe it's only a rumor."

It's more than a rumor, though. When Tim Holt did his death scene in the California golf picture, they say the grips and the juicers listened to every word. What's more, one of the juicers sniffled—and it wasn't a cold.

Exploding the Colman Myths

[*Continued from page* 41]

the top of the star heap. He still is there. But few people know any more about him in late 1938 than they did in late 1922. From the beginning up to now, he has been a man of mystery.

He has prospered on that private-life role, apparently. But hasn't it been overdone a bit? Isn't it about time that a few of the legends were exploded and the real man glimpsed through the smoke?

Legends grow up around any man in the public eye. And he encourages them until they become his trade-marks. But no actor specializing in romantic roles has ever encouraged such a bizarre set of legends as Ronald Colman has, and got away with it.

There's the continued story, for example, that he is a hermit who finds his own company far more interesting than any other he could find—including the feminine variety. There's the legend that, at heart, he's a woman-hater. That he's really friendless, except for Warner Baxter, William Powell and Richard Barthelmess. That he's fabulously wealthy, since he earns a huge salary and doesn't seem to spend a cent. That he's indifferent to stardom. That he has a distaste for any and all publicity. That he goes out of his way to dodge the public. That he has a strong sense of fair play, but no sense of just plain play. That he's a broodingly unhappy man, afraid of life and afraid of love. Afraid of people.

There's this legend about him, and that legend. Put together, they make a strange composite picture of Ronald Colman. A dour picture, totally unlike the romantic, devil-may-care picture you would have of him from his screen roles.

What makes a picture dark and shadowy? Sometimes it's under-exposed. Let's start exposing this one and see what happens to it.

That legend that he's a hermit, for example. His marriage has spiked that. But, even before the wedding, the legend wasn't the real thing. It was synthetic.

He doesn't live atop a hill, behind a wall, surrounded by solitude and a pack of half-starved, vicious dogs. He lives in Beverly Hills, but in the flat section toward the lower end of Benedict Canyon drive, which is a heavily traveled residential street. He has a pack of dogs, but they are a notoriously fat and playful pack: two English sheep dogs, two Scotties, one dachshund, one bull-terrier. There isn't a snarling pants-chewer in the bunch. Nor does Ronnie have a wall around his place, spiked or otherwise. He has a hedge. And, instead of being surrounded by solitude, he is surrounded by neighbors.

Moreover, far from being sullenly exclusive, he is downright neighborly. If he weren't, he never would have become so chummy with Benita Hume. She lived next-door. His dogs started being friendly with her dogs—a thing no rabid recluse ever would have allowed. That led to his talking over the hedge to Benita. That led to a gate in the hedge. And who ever heard of a hermit building a short-cut to the next house, even when the neighbor's pretty?

It's a shame to spoil a perfectly good legend, but Ronnie's home just isn't a hermitage. It never has been.

How, then, did he amass such a reputation as a hermit? That's easily, and amusingly, explained. Hollywood tacked the wrong title on him. What Hollywood meant to call him was "highbrow." He had his fun, but he had it in private, not in public as everybody else did. His social tastes didn't run to night-clubs, gossip columnists and candid cameramen. He liked small, quiet parties among people he knew, where the talk would be something besides small talk. He didn't have that Hollywood urge to "show off."

When he first arrived on the movie scene, no one knew he was married. And the thought of a bachelor, that handsome and that charming, preferring books to blondes was too much for Hollywood. "The guy's a hermit!" said Hollywood. And the tag stuck. Simply because Ronnie grinned and didn't change his ideas of how to have a good time, to Hollywood's ideas of how to have a good time.

THEN there's the off-and-on legend that he's a woman-hater at heart. His marriage kills that myth. How did it ever start in the first place?

Gossip columnists, seldom seeing him in public, had to find themselves an explanation. The one they picked out was that if he went to night-clubs and premieres and such, he'd have to take a girl. And, since he almost never went, the reason must be that he had no fondness for feminine companionship.

Later, out came the story of his brief, unhappy marriage. "Aha!" said Hollywood, "so that's why he's a woman-hater! Once burned, twice shy!" At great length, sob-sisters built up that theory. Ronnie was a disillusioned idealist. He had loved so intensely the first time and had his heart broken so hard, he could never fall in love again. He was afraid of love.

The sob-sisters did so nobly that in time the theory became a legend.

As a matter of cold fact, Ronnie has never shown a standoffishness with the ladies. Quite the contrary. He has been serious about several. There was Vilma Banky, before they split as a screen team and she married Rod La Rocque. There was Lois Wilson after that. At one time his friends thought he was going to marry Kay Francis. Later, Thelma Todd. For a time he was smitten with Loretta Young. And, the last two or three years, he has been steadily attentive to Benita Hume. What do you mean—woman-hater?

As someone who knows him well says: "No one admires a pretty girl more than Ronnie does. Only he isn't as blatant about it as some of the boys."

That British reticence of his handicaps press-agents. And, unable to go into detail about his romances, they've overworked the story of his one-for-all-and-all-for-one companionship with Warner Baxter, William Powell and Richard Barthelmess. Until, gradually, the legend has grown that he has no other friends.

A smart reporter, scenting press-agentry behind this legend, cornered Colman recently and said bluntly that he had often wondered who Colman's friends were. "What are their names?" asked the reporter.

Ronnie replied, "The Smiths and the McKenzies and the Bartons are probably my closest friends."

"But what Smiths and McKenzies and Bartons? Tell me something about them."

"Sorry," said Ronnie. "That's something I can't do. They're my friends. I want to keep them."

That's typical of him. He would rather

[*Continued on page* 82]

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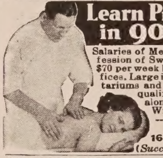

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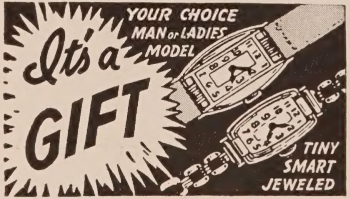

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FILLING THE PUNCH BOWL

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

"PUNCH" or what it takes, is the ideal refreshment for the hostess to serve at any kind of informal holiday gathering. Stimulating and desirable as are the many types of "hard liquor" and wines for the more formal dinner and setting, a less expensive and simpler beverage makes a stronger bid when the guests begin to number from a dozen or so, and upwards.

Moreover, the punch bowl, in its own right, makes an ideal center piece for the buffet or side table, and may be as gay and holly-garlanded as one pleases, with red candles flanking it, and a wreath on the wall above, thus bringing the refreshments into the decorative picture. Again, from the convenience view of the hostess, to have a drink already "mixed" and blended, before her guests arrive, is to save much additional effort and confusion: the ready-to-drink, perfectly blended punch is one thing which the hostess will know will be a success.

Last, the economy angle must be mentioned, since to entertain a crowd of people, or even a dozen, may make a big dent on the pocketbook, already affected by inroads made for Christmas and holiday purchases. So, "pull your punch," and make for economy while still upholding the best of traditions in featuring the Yuletide Punch Bowl.

Fruit juices are the basic ingredient of your best punches: they may be canned or bottled, or fresh, or combinations of these. Such fruits as pineapple, orange and lemon, are perfect, while grape juice, and also grapefruit juice, lend their own special flavor and interest.

TO SECURE that bland, smooth blend which any good drink demands, use a sugar syrup, instead of sugar and water. The syrup gives "body" and makes the fruit juices seem richer and "deeper" as it were. Boil together in the proportion of 2 cups sugar to 1 cup water, for 10 minutes. Cool. Then add fruit juices and spices and allow to stand to "ripen" at least 4 hours. If a carbonated drink such as the gingerales, and various sparkling bottled waters are to be added, do not add until just before serving, or the drink will be flat. Add garnishes and ice cubes also, only a moment before the drink is to be served. For still more intensified flavor, make the ice cubes out of lemon or orangeade, or other of the main punch ingredients.

Grape juice is a particularly rich fruit juice excellent for the punch bowl. The concentrated extraction of countless bunches of sun-rayed fully ripened grapes, the bottled juice brings the same deep glowing flavor and tonic qualities of the grape to the winter refreshment bowl. In combining with other juices, etc., be sure that the clear, natural purple color is not affected or made unpleasantly muddy when added to other ingredients. Make up a small sample batch and note the results before mixing for the crowd. Here's a taste-tested recipe for a grand informal type punch:

1938
HEALTH GREETINGS

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BUY *and* **USE** *them*
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The National, State and Local
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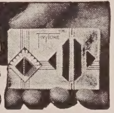

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THREE-FRUIT STUDIO SPECIAL

1 quart grape juice
⅔ cup orange juice
⅔ cup lemon juice
2 cups sugar syrup
2 quarts sparkling water or gingerale
Fruit garnish

Blend fruit juices with syrup, and set to ripen at least 4 hours. Pour into punch bowl, add sparkling water and fruit garnish, and ice cubes. Serve immediately. A touch of cinnamon, clove or half banana sliced will give a variation to the above.

Another use of grape juice in a more individualized drink is made with ice cream, and is nice for serving to a half dozen or so guests. Pass along a tray of assorted cookies, among which have been scattered some confections like sliced pecan roll, raisin cluster candies, etc. Here it is:

FROSTED GRAPE SNOW

1 pint vanilla ice cream
3 cups grape juice
1 quart sparkling water

Chill grape juice previously in refrigerator. Put a scoop of vanilla ice cream into each of 6 glasses. Add ½ cup grape juice to each glass. Add sparkling water, mixing well. Serve immediately. (Serves 6.) Pass nut and sugar cookies, and homemade raisin candies. (These by the way, are included in the leaflet which is described at the bottom of this article, called "WHAT TO SERVE.")

A SLIGHTLY more elaborate punch, which is interesting because it includes orange sherbet as an ingredient, follows:

BUFFET SUPPER PUNCH

1 small bunch fresh mint
1 cup strong tea infusion
⅓ cup lemon juice
2 cups water
3 tablespoons sugar
2 oranges, sliced
1 quart grape juice
1 pint sparkling water
1 pint orange sherbet

Chop mint and pour hot tea over it. Cool. Add lemon juice, water, sugar, and oranges. Combine with remaining ingredients, breaking sherbet into large spoonsful. Serve immediately in punch bowl, with additional chopped ice. (Serves 30 punch cups or makes 3 quarts.)

It is also well to remember that a hot punch drink is equally satisfying for the crowd which comes home from skating, a late show or other winter diversion. Here's one with a real punch:

HOT CLARET CUP

2 lemons, thinly sliced
½ cup powdered sugar
¾ cup boiling water
⅛ -inch stick cinnamon
3 cups claret wine

Boil hot water with sugar and cinnamon. Pour over thinly sliced lemons, and allow to stand, covered, for 10 minutes. Stir mixture well. Return to heat, pour in claret, and heat, but do not boil. Serve very hot in tall mugs, with wafers, thin dinner biscuits, or rusks. (Serves 12 persons.)

Other delicious punches are based on cranberry juice, or on currant jelly, or grenadine syrup. These and other suggestions for holiday entertainment are covered in the special leaflet called "WHAT TO SERVE." Every reader may have this help in her holiday entertainment, by filling out the coupon below.

Mrs. Christine Frederick,
c/o SCREEN BOOK Magazine,
1501 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Frederick:

Please send me the leaflet *What To Serve* containing the recipes of the holiday beverages. I enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for prompt reply.

(This offer expires December 15, 1938)

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SB-12

We always said that Dorothea Kent and Frank Jenks have good taste. Here they are, reading October SCREEN BOOK Magazine on the Universal set

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RIGHT in your own home you can make and apply a gray hair preparation that quickly and easily gives the appearance of youth and beauty to gray, faded, streaked hair. Get from your druggist one-fourth ounce glycerine, one ounce bay rum, one box BARBO Compound. Mix these in a half pint of water or your druggist will mix for you at small cost. This gives you a large bottle of an old and widely used preparation that imparts a natural-looking color to graying hair, whether blond or brunette. By making it at home you are assured of freshness and an amazing saving in cost. BARBO will not wash out or rub off; does not stain the scalp or affect waves and permanents. BARBO is economical, easy to apply and has been used with satisfaction for over 25 years. Try the money-saving BARBO recipe today.

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Town ------------------------------ State --------

Exploding the Colman Myths

[*Continued from page* 79]

encourage a legend that he's friendless than have any friends think he's using them for publicity. Ronnie has the instincts of a gentleman. And a gentleman's loyalties.

What about that legend that he is the movies' handsomest miser, a man who allows the others to fight over the title of the movies' handsomest spender? Well, Ronnie hasn't forgotten how hungry he was once, before his break came along; and he doesn't intend to be hungry again. He isn't tossing his money across the gaming tables at the Clover Club, or through the pari-mutuel windows at Santa Anita, or down the hatch at the swankier drinking spots. He has trust funds.

But, considering what comes out of the salary he makes, he doesn't have too much left for the trust funds. Last year, Ronnie earned $362,500—a nice awesome sum. Out of that sum, Uncle Sam got $236, 444; about twice what Ronnie got. A sizeable part of what he did get went for British income tax. (Despite the high cost, he still is loyal to his native land, still is a British citizen. In fact, he's a member of the British army reserves.)

What he had left, after that, was not so awesome or so fabulous. But it still would allow for support of the first Mrs. Colman, buy a fairly decent number of gilt-edged annuities and leave something over for his two extravagances: a clifftop ranch in the wild Big Sur country up the coast where the fog is like the fog of England, and a big seagoing sailing boat.

The ranch and the sailing boat are both tip-offs on Ronnie. He's an escapist at heart. His one great ambition is to escape from turmoil and strife. The War gave it to him. And Hollywood, where nothing is so sure as some-day-they-won't-pick-up-your-option, hasn't cured him.

IN 1933, he took a trip around the world. Such an unhurried trip that Hollywood thought he might never be coming back. And an Associated Press dispatch from Madrid, during his stay there, didn't exactly kill that idea. Ronnie had reached the time, the dispatch quoted him as saying, when happiness was most important. He might never make another picture.

Ever since, there has been a legend that he is indifferent to stardom.

Don't you believe it. Check into the Paramount legal notes on the billing for *If I Were King,* and you will find this in Note No. 1:

"It is agreed to announce RONALD COLMAN'S name as the sole star on the film of said motion picture. The name of the artist shall precede the title of said motion picture, and, with the exception of the names of the corporation and/or Adolph Zukor, no other name shall precede his name. By special arrangement with Ronald Colman, Frank Lloyd's name may precede the title, but may not precede Ronald Colman's name on the film.

"The name of the artist shall be announced in type at least 75% of the size of type of the title, and the name of no other artists appearing in said motion picture shall be announced in size of type larger than 50% of the size of type used to announce his name, nor be more prominently displayed than his name."

That doesn't sound like indifference.

And how about that companion legend that he is indifferent to publicity? There's nothing to it. He wants publicity. He recognizes its importance to him as an actor. But only as an actor. He can't see any need for publicity as a person.

To repeat: he has the instincts of a gentleman more than the instincts of an actor. He won't be an exhibitionist except when he has to be, making movies.

Before the start of *If I Were King,* he summoned together the six press agents who would be working on the picture. "Let's have an agreement from the beginning," he said. "There won't be any interviews, or any stories about my personal life. I don't want any publicity except about my work in the picture. The more there is of that, the happier I'll be."

That clarified that. He dodges interviewers, one and all, because interviewers have the nasty habit of asking personal questions. Also, there was a female questioner once who became ardently amorous the moment they were alone—giving him a scare he still hasn't forgotten after 15 years. If he's cornered without warning on a set by a reporter, he'll talk pleasantly enough, even charmingly, but he won't say anything revealing about himself.

Because he does practically all his playing in private and columnists' spies don't see him at it, it has become fashionable to pity Ronnie: "He doesn't know how to play." Stuff and rubbish. What is a big ocean-going sailing boat for, if not to play on? And a secluded, non-commercial ranch? At 47, he keeps trim by playing tennis. He also has talents as a poker player. And intimates swear up and down that Ronnie and Benita are the British colony champs at the Big Apple and the Lambeth Walk.

Is Ronnie afraid of life and love, as the legends have it? That's not impossible, but it's improbable, or he wouldn't have married a second time. It's a bit more likely that he is afraid of people. Years ago, he came to the same conclusion that Noel Coward later found words for in his autobiography, *Present Indicative*:

"People, I decided, were the danger. People were greedy and predatory, and if you gave them a chance, they would steal unscrupulously the heart and soul out of you without really wanting to or even meaning to . . . Then when the time came when you were tired, no longer quite so resilient, you were pushed back into the shadows, consigned to the dust and left to moulder in the box-room like a once smart hat that is no longer fashionable."

Sixteen years is a long time to be in the spotlight. But, for a long time yet, Ronald Colman won't be pushed into the shadows.

That's why Ronnie is the one star in Hollywood whose telephone number nobody knows. Nobody except a very few personal friends.

Stanwyck Speaks her Mind on Taylor

[*Continued from page* 23]

around to the house with a wide grin of amusement and we decided not to be alarmed because the papers had decided we were in love.

"Then we were selected to make a picture together called *His Brother's Wife.* That gave us a great chance to become really well acquainted. We found a myriad of things which held our mutual interest. We spent occasional moments together during shooting, and went out on dates when our work was through. Dancing, for instance. Bob is a grand dancer. And we found that we liked the same books and the same authors. It has been lots of fun."

At this point Barbara paused with too much finality, but after a little urging she admitted a bit more, something which gets down to the crux of the case.

"I can honestly say that up to now neither Bob nor I have fallen in love. Naturally, with all the buildup from the papers, we have watched with some amusement the outcome of all this. If there have been any heart hammerings, neither one of us has been aware of them. That's straight stuff, just as you asked it.

"No one ever knows when Cupid is going to sneak up behind him and sock him over the head good and hard. We have looked behind us and so far Cupid has not been hiding in the bushes. Your guess is as good as mine as to whether Bob and I may get fooled some day. I'm no good as a clairvoyant and haven't the dizziest idea. You can sum it up by saying I haven't had such a grand time since I was a footloose kid."

THE WORDS YOU HAVE JUST READ WERE WRITTEN TWO YEARS AGO! THIS INTERVIEW, HELD ON THE SET OF "THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS" DURING THE SUMMER OF 1936, HAS BEEN IN THE POSSESSION OF SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE EVER SINCE. UNTIL NOW WE HAVE PUBLISHED NO PART OF IT.

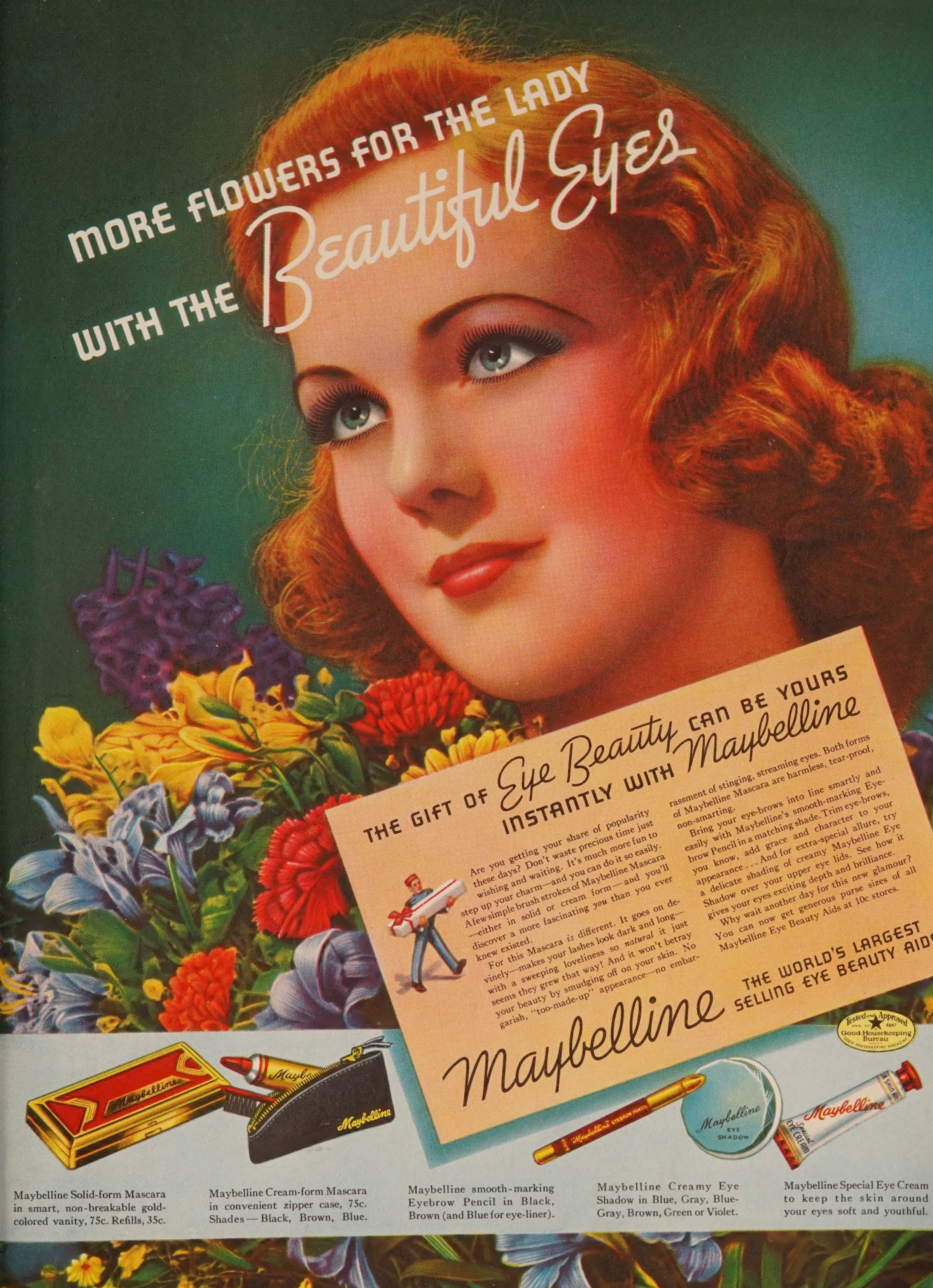
WE ARE presenting it in this issue because it illustrates a curious truth. Barbara Stanwyck, when interviewed today on Bob Taylor, makes statements almost identical to those she made two years ago.

You have read these statements in numerous fan magazines. Today, after going around with Bob for more than two years, Barbara still insists they are only good friends, good pals who like to swim together and ride on roller coasters. That's her story and she seems to be stuck with it.

Of course it is Barbara's privilege to say what she wishes. But we feel that the last two years must have brought about a change in her feelings toward Bob Taylor. When two people of similar tastes enjoy almost constant companionship, their feelings toward each other are bound to change. Today, despite her published statements, Barbara could not conceivably regard Bob as she did two years ago.

It is our contention that Barbara Stanwyck has never revealed her true feeling toward Robert Taylor. SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE challenges Barbara to break down and tell today's story.

Calling Barbara Stanwyck. . . !



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